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WITH
A BIOGRAPHY,
AND HIS LAST
ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

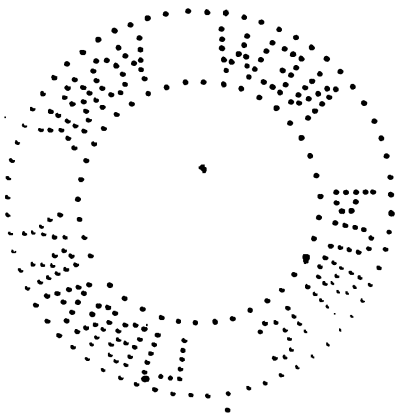
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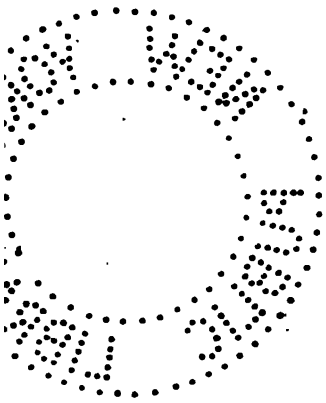
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THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

Knifegrinder. Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell.

Poetry of the Antijacobin.



INTRODUCTION TO THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

But why should lordlings all our praise engross
Rise, honest man, and sing the Man of Ross.—Pope.

VING, in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, succeeded no degree in awakening an interest in behalf of one of those accomplishments which belong to a heroine *à la* right, I was next tempted to choose a hero upon the unpromising plan; and as worth of character, goodness of art, and rectitude of principle, were necessary to one who I claim to high birth, romantic sensibility, or any of the accomplishments of those who strut through the pages of a sort of composition, I made free with the name of a man who has left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence and charity that the capital of Scotland has to display. The Scottish reader little more need be said than that he alluded to in George Heriot. But for those south of the d, it may be necessary to add, that the person so named was a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, and the king's goldsmith, allowed James to the English capital, and was a successful profession, as to die, in 1624, extremely wealthy for period. He had no children; and after making a full provision for such relations as might have claims upon him, he left the residue of his fortune to establish an hospital, in which one of Edinburgh freemen are gratuitously brought up and fed for the station to which their talents may recommend, and are finally enabled to enter life under respectable names. The Hospital in which this charity is maintained is a noble quadrangle of the Gothic order, and as an ornamental city as a building, as the manner in which the youths are fed for and educated, renders it useful to the community institution. To the honour of those who have the management, (the Magistrates and Clergy of Edinburgh), the funds of the Hospital have increased so much under their care, that it supports and educates one hundred and thirty youths annually, many of whom have done honour to their country in various situations.

founder of such a charity as this may be reasonably supposed to have walked through life with a steady pace, and an ardent eye, neglecting no opportunity of assisting those who were not possessed of the experience necessary for their own defence. In supposing his efforts directed to the benefit of a nobleman, misguided by the aristocratic haughtiness of his time, and the prevailing tone of selfish luxury which is more peculiar to ours, as well as the seductions of pleasure which are predominant in all, some amusement, or even advantage might, I thought, be derived from the manner in which I might bring the exertions of this civic Mentor to his pupil's benefit. I am, I own, no great believer in the utility to be derived from fictitious compositions; yet, if a case a word spoken in season may be of advantage to a person, it must surely be when it calls upon him to attend to the voice of principle and self-denial, instead of that capricious passion. I could not, indeed, hope or expect to send my prudent and benevolent citizen in a point of view creating as that of the peasant girl, who nobly sacrificed smiling affections to the integrity of her moral character. However, something I hoped might be done not altogether worthy the fame which George Heriot has secured by the good benefits he has bestowed on his country.

It appeared likely, that out of this simple plot I might weave a thread attractive; because the reign of James I., in which George Heriot flourished, gave unbounded scope to invention and fancy, while at the same time it afforded greater variety of character than could, with historical accuracy, have been introduced, if the scene had been laid many centuries earlier. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has said, with truth and taste, that the most romantic region of every country is that where the mountains unite themselves with the sea or lowlands. For similar reasons, it may be in like manner, that the most picturesque period of history is that in which the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are becoming innovated upon, and contrasted, by the illusion of increased or revived learning, and the instructions of a reformed religion. The strong contrast produced an opposition of ancient manners to those which are gradually subduing them, affords the lights and shadows necessary to effect to a fictitious narrative; and while such a period as the author to introduce incidents of a marvellous and noble character, as arising out of the turbulent independence and ferocity, belonging to old habits of violence, still meeting the manners of a people who had been so lately in a barbarous state; yet, on the other hand, the characters and manners of many of the actors may, with the utmost propriety, be described with great variety of shining and delusion, which belongs to the newer and more improved period, which the world has but lately received the light.

The reign of James I. of England possessed this advantage peculiar degree. Some beams of civility, although it had been for some time set, continued to animate and brighten the horizon, and although probably no one acted precisely as Quixote dictates, men and women still talked the classic language of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia; and the ceremonial of the tilt-yard was yet exhibited, though it now only shod as a *Place de Carrousel*. Here and there a high-spi-

rited Knight of the Bath, witness the too scrupulous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was found devoted almost to the vows he had taken, to imagine himself obliged to compel, by the sword's point, a fellow-knight or squire to restore the top-knot of ribbon which he had stolen from a fair damsel; but yet, while men were taking each other's lives on such punctuations of honour, the hour was already arrived when Bacon was about to teach the world that they were no longer to reason from authority to fact, but to establish truth by advancing from fact to fact, till they fixed an indisputable authority, not from hypothesis, but from experiment.

The state of society in the reign of James I. was also strangely disturbed, and the license of a part of the community was perpetually giving rise to acts of blood and violence. The brave of the Queen's day, of whom Shakespeare has given us so many varieties, Hamlet, Nym, Pistol, Peto, and the other companions of Falstaff, men who had their answers, or their particular turn of extravagance, had, since the commencement of the Low Country wars, given way to a race of swordsmen, who used the rapier and dagger, instead of the far less dangerous sword and buckler; so that a historian says on this subject, "that private quarrels were nourished, but especially between the Scots and English; and duels in every street maintained; divers sects and peculiar titles passed unpunished and unregarded, as the sect of the Roaring Boys, Bonaventuras, Bravados, Quarterers, and such like, being persons prodigal, and of great expense, who, having run themselves into debt, were constrained to run next into factions, to defend themselves from danger of the law. These received countenance from divers of the nobility; and the citizens through lasciviousness consuming their estates, it was like that the number [of these desperadoes] would rather increase than diminish; and under these pretences they entered into many desperate enterprises, and scarce any durst walk in the street after nine at night."

The same authority assures us farther, that "ancient gentlemen, who had left their inheritance whole and well furnished with goods and chattels (having thereupon kept good houses) unto their sons, lived to see part encumbered in riot and excess, and the rest in possibility to be utterly lost; the holy state of matrimony made but a May-game, by which divers families had been subverted; brother not much frequented, and even great persons, prostituting their bodies to the intent to satisfy their lusts, consumed their substance in lascivious appetites. And of all sorts, such knights and gentlemen, as either through pride or prodigality had consumed their substance, regarding to the city, and to the intent to consume their virtue also, lived dissolute lives; many of their ladies and daughters, to the intent to maintain themselves according to their dignity, prostituting their bodies in shameful manner. Alehouses, dancing-houses, taverns, and places of iniquity, beyond manner abounding in most places."

It is in only the pages of a puritanical, perhaps a satirical writer, that we find so shocking and disgusting a picture of the coarseness of the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the contrary, in all the comedies of the age, the principal character for gaiety and wit is a young heir, who has lately altered the establishment of the father to whom he has succeeded, and, in so doing, has become a beau, who resembles a Frenchman, which plays off in insolence and extravagance the wealthy which its careful parents, painfully had assembled in middle age.

And yet, while that spirit of general extravagance seemed at work over a whole kingdom, another and very different sort of men were gradually forming the staid and reserved characters, which afterwards displayed themselves during the civil wars, and powerfully regulated and affected the character of the whole English nation, until, rushing from one extreme to another, they sunk in a gloomy fanaticism the splendid traces of the reviving fine arts.

Few of the quotations which I have produced, the selfish and disgusting conduct of Lord Dalgarno will not perhaps appear overstrained; nor will the scenes in Whitefriars and places of similar resort seem too highly coloured. This indeed is far from being the case. It was in James I.'s reign that vice first appeared affecting the better classes in its gross and undisciplined depravity. The entertainments and amusements of Elizabeth's time had an air of that decent restraint which became the court of a maiden sovereign; and, in that earlier period, to use the words of Burke, vice lost half its evil by being deprived of all its grossness. In James's reign, on the contrary, the coarsest pleasures were publicly and unlimitedly indulged, since, according to Sir John Harrington, the men wallowed in beastly delights; and even ladies abandoned their delicacy, and rolled about in intoxication. After a ludicrous account of a mask, in which the actors had got drunk, and behaved themselves accordingly, he adds, "I have much marvelled at these strange pageants, and they do bring to my recollection what passed of this sort in our Queen's days, in which I was sometimes an assistant and partaker; but never did I see such lack of good order and sobriety as I have now done. The gunpowder fright

* See Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Memoirs.

† History of the first Fourteen Years of King James's Reign. See Somers's Tracts, edited by Scott, vol. 11. p. 263.

is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabout as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masqued; and indeed, it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenance; but alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens." Such being the state of the court, coarse sensuality brought along with it its ordinary companion, a brutal degree of undisciplined selfishness, destructive alike of philanthropy and good breeding; both of which, in their several spheres, depend upon the regard paid by each individual to the interest as well as the feelings of others. It is in such a time that the heartless and shameless man of wealth and power may, like the supposed Lord Dalgarno, brazen out the shame of his villainies, and affect to triumph in their consequences, so long as they were personally advantageous to his own pleasures or profit.

Alsatia is elsewhere explained as a cant name for Whitefriars, which, possessing certain privileges of sanctuary, became for that reason a nest of those mischievous characters who were generally obnoxious to the law. These privileges were derived from its having been an establishment of the Carmelites, or White Friars, founded, says *Stow*, in his Survey of London, by Sir Patrick Grey, in 1211. Edward I. gave them a plot of ground in Fleet Street, and builded the church upon it. The edifice then erected was rebuilt by Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, in the reign of Edward. In the time of the Reformation the place retained its immunities as a sanctuary, and James I. confirmed and added to them by a charter in 1606. Shadwell was the first author who made some literary use of Whitefriars, in his play of the Squire of Alsatia, which turns upon the plot of the *Adelphi* of Terence.

In this old play, two men of fortune, brothers, educate two young men, (sons to the one and nephews to the other,) each under his own separate system of rigour and indulgence. The elder of the subjects of this experiment, who has been very rigidly brought up, falls at once into all the vices of the town, is debauched by the cheats and bullies of Whitefriars, and, in a word, becomes the Squire of Alsatia. The poet gives, as the natural and congenial inhabitants of the place, such characters

* Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii., p. 352. For the gross debauchery of the period, too much encouraged by the example of the monarch, who was, in other respects, neither without talent nor a good-natured disposition, see *Clarendon's Memorials*, *Hewitt's Letters*, and other *Memorials* of the time; but particularly, consult the *Private Letters* and *Correspondence* of Stennies, alias Buckingham, with his reverend Dad and Goswip, King James, which abound with the grossest as well as the most childish language. The learned Mr. D'Israeli, in his attempt to vindicate the character of James, has only succeeded in obtaining for himself the character of a skilful and ingenious advocate, without much advantage to his royal client.

as the reader will find in the note? The play, as we learn from the dedication to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, was successful above the author's expectations. "no comedy these many years having filled the theatre so long together. And I had the great honour," continues Shadwell, "to find so many friends, that the house was never so full since it was built as upon the third day of this play, and vast numbers went away that could not be admitted." From the Squire of Alsatia the author derived some few hints, and learned the footing on which the bullies and thieves of the Sanctuary stood with their neighbours, the fiery young students of the Temple, of which some intimation is given in the dramatic piece.

Such are the materials to which the author stands indebted for the composition of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, a novel which may be perhaps one of those that are more amusing on a second perusal, than when read a first time for the sake of the story, the incidents of which are few and meagre.

The Introductory Epistle is written, in Lucio's phrase, "according to the trick," and would never have appeared had the writer meditated making his avowal of the work. As it is the privilege of a masque or incognito to speak in a feigned voice and assumed character, the author attempted, while in disguise, some liberties of the same sort; and while he continues to plead upon the various excuses which the introduction contains, the present acknowledgment must serve as an apology for the spirit of the composition. In the Squire of Alsatia the manner, which, in his avowed character, the author should have considered as a departure from the rules of civility and good taste.

ABBOTSFORD,

1st July, 1831

† "Chentley, a rascal, who by reason of debts shares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there invigiles y^eane heirs of entail, and helps them to cheat the law, and upon great disadvantages, is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauched fellow, very expert in the craft about towns."

* Shadwell, cousin to the Belviders, who, being ruined by Chentley, is made a decy-duple and retired into Whitefriars, where he lives. Is bound with Chentley for heirs, and lives upon them a dissolute debauched life.

† Captain Hackum, a blockheaded bully of Alsatia, a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, who has run about the country and retired into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubb'd a captain, marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, and is a bawd.

‡ Serpewell, a hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing, pious fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who lolls with Chentley, and supplies young heirs with goods and money."—*Dramatic Persons in the Squire of Alsatia*, Shadwell's Works, vol. iv.

‡ Dedication to the Squire of Alsatia, Shadwell's Works, vol. i.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL

Captain Clutterbuck to the Reverend Dr. Dryasdust.

DEAR SIR,

I readily accept of, and reply to the civilities with which you have been pleased to honour me in your obliging letter, and entirely agree with your quotation, or "*Quia, bonum et quam futurum*." We may indeed esteem ourselves as come of the same family, or according to our country proverb, as being all "one man's blood"; and there needed no apology on your part, were you and dear sir, for furnishing of me any information which I was unable to supply respecting the subject of your curiosity. The interview which you allude to took place in the course of last winter, and is so deeply imprinted on my recollection, that it requires no effort to collect all its most minute details.

You are aware that the share which I had in introducing the Romance, called *THE MONASTERY*, to public notice, has given me a sort of character in the literature of our Scottish metropolis. I no longer stand in the outer shop of our bibliopoliasts, bargaining for the objects of my curiosity with an unrespective shop-lad, hustled among boys who come to buy Corderies and copy-books, and sell servant-suits cheapening a few sheets of paper, but am cordially welcomed by the bibliopoliast himself, with, "Pray, walk into the back-shop, Captain. Boy, get a chair for Captain Clutterbuck. There is the newspaper, Captain-to-day's paper;" or, "Here is the last new work—there is a folder, make free with the leaves;" or, "Put it in your pocket and carry it home;" or, "We will make a book-seller of you, sir, you shall have it at trade price." Or, perhaps, if it is the worthy trader's own publication, his liberality may even extend itself to—"Never mind bookkeeping such a trifle to you, sir—it is an over-copy. Pray, mention the work to your reading friends. I say nothing of the snug well-selected literary party arranged round a tubet, leg of five-year-old mutton, or some such gear, or of the circulation of a quiet bottle of Robert Cockburn's choicest black—nay, perhaps of his best blue, to quicken our talk about old books, or our plans for new ones. All these are comforts reserved to such as are freemen of the corporation of letters, and I have the advantage of enjoying them in perfection.

But all things chance under the sun; and it is with no ordinary feelings of regret, that, in my annual visits to the metropolis I

now miss the social and warm-hearted welcome witty and kindly friend who first introduced me to the more original wit than would have or professed savans of good things, and more so would have made the fortune of as many more deprivation has been added, I trust for a tir another bibliopoliast friend, whose vigorous ideas, have not only rendered his native her own literature, but established there which must command respect, even from dissent from many of its canons. The e operated in a great measure by the strong calculations of an individual, who kne self, to an unhoped-for extent, of the v which his country produced, will probab to the generation which shall follow the

I entered the shop at the Cross, to me my worthy friend, and learned with v dance in the south had abated the v his disorder. Availing myself, then, I have alluded, I strolled onward in rooms or crypts, to speak our own a form the extensive back-settlement ing-house. Yet, as I proceeded fr other, filled, some of them with oil from the equality of their rank on the few saleable modern books of feeling a holy horror creep upon m of intruding on some ecstatic be fury; or, it might be, on the y band of critics, in the act of wor just run down. In such a sup the horrors of the Highland ce copy compel to witness their who, to use the expression of

"heartless,
To see the phantom tra

Still, however, the pressu sity drove me on through th till, like the jeweller of Del

masker, lat length reached a vaulted room, dedicated to secrecy and silence, and belied, seated by a lamp, and employed in reading a blotted *resumé*.^{*} the person, or perhaps I should rather say the Eidolon, or representative Vision, of the AUTHOR or WAVELEY! You will not be surprised at the filial instinct which enabled me at once to acknowledge the features borne by this venerable apparition, and that I at once bent the knee, with the classical salutation of, *Salve, mater parens!* The vision, however, cut me short, by pointing to a seat, intimating at the same time, that my presence was not unexpected, and that he had something to say to me.

I sat down with humble obedience, and endeavoured to note the features of him with whom I now found myself so unexpectedly in society. But on this point I can give you reverence no satisfaction: for, besides the obscurity of the apartment, and the fluttered state of my own nerves, I seemed to myself overwhelmed by a sense of filial awe, which prevented my noting and recording what it is probable the personage before me might most desire to have concealed. Indeed, his figure was so closely veiled and wrmpled, either with a mantle, morning gown, or some such loose garb, that the verses of Spenser might well have been applied—

"Yet, certes, by her face and phygnomy.
Whether the man or woman only were,
That could not any creature well decry."

I must, however, go on as I have begun, to apply the masculine gender: for, notwithstanding very ingenious reasons, and indeed something like positive evidence, have been offered to prove the Author of Waverley to be two ladies of talent, I must abide by the general opinion, that he is of the rougher sex.—There are in his writings too many things

"Que maribus sola tribuatur."

to permit me to entertain any doubt on that subject. I will proceed, in the manner of dialogue, to repeat as nearly as I can what passed betwixt us, only observing, that in the course of the conversation, my timidity imperceptibly gave way under the familiarity of his address; and that, in the concluding part of our dialogue, I perhaps argued with fully as much confidence as was becoming.

Author of Waverley. I was willing to see you, Captain Clutterbuck, being the person of my family whom I have most regard for, since the death of Jedediah Cleishbotham; and I am afraid I may have done you some wrong in assigning to you the Monastery as a portion of my effects. I have some thoughts of making it up to you, by naming you godfather to this yet unborn babe—(he indicated the proof-sheet with his finger)—But first, touching The Monastery—How says the world—you are abroad and can I am?

Captain Clutterbuck. Hem! hem!—The inquiry is delicate—I have not heard any complaints from the Publishers.

Author. That is the principal matter; but yet an indifferent work is sometimes towed on by those which have left harbour before it, with the breeze in their poop.—What say the Critics?

Captain. There is a general—feeling—that the White Lady is no favourite.

Author. I think she is a failure myself; but rather in execution than conception. Could I have evoked an *esprit follet*, at the same time fantastic and interesting, capricious and kind; a sort of wilfulness of the elements, bound by no fixed laws, or motives of action; faithful and fond, yet teasing and uncertain—*Captain.* If that will pass on the interruption, sir, I think you are describing a pretty woman.

Author. On my word, I believe I am. I must invest my elementary spirits with a little human flesh and blood—they are too fine drawn for the present taste of the public.

Captain. They object, too, that the object of your Nixie ought to have been more uniformly noble—Her ducking the priest was no Nixie-like amusement.

Author. Ah! they ought to allow for the capriciousness of what is, after all, but a better sort of goblin. The bath into which Ariel, the most delicate creation of Shakspeare's imagination, seduces our jolly friend Trinculo, was not of amber or rose-water. But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for general amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defence of my own errors against the voice of the public.

Captain. You abandon, then, in the present work—(looking, in my turn, towards the proof sheet)—the mystic and the magical, and the whole system of signs, wonders, and omens? There are no dreams, or presages, or obscure allusions to future events?

Author. Not a Cock-lane scratch, my son—not one bounce on the drum of Tedworth—not so much as the poor tick of a solitary death-watch in the wain-roof. All is clear and above board—a Scotch metaphysician might believe even more of it.

Captain. And the story is, I hope, natural and probable; commencing strikingly, proceeding naturally, ending happily—like the course of a famed river, which gushes from the mouth of some obscure and romantic grotto—then gliding on, never pausing, never precipitating its course, visiting, as it were, by natural instinct, whatever worthy subjects of interest are presented by the country through which it passes—widening and deepening in interest as it flows on, and at length arriving at the final catastrophe as at some mighty haven, where ships of all kinds strike ash and yard?

Author. Hey! hey! what the deuce is all this? Why, 'tis Erles' vein, and it would require some one much more like Hercules than I, to produce a story which should gush, and glide, and never pause, and visit, and widen, and deepen, and all the rest on't. I should be chin-deep in the grave, man, before I had done with my task; and, in the meanwhile, all the quirks

* The uninitiated must be informed, that a second proof-sheet is so called.

and quiddities which I might have devised for my reader's amusement, would lie rotting in my pizzard, like Sanchez's suppressed witticisms, when he was under his master's displeasure.—There never was a novel written on this plan while the world stood.

Captain. Pardon me—Tom Jones.

Author. True, and perhaps Amelia also. Fielding had high notions of the dignity of an art which he may be considered as having founded. He challenges a comparison between the Novel and the Epic. Smollett, Le Sage, and others, emancipating themselves from the strictness of the rules he has laid down, have written rather a history of the miscellaneous adventures which befall an individual in the course of life, than the plot of a regular and connected epopœia, where every step brings us a point nearer to the final catastrophe. These great imitators have been satisfied if they amused the reader upon the road; though the conclusion only arrived because the tale must have an end—just as the traveller alights at the inn, because it is evening.

Captain. A very commodious mode of travelling, for the author at least. In short, sir, you are of opinion with Bayes—"What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things?"

Author. Grant that I were so, and that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the taste of body; in another, to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place, to unwrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another, to fill the place of bad thoughts, or to suggest better; in yet another, to induce an idler to study the history of his country; in all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties, to furnish harmless amusement—might not the author of such a work, however unartificially executed, plead for his errors and negligences the excuse of the slave, who, about to be punished for having spread the false report of a victory, saved himself by exclaiming—"Am I to blame, O Athenians, who have given you one happy day?"

Captain. Will your goodness permit me to mention an anecdote of my excellent grand-mother?

Author. I see little else can have to do with the subject, Captain Clutterbuck.

Captain. It may come into our dialogue on Bayes's plan.—"The scacious old lady—rest her soul!—was a good friend to the church, and could never hear a minister malign'd by evil tongues, without taking his part warmly. There was one fixed point, however, at which she always abandoned the cause of her revered *protégé*—it was so soon as she learned he had preached a regular sermon against slanderers and backbiters."

Author. And what is that to the purpose?

Captain. What that I have heard engineers say, that one may betray the weak point to the enemy, by too much ostentation of fortifying it.

Author. And, once more I pray, what is that to the purpose!

Captain. Nay, then, without farther metaphor, I am afraid this new production, in which your generosity seems willing to give me some concern, will stand much in need of powder, since you think proper to begin your defence before the case is on trial.—The story is hastily huddled up, I will venture a pint of claret.

Author. A pint of port, I suppose you mean?

Captain. I say of claret—good claret of the Monastery. Ah, sir, would you but take the advice of your friends, and try to deserve half of the public favour you have met with, we might all drink Tokay!

Author. I care not what I drink, so the liquor be wholesome.

Captain. Care for your reputation, then,—for your fame.

Author. My fame?—I will answer you as a very ingenious, able, and experienced friend, being counsel for the notorious *Jem Mac-Coy*,—reluctant to the opposite side of the bar, where they laid weight on his client's refusing to answer certain queries, which they said any man who had a regard for his reputation would not hesitate to reply to. "My client," said he—by the way, *Jem* was standing behind him at the time, and a rich scene it was—"is so unfortunate as to have no regard for his reputation, and I should do very unbecomingly with the Court, should I say he had any that was worth his attention."—I am, though from very different reasons, in *Jem's* happy state of indifference. Let fame follow those who have a substantial shape. A shadow—and an impersonal author is nothing better—can cast no shade.

Captain. You are not now, perhaps, so impersonal as heretofore. These Letters to the Member for the University of Oxford—

Author. Show the wit, genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance; and—how, besides, that the preservation of my character of *franchise* has engaged call talent in the discussion of a curious question of evidence. But a cause, however ingeniously pleaded, is not therefore gained. You may remember, the neatly-wrought chain of circumstantial evidence, so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis's title to the Letters of Junius, seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is as much unknown as ever. But on this subject I will not be soothed or provoked into saying one word more. To say who I am not, would be one step towards saying who I am; and as I desire not, any more than a certain justice of peace mentioned by Shenstone, the noise or report of such things make in the world, I shall continue to be silent on a subject, which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the noise that has been made about it, and still more unworthy of the serious employment of such ingenuity as has been displayed by the young letter-writer.

Captain. But allowing, my dear sir, that you care not for your personal reputation, or for that of any literary person upon whose shoulders your faults may be visited, allow me to say,

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

that common mistake to the public, which has deceived you so kindly and so often, we have treated you so leniently, as to allow you to believe more praise on your story.

Author. I do not regret you, my son, as Dr. Johnson would have said, "two years' travel from that." For the critics, they have their business, and I mine as the surveyor proverbs go—

"The shadow is a blind man's business as mine is
What he chooses a English tale passes a blessing."

I am their humane judge, too busy in providing food for them, to have time for considering whether they swallow or reject it.—To the public, I stand pretty nearly in the relation of the postman who carries a packet at the door of an individual. If it contains pleasing intelligence, a trust from a mistress, a letter from an lover, or a remittance from a correspondent, it is bound to be brought; the letter is acceptably welcome, and read and read, folded up, tied, and safely deposited in the bureau. If the contents are disagreeable, if it comes from a son or from a core, the correspondent is cursed, the letter is thrown into the fire, and the exposure of postage is heartily regretted; while all the time the bearer of despatches is, in either case, as little thought on as the snow of last Christmas. The nearest extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original inventor, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired, while the author was actually doing well of their trade, who have so liberally applauded his productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude, properly so called, either on one side or the other.

Captain. Respect to yourself, then, ought to teach caution.

Author. Ay, if caution should surmount the chance of my success. But to confess to you the truth, the works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity: and when I have seen some of these played an opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standstill, that the parts in which I have come feebly off, were by much the more finished. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and honest mail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keep not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lie by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others: or, if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor: the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and be a hundred to ten that both are disappointed.

Captain. That may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story.

Author. That is a wise point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lengthens, while the materials increase; my regular manner turns out a Gothic story, and the work is closed long before I have said and the point proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas! my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection. When I light on such a character as Balile Jagger, or Delaney, or an uneducated but sensible man, my compassion becomes clearer at every step which I take in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become gray, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me fling still more, the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author I was in my better mood, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom.

In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched.

Captain. Nay, sir, if you plead sobriety, there is no more to be said—the most need go whom the devil drives. And this, I suppose, sir, is the reason why you do not make the theatrical attempt to which you have been so often urged?

Author. It may rest for one good reason, that not writing a play, that I cannot form a plot. But the truth is, that the ideas adopted by too favourable judges, of my having some aptitude for that department of poetry, has been much founded on those scraps of old plays, which, being taken from a source inaccessible to collectors, they have hastily considered the offspring of my mother-wit. Now, the manner in which I became possessed of these fragments is so extraordinary, that I cannot help telling it to you.

You must know, that, some twenty years since, I went down to visit an old friend in Worcester-shire, who had served with me in the — Dragons.

Captain. Then you have served, sir?

Author. I have—or I have not, which signifies the same thing.—Captain is a good travelling name.—I found my friend's house unexpectedly crowded with guests, and, as usual, was condemned—the mansion being an old one—to the adjacent apartment. I have, as a great modern said, seen too many ghosts to believe in them, so I took myself seriously to my repose, lulled by the wind rustling among the lime-trees, the branches of

which chinked the moonlight which fell on the floor through the damaged casement, when, behold, a darker shadow interposed itself, and I beheld visibly on the floor of the apartment—

Captain. The White Lady of Avenel. I suppose?—You have told this story before.

Author. No—I beheld a female form, with mob cap, bib, and apron, sleeves tucked up to the elbow, a crocheting-box in the one hand, and in the other a sauce tureen. I concluded, of course, that it was my friend's cook-maid was sitting in her sleep; and as I knew he had a value for Salt, who could toss a pass-cake with any girl in the country, I got up to conduct her safely to the door. But as I approached her, she said,—“Hold, sir! I am not what you take me for—words which sound so apposite to the circumstances, that I could not have much minded them, had it not been for the peculiar hollow sound in which they were uttered.—“Know, then,” she said, in the same unearthly accents, “that I am the spirit of Betty Barnes.”—“Who hanged herself for love of the stage-coachman,” thought I; “this is a proper sort of work.”—“Of that unhappy Elizabeth or Betty Barnes, long cook-maid to Mr. Warburton, the painful collector, but ah! the too careless custodian of the largest collection of ancient plays ever known—of most of which the titles only are left to gladden the Prolegomena of the Variorum Shakespeare. Yes, stranger, it was these ill-fated hands that conspired to grease and conflagration the corners of small quartos, which, did they now exist, would drive the whole Roxburghe Club out of their senses—it was these unhappy pickers and stealers that signed fat fowls and wiped dirty trenchers with the lost works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, Webster—what shall I say?—even of Shakespeare himself!”

Like every dramatic antiquary, my ardent curiosity after some play named in the Book of the Master of Revels, had often been checked by finding the object of my research numbered amongst the holocaust of victims which this unhappy woman had sacrificed to the God of Good Cheer. It is no wonder then, that, like the Hermit of Farnell,

“I broke the bands of fear, and madly cried,
“You careless jade!—But scarce the words began,
When Betty brandish'd high her mowing-pail.”

“Beware,” she said, “you do not, by your ill-timed anger, cut off the opportunity I yet have to indemnify the world for the errors of my ignorance. In yonder corner-hole, not used for many a year, repose the few greasy and blackened fragments of the elder Drama which were not totally destroyed. Do thou then—Why, what do you stare at, Captain? By my soul, it is true; as my friend Major Longbow says, “What should I tell you a lie for?”

Captain. Lie, sir? Nay, Heaven forbid I should apply the word to a person so veracious. You are only inclined to chase your tail a little this morning, that's all. Had you not better reserve this legend to form an introduction to “Three Recovered Dramas,” or so?

Author. You are quite right—habit's a strange thing, my son. I had forgot whom I was speaking to. Yes, Plays for the closet, not for the stage.

Captain. Right, and so you are sure to be acted: for the managers, while thousands of volunteers are desirous of serving them, are wonderfully partial to pressed men.

Author. I am a living witness, having been, like a second Laberius, made a dramatist whether I would or not. I believe my muse will never be tempted into treading the stage, even if I should write a sermon.

Captain. Truly, if you did, I am afraid folks might make a farce of it; and, therefore, should you change your style, I should advise a volume of dramas like Lord Byron's.

Author. No, his lordship is a cut above me—I won't run my horse against his, I can help myself. But there is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Braham's extra valiant-paw I cannot make neat work without such appurtenances.

Captain. Do you mean Allan Ramsay?

Author. No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean Allan Cunningham ham, who has just published his tragedy of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of reality is there about the plot, but so much animation, regular passages, and such a vein of poetry running through as I dearly wish I could infuse into my culinary should I ever be tempted to publish them. With imprecations, people would read and admire the beauties as it is, they may perhaps only note his defects, worse, not note him at all.—But never mind the lan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that.—“Tl lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would like.”

Captain. “It's hame, and it's hame,” is equal to it.

Author. I will take the hint. The club at Ke' turned fastidious since Catalani visited the Abbey tith Cauld' has been received both poorly and by Banks of Bonnie Doon' have been positively c Tempora mutatur.

Author. They cannot stand still, they will c us. What then!

“A man's a man for a' that.”

But the hour of parting approaches.

Captain. You are determined to proceed system? Are you aware that an unworthy signed for this rapid succession of public supposed to work merely for the lure of a

Author. Supposing that I did permit it which might be derived from success in life other motives in inducing me to come me

the public,—that emolument is the voluntary tax which the public pays for a certain species of literary amusement—it is extorted from no one, and paid, I presume, by those only who can afford it, and who receive gratification in proportion to the expense. If the capital sum which these volumes have put into circulation be a very large one, has it contributed to my indulgence only? or can I not say to hundreds, from honest Duncan the paper-manufacturer, to the most swiftness of the printer's devil, "Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" I profess I think our Modern Athens much obliged to me for having established such an extensive manufacture; and when universal suffrage comes in fashion, I intend to stand for a seat in the House on the interest of all the unwashed artificers connected with literature.

Captein. This would be called the language of a calico-manufacturer.

Author. Cant again, my dear son—there is time in this sack, too—nothing but sophistication in this world! I do say it, in spite of Adam Smith and his followers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth, as that which is created by any other manufacture. If a new commodity, having an actually intrinsic and commercial value, be the result of the operation, why are the author's sales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer? I speak with reference to the diffusion of the wealth arising to the public, and the degree of industry which even such a trifling work as the present must stimulate and reward, before the volume leaves the publisher's shop. Without me it could not exist, and to this extent I am a benefactor to the country. As for my own emolument, it is won by my toil, and I account myself answerable to Heaven only for the mode in which I expend it. The candid may hope it is not all dedicated to selfish purposes; and, without much pretensions to merit in him who disbursts it, a part may "wander, heaven-directed, to the poor."

Captein. Yet it is generally held base to write from the mere motives of gain.

Author. It would be base to do so exclusively, or even to make it a principal motive for literary exertion. Nay, I will venture to say, that no work of imagination, proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money, ever did, or ever will, succeed. So the lawyer who pleads, the soldier who fights, the physician who prescribes, the clergyman—if such there be—who preaches, without any zeal for his profession, or without any sense of its dignity, and merely on account of the fee, pay, or stipend, degrade themselves to the rank of sordid mechanics. Accordingly, in the case of two of the learned faculties at least, their services are considered as unappreciable, and are acknowledged, not by any exact estimate of the services rendered, but by a *honorarium*, or voluntary acknowledgment. But let a client or patient make the experiment of omitting this little ceremony of the *honorarium*, which is *cessa* to be a thing entirely out of consideration between them, and mark how the learned gentleman will look upon his case. Cant set apart, it is the same thing with literary emolument. No man of sense, in any rank of life, is, or ought to be, above accepting a just recompense for his time, and a reasonable share of the capital which owes its very existence to his exertions. When Cæsar Peter wrought in the trenches, he took the pay of a common soldier; and nobles, statesmen, and divines, the most distinguished of their time, have not scorned to square accounts with their bookseller.

Captein. (Sings)

"O if it were a mean thing,
The gaudies would not use it;
And if it were ungodly,
The clergy would refuse it."

Author. You say well. But no man of honour, genius, or spirit, would make the mere love of gain, the chief, far less the only, purpose of his labours. For myself, I am not displeased to find the game a winning one; yet while I pleased the public, I should probably continue it merely for the pleasure of playing; for I have felt as strongly as most folks that love of composition, which is perhaps the strongest of all instincts, driving the author to the pen, the painter to the pallet, often without either the chance of fame or the prospect of reward. Perhaps I have said too much of this. I might, perhaps, with as much truth as most people, exculpate myself from the charge of being either of a greedy or mercenary disposition; but I am not, therefore, hypocrite enough to disclaim the ordinary motives, on account of which the whole world around me is toiling unremittently, to the sacrifice of ease, comfort, health, and life. I do not affect the disinterestedness of that ingenious association of gentlemen mentioned by Goldsmith, who sold their magazine for sixpence a piece, merely for their own amusement.

Captein. I have but one thing more to hint—The world say you will run yourself out.

Author. The world say true; and what then? When they

dance no longer, I will no longer pipe; and I shall not want flappers enough to remind me of the apoplexy.

Captein. And what will become of us then, your poor family? We shall fall into contempt and oblivion.

Author. Like many a poor fellow, already overwhelmed with the number of his family, I cannot help going on to increase it—"Tis my vocation, Hal!—Such of you as deserve oblivion—perhaps the whole of you—may be consigned to it. At any rate, you have been read in your day, which is more than can be said of some of your contemporaries, of less fortune and more merit. They cannot say but that you *had* the crown. It is always something to have engaged the public attention for seven years. Had I only written Waverley, I should have long since been, according to the established phrase, "the ingenious author of a novel much admired at the time." I believe, on my soul, that the reputation of Waverley is sustained very much by the praises of those, who may be inclined to prefer that tale to its successors.

Captein. You are willing then to barter future reputation for present popularity?

Author. *Meliora spero.* Horace himself expected not to survive in all his works—I may hope to live in some of mine;—*non omnis moriar.* It is some consolation to reflect, that the best authors in all countries have been the most voluminous; and it has often happened, that those who have been best received in their own time, have also continued to be acceptable to posterity. I do not think so ill of the present generation, as to suppose that its present favour necessarily infers future condemnation.

Captein. Were all to act on such principles, the public would be inundated.

Author. Once more, my dear son, beware of cant. You speak as if the public were obliged to read books merely because they are printed—you friends the booksellers would thank you to make the proposition good. The most serious grievance attending such inundations as you talk of, is, that they make rage dear. The multiplicity of publications does the present age no harm, and may greatly advantage that which is to succeed us.

Author. The complaints in the time of Elizabeth and James, of the alarming fertility of the press, were as loud as they are at present—yet look at the shore over which the inundation of that age flowed, and it resembles now the rich strand of the Faery Queen—

"Bestrew'd all with rich array,
Of pearl and precious stones of great assay;
And all the gravel mix'd with golden ore."

Believe me, that even in the most neglected works of the present age, the next may discover treasures.

Captein. Some books will defy all alchemy.

Author. They will be but few in number; since, as for writers, who are possessed of no merit at all, unless indeed they publish their works at their own expense, like Sir Richard Blackmore, their power of annoying the public will be soon limited by the difficulty of finding undertaking booksellers.

Captein. You are incorrigible. Are there no bounds to your audacity?

Author. There are the sacred and eternal boundaries of honour and virtue. My course is like the enchanted chamber of Britomart—

"Where as she look'd about, she did behold
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be Bold—Be Bold, and everywhere Be Bold.
Whereat she mused, and could not construe it;
At last she spied at that room's upper end
Another iron door, on which was writ—
Be not too Bold."

Captein. Well, you must take the risk of proceeding on your own principles.

Author. Do you act on yours, and take care you do not stay idling here till the dinner hour is over—I will add this work to your patrimony, *valent quantum.*

Here our dialogue terminated; for a little sooty-faced Apollyon from the Canonage came to demand the proof-sheet on the part of Mr. McCordindale; and I heard Mr. C. rebuking Mr. F. in another compartment of the same labyrinth I have described, for suffering any one to penetrate so far into the *penetrabilia* of their temple.

I leave it to you to form your own opinion concerning the import of this dialogue, and I cannot but believe I shall meet the wishes of our common parent in prefixing this letter to the work which it concerns.

I am, reverend and dear Sir,

Very sincerely and affectionately,
Yours, &c. &c.

CUTBERT CLUTTERBUCK.

KENNAQUHAI,
1st April, 1822.



THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

CHAPTER I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed.
Where, such the splendours that attend him,
His very mother scarce had kend him.
His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow fringe to cloth of gold.
His back-sword, with the iron hilt,
To rapier fairly hatch'd and gilt:
Was ever seen a gallant braver?
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.—*The Reformation.*

HE long-continued hostilities which had for centuries separated the south and the north divisions of Island of Britain, had been happily terminated by succession of the pacific James I. to the English throne. But although the united crown of England

Scotland was worn by the same individual, it required a long lapse of time, and the succession of more than one generation, ere the inveterate national animosities which had so long existed betwixt the sister kingdoms were removed, and the subjects of either of the Tweed brought to regard those upon the opposite bank as friends and as brethren.

These prejudices were, of course, most inveterate during the reign of King James. The English subjects accused him of partiality to those of his ancient kingdom; while the Scots, with equal injustice, regarded him with having forgotten the land of his birth, and with neglecting those early friends to whose allegiance he had been so much indebted.

The temper of the King, peaceable even to timidity, needed him perpetually to interfere as mediator between the contending factions, whose brawls disturbed the court. But, notwithstanding all his precautions, historians have recorded many instances, where the mutual hatred of two nations, who after centuries of enmity for a thousand years, had been so very lately united, broke forth with a fury which needed a general convulsion; and, spreading from the highest to the lowest classes, as it occasioned disorders in council and parliament, factions in the court, and duels among the gentry, was no less productive of riots and brawls amongst the lower orders.

While these heart-burnings were at the height, flourished in the city of London an ingenious whimsical and self-opinioned mechanic, much addicted to abstract studies, David Ramsay by name, whether recommended by his great skill in his profession, as the courtiers alleged, or, as was murmured among his neighbours, by his birthplace, in a good town of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, held in his household the post of maker of watches and loges to his Majesty. He scorned not, however, to keep open shop within Temple-Bar, a few yards eastward of St. Dunstan's Church.

His shop of a London tradesman at that time, as may be supposed, was something very different from those we now see in the same locality. The stalls were exposed to sale in cases, only defended from the weather by a covering of canvass, and they resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a fair, rather than the established emporium of respectable citizen. But most of the shopkeepers, and David Ramsay amongst others, had a booth connected with a small apartment which led backward from it, and bore the same resemblance to the front shop that Robinson Crusoe's cabin did to the tent which he erected before it. To Master Ramsay was often accustomed to retreat for labour of his abstruse calculations; for he had an improvement and discoveries in his own and sometimes pushed his researches, like Newton and other mathematicians of the period, into ab-

stract science. When thus engaged, he left the outer posts of his commercial establishment to be maintained by two stout-bodied and strong-voiced apprentices, who kept up the cry of, "What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?" accompanied with the appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt. This direct and personal application for custom to those who chanced to pass by, is now, we believe, limited to Monmouth Street, (if it still exists even in that repository of ancient garments,) under the guardianship of the scattered remnant of Israel. But at the time we are speaking of, it was practised alike by Jew and Gentile, and served, instead of all our present newspaper puffs and advertisements, to solicit the attention of the public in general, and of friends in particular, to the unrivalled excellence of the goods, which they offered to sale upon such easy terms, that it might fairly appear that the vendors had rather a view to the general service of the public, than to their own particular advantage.

The verbal proclaimers of the excellence of their commodities, had this advantage over those who, in the present day, use the public papers for the same purpose, that they could in many cases adapt their address to the peculiar appearance and apparent taste of the passengers. (This, as we have said, was also the case in Monmouth Street in our remembrance. We have ourselves been reminded of the deficiencies of our former habiliments, and exhorted upon that score to fit ourselves more becomingly; but this is a digression.) This direct and personal mode of invitation to customers became, however, a dangerous temptation to the young wags who were employed in the task of solicitation during the absence of the principal person interested in the traffic; and confiding in their numbers and civic union, the 'prentices of London were often seduced into taking liberties with the passengers, and exercising their wit at the expense of those whom they had no hopes of converting into customers by their eloquence. If this were resented by any act of violence, the inmates of each shop were ready to pour forth in succour; and in the words of an old song which Dr. Johnson was used to hum,—

"Up then rose the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall."

Desperate riots often arose on such occasions, especially when the Templars, or other youths connected with the aristocracy, were insulted, or conceived themselves to be so. Upon such occasions, bare steel was frequently opposed to the clubs of the citizens, and death sometimes ensued on both sides. The tardy and inefficient police of the time had no other resource than by the Alderman of the ward calling out the householders, and putting a stop to the strife by overpowering numbers, as the Capulets and Montagues are separated upon the stage.

At the period when such was the universal custom of the most respectable, as well as the most inconsiderable, shopkeepers in London, David Ramsay, on the evening to which we solicit the attention of the reader, retiring to more abstruse and private labours, left the administration of his outer shop, or booth, to the aforesaid sharp-witted, active, able-bodied, and well-voiced apprentices, namely, Jenkin Vincent and Frank Tunstall.

Vincent had been educated at the excellent foundation of Christ Church Hospital, and was bred, therefore, as well as born, a Londoner, with all the acuteness, address, and audacity, which belong peculiarly to the youth of a metropolis. He was now about twenty years old, short in stature, but remarkably strong made, eminent for his feats upon holy-

days at foot-ball, and other gymnastic exercises; scarce rivalled in the broadsword play, though hitherto only exercised in the form of single-stick. He knew every lane, blind alley, and sequestered court of the ward, better than his catechism; and was alike active in his master's affairs, and in his own adventures of fun and mischief; and so managed matters, that the credit he acquired by the former bore him out, or at least served for his apology, when the latter propensity led him into scrapes of which, however, it is but fair to state, that they had hitherto inferred nothing mean or discreditable. Some aberrations there were, which David Ramsay, his master, endeavoured to reduce to regular order when he discovered them, and others which he winked at—supposing them to answer the purpose of the escapement of a watch, which disposes of a certain quantity of the extra power of that mechanical impulse which puts the whole in motion.

The physiognomy of Jin Vin—by which abbreviation he was familiarly known through the ward—corresponded with the sketch we have given of his character. His head, upon which his prentice's flat cap was generally flung in a careless and oblique fashion, was closely covered with thick hair of raven black, which curled naturally and closely, and would have grown to great length, but for the modest custom enjoined by his state of life, and strictly enforced by his master, which compelled him to keep it short-cropped,—not unreluctantly, as he looked with envy on the flowing ringlets, in which the courtiers, and aristocratic students of the neighbouring Temple, began to indulge themselves, as marks of superiority and of gentility. Vincent's eyes were deep set in his head, of a strong vivid black, full of fire, roguery, and intelligence, and conveying a humorous expression, even while he was uttering the usual small-talk of his trade, as if he ridiculed those who were disposed to give any weight to his commonplaces. He had address enough, however, to add little touches of his own, which gave a turn of drollery even to this ordinary routine of the booth; and the alacrity of his manner—his ready and obvious wish to oblige—his intelligence and civility, when he thought civility necessary, made him a universal favourite with his master's customers. His features were far from regular, for his nose was flatfish, his mouth tending to the larger size, and his complexion inclining to be more dark than was then thought consistent with masculine beauty. But, in despite of his having always breathed the air of a crowded city, his complexion had the ruddy and manly expression of redundant health: his turned-up nose gave an air of spirit and raillery to what he said, and seconded the laugh of his eyes; and his wide mouth was garnished with a pair of well-formed and well-coloured lips, which, when he laughed, disclosed a range of teeth strong and well set, and as white as the very pearl. Such was the elder apprentice of David Ramsay, Memory's Monitor, watchmaker, and constructor of horologes, to his Most Sacred Majesty James I.

Jenkin's companion was the younger apprentice, though, perhaps, he might be the elder of the two in years. At any rate, he was of a much more staid and composed temper. Francis Tunstall was of that ancient and proud descent who claimed the style of the "unstained;" because, amid the various chances of the long and bloody wars of the Roses, they had, with undeviating faith, followed the House of Lancaster, to which they had originally attached themselves. The meanest sprig of such a tree attached importance to the root from which it derived itself; and Tunstall was supposed to nourish in secret a proportion of that family pride, which had extorted tears from his widowed and almost indigent mother, when she saw herself obliged to consign him to a line of life inferior, as her prejudices suggested, to the course held by his progenitors. Yet, with all this aristocratic prejudice, his master found the well-born youth more docile, regular, and strictly attentive to his duty, than his far more active and alert comrade. Tunstall also gratified his master by the particular attention which he seemed disposed to bestow on the abstract principles of science connected with the

trade which he was bound to study, the limits of which were daily enlarged with the increase of mathematical science.

Vincent beat his companion beyond the distance-post, in every thing like the practical adaptation of thorough practice, in the dexterity of hand necessary to execute the mechanical branches of the art, and double-distanced him in all respecting the commercial affairs of the shop. Still David Ramsay was wont to say, that if Vincent knew how to do a thing the better of the two, Tunstall was much better acquainted with the principles on which it ought to be done; and he sometimes objected to the latter, that he knew critical excellence too well ever to be satisfied with practical mediocrity.

The disposition of Tunstall was shy, as well as studious; and, though perfectly civil and obliging, he never seemed to feel himself in his place while he went through the duties of the shop. He was tall and handsome, with fair hair, and well-formed limbs, good features, well-opened light-blue eyes, a straight Grecian nose, and a countenance which expressed both good-humour and intelligence, but qualified by a gravity unsuitable to his years, and which almost amounted to dejection. He lived on the best terms with his companion, and readily stood by him whenever he was engaged in any of the frequent skirmishes, which, as we have already observed, often disturbed the city of London about this period. But though Tunstall was allowed to understand quarter-staff (the weapon of the North country) in a superior degree, and though he was naturally both strong and active, his interference in such affairs seemed always matter of necessity; and, as he never voluntarily joined either their brawls or their sports, he held a far lower place in the opinion of the youth of the ward than his hearty and active friend Jin Vin. Nay, had it not been for the interest made for his comrade, by the intercession of Vincent, Tunstall would have stood some chance of being altogether excluded from the society of his contemporaries of the same condition, who called him, in scorn, the Cavaliero Cuddy, and the gentle Tunstall. On the other hand, he had himself, deprived of the fresh air in which he had been brought up, and foregoing the exercise to which he had been formerly accustomed, while the inhabitant of his native mansion, lost gradually the freshness of his complexion, and, without showing any formal symptoms of disease, grew more thin and pale as he grew older, and at length exhibited the appearance of indifferent health, without any thing of the habits and complaints of an invalid, excepting a disposition to avoid society, and to spend his leisure time in private study, rather than mingle in the sports of his companions, or even resort to the theatres, then the general rendezvous of his class; where, according to high authority, they fought for half-bitten apples, cracked nuts, and filled the upper gallery with their clamours.

Such were the two youths who called David Ramsay master; and with both of whom he used to sit from morning till night, as their peculiarities interfered with his own, or with the quiet and beneficial course of his traffic.

Upon the whole, however, the youths were attached to their master, and he, a good-natured, though an absent and whimsical man, was scarcely less so to them; and, when a little warmed with wine at an occasional junketing, he used to boast, in his northern dialect, of his "two bony lads, and the looks that the court ladies throw at them, when visiting his shop in their coaches, when on a frolic into the city." But David Ramsay never failed, at the same time, to draw up his own tall, thin, lathy skeleton, extend his lean jaws into an alarming grin, and indicate, by a nod of his yard-long visage, and a twinkle of his little grayeye, that there might be more faces in Fleet-Street worth looking at than those of Frank and Jenkin. His old neighbour, Widow Simmons, the sempstress, who had served, in her day, the very tip-top revellers of the Temple, with ruffs, cuffs, and bands, distinguished more deeply the sort of attention paid by the females of quality, who so regularly visited David Ramsay's shop, to its inmates

"The boy, Frank," she admitted, "used to attract the attention of the young ladies, as having something gentle and downcast in his looks; but then he could not better himself, for the poor youth hath not a word to throw at a dog. Now Jin Vin was so full of his jibes and his jeers, and so willing, and so ready, and so serviceable, and so mannerly all the while, with a step that sprung like a buck's in Epping Forest, and his eye that twinkled as black as a gipsy's, that no woman who knew the world would make a comparison betwixt the lads. As for poor neighbour Ramsay himself, the man," she said, "was a civil neighbour, and a learned man, doubtless, and might be a rich man if he had common sense to back his learning; and doubtless, for a Scot, neighbour Ramsay was nothing of a bird man, but he was so constantly grimed with smoke, gilded with brass filings, and smeared with lamp-black and oil, that Dame Simmons judged it would require his whole shopful of watches to induce any feasible woman to touch the said neighbour Ramsay with any thing save a pair of tongs."

A still higher authority, Dame Ursula, wife to Benjamin Suddelchop, the barber, was of exactly the same opinion.

Such were, in natural qualities and public estimation, the two youths, who, in a fine April day, having first rendered their dutiful service and attendance on the table of their master and his daughter, at their dinner at one o'clock,—Such, O ye lads of London, was the severe discipline undergone by your predecessors!—and having regaled themselves upon the fragments, in company with two female domestics, one a cook, and maid of all work, the other called Mistress Margaret's maid, now relieved their master in the duty of the outward shop; and agreeably to the established custom, were soliciting, by their entreaties and recommendations of their master's manufacture, the attention and encouragement of the passengers.

In this species of service it may be easily supposed that Jenkin Vincent left his more reserved and bashful comrade far in the background. The latter could only articulate with difficulty, and as an act of duty which he was rather ashamed of discharging, the established words of form—"What d'ye lack?—What d'ye lack?—Clocks—watches—barnacles?—What d'ye lack?—Watches—clocks—barnacles?—What d'ye lack, sir? What d'ye lack, madam?—Barnacles—watches—clocks?"

But this dull and dry iteration, however varied by diversity of verbal arrangement, sounded flat when mingled with the rich and recomendatory oratory of the bold-faced, deep-mouthed, and ready-witted Jenkin Vincent.—"What d'ye lack, noble sir?—What d'ye lack, beauteous madam?" he said, in a tone at once bold and soothing, which often was so applied as both to gratify the persons addressed, and to excite a smile from other hearers.—"God bless your reverence," to a benefited clergyman; "the Greek and Hebrew have harmed your reverence's eyes—Buy a pair of David Ramsay's barnacles. The King—God bless his Sacred Majesty!—never reads Hebrew or Greek without them."

"Are you well avised of that?" said a fat parson from the Vale of Evesham. "Nay, if the Head of the Church wears them,—God bless his Sacred Majesty!—I will try what they can do for me; for I have not been able to distinguish one Hebrew letter from another, since—I cannot remember the time—when I had a bad fever. Choose me a pair of his most Sacred Majesty's own wearing, my good youth."

"This is a pair, and please your reverence," said Jenkin, producing a pair of spectacles which he touched with an air of great deference and respect, "which his most blessed Majesty placed this day three weeks on his own blessed nose; and would have kept them for his own sacred use, but that the setting being, as your reverence sees, of the purest jet, was, as his Sacred Majesty was pleased to say, fitter for a bishop, than for a secular prince."

"His Sacred Majesty the King," said the worthy divine, "was ever a very Daniel in his judgment. Give me the barnacles, my good youth, and who can

say what nose they may bestride in two years hence?—our reverend brother of Gloucester waxes in years." He then pulled out his purse, paid for the spectacles, and left the shop with even a more important step than that which had paused to enter it.

"For shame," said Tunstall to his companion; "these glasses will never suit one of his years."

"You are a fool, Frank," said Vincent, in reply; "had the good doctor wished glasses to read with, he would have tried them before buying. He does not want to look through them himself, and these will serve the purpose of being looked at by other folks, as well as the best magnifiers in the shop.—What d'ye lack?" he cried, resuming his solicitations.

"Mirrors for your toilette, my pretty madam; your head-gear is something awry—pity, since it is so well fancied." The woman stopped and bought a mirror.—"What d'ye lack?—a watch, Master Sergeant—a watch that will go as long as a lawsuit, as steady and true as your own eloquence?"

"Hold your peace, sir," answered the Knight of the Coat, who was disturbed by Vin's address whilst in deep consultation with an eminent attorney; "hold your peace! You are the loudest tongued varlet betwixt the Devil's Tavern and Guildhall."

"A watch," reiterated the undaunted Jenkin, "that shall not lose thirteen minutes in a thirteen years' lawsuit.—He's out of hearing—A watch with four wheels and a bar-movement: a watch that shall tell you, Master Poet, how long the patience of the audience will endure your next piece at the Black Bull." The bard laughed, and fumbled in the pocket of his slops till he chanced into a corner, and fairly caught, a small piece of coin.

"Here is a tester to cherish thy wit, good boy," he said.

"Grumercy," said Vin; "at the next play of yours I will bring down a set of roaring boys, that shall make all the critics in the pit, and the gallants on the stage, civil, or else the curtain shall smoke for it."

"Now, that I call mean," said Tunstall, "to take the poor rhymers' money, who has so little left behind."

"You are an owl, once again," said Vincent; "if he has nothing left to buy cheese and radishes, he will only dine a day the sooner with some patron or some player, for that is his fate five days out of the seven. It is unnatural that a poet should pay for his own pot of beer; I will drink his tester for him, to save him from such shame; and when his third night comes round, he shall have pennyworths for his coin, I promise you.—But here comes another guess customer. Look at that strange fellow—see how he gazes at every shop, as if he would swallow the wares.—O! Saint Dunstan has caught his eye; pray God he swallow not the images. See how he stands astonished, as old Adam and Eve ply their ding-dong! Come, Frank, thou art a scholar; construe me that same fellow, with his blue cap with a cock's feather in it, to show he's of gentle blood, God wot—his gray eyes, his yellow hair, his sword with a ton of iron in the handle—his gray threadbare cloak—his step like a Frenchman—his look like a Spaniard—a book at his girdle, and a broad dudgeon-dagger on the other side, to show him half-pedant, half-bully. How call you that pageant, Frank?"

"A raw Scotsman," said Tunstall; "just come up, I suppose, to help the rest of his countrymen to gnaw old England's bones; a palmerworm, I reckon, to devour what the locust has spared."

"Even so, Frank," answered Vincent; "just as the poet sings sweetly,—

'In Scotland he was born and bred,
And, though a beggar, must be fed.'

"Hush!" said Tunstall, "remember our master."

"Fshaw!" answered his mercurial companion; "he knows on which side his bread is buttered, and I warrant you has not lived so long among Englishmen, and by Englishmen, to quarrel with us for bearing an English mind. But see, our Scot has done gazing at Saint Dunstan's, and comes our way. By this light, a proper lad and a sturdy, in spite of freckles and sun-burning.—He comes nearer still, I will have at him."

"And, if you do," said his comrade, "you may get a broken head—he looks not as if he would carry coals."

"A fig for your throat," said Vincent, and instantly addressed the stranger. "Buy a watch, most noble northern Thane—buy a watch, to count the hours of plenty since the blessed moment you left Herwick behind you.—Buy barnacles, to see the English gold lies ready for your gripe.—Buy what you will, you shall have credit for three days; for, were your pockets as bare as Father Fergus's, you are a Scot in London, and you will be stocked in that time." The stranger looked sternly at the wagish apprentice, and seemed to grasp his cudgel in rather a menacing fashion. "Buy physic," said the undaunted Vincent, "if you will buy neither time nor light—physic for a proud stomach, sir;—there is a 'pothecary's shop' on the other side of the way."

Here the probationary disciple of Galen, who stood at his master's door in his flat cap and canvass sleeves, with a large wooden pestle in his hand, took up the ball which was flung to him by Jenkin, with, "What d'ye lack, sir?—Buy a choice Caledonian salve, *Floris sulphur. cum butyroquant. suff.*"

"To be taken after a gentle rubbing-down with an English oaken towel," said Vincent.

The bonny Scot had given full scope to the play of this small artillery of city wit, by halting his stately pace, and viewing grimly, first the one assailant, and then the other, as if menacing either repartee or more violent revenge. But phlegm or prudence got the better of his indignation, and tossing his head as one who valued not the railery to which he had been exposed, he walked down Fleet Street, pursued by the horse-laugh of his tormentors.

"The Scot will not fight till he see his own blood," said Tunstall, whom his north of England extraction had made familiar with all manner of proverbs against those who lay yet farther north than himself.

"Faith, I know not," said Jenkin; "he looks dangerous, that fellow—he will hit some one over the noddle before he goes far.—Hark!—hark!—they are rising."

Accordingly, the well-known cry of, "Prentices—prentices—Clubs—clubs!" now rang along Fleet Street; and Jenkin, snatching up his weapon, which lay beneath the counter ready at the slightest notice, and calling to Tunstall to take his bat and follow, leaped over the hatch-door which protected the outer-shop, and ran as fast as he could towards the affray, echoing the cry as he ran, and elbowing, or shoving aside, whoever stood in his way. His comrade, first calling to his master to give an eye to the shop, followed Jenkin's example, and ran after him as fast as he could, but with more attention to the safety and convenience of others; while old David Ramsay,*

* David Ramsay, watchmaker and horologist to James I., was a real person, though the author has taken the liberty of pressing him into the service of fiction. Although his profession led him to cultivate the exact sciences, like many at this period he mingled them with pursuits which were mystical and fantastic. The truth was, that the boundaries between truth and falsehood in mathematics, astronomy, and similar pursuits, were not exactly known, and there existed a sort of *terra incognita* between them, in which the wisest men bewildered themselves. David Ramsay risked his money on the success of the vaticinations which his researches led him to form, since he sold clocks and watches under condition, that their value should not become payable till King James was crowned in the Pope's chair at Rome. Such wagers were common in that day, as may be seen by looking at Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.

David Ramsay was also an actor in another singular scene, in which the notorious astrologer Lilly was a performer, and had no small expectation on the occasion, since he brought with him a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in.

"David Ramsay, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. He acquaints Dean Withnail therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln. The Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Magical rods, to assist him herein.* I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsay, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters. We played the hazel rods round about the cloisters. Upon the west end of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers, dug at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin; but

* The same now called, I believe, the Divining Rod, and applied to the discovery of water not obvious to the eye.

with hands and eyes uplifted, a green apron him, and a glass which he had been polishing into his bosom, came forth to look after the of his goods and chattels, knowing, by old experience, that when the cry of "Clubs" once arose, he have little aid on the part of his apprentices.

CHAPTER II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory.
Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,
And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity.
That goes a gadding sometimes after objects,
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon it.
The Cud (

The ancient gentleman bustled about his apishish displeasure at being summoned so hastily, to the interruption of his more abstruse studies; and, unwilling to renounce the train of fiction which he had put in progress, he mingled slyly with the fragments of the arithmetical notation, his oratory to the passengers, and angry tones on his idle apprentices. "What d'ye lack Madam, what d'ye lack—clocks for hall or night-watches—day-watches?—*Looking-glasses—4s—the power of revolt—the striking pins—* What d'ye lack, honoured sir?—*The quidie multiplicand*—That the knaves should have at this blessed minute!—*the acceleration being rate of 5 minutes, 53 seconds, 53 thirds, 59 for* I will switch them both when they come, b will, by the bones of the immortal Napier!"

Here the vexed philosopher was interrupted the entrance of a grave citizen of most respectable appearance, who, saluting him familiarly by the of "Davie, my old acquaintance," demanded had put him so much out of sorts, and gave the same time a cordial grasp of his hand.

The stranger's dress was, though grave, richer than usual. His panned hose were of velvet, lined with purple silk, which garnitured at the slashes. His doublet was of purple and his short cloak of black velvet, to corse with his hose; and both were adorned with a number of small silver buttons, richly wrought filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his and, in place of a sword or dagger, he wore belt an ordinary knife, for the purpose of the with a small silver case, which appeared to c writing materials. He might have seemed

which, in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, we afterwards much repented.

"From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began,) a and so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, I verily believed the west end of the church would have upon us. Our rods would not move at all; the candles, torches, also, but one were extinguished, or burned very John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, he what to think or do, until I gave directions and commands dismiss the demons; which, when done, all was quiet; and each man returned unto his lodging late, about o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join any such like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason many people being present at the operation; for there were thirty, some laughing, others denying us: so that, if I not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the church would have been blown down. Secrecy and int operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of they are doing, are best for the work."—LILLY'S LIFE, *cap. p. 46.*

David Ramsay had a son called William Ramsay, who to have possessed all his father's prodigality. He became an astrologer, and in 1681 published "The Sicilianum, an Introduction to the Judgment of Eclipses and the Annual Revolution of the World." The edition of 1692 is ascribed to his father would appear, as indeed it might be argued from his disposing of his goods, that the old horologist had once make hay while the sun shone; for his son, in his deed has this exception to the paternal virtues, "It's true ye lossness in laying up while the sun shone for the tempest stormy day, hath given occasion to some inferior spirit not to value you according to what you are by nature yourself, for such look not to a man longer than he is in virtue, esteeming none but for their wealth, not wisdom, po virtue." From these expressions it is to be apprehended while old David Ramsay, a follower of the Stewarts, the Parliamentary government, his son, William, he from being a dupe to astrology to the dignity of a cheat.

secretary or clerk, engaged in the service of the public, only that his low, flat, and unadorned cap, and his well-blackened, shining shoes, indicated that he belonged to the city. He was a well-made man, about the middle size, and seemed firm in health, though advanced in years. His looks expressed sagacity and good-humour; and the air of respectability which his dress announced, was well supported by his clear eye, ruddy cheek, and gray hair. He used the Scottish idiom in his first address, but in such a manner that it could hardly be distinguished whether he was passing upon his friend a sort of jocular mockery, or whether it was his own native dialect, for his ordinary discourse had little provincialism.

In answer to the queries of his respectable friend, Ramsay groaned heavily, answering by echoing back the question, "What ails me, Master George? Why, every thing ails me! I profess to you that a man may as well live in Fairyland as in the Ward of Farringdon-Without. My apprentices are turned into mere goblins—they appear and disappear like spunkies, and have no more regularity in them than a watch without a scapement. If there is a ball to be tossed up, or a bullock to be driven mad, or a queen to be ducked for scolding, or a head to be broken, Jenkin is sure to be at the one end or the other of it, and then away skips Francis Tunstall for company. I think the prize-fighters, bear-leaders, and mountebanks, are in a league against me, my dear friend, and that they pass my house ten times for any other in the city. Here's an Italian fellow come over, too, that they call Punchinello; and, altogether—"

"Well," interrupted Master George, "but what is all this to the present case?"

"Why," replied Ramsay, "here has been a cry of thieves or murder, (I hope that will prove the least of it amongst these English pock-pudding swine!) and I have been interrupted in the deepest calculation ever mortal man plunged into, Master George."

"What, man!" replied Master George, "you must take patience—You are a man that deals in time, and can make it go fast and slow at pleasure: you, of all the world, have least reason to complain, if a little of it be lost now and then.—But here come your boys, and bringing in a slain man betwixt them, I think—here has been serious mischief, I am afraid."

"The more mischief the better sport," said the crabbed old watchmaker. "I am blithe, though, that its neither of the two loons themselves.—What are ye bringing a corpse here for, ye fause villains?" he added, addressing the two apprentices, who, at the head of a considerable mob of their own class, some of whom bore evident marks of a recent fray, were carrying the body betwixt them.

"He is not dead yet, sir," answered Tunstall.

"Carry him into the apothecary's, then," replied his master. "D'ye think I can set a man's life in motion again, as if he were a clock or a tinpiece?"

"For godsake, old friend," said his acquaintance, "let us have him here at the nearest—he seems only in a swoon."

"A swoon?" said Ramsay, "and what business had he to swoon in the streets? Only, if it will oblige my friend Master George, I would take in all the dead men in St. Dunstan's parish. Call Sam Porter to look after the shop."

So saying, the stunned man, being the identical Scotsman who had passed a short time before amidst the jeers of the apprentices, was carried into the back shop of the artist, and there placed in an armed chair till the apothecary from over the way came to his assistance. This gentleman, as sometimes happens to those of the learned professions, had rather more lore than knowledge, and began to talk of the sinapism and occiput, and cerebrum and cerebellum, until he exhausted David Ramsay's brief stock of patience.

"Bell-um! bell-ell-um!" he repeated, with great indignation; "What signify all the bells in London, if you do not put a plaster on the child's crown?"

Master George, with better-directed zeal, asked the apothecary whether bleeding might not be useful; when, after humming and hawing for a moment, and being unable, upon the spur of the occasion, to

suggest any thing else, the man of pharmacy observed, that it would, at all events, relieve the brain or cerebrum, in case there was a tendency to the deposition of any extravasated blood, to operate as a pressure upon that delicate organ. Fortunately he was adequate to performing this operation; and, being powerfully aided by Jenkin Vincent (who was learned in all cases of broken heads) with plenty of cold water, and a little vinegar, applied according to the scientific method practised by the bottle-holders in a modern ring, the man began to raise himself on his chair, draw his cloak tightly around him, and look about like one who struggles to recover sense and recollection.

"He had better lie down on the bed in the little back closet," said Mr. Ramsay's visitor, who seemed perfectly familiar with the accommodations which the house afforded.

"He is welcome to my share of the truckle," said Jenkin,—"for in the said back closet were the two apprentices accommodated in one truckle-bed,—“I can sleep under the counter.”"

"So can I," said Tunstall. "and the poor fellow can have the bed all night."

"Sleep," said the apothecary, "is, in the opinion of Galen, a restorative and febrifuge, and is most naturally taken in a truckle-bed."

"Where a better cannot be come by,"—said Master George; "but these are two honest lads, to give up their beds so willingly. Come, off with his cloak, and let us bear him to his couch—I will send for Dr. Irving the king's chirurgeon—he does not live far off, and that shall be my share of the Samaritan's duty, neighbour Ramsay."

"Well, sir," said the apothecary, "it is at your pleasure to send for other advice, and I shall not object to consult with Dr. Irving or any other medical person of skill, neither to continue to furnish such drugs as may be needful from my pharmacopœia. However, whatever Dr. Irving, who, I think, hath had his degrees in Edinburgh, or Dr. Any-one-else, be he Scottish or English, may say to the contrary, sleep, taken timely, is a febrifuge, or sedative, and also a restorative."

He muttered a few more learned words, and concluded by informing Ramsay's friend in English far more intelligible than his Latin, that he would look to him as his paymaster, for medicines, care, and attendance, furnished, or to be furnished, to this party unknown.

Master George only replied by desiring him to send his bill for what he had already to charge, and to give himself no farther trouble unless he heard from him. The pharmacopœist, who, from discoveries made by the cloak falling a little aside, had no great opinion of the faculty of this chance patient to make reimbursement, had no sooner seen his case espoused by a substantial citizen, than he showed some reluctance to quit possession of it, and it needed a short and stern hint from Master George, which, with all his good humour, he was capable of expressing when occasion required, to send to his own dwelling this Esculapius of Temple-Bar.

When they were rid of Mr. Raredrench, the charitable efforts of Jenkin and Francis, to divest the patient of his long gray cloak, were firmly resisted on his own part—"My life snuer—my life snuer," he muttered in indistinct murmurs. In these efforts to retain his upper garment, which was too tender to resist much handling, it gave way at length with a loud rent, which almost threw the patient into a second syncope, and he sat before them in his under garments, the looped and repaired wretchedness of which moved at once pity and laughter, and had certainly been the cause of his unwillingness to resign the mantle, which, like the virtue of charity, served to cover so many imperfections.

The man himself cast his eyes on his poverty-struck garb, and seemed so much ashamed of the disclosure, that, muttering between his teeth, that he would be too late for an appointment, he made an effort to rise and leave the shop, which was easily prevented by Jenkin Vincent and his comrade, who, at the nod of Master George, laid hold of and de-

tained him in his chair. The patient next looked round him for a moment, and then said faintly, in his broad northern language—"What sort of usagae ca' ye this, gentlemen, to a stranger, a sojourner in your town? Ye hae broken my head—ye hae riven my cloak, and now ye are for restraining my personal liberty! They were wiser than me," he said, after a moment's pause, "that counselled me to wear my worst clathing in the streets of London; and, if I could have got ony things worse than these mean garments,"—"which would have been very difficult," said Jin Vin, in a whisper to his companion,—"they would have been even ower gude for the grips o' men sae little aequent with the laws of honest civility."

"To say the truth," said Jenkin, unable to forbear any longer, although the discipline of the times prescribed to those in his situation a degree of respectful distance and humility in the presence of parents, masters, or seniors, of which the present age has no idea—"to say the truth, the good gentlemen's clothes look as if they would not brook much handling."

"Hold your peace, young man," said Master George, with a tone of authority; "never mock the stranger or the poor—the black ox has not trod on your foot yet—you know not what lands you may travel in, or what clothes you may wear, before you die."

Vincent held down his head and stood rebuked, but the stranger did not accept the apology which was made for him.

"I am a stranger, sir," said he, "that is certain: though methinks, that, being such, I have been somewhat familiarly treated in this town of yours;—but, as for my being poor, I think I need not be charged with poverty, till I seek siller of somebody."

"The dear country all over," said Master George, in a whisper, to David Ramsay, "pride and poverty."

But David had taken out his tablets and silver pen, and, deeply immersed in calculations, in which he rambled over all the terms of arithmetic, from the simple unit to millions, billions, and trillions, neither heard nor answered the observation of his friend, who, seeing his abstraction, turned again to the Scot.

"I fancy now, Jockey, if a stranger were to offer you a noble, you would chuck it back at his head?"

"Not if I could do him honest service for it, sir," said the Scot; "I am willing to do what I may be useful, though I come of an honourable house, and may be said to be in a sort indifferently well provided for."

"Ay!" said the interrogator, "and what house may claim the honour of your descent?"

"An ancient coat belongs to it, as the play says," whispered Vincent to his companion.

"Come, Jockey, out with it," continued Master George, observing that the Scot, as usual with his countrymen, when asked a blunt, straightforward question, took a little time before answering it.

"I am no more Jockey, sir, than you are John," said the stranger, as if offended at being addressed by a name, which at that time was used, as Sawney now is, for a general appellation of the Scottish nation. "My name, if you must know it, is Richie Moniplies; and I come of the old and honourable house of Castle Collop, weel kend at the West-Port of Edinburgh."

"What is that you call the West-Port?" proceeded the interrogator.

"Why, an ilk like your honour," said Richie, who now, having recovered his senses sufficiently to observe the respectable exterior of Master George, threw more civility into his manner than at first. "the West-Port is a gate of our city, as yonder brick arches at Whitehall form the entrance of the King's palace here, only that the West-Port is of sterner work, and main decorated with architecture and the policy of bigging."

"Nouns, man, the Whitehall gateways were planned by the great Holbein," answered Master George; "I suspect your accident has jumbled your brains, my good friend. I suppose you will tell me next, you have at Edinburgh as fine a navigable river as the Thames, with all its shipping?"

"The Thames!" exclaimed Richie, in a tone of ineffable contempt—"God bless your honour's judgment, we have at Edinburgh the Water-of-Leith and the Nor-loch!"

"And the Pow-Burn and the Quarry-holes, and the Gusedub, ye fause loon!" answered Master George, speaking Scotch with a strong and natural emphasis; "it is such landloupers as you, that, with your falsest and fair fashions, bring reproach on our whole country."

"God forgie me, sir," said Richie, much surprised at finding the supposed southern converted into a native Scot. "I took your honour for an Englisher! But I hope there was naething wrang in standing up for ane's ain country's credit in a strange land, where all men cry her down?"

"Do you call it for your country's credit, to show that she has a lying, puffing rascal, for one of her children?" said Master George. "But come, man, never look grave on it,—as you have found a countryman, so you have found a friend, if you deserve one,—and especially if you answer me truly."

"I see nae gude it wad do me to speak ought else but truth," said the worthy North Briton.

"Well, then—to begin," said Master George, "I suspect you are a son of old Mungo Moniplies, the fisher, at the West-Port."

"Your honour is a witch, I think," said Richie, grinning.

"And how dared you, sir, to uphold him for a noble?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said Richie, scratching his head; "I hear muckle of an Earl of Warwick in these southern parts—Guy, I think his name was,—and he has great reputation here for slaying duncows, and boars, and such like; and I am sure my father has killed more cows and boars, not to mention bulls, calves, sheep, ewes, lambs, and pigs, than the hail Baronage of England."

"Go to! you are a shrewd knave," said Master George; "charm your tongue, and take care of saucy answers. Your father was an honest burgher, and the duncow of his craft: I am sorry to see his son in so poor a coat."

"Indifferent, sir," said Richie Moniplies, looking down on his garments—"very indifferent; but it is the wonted livery of poor burghers' sons in our country—one of Luckie Want's bestowing upon us—not us patient! The King's leaving Scotland has taken all custom frae Edinburgh; and there is hay made at the Cross, and a dainty crop of fouts in the Grassmarket. There is as much grass grows where my father's stall stood, as might have been a good lin for the beasts he was used to kill."

"It is even too true," said Master George; "and while we make fortunes here, our old neighbours and their families are starving at home. This should be thought upon oftener.—And how came you by this broken head, Richie?—tell me honestly."

"Troth, sir, I ae no lee about the matter," answered Moniplies. "I was coming along the street here and ilk aye was at me with their jests and roguery. So I thought to myself, ye are ower mony for me to mell with; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park or at the fit of the Vennel, I could gar some of us sing another sang. Sae ae auld hirpling deevil o' potter behaved just to step in my way and offer me pig, as he said, just to put my Scotch ointment a and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the totter ing deevil coupit ower amang his ain pigs, and d maged a score of them. And then the reird raine us hadna these twa gentlemen helped me out o' murdered I suld ha been, without remeid. And it was, just when they got haud of my arm to har me out of the fray, I got the lick that donnerk a from a left-handed lighterman."

Master George looked to the apprentices as if demand the truth of this story.

"It is just as he says, sir," replied Jenkin; "and I heard nothing about pigs.—The people said he broke some crockery, and that—I beg pardon, nobody could thrive within the kenning of a Scot!"

"Well, no matter what they said, you were honest fellow to help the weaker side.—And you, si

rah," continued Master George, addressing his countryman, "will call at my house to-morrow morning, agreeable to this direction."

"I will wait upon your honour," said the Scot, bowing very low; "that is, if my honourable master will permit me."

"Thy master?" said George.—"Hast thou any other master save Want, whose livery you say you wear?"

"Troth, in one sense, if it please your honour, I serve twa masters," said Richie; "for both my master and me are slaves to that same beldam, whom we thought to show our heels to by coming off from Scotland. So that you see, sir, I hold in a sort of black ward tenure, as we call it in our country, being the servant."

"And what is your master's name?" said Master George; and observing that Richie hesitated, he added, "Nay, do not tell me, if it is a secret."

"A secret that there is little use in keeping," said Richie; "only ye ken that our northern stomachs are ower proud to call in witnesses to our distress. No that my master is in mair than present pinch, sir," he added, looking towards the two English apprentices, "having a large sum in the Royal Treasury—that is," he continued, in a whisper to Master George,—"the King is owing him a lot of siller; but it's ill getting at it, it's like.—My master is the young Lord Glenvarloch."

Master George testified surprise at the name.—"You one of the young Lord Glenvarloch's followers, and in such a condition?"

"Troth, and I am all the followers he has, for the present that is; and blythe wad I be if he were muckle better aff than I am, though I were to bide as I am."

"I have seen his father with four gentlemen and ten lackeys at his heels," said Master George, "rustling in their laces and velvets. Well, this is a changeable world, but there is a better beyond it. The good old house of Glenvarloch, that stood by King and country five hundred years!"

"Your honour may say a thousand," said the follower.

"I will say what I know to be true, friend," said the citizen, "and not a word more.—You seem well recovered now—can you walk?"

"Bravely, sir," said Richie; "it was but a bit dover. I was bred at the West-Port, and my cantle will stand a clour wad bring a stout down."

"Where does your master lodge?"

"We pit up, an it like your honour," replied the Scot, "in a sma' house at the fit of one of the wynds that gang down to the water-side, with a decent man, John Christie, a ship-chandler, as they ca't. His father came from Dundee. I wotna the name of the wynd, but it's right anent the mickle kirk yonder; and your honour will mind, that we pass only by our family-name of simple Mr. Nigel Olifaunt, as keeping ourselves retired for the present, though in Scotland we be called the Lord Nigel."

"It is wisely done of your master," said the citizen. "I will find out your lodgings, though your direction be none of the clearest." So saying, and slipping a piece of money at the same time into Richie Monipplies's hand, he bade him hasten home, and get into no more affairs.

"I will take care of that now, sir," said Richie, with a look of importance, "having a charge about me. And so, wussing ye a' weel, with special thanks to these twa young gentlemen!"

"I am no gentleman," said Jenkin, flinging his cap on his head; "I am a tight London prentice, and hope to be a freeman one day. Frank may write himself gentleman, if he will."

"I was a gentleman once," said Tunstall, "and I hope I have done nothing to lose the name of one."

"Weel, weel, as ye list," said Richie Monipplies; "but I am mickle beholden to ye baith—and I am not a hair the less like to bear it in mind that I say but little about it just now.—Gude night to you, my kink countryman." So saying, he thrust out of the sleeve of his ragged doublet a long bony hand and arm, on which the muscles rose like whip-cord.—

Master George shook it heartily, while Jenkin and Frank exchanged sly looks with each other.

Richie Monipplies would next have addressed his thanks to the master of the shop, but seeing him, as he afterwards said, "scribbling on his bit bookie, as if he were demented," he contented his politeness with "giving him a hat," touching, that is, his bonnet, in token of salutation, and so left the shop.

"Now, there goes Scotch Jockey, with all his bad and good about him," said Master George to Master David, who suspended, though unwillingly, the calculations with which he was engaged, and keeping his pen within an inch of the tablets gazed on his friend with great lack-lustre eyes, which expressed any thing rather than intelligence or interest in the discourse addressed to him.—"That fellow," proceeded Master George, without heeding his friend's state of abstraction, "shows, with great liveliness of colouring, how our Scotch pride and poverty make liars and braggarts of us; and yet the knave, whose every third word to an Englishman is a boastful lie, will, I warrant you, be a true and tender friend and follower to his master, and has perhaps parted with his mantle to him in the cold blast, although he himself walked *in cuerpo*, as the Don says.—Strange! that courage and fidelity—for I will warrant that the knave is stout—should have no better companion than this swaggering braggadocio humour.—But you mark me not, friend Davie."

"I do—I do, most heedfully," said Davie.—"For, as the sun goeth round the dial-plate in twenty-four hours, add, for the moon, fifty minutes and a half!"

"You are in the seventh heavens, man," said his companion.

"I crave your pardon," replied Davie.—"Let the wheel A go round in twenty-four hours—I have it—and the wheel B in twenty-four hours, fifty minutes and a half—fifty-seven being to fifty-four, as fifty-nine to twenty-four hours, fifty minutes and a half, or very nearly.—I crave your forgiveness, Master George, and heartily wish you good-even."

"Good-even?" said Master George; "why, you have not wished me good-day yet. Come, old friend, lay by these tablets, or you will crack the inner machinery of your skull, as our friend yonder has got the outer-case of his damaged.—Good-night, quotha! I mean not to part with you so easily. I came to get my four hours' nunchion from you, man, besides a tune on the lute from my god-daughter, Mrs. Margaret."

"Good faith! I was abstracted, Master George—but you know me. Whenever I get amongst the wheels," said Mr. Ramsay, "why, 'tis"

"Lucky that you deal in small ones," said his friend; as, awakened from his reveries and calculations, Ramsay led the way up a little back-stair to the first story, occupied by his daughter, and his little household.

The apprentices resumed their places in the front-shop, and relieved Sam Porter; when Jenkin said to Tunstall—"Didst see, Frank, how the old goldsmith cottoned in with his beggarly countryman? When would one of his wealth have shaken hands so courteously with a poor Englishman?—Well, I'll say that for the best of the Scots, that they will go over head and ears to serve a countryman, when they will not wet a nail of their finger to save a Southron, as they call us, from drowning. And yet Master George is but half-bred Scot neither in that respect; for I have known him do many a kind thing to the English too."

"But hark ye, Jenkin," said Tunstall, "I think you are but half-bred English yourself. How came you to strike on the Scotsman's side after all?"

"Why, you did so, too," answered Vincent.

"Ay, because I saw you begin; and, besides, it is no Cumberland fashion to fall fifty upon one," replied Tunstall.

"And no Christ-Church fashion neither," said Jenkin. "Fair play and Old England for ever!—Besides, to tell you a secret, his voice had a twang in it—in the dialect I mean—reminded me of a little tongue, which I think sweeter—sweeter than the last toll of St. Dunstan's will sound, on the day that

us English folks; and this good gentleman goes as often down by water to Greenwich, and employs as many of the barge-men and water-men of all kinds; and maintains, in his royal grace, John Taylor the water poet, who keeps both a sculler and a pair of oars. And he has made a comely court at Whitehall, just by the river; and since the King is so good a friend to the Thames, I cannot see, if it please your honour, why all his subjects, and your honour in speciality, should not have satisfaction by his hands.

"True, dame—true—let us hope for the best; but I must take my cloak and rapier, and pray your husband in courtesy to teach me the way to a magistrate."

"Sure, sir," said the prompt dame, "I can do that as well as he, who has been a slow man of his tongue all his life, though I will give him his due for being a loving husband, and a man as well to pass in the world as any betwixt us and the top of the lane. And so there is the sitting alderman, that is always at the Guildhall, which is close by Paul's, and so I warrant you he puts all to rights in the city that wisdom can mend; and for the rest there is no help but patience. But I wish I were as sure of forty pounds, as I am that the young man will come back safe and sound."

Olifaunt, in great and anxious doubt of what the good dame so strongly averred, flung his cloak on one shoulder, and was about to belt on his rapier, when first the voice of Richie Moniplies on the stair, and then that faithful emissary's appearance in the chamber, put the matter beyond question. Dame Nelly, after congratulating Moniplies on his return, and paying several compliments to her own sagacity for having foretold it, was at length pleased to leave the apartment. The truth was, that, besides some instinctive feelings of good breeding which combated her curiosity, she saw there was no chance of Richie's proceeding in his narrative while she was in the room, and she therefore reiterated, trusting that her own address would get the secret out of one or other of the young men, when she should have either by herself.

"Now, in Heaven's name, what is the matter?" said Nigel Olifaunt.—"Where have you been, or what have you been about? You look as pale as death. There is blood on your hand, and your clothes are torn. What barns-breaking have you been at? You have been drunk, Richard, and fighting."

"Fighting I have been," said Richard, "in a small way; but for being drunk, that's a job ill to manage in this town, without money to come by liquor; and as for barns-breaking, the devil a thing's broken but my head. It's not made of iron, I wot, nor my claithees of chenzie-mail; so a club smashed the tane, and a claught damaged the tither. Some misleard rascals abused my country, but I think I cleared the causy of them. However, the hail hive was ower mony for me at last, and I got this eclipse on the crown, and then I was carried beyond my kenning, to a sennet booth at the Temple-Port, where they sell the whirligigs and money-go-rounds that measure out time as a man wad measure a tartan web; and then they bled me, wold I nold I, and were reasonably civil, especially an auld countryman of ours, of whom more hereafter."

"And at what o'clock might this be?" said Nigel.

"The two iron carles yonder, at the kirk beside the Port, were just banging out sax o' the clock."

"And why came you not home as soon as you recovered?" said Nigel.

"In troth, my lord, every *why* has its *wherefore*, and this has a gude one," answered his follower. "To come hame, I behoved to ken where hame was; now, I had clean tuit the name of the wynd, and the mair I asked, the mair the folk leugh, and the farther they sent me wrang; sae I gave it up till God should send daylight to help me; and as I saw nyvvel near a kirk at the lang run, I e'en crap in to take up my night's quarters in the kirk-yard."

"In the church-yard?" said Nigel.—"But I need not ask what drove you to such a pinch."

"It wasna sae much the want o' eiller, my Lord Nigel," said Richie, with an air of mysterious import-

ance. "for I was no sae absolute without means, whilk mair anon; but I thought I wad never wae saxpence sterling on one of their saucy chamberlains at a hostelry, sae lang as I could sleep fresh and fit in a fair, dry, spring night. Mony a time when hae come hame ower late, and found the West-Port steekit, and the water ill-willy, I hae garr'd the sexton of St. Cuthbert's call-ward serve me for a quarters. But then there are dainty green grafs at St. Cuthbert's kirk-yard, where one may sleep; if they were in a down-bed, till they hear the lavers singing up in the air as high as the Castle; where and behold these London kirk-yards are caupen with through-stanes, panged hard and fast thegither, and my cloak being something thread-bare, ma but a thin mattress, so I was fain to give up my bair before every limb about me was crippled. Dead folk may sleep yonder sound enow, but deil haet else."

"And what became of you next?" said his mate.

"I just took to a canny bulk-head, as they ca' it here; that is, the boards on the tap of their butt-outshots of stalls and booths, and there I slept; sound as if I was in a castle. Not but I was disturbed with some of the night-walking queans as swaggering bilbies, but when they found there was nothing to be got by me but a slash of my Andra Ferrara, they bid me good-night for a beggarly sax, and I was e'en weel pleased to be sae cheap rid o' them. And in the morning, I cam daikering hae but sad wark I had to find the way, for I had been east as far as the place they ca' Mile-End, though it is mair like sax-mile-end."

"Well, Richie," answered Nigel, "I am glad if this has ended so well—go get something to eat. I am sure you need it."

"In troth do I, sir," replied Moniplies; "but, wad your lordship's leave?"

"Forget the lordship for the present, Richie, as have often told you before."

"Faith," replied Richie, "I could weel forget the your honour was a lord, but then I behoved to forge that I am a lord's man, and that's not so easy. But however," he added, assisting his description with the thumb and the two forefingers of his right hand thrust out after the fashion of a bird's claw, while his little finger and ring-finger were closed upon the palm, "to the Court I went, and my friend that promised me a sight of his Majesty's most gracious presence, was as gude as his word, and carried me to the back offices, where I got the best breakfast I had since we came here, and it did me gude for the rest of the day; for as to what I have eaten in this accursed town, it is aye sauced with the disquiet thought that it maun be paid for. After a', there was but beef bones and fat brose; but king's cauld, your honour kens, is better thanither folk's corn; at any rate, it was a' in free awmous.—But I see," he added, stopping short, "that your honour waxes impatient."

"By no means, Richie," said the young nobleman with an air of resignation, for he well knew his domestic would not mend his pace for goading; "you have suffered enough in the embassy to have a right to tell the story in your own way. Only let me pass for the name of the friend who was to introduce me into the King's presence. You were very mysterious on the subject, when you undertook, through my means, to have the Supplication put into his Majesty's own hands, since those sent heretofore, I have no reason to think, went no farther than his secretary's."

"Weel, my lord," said Richie. "I did not tell your name and quality at first, because I thought it would be affronted at the like o' him having to do your lordship's affairs. But mony a man climbs in court by waur help. It was just Laurie Linklater, one of the yeomen of the kitchen, that was my first apprentice lang syne."

"A yeoman of the kitchen—a scullion?" exclaimed Lord Nigel, pacing the room in displeasure.

"But, consider, sir," said Richie, composedly, "isn't your great friends hung back, and shunned to see you, or to advocate your petition; and then, though I am sure I wish Laurie a higher office, for your les-

sake and for mine, and specially for his ain king a friendly lad, yet your lordship must con-
hat a scullion, if a yeoman of the King's most
itchen may be called a scullion, may weel rank
master-cook elsewhere; being that king's
s I said before, is better than."

"are right, and I was wrong," said the young
an. "I have no choice of means of making
e known, so that they be honest."

"rie is as honest a lad as ever lifted a ladle,"
chie; "not but what I dare to say he can lick
ers like other folk, and reason good. But, in
I see your honour is waxing impatient, he
t me to the palace, where a' was astir for the
ing out to hunt or hawk on Blackheath, I
hey ca'd it. And there was a horse stood with
quarries about it, a bonny gray as ever was
and the saddle and the stirrups, and the curb
o' burning gowd, or silver gilded at least;

wn, sir, came the King, with all his nobles,
out in his hunting-suit of green, doubly laced,
d down with gowd. I minded the very face o'
ough it was lang since I saw him. But my
ad, 'thought I, times are changed since ye came
down the backstairs of auld Holyrood-House,
fear, having your breeks in your hand without
put them on, and Frank Stewart, the wild
Bothwell, hard at your haunches; and if auld
Hlenvarloch hadna cast his mantle about his
rd taken bluidy wounds mair than ane in your
you wald not have craw'd sae crouse this day;
saying, I could not but think your lordship's
ion could not be less than most acceptable;
I banged in among the crowd of lords. Laurie
t me mad, and held me by the cloak-lap till
th rave in his hand; and so I banged in right
the King just as he mounted, and crammed the
tion into his hand, and he opened it like in;
and just as he saw the first line, I was mind-
ake a reverence, and I had the ill luck to hit
d o' a beast on the nose with my hat, and scur-
ature, and she swarved aside, and the King,
ts na mickle better than a draff-pock on the
was like to have gotten a clean coup, and that
have cost my craig a raxing—and he flung
the paper among the beast's feet, and cried,
wi' the faulse loon that brought it! And they
me, and cried Treason; and I thought of the
ens that were dirked in their ain house, for, it
e, as small a forfeit. However, they spak only
urging me, and had me away to the porter's
o try the tawse on my back, and I was crying
as loud as I could; and the King, when he had
l himself on the saddle, and gathered his breath,
o do me nae harm; for, said he, he is one of our
brland stots, I ken by the rowt of him,—and
' laughed and rowted loud enough. And then
l, Gie him a copy of the Proclamation, and let
o down to the North by the next light collier,
waur come o't. So they let me go, and rode
sniggering, laughing, and rounding in ilk ither's
A sair life I had wi' Laurie Linklater; for he
wad be the ruin of him. And then, when I told
was in your matter, he said if he had known
he would have risked a scauding for you, be-
he minded the brave old Lord, your father. And
he showed how I suld have done,—and that I
ave held up my hand to my brow, as if the
cur of the King and his horse-graith together
sten the glaiks in my een, and mair jackanape
I suld hae played, instead of offering the Siffi-
, he said, as if I had been bringing guts to a
' For,' said he, 'Richie, the King is a weel-
d and just man of his ain kindly nature, but he
wheen magots that maun be cannily guided;

and then Richie,' says he, in a very laigh tone, 'I
would tell it to nane but a wise man like yourself, but
the King has them about him wad corrupt an angel
from heaven; but I could have gi'en you avisement
how to have guided him, but now it's like after meat
mustard.'—'Awel, awel, Laurie,' said I, 'it may be
as you say; but since I am clear of the tawse and the
porter's lodge, sifflicate wha like, deil hae Richie Mo-
nipples if he come sifflicating here again.'—And so
away I came, and I—wasna far by the Temple Port,
or Bar, or whatever they ca' it, when I met with the
misadventure that I tauld you of before."

"Well, my honest Richie," said Lord Nigel, "your
attempt was well meant, and not so ill conducted, I
think, as to have deserved so bad an issue; but go to
your beef and mustard, and we'll talk of the rest
afterwards."

"There is nae mair to be spoken, sir," said his fol-
lower, "except that I met an every honest, fair-spoken,
weel-put-on gentleman, or rather burgher, as I think,
that was in the whigmaleery man's buckshop; and
when he learned wha I was, behold he was a kindly
Scot himself, and, what is more, a town's-bairn o' the
gude town, and he behoved to compel me to take this
Portugal piece, to drink, forsooth—my certie, thought
I, we ken better, for we will eat it—and he spoke of
paying your lordship a visit."

"You did not tell him where I lived, you knave?"
said the Lord Nigel, angrily. "'Sdeath! I shall have
every clownish burgher from Edinburgh come to gaze
on my distress, and pay a shilling for having seen the
Motto of the poor Noble!"

"Tell him where you lived?" said Richie, evading
the question; "How could I tell him what I kendna
myself? If I had minded the name of the wynd, I
need not have slept in the kirkyard yestreen."

"See, then, that you give no one notice of your lodg-
ing," said the young nobleman; "those with whom
I have business I can meet at Paul's, or in the Court
of Requests."

"This is steeking the stable-door when the steed
is stolen," thought Richie to himself; "but I must
put him on another pin."

So thinking, he asked the young lord what was in
the Proclamation which he still held folded in his
hand; "for, having little time to spell at it," said he,
"your lordship well knows I ken nought about it but
the grand blazon at the tap—the lion has gotten a
claught of our old Scottish shield now, but it was as
weel upheld when it had a unicorn on ilk side of it."

Lord Nigel read the Proclamation, and he coloured
deep with shame and indignation as he read; for the
purport was, to his injured feelings, like the pouring
of ardent spirits upon a recent wound.

"What deil's in the paper, my lord?" said Richie,
unable to suppress his curiosity as he observed his
master change colour; "I wadna ask such a thing,
only the Proclamation is not a private thing, but is
meant for a' men's hearing."

"It is indeed meant for all men's hearing," replied
Lord Nigel, "and it proclaims the shame of our
country, and the ingratitude of our Prince."

"Now the Lord preserve us! and to publish it in
London, too!" ejaculated Monipples.

"Hark ye, Richard," said Nigel Olifaunt, "in this
paper the Lords of the Council set forth, that, 'in con-
sideration of the resort of idle persons of low condition
forth from his Majesty's kingdom of Scotland to his
English Court—filling the same with their suits and
supplications, and dishonouring the royal presence
with their base, poor, and beggarly persons, to the
disgrace of their country in the estimation of the
English; these are to prohibit the skippers, masters
of vessels, and others, in every part of Scotland, from
bringing such miserable creatures up to Court, under
pain of fine and imprisonment.'"

"I marle the skipper took us on board," said Richie.

"Then you need not marvel how you are to get back
again," said Lord Nigel, "for here is a clause which
says, that such idle suitors are to be transported back
to Scotland at his Majesty's expense, and punished
for their audacity with stripes, stocking, or incarceration,
according to their demerits—that is to say, I sup-

! Motion—Puppet-show.

n certain this prudential advice is not original on Mr.
ter's part, but I am not at present able to produce my au-
I think it amounted to this, that James flung down a
n presented by some suppliant who paid no com-
to his horse, and expressed no admiration at the splen-
of his furniture, saying, "Shall a king cumber himself
the petition of a beggar, while the beggar disregards the
splendour?" It is, I think, Sir John Harrington who re-
nds, as a sure mode to the king's favour, to praise the
of the royal palfrey.

pose, according to the degree of their poverty, for I see no other merit specified."

"This will scarcely," said Richie, "square with our old proverb—

'A King's face
Should give grace'—

But what says the paper farther, my lord?"

"O, only a small clause which especially concerns us, making some still heavier denunciations against those suitors who shall be so bold as to approach the Court, under pretext of seeking payment of old debts due to them by the King, which, the paper states, is, of all species of importunity, that which is most odious to his Majesty."

"The King has neighbours in that matter," said Richie; "but it is not every one that can shift off that sort of cattle so easily as he does."

Their conversation was here interrupted by a knocking at the door. Olifaunt looked out at the window, and saw an elderly respectable person whom he knew not. Richie also peeped, and recognised, but, recognising, chose not to acknowledge, his friend of the preceding evening. Afraid that his share in the visit might be detected, he made his escape out of the apartment under pretext of going to his breakfast; and left their landlady the task of ushering Master George into Lord Nigel's apartment, which she performed with much courtesy.

CHAPTER IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftentimes craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb; and your citizen,
In a program suit, gold chain, and well-black'd shoes,
Beats under his flat cap oftentimes a brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,
Or scotches within the statesman's velvet nightcap.

Read me my Riddle.

THE young Scottish nobleman received the citizen with distant politeness, expressing that sort of reserve by which those of the higher ranks are sometimes willing to make a plebeian sensible that he is an intruder. But Master George seemed neither displeased nor disconcerted. He assumed the chair, which, in deference to his respectable appearance, Lord Nigel offered to him, and said, after a moment's pause, during which he had looked attentively at the young man, with respect not unmingled with emotion—"You will forgive me for this rudeness, my lord; but I was endeavouring to trace in your youthful countenance the features of my good old lord, your excellent father."

There was a moment's pause ere young Glenvarloch replied, still with a reserved manner,—"I have been reckoned like my father, sir; and am happy to see any one that respects his memory. But the business which calls me to this city is of a hasty as well as a private nature, and"—

"I understand the hint, my lord," said Master George, "and would not be guilty of long detaining you from business, or more agreeable conversation. My errand is almost done when I have said, that my name is George Heriot, warmly befriended, and introduced into the employment of the Royal Family of Scotland, more than twenty years since, by your excellent father; and that, learning from a follower of

* The English agreed in nothing more unanimously than in censuring James on account of the beggarly rabble which not only attended the King at his coming first out of Scotland, "but," says Osborne, "which, through his whole reign, like a fluent spring, were found still crowding the Tweed." Yet it is certain, from the number of proclamations published by the Privy Council in Scotland, and bearing marks of the King's own dictation, that he was sensible of the whole inconveniences and unpopularity attending the importunate crowd of disrespectful suitors, and as desirous to get rid of them as his Scottish subjects could be. But it was in vain that his Majesty argued with his Scottish subjects on the disrespect they were bringing on their native country and sovereignty, by causing the English to suppose there were no well-nurtured or independent gentry in Scotland, they who presented themselves being, in the opinion and conceit of all beholders, "but idle rascals, and poor miserable bodies."—It was even in vain that the vessels which brought up this unwelcome cargo of petitioners were threatened with fine and confiscation: the undaunted suitors continued to press forward, and, as one of the proclamations says, many of them under pretence of requiring payment of "old debts due to them by the King," which, it is observed with great *naïveté*, "is, of all kinds of importunity, most displeasing to his Majesty!" The expressions in the text are selected from those curious proclamations.

yours that your lordship was in this city in person of some business of importance, it is my duty it is my pleasure,—to wait on the son of my respected patron; and, as I am somewhat known both court and in the city, to offer him such aid furthering of his affairs, as my credit and expense may be able to afford."

"I have no doubt of either. Master Heriot, Lord Nigel," and I thank you heartily, for the will with which you have placed them at a strict disposal; but my business at court is done and I intend to leave London, and, indeed, to and, for foreign travel and military service. I add, that the suddenness of my departure occupies my having little time at my disposal."

Master Heriot did not take the hint, but, with an embarrassed countenance, however, he who had something to say that he knew not how to make effectual. At length he said, with a dubious smile, "You are fortunate, my lord, being so soon despatched your business at court. Your talking landlady informs me you have but a fortnight in this city. It is usually more years ere the Court and a suitor shake hands apart."

"My business," said Lord Nigel, with a look which was intended to stop farther discussion, summarily despatched."

Still Master Heriot remained seated, and with a cordial good-humour added to the rest of his appearance, which rendered it impossible Lord Nigel to be more explicit in requesting his sence.

"Your lordship has not yet had time," said the citizen, still attempting to sustain the conversation "to visit the places of amusement,—the play-house and other places to which youth resort. But I, your lordship's hand one of the new-invented of the piece,† which they hand about of late—ask what play?"

"Oh! a well-known piece," said Lord Nigel, patiently throwing down the Proclamation, which had hitherto been twisting to and fro in his hand "an excellent and well-approved piece—*A Way to Pay Old Debts*."

Master Heriot stooped down, saying, "Ah old acquaintance, Philip Massinger;" but, he opened the paper and seen the purport, he looked Lord Nigel with surprise, saying, "I trust your ship does not think this prohibition can extend to your person or your claims?"

"I should scarce have thought so myself," the young nobleman; "but so it proves. He jesty, to close this discourse at once, has been pleased to send me this Proclamation, in answer to respectful Supplication for the repayment of large advances by my father for the service of the state the King's utmost emergencies."

"It is impossible!" said the citizen—"it is utterly impossible!—If the King could forget, was due to your father's memory, still he would have wished—would not, I may say, have dared be so flagrantly unjust to the memory of such a man as your father, who, dead in the body, will live in the memory of the Scottish people."

"I should have been of your opinion," answered Lord Nigel, in the same tone as before; "but is no fighting with facts."

"What was the tenor of this Supplication?" Heriot; "or by whom was it presented? something strange there must have been in the case or else!"

"You may see my original draught," said the lord, taking it out of a small travelling strong box "the technical part is by my lawyer in Scotland skilful and sensible man; the rest is my own, and I hope, with due deference and modesty."

Master Heriot hastily cast his eye over the draught. "Nothing," he said, "can be more well-timed and respectful. Is it possible the King can treat this petition with contempt?"

"He threw it down on the pavement," said Lord of Glenvarloch, "and sent me for answers

† Meaning, probably, playbills.

Proclamation, in which he classes me with the paupers and mendicants from Scotland, who disgrace his court in the eyes of the proud English—that is all. Had not my father stood by him with heart, sword, and fortune, he might never have seen the Court of England himself."

"But by whom was this supplication presented, my lord?" said Heriot; "for the distaste taken at the messenger will sometimes extend itself to the message."

"By my servant," said the Lord Nigel; "by the man you saw, and, I think, were kind to."

"By your servant, my lord?" said the citizen; "he seems a shrewd fellow, and doubtless a faithful; but surely!"

"You would say," said Lord Nigel, "he is no fit messenger to a King's presence?—Surely he is not; but what could I do? Every attempt I had made to lay my case before the King had miscarried, and my petitions got no farther than the budgets of clerks and secretaries; this fellow pretended he had a friend in the household that would bring him to the King's presence—and so?"

"I understand," said Heriot; "but, my lord, why should you not, in right of your rank and birth, have appeared at court, and required an audience, which could not have been denied to you?"

The young lord blushed a little, and looked at his dress, which was very plain; and, though in perfect good order, had the appearance of having seen service.

"I know not why I should be ashamed of speaking the truth," he said, after a momentary hesitation,—"I had no dress suitable for appearing at court. I am determined to incur no expenses which I cannot discharge; and I think you, sir, would not advise me to stand at the palace-door, in person, and deliver my petition, along with those who are in very deed pleading their necessity, and begging an alms."

"That had been, indeed, unseemly," said the citizen; "but yet, my lord, my mind runs strangely that there must be some mistake.—Can I speak with your domestic?"

"I see little good it can do," answered the young lord, "but the interest you take in my misfortunes seems sincere, and therefore!" He stamped on the floor, and in a few seconds afterwards Moniplies appeared, wiping from his beard and mustaches the crumbs of bread, and the froth of the ale-pot, which plainly showed how he had been employed.—"Will your lordship grant permission," said Heriot, "that I ask your groom a few questions?"

"His lordship's page, Master George," answered Moniplies, with a nod of acknowledgment, "if you are minded to speak according to the letter."

"Hold your saucy tongue," said his master, "and reply distinctly to the questions you are to be asked."

"And truly, if it like your pageship," said the citizen, "for you may remember I have a gift to discover falset."

"Weel, weel, weel," replied the domestic, somewhat embarrassed, in spite of his effrontery—"though I think that the sort of truth that serves my master, may weel serve ony ane else."

"Pages lie to their masters by right of custom," said the citizen; "and you write yourself in that band, though I think you be among the oldest of such springalds; but to me you must speak truth, if you would not have it end in the whipping-post."

"And that's e'en a bad resting-place," said the well-grown page; "so come away with your questions, Master George."

"Well, then," demanded the citizen, "I am given to understand that you yesterday presented to his Majesty's hand a supplication, or petition, from this honourable lord, your master?"

"Troth, there's nae gainsaying that, sir," replied Moniplies; "there were enow to see it besides me."

"And you pretend that his Majesty flung it from him with contempt?" said the citizen. "Take heed, for I have means of knowing the truth; and you were better up to the neck in the Nor-Loch, which you like so well, than tell a leasing where his Majesty's name is concerned."

"There is nae occasion for leasing-making about the matter," answered Moniplies, firmly; "his Majesty e'en flung it frae him as if it had dirtied his fingers."

"You hear, sir," said Olifaunt, addressing Heriot.

"Hush!" said the sagacious citizen; "this fellow is not ill named—he has more ples than one in his cloak.—Stay, fellow," for Moniplies, muttering somewhat about finishing his breakfast, was beginning to shamble towards the door, "answer me this farther question—When you gave your master's petition to his Majesty, gave you nothing with it?"

"Ou, what should I give wi' it, ye ken, Master George?"

"That is what I desire and inaisit to know," replied his interrogator.

"Weel, then—I am not free to say, that maybe I might not just slip into the King's hand a wee bit siffication of mine ain, along with my lord's—just to save his Majesty trouble—and that he might consider them baith at ance."

"A supplication of your own, you varlet!" said his master.

"Ou dear, ay, my lord," said Richie—"puir bodies hae their bits of siffications as weel as their betters."

"And pray, what might your worshipful petition import?" said Master Heriot.—"Nay, for Heaven's sake, my lord, keep your patience, or we shall never learn the truth of this strange matter.—Speak out, sirrah, and I will stand your friend with my lord."

"It's a lang story to tell—but the upshot is, that it's a scrape of an auld accomplice due to my father's yestate by her Majesty the King's maist gracious mother, when she lived in the Castle, and had sundry providings and furnishings forth of our booth, whilk nae doubt was an honour to my father to supply, and whilk, doubtless, it will be a credit to his Majesty to satisfy, as it will be grit convenience to me to receive the saam."

"What string of impertinence is this?" said his master.

"Every word as true as e'er John Knox spoke," said Richie; "here's the bit double of the siffication."

Master George took a crumpled paper from the fellow's hand, and said, muttering betwixt his teeth—"Humbly showeth—um—um—his Majesty's maist gracious mother—um—um—justly addebted and owing the sum of fifteen merks—the compt whereof followeth—Twelve nowte's feet for jellies—an' ane lamb, being Christmas—an' ane roasted capin in grease for the privy chalmers, when my Lord of Bothwell suppit with her Grace.—I think, my lord, you can hardly be surprised that the King gave this petition a brisk reception; and I conclude, Master Page, that you took care to present your own supplication before your master's?"

"Troth did I not," answered Moniplies, "I thought to have given my lord's first, as was reason gude; and besides that, it wad have redd the gate for my ain little bill. But what wi' the dirdum an' confusion, an' the loupin here and there of the skeigh brute of a horse, I believe I crammed them baith into his hand cheek-by-jowl, and maybe my ain was bume-most; and say there was aught wrang, I am sure I had a' the fright and a' the risk!"

"And shall have all the beating, you rascal knave," said Nigel; "am I to be insulted and dishonoured by your pragmatical insolence, in blending your base concerns with mine?"

"Nay, nay, nay, my lord," said the good-humoured citizen, interposing, "I have been the means of bringing the fellow's blunder to light—allow me interest enough with your lordship to be bail for his bones. You have cause to be angry, but still I think the knave mistook more out of conceit than of purpose, and I judge you will have the better service of him another time, if you overlook this fault—Get you gone, sirrah—I'll make your peace."

"Na, na," said Moniplies, keeping his ground firmly, "if he likes to strike a lad that has followed him for pure love, for I think there has been little servant's fee between us, a' the way frae Scotland, just let my lord be doing, and see the credit he will

get by it—and I would rather (many thanks to you though, Master George) stand by a lick of his baton, than it suld e'er be said a stranger came between us."

"Go, then," said his master, "and get out of my sight."

"Awel! I wot that is sune done," said Moniples, retiring slowly; "I did not come without I had been ca'd for—and I wad have been away half an hour since with my gude will, only Maister George kept me to answer his interrogation, forsooth, and that has made a' this stir."

And so he made his grumbling exit, with the tone much rather of one who has sustained an injury, than who has done wrong.

"There never was a man so plagued as I am with a malapert knave!—The fellow is shrewd, and I have found him faithful—I believe he loves me, too, and he has given proofs of it—but then he is so uplifted in his own conceit, so self-willed, and so self-opinioned, that he seems to become the master and I the man; and whatever blunder he commits, he is sure to make as loud complaints, as if the whole error lay with me, and in no degree with himself."

"Cherish him, and maintain him, nevertheless," said the citizen; "for believe my gray hairs, that affection and fidelity are now rarer qualities in a servant, than when the world was younger. Yet, trust him, my good lord, with no commission above his birth or breeding, for you see yourself how it may chance to fall."

"It is but too evident, Master Heriot," said the young nobleman; "and I am sorry I have done injustice to my sovereign, and your master. But I am, like a true Scotsman, wise behind hand—the mistake has happened—my Supplication has been refused, and my only resource is to employ the rest of my means to carry Moniples and myself to some counterscarp, and die in the battle-front like my ancestors."

"It were better to live and serve your country like your noble father, my lord," replied Master George. "Nay, nay, never look down or shake your head—the King has not refused your Supplication, for he has not seen it—you ask but justice, and that his place obliges him to give to his subjects—ay, my lord, and I will say that his natural temper doth in this hold bias with his duty."

"I were well pleased to think so, and yet"—said Nigel Olifaunt,—"I speak not of my own wrongs, but my country hath many that are undressed."

"My lord," said Master Heriot, "I speak of my royal master, not only with the respect due from a subject—the gratitude to be paid by a favoured servant, but also with the frankness of a free and loyal Scotsman. The King is himself well disposed to hold the scales of justice even; but there are those around him who can throw without detection their own selfish wishes and base interests into the scale. You are already a sufferer by this, and without your knowing it."

"I am surprised, Master Heriot," said the young lord, "to hear you, upon so short an acquaintance, talk as if you were familiarly acquainted with my affairs."

"My lord," replied the goldsmith, "the nature of my employment affords me direct access to the interior of the palace; I am well known to be no meddler in intrigues or party affairs, so that no favourite has as yet endeavoured to shut against me the door of the royal closet; on the contrary, I have stood well with each while he was in power, and I have not shared the fall of any. But I cannot be thus connected with the Court, without hearing, even against my will, what wheels are in motion, and how they are checked or forwarded. Of course, when I choose to seek such intelligence, I know the sources in which it is to be traced. I have told you why I was interested in your lordship's fortunes. It was last night only that I knew you were in this city, yet I have been able, in coming hither this morning, to gain for you some information respecting the impediments to your suit."

"Sir, I am obliged by your zeal, however little it

may be merited," answered Nigel, still with some reserve; "yet I hardly know how I have deserved this interest."

"First let me satisfy you that it is real," said the citizen; "I blame you not for being unwilling to credit the fair professions of a stranger in my inferior class of society, when you have met so little friendship from relations, and those of your own rank, bound to have assisted you by so many ties. But mark the cause. There is a mortgage over your father's extensive estate, to the amount of 40,000 merks due ostensibly to Peregrine Peterson, the Conservator of Scottish Privileges at Campvere."

"I know nothing of a mortgage," said the young lord; "but there is a wadset for such a sum, which, if unredeemed, will occasion the forfeiture of my whole paternal estate, for a sum not above a fourth of its value—and it is for that very reason that I press the King's government for a settlement of the debts due to my father, that I may be able to redeem my land from this rapacious creditor."

"A wadset in Scotland," said Heriot, "is the same with a mortgage on this side of the Tweed; but you are not acquainted with your real creditor. The Conservator Peterson only lends his name to shroud no less a man than the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, who hopes, under cover of this debt, to gain possession of the estate himself, or perhaps to gratify a more powerful third party. He will probably suffer his creature Peterson to take possession, and when the odium of the transaction shall be forgotten, the property and lordship of Glenvarloch will be conveyed to the great man by his obsequious instrument, under cover of a sale, or some similar device."

"Can this be possible?" said Lord Nigel; "the Chancellor wept when I took leave of him—called me his cousin—even his son—furnished me with letters, and, though I asked him for no pecuniary assistance, excused himself unnecessarily for not pressing it on me, alleging the expenses of his rank and his large family. No, I cannot believe a nobleman would carry deceit so far."

"I am not, it is true, of noble blood," said the citizen; "but once more I bid you look on my gray hairs, and think what can be my interest in dishonouring them with falsehood in affairs in which I have no interest, save as they regard the son of my benefactor. Reflect also, have you had any advantage from the Lord Chancellor's letters?"

"None," said Nigel Olifaunt, "except cold deeds and fair words. I have thought, for some time, that my only object was to get rid of me—one yesterday pressed money on me when I talked of going abroad, in order that I might not want the means of exiling myself."

"Right," said Heriot; "rather than you fled not, they would themselves furnish wings for you to fly withal."

"I will to him this instant," said the incensed youth, "and tell him my mind of his baseness."

"Under your favour," said Heriot, detaining him, "you shall not do so. By a quarrel you would become the ruin of me your informer; and though I would venture half my shop to do your lordship a service, I think you would hardly wish me to come by damage when it can be of no service to you."

The word *shop* sounded harshly in the ear of the young nobleman, who replied hastily—"Damage, sir!—so far am I from wishing you to incur damage, that I would to Heaven you would cease your fruitless offers of serving one whom there is no chance of ultimately assisting!"

"Leave me alone for that," said the citizen; "you have now erred as far on the bow-hand. Permit me to take this Supplication—I will have it suitably engrossed, and take my own time (and it shall be an early one) for placing it, with more prudence, I trust, than that used by your follower, in the king's hand—I will almost answer for his taking up the matter as you would have him—but should he fail to do so, even then I will not give up the good cause."

"Sir," said the young nobleman, "your speech is so friendly, and my own state so helpless, that I know not how to refuse your kind proffer, even while I blush to accept it at the hands of a stranger."

"We are, I trust, no longer such," said the goldsmith; "and for my guerdon, when my mediation proves successful, and your fortunes are re-established, you shall order your first cupboard of plate from George Heriot."

"You would have a bad paymaster, Master Heriot," said Lord Nigel.

"I do not fear that," replied the goldsmith; "and I am glad to see you smile, my lord—methinks it makes you look still more like the good old lord your father; and it emboldens me, besides, to bring out a small request—that you would take a homely dinner with me to-morrow. I lodge hard by, in Lombard street. For the cheer, my lord, a mess of white broth, a fat capon well larded, a dish of beef collops for auld Scotland's sake, and it may be a cup of right old wine, that was barrelled before Scotland and England were one nation—Then for company, one or two of our own loving countrymen—and maybe my housewife may find out a bonny Scots lass or so."

"I would accept your courtesy, Master Heriot," said Nigel, "but I hear the city ladies of London like to see a man gallant—I would not like to let down a Scottish nobleman in their ideas, as doubtless you have said the best of our poor country, and I rather lack the means of bravery for the present."

"My lord, your frankness leads me a step farther," said master George. "I owed your father some money;—and—nay, if your lordship looks at me so fixedly, I shall never tell my story—and, to speak plainly, for I never could carry a lie well through in my life—it is most fitting, that, to solicit this matter properly, your lordship should go to Court in a manner becoming your quality. I am a goldsmith, and live by lending money as well as by selling plate. I am ambitious to put a hundred pounds to be at interest in your hands, till your affairs are settled."

"And if they are never favourably settled?" said Nigel.

"Then, my lord," returned the citizen, "the misfortune of such a sum will be of little consequence to me, compared with other subjects of regret."

"Master Heriot," said the Lord Nigel, "your favour is generously offered, and shall be frankly accepted. I must presume that you see your way through this business, though I hardly do; for I think you would be grieved to add any fresh burden to me, by persuading me to incur debts which I am not likely to discharge. I will therefore take your money, under the hope and trust that you will enable me to repay you punctually."

"I will convince you, my lord," said the goldsmith, "that I mean to deal with you as a creditor from whom I expect payment; and therefore, you shall, with your own good pleasure, sign an acknowledgment for these moneys, and an obligation to content and repay me."

He then took from his girdle his writing materials, and, writing a few lines to the purport he expressed, pulled out a small bag of gold from a side-pouch under his cloak, and, observing that it should contain a hundred pounds, proceeded to tell out the contents very methodically upon the table. Nigel Olifaunt could not help intimating that this was an unnecessary ceremonial, and that he would take the bag of gold on the word of his obliging creditor; but this was repugnant to the old man's forms of transacting business.

"Bear with me," he said, "my good lord,—we citizens are a wary and thrifty generation; and I should lose my good name for ever within the toll of Paul's, were I to grant quittance, or take acknowledgment, without bringing the money to actual tale. I think it be right now—and, body of me," he said, looking out at the window, "yonder come my boys with my mule; for I must Westward Hoe. Put your moneys aside, my lord; it is not well to be seen with such goldfinches chirping about one in the lodgings of London. I think the lock of your casket be indifferent good; if not, I can serve you at an easy rate with one that has held thousands;—it was the good old Sir Faithful Frugal's; his spendthrift son sold the shell when he had eaten the kernel—and there is the end of a city-fortune."

"I hope yours will make a better termination, Master Heriot," said the Lord Nigel.

"I hope it will, my lord," said the old man, with a smile; "but," to use honest John Bunyan's phrase—"therewithal the water stood in his eyes," "it has pleased God to try me with the loss of two children; and for one adopted child who lives—ah! wo is me! and well-a-day!—But I am patient and thankful; and for the wealth God has sent me, it shall not want inheritors while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie—I wish you good-morrow, my lord."

"One orphan has cause to thank you already," said Nigel, as he attended him to the door of his chamber, where, resisting farther escort, the old citizen made his escape.

As, in going down stairs, he passed the shop where dame Christie stood becking,* he made civil inquiries after her husband. The dame of course regretted his absence; but he was down, she said, at Deptford, to settle with a Dutch ship-master.

"Our way of business, sir," she said, "takes him much from home, and my husband must be the slave of every tarry jacket that wants but a pound of oakum."

"All business must be minded, dame," said the goldsmith. "Make my remembrances—George Heriot of Lombard-street's remembrances—to your Goodman. I have dealt with him—he is just and punctual—true to time and engagements;—be kind to your noble guest, and see he wants nothing. Though it be his pleasure at present to lie private and retired, there be those that care for him, and I have a charge to see him supplied; so that you may let me know by your husband, my good dame, how my lord is, and whether he wants aught."

"And so he is a real lord after all?" said the good dame. "I am sure I always thought he looked like one. But why does he not go to Parliament, then?"

"He will, dame," answered Heriot, "to the Parliament of Scotland, which is his own country."

"Oh! he is but a Scots lord, then," said the good dame; "and that's the thing makes him ashamed to take the title, as they say?"

"Let him not hear you say so, dame," replied the citizen.

"Who, I, sir?" answered she; "no such matter my thought, sir. Scot or English, he is at any rate a likely man, and a civil man; and rather than he should want any thing, I would wait upon him myself, and come as far as Lombard-street to wait upon your worship too."

"Let your husband come to me, good dame," said the goldsmith, who, with all his experience and worth, was somewhat of a formalist and disciplinarian. "The proverb says, 'House goes mad when women gad'; and let his lordship's own man wait upon his master in his chamber—it is more seemly. God give ye good-morrow."

"Good-morrow to your worship," said the dame, somewhat coldly; and, so soon as the adviser was out of hearing, was ungracious enough to mutter, in contempt of his council, "Marryquep of your advice, for an old Scotch tinsmith, as you are! My husband is as wise, and very near as old, as yourself; and if I please him, it is well enough; and though he is not just so rich just now as some folks, yet I hope to see him ride upon his moyle, with a foot-cloth, and have his two blue-coats after him, as well as they do."

CHAPTER V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;
There are silks and jewels glistening
Prattling fools and wise men listening.
Bullies among brave men justling,
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;
Low-breath'd talkers, minion lipsers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers:
Wherefore come ye not to court?

Shelton swears 'tis glorious sport. —*Shelton Sheltonista.*

It was not entirely out of parade that the benevolent citizen was mounted and attended in that manner, which, as the reader has been informed,

* *Courtying.*

excited a gentle degree of spleen on the part of Dame Charise, which, to do her justice, tallied in the little *sonnety* which we have recorded. The good man, besides the natural desire to maintain the exterior of a man of world, was at present bound to Winstan in order to exhibit a piece of valuable workmanship to King James, which he deemed his Majesty might be pleased to view, or even to purchase. He himself was therefore mounted upon his caparisoned mule, that he might the better make his way through the narrow, dirty, and crowded streets; and while one of his attendants carried under his arm the piece of plate, wrapped up in red baize, the other two gave an eye to its safety, for such was then the state of the police of the metropolis, that men were often assaulted in the public street for the sake of revenge or of plunder; and those who apprehended being taxed, usually endeavoured, if their estate admitted such expense, to secure themselves by the attendance of armed followers. And this custom, which was at first limited to the nobility and gentry, extended by degrees to those citizens of consideration, who, being understood to travel with a charge, as it was called, might otherwise have been selected as safe subjects of plunder by the street-robber.

An Master George Heriot paced forth westward with this gallant attendance, he paused at the shop-door of his countryman and friend, the ancient horologist, and having caused Tunstall, who was in attendance, to adjust his watch by the real time, he desired to speak with his master; in consequence of which summons the old Time-meter came forth from his den, his face like a bronze bust, darkened with dust, and glistening here and there with copper filings, and his senses so bemused in the intensity of calculation, that he gazed on his friend the goldsmith for a minute before he seemed perfectly to comprehend who he was, and heard him express his invitation to David Ramsay, and pretty Mistress Margaret, his daughter, to dine with him next day at noon, to meet with a noble young countryman, without returning any answer.

"I'll make thee speak, with a murrain to thee," muttered Heriot to himself; and suddenly changing his tone, he said aloud,—"I pray you, neighbour David, when are you and I to have a settlement for the bullion wherewith I supplied you to mount yonder hall-clock at Theobald's; and that other whirling that you made for the Duke of Buckingham? I have had the Spanish house to satisfy for the ingots, and I must needs put you in mind that you have been eight months behind-hand."

There is something so sharp and *aigre* in the demand of a peremptory dun, that no human tympanum, however inaccessible to other tones, can resist the application. David Ramsay started at once from his reverie, and answered in a pettish tone, "Wow, George, man, what needs aw this din about sax score of pounds? Aw the world kens I can answer aw claims on me, and you proffered yourself fair time, till his maist gracious Majesty and the noble Duke could make settled accounts wi me; and ye may ken by your ain experience, that I canna gang rowting like an unmannered Highland stot to their doors, as ye come to mine."

Heriot laughed, and replied, "Well, David, I see a demand of money is like a bucket of water about your ears, and makes you a man of the world at once. And now, friend, will you tell me, like a Christian man, if you will dine with me to-morrow at noon, and bring pretty Mistress Margaret, my god-daughter, with you, to meet with our noble young countryman, the Lord of Glenvarloch?"

"The young Lord of Glenvarloch!" said the old mechanist; "wi' aw my heart, and blithe I will be to see him again. We have not met these forty years—he was two years before me at the humanity class—he is a sweet youth."

"That was his father—his father—his father!—you old dotard dot-and-carry-one that you are," answered the goldsmith. "A sweet youth he would have been by this time, had he lived, worthy nobleman! This is his son, the Lord Nigel."

"His son!" said Ramsay; "Maybe he will be something of a chronometer, or watch—few gallant care to be without them now-a-days."

"He may say nae your stock-in-trade, if ever he comes to the town, for what I know," said his friend; "but, David, remember your bond, and use me not a word, when I next see ye, had the sheep's-head on the clock-a-week, bawling for you as late as two of the clock afternoon."

"She had the more credit by her cookery," answered David, now fully awake; "a sheep's head over-boiled, were poison, according to our saying."

"Well," answered Master George, "but as this will be no sheep's head to-morrow, it may chance you to spend a dinner which a proverb cannot mend. It may be you may forgother with your friend, Sir Mungo Malogrowther, for I purpose to ask his wife ship; so be sure and bide tryste, David."

"That will I—I will be true as a chronometer," said Ramsay.

"I will not trust you, though," replied Heriot. "Hear you, Jenkin boy, tell Scots Janet to tell pretty Mistress Margaret, my god-child, she must put her father in remembrance to put on his best doublet to-morrow, and to bring him to Lombard street at noon. Tell her they are to meet a brave young Scots lord. Jenkin coughed that sort of dry short cough used by those who are either charged with errands which they do not like, or hear opinions to which they must not enter a dissent.

"Umph!" repeated Master George—who, as we have already noticed, was something of a marine in domestic discipline—"what does *umpha* mean? Will you do mine errand, or not, surrah?"

"Sure, Master George Heriot," said the apprentice, touching his cap, "I only meant, that Mistress Margaret was not likely to forget such an invitation."

"Why, no," said Master George; "she is a dutiful girl to her godfather, though I sometimes call her a jill-fert. And, hark ye, Jenkin, you and your comrade had best come with your clubs, to see your master and her safely home; but first shut shop, as loose the bull-dog, and let the porter stay in the far shop till your return. I will send two of my kith with you; for I hear these wild youngsters of the Temple are broken out worse and lighter than ew bates."

"We can keep their steel in order with good ew bates," said Jenkin, "and never trouble your scrw for the matter."

"Or if need be," said Tunstall, "we have aw as well as the Templars."

"Fie upon it—fie upon it, young man," said citizen;—"An apprentice with a sword!—Heaven forefend! I would as soon see him in and feather."

"Well, sir," said Jenkin—"We will find arting to our station, and will defend our mast his daughter, if we should tear up the very at the pavement."

"There spoke a London 'prentice bold!" said citizen; "and, for your comfort, my lads, ye crush a cup of wine to the health of the F of the City. I have my eye on both of you—thriving lads, each in his own way.—God be David. Forget not to-morrow at noon," saying, he again turned his mule's head w and crossed Temple-Bar, at that slow ar amble, which at once became his rank and portance, and put his pedestrian followers convenience to keep up with him.

At the Temple gate he again paused, and sought his way into one of the small cupied by scribes in the neighbourhood man, with lank smooth hair combed w ears, and then cropped short, rose, w reverence, pulled off a slouched hat, w upon no signal replace on his head, w with much demonstration of reverence smith's question of, "How goes busi—"

"Aw the better for your worship nance and maintenance."

"Get a large sheet of paper, man, a pen, with a sharp nob, and fine he not slit the quill up too high, it's a w

your trade, Andrew—they that do not mind corn-pickles, never come to forpits. I have known a learned man write a thousand pages with one quill.”*

“Ah! sir,” said the lad, who listened to the goldsmith, though instructing him in his own trade, with an air of veneration and acquiescence, “how sure any pur creature like myself may rise in the world, wth the instruction of such a man as your worship!”

“My instructions are few, Andrew, soon told, and not hard to practise. Be honest—be industrious—be frugal—and you will soon win wealth and worship.—Here, copy me this Supplication in your best and most formal hand. I will wait by you till it is done.”

The youth lifted not his eye from the paper, and laid not the pen from his hand, until the task was finished to his employer's satisfaction. The citizen then gave the young scrivener an angel; and bidding him, on his life, be secret in all business intrusted to him, again mounted his mule, and rode on westward along the Strand.

It may be worth while to remind our readers, that the Temple-Bar which Heriot passed, was not the arched screen, or gateway, of the present day; but an open railing, or palisade, which, at night, and in times of alarm, was closed with a barricade of posts and chains. The Strand also, along which he rode, was not as now, a continued street although it was beginning already to assume that character. It still might be considered as an open road, along the south side of which stood various houses and hotels belonging to the nobility, having gardens behind them down to the water-side, with stairs to the river, for the convenience of taking boat; which mansions have bequeathed the names of their lordly owners to many of the streets leading from the Strand to the Thames. The north side of the Strand was also a long line of houses, behind which, as in Saint Martin's Lane, and other points, buildings were rapidly arising; but Covent-Garden was still a garden, in the literal sense of the word, or at least but beginning to be studded with irregular buildings. All that was passing around, however, marked the rapid increase of a capital which had long enjoyed peace, wealth, and a regular government. Houses were rising in every direction; and the shrewd eye of our citizen already saw the period not distant, which should convert the nearly open highway on which he travelled, into a connected and regular street, uniting the court and the town with the city of London.

He next passed Charing-Cross, which was no longer the pleasant solitary village, at which the judges were wont to breakfast on their way to Westminster Hall, but began to resemble the artery through which, to use Johnson's expression, “pours the full tide of London population.” The buildings were rapidly increasing, yet certainly gave not even a faint idea of its present appearance.

At last Whitehall received our traveller, who passed under one of the beautiful gates designed by Holbein, and composed of tessellated brick-work, being the same to which Monipiles had profanely likened the West-Port of Edinburgh, and entered the ample precincts of the palace of Whitehall, now full of all the confusion attending improvement.

It was just at the time when James,—little suspecting that he was employed in constructing a palace, from the window of which his only son was to pass in order that he might die upon a scaffold before it,—was busied in removing the ancient and ruinous buildings of De Burgh, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, to make way for the superb architecture on which Inigo Jones exerted all his genius. The King, ignorant of futurity, was now engaged in pressing on his work; and, for that purpose, still maintained his royal apartments at Whitehall, amidst the rubbish of old buildings, and the various confu-

sion attending the erection of the new pile, which formed at present a labyrinth not easily traversed.

The goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, —for these professions were not as yet separated from each other,—was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from sentinel or porter; and, leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer-court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely, with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an ante-room,—where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place, and nearness to a King's person, seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anteroom, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered.

No word was spoken on either side; but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say, as plain as a look could, “Lies your business that way?” The citizen nodded; and the court-attendant, moving on tiptoe, and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply,—“Admit him instantan, Maxwell. Have you hairboured sae lang at the Court, and not learned, that gold and silver are ever welcome?”

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the Sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments; but they were arranged in a slovenly manner, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry; and, amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the Royal Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

His Majesty's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof—which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry, communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured nightgown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned gray hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet nightcap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character; rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the

* A biblical commentary by Gill, which, (if the author's memory serves him,) occupies between five and six hundred printed quarto pages, and must therefore have filled more pages of manuscript than the number mentioned in the text, has this quaint allusion at the end of the volume—

“With one good pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose quill;
A pen it was when it took,
And a pen I leave it still.”

be his son—Randal has been long gone, where king and lord must go, Geordie, as weel as the like of you—and what does his son want with us?"

"The settlement," answered the citizen, "of a large debt due by your Majesty's treasury for money advanced to your Majesty in great state emergency, about the time of the Raid of Ruthven."

"I mind the thing weel," said King James—"Od's death, man, I was just out of the clutches of the Master of Glamis and his complices, and there was never siller mair welcome to a born Prince—the mair the shame and pity that crowned King should need sic a petty sum. But what need he dun us for it, man, like a baxter at the breaking? We aught him the siller, and will pay him wi' our convenience, or make it otherwise up to him, whilk is enow between prince and subject—We are not in *meditatione fuga*, man, to be arrested thus preposterously."

"Alas! an it please your Majesty," said the goldsmith, shaking his head, "it is the poor young nobleman's extreme necessity, and not his will, that makes him importunate; for he must have money, and that briefly, to discharge a debt due to Peregrine Peterson, Conservator of the Privileges at Campvere, or his haill hereditary barony and estate of Glenvarloch will be evicted in virtue of an unredeemed wadset."

"How say ye, man—how say ye?" exclaimed the king, impatiently; "the carle of a Conservator, the son of a low Dutch skipper, evict the auld estate and lordship of the house of Olifaunt?—God's bread, man, that maun not be—we maun suspend the diligence by writ of favour, or otherwise."

"I doubt that may hardly be," answered the citizen, "if it please your majesty; your learned counsel in the law of Scotland advise, that there is no remeid but in paying the money."

"Od's fish," said the king, "let him keep hand by the strong hand against the carle, until we can take some order about his affairs."

"Alas!" insisted the goldsmith, "if it like your Majesty, your own pacific government, and your doing of equal justice to all men, has made main force a kittle line to walk by, unless just within the bounds of the Highlands."

"Weel—weel—weel, man," said the perplexed monarch, whose ideas of justice, expedience, and convenience, became on such occasions strangely embroiled; "just it is we should pay our debts, that the young man may pay his; and he must be paid, and in *verbo regis* he shall be paid—but how to come by the siller, man, is a difficult chapter—ye maun try the city, Geordie."

"To say the truth," answered Heriot, "please your gracious Majesty, what betwixt loans, and benevolences, and subsidies, the city is at this present!"

"Dinna tell me of what the city is," said King James; "our Exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles's discourses on the penitentiary psalms—*Ecce nihilo nihil fit*—It's ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman—they that come to me for siller, should tell me how to come by it—the city ye maun try, Heriot; and dinna think to be called Jingling Geordie for nothing—and in *verbo regis* I will pay the lad if you get me the loan—I wonnot haggle on the terms; and, between you and me, Geordie, we will redeem the brave auld estate of Glenvarloch.—But wherefore comes not the young lord to Court, Heriot—is he comely—is he presentable in the presence?"

"No one can be more so," said George Heriot; "but—"

"Ay, I understand ye," said his Majesty—"I understand ye—*Rea angusta domi*—puir lad—puir lad;—and his father a right true leal Scots heart, though stiff in some opinions. Hark ye, Heriot, let the lad have twa hundred pounds to fit him out. And, here—here!"—(taking the carcanet of rubies from his old hat)—"ye have had these in pledge before for a larger sum, ye auld Levite that ye are. Keep them in gage, till I gie ye back the siller out of the next subsidy."

"If it please your Majesty to give me such directions in writing," said the cautious citizen.

"The deil is in your nicety, George," said the King; "ye are as precease as a Puritan in form, and a mere Nullifidian in the marrow of the matter. May not a

King's word serve you for advancing your pitiful twa hundred pounds?"

"But not for detaining the crown jewels," said George Heriot.

And the King, who from long experience was insured to dealing with suspicious creditors, wrote an order upon George Heriot, his well-beloved goldsmith and jeweller, for the sum of two hundred pounds, to be paid presently to Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, to be imputed as so much debts due to him by the crown; and authorizing the retention of a carcanet of bales rubies, with a great diamond, as described in a Catalogue of his Majesty's jewels, to remain in possession of the said George Heriot, advancer of the said sum, and so forth, until he was lawfully contented and paid thereof. By another rescript, his Majesty gave the said George Heriot directions to deal with some of the monied men, upon equitable terms, for a sum of money for his Majesty's present use, not to be under 50,000 merks, but as much more as could conveniently be procured.

"And has he ony lair, this Lord Nigel of ours?" said the King.

George Heriot could not exactly answer this question; but believed "the young lord had studied abroad."

"He shall have our own advice," said the King, "how to carry on his studies to maist advantage; and it may be we will have him come to Court, and study with Steemie, and Rabie Charles. And, now we think on't, away—away, George—for the bairns will be coming hame presently, and we would not as ye ken of this matter we have been treating anent *Propera pedem*, O Geordie. Clap your mule between your houghs, and god-den with you."

Thus ended the conference betwixt the gentle King Jamie and his benevolent jeweller and goldsmith.

CHAPTER VI.

O, I do know him—"tis the mouldy lemon
Which our court wits will wet their lips withal,
When they would sauce their honied conversations,
With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,
That virtue's well-nigh left him—all the juice
That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed out;
While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,
Must reason soon the draft we give our grumblers,
For two-legg'd things are weary on't."

The Chamberlain—A Comedy.

The good company invited by the hospitable citizen assembled at his house in Lombard-street at the "hal-low and hungry hour" of noon, to partake of that meal which divides the day; being about the time when modern persons of fashion, turning themselves upon their pillow, begin to think, not without a great many doubts and much hesitation, that they will by and by commence it. Thither came the young Nigel, arrayed plainly, but in a dress, nevertheless, more suitable to his age and quality than he had formerly worn, accompanied by his servant Monipplies, whose suit also was considerably improved. His solemn stern features glared forth from under a blue velvet bonnet, fantastically placed sideways on his head had a sound and tough coat of English blue cloth, which, unlike his former vestment, would stand the tug of all the apprentices in Fleet-street. The buckler and broadsword he wore as the armor of his condition, and a neat silver badge, bearing the lord's arms, announced that he was an aristocracy. He sat down in the good ceremony, not a little pleased to find his attention the table in the hall was likely to be revivified by his share of a meal such as he had seldom.

Mr. David Ramsay, that profound ar mechanic, was safely conducted to Lo according to promise, well washed, cleaned, from the soot of the furnace. His daughter, who came with him, years old, very pretty, very demure, black eyes, that ever and anon contrived to break out from their prison of sobriety, to which silence, velvet hood, and a cambic ruff, had dressed Margaret, as the daughter of a

There were also two citizens and merrymen, men ample in cloak, and merrymen

hain, well to pass in the world, and experienced in their craft of merchandise, but who require no particular description. There was an elderly clergyman also, in his gown and cassock, a decent venerable man, partaking in his manners of the plainness of the citizens amongst whom he had his cure.

These may be dismissed with brief notice; but not so Sir Mungo Malagrowth, of Girmigo Castle, who claims a little more attention, as an original character of the time in which he flourished.

That good knight knocked at Master Heriot's door just as the clock began to strike twelve, and was seated in his chair ere the last stroke had chimed. This gave the knight an excellent opportunity of making sarcastic observations on all who came later than himself, not to mention a few rubs at the expense of those who had been so superfluous as to appear earlier.

Having little or no property save his bare designation, Sir Mungo had been early attached to Court in the capacity of whipping-boy, as the office was then called, to King James the Sixth, and, with his Majesty, trained to all polite learning by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan. The office of whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant to undergo all the corporeal punishment which the Lord's Anointed, whose proper person was of course sacred, might chance to incur, in the course of travelling through his grammar and prosody. Under the stern rule, indeed, of George Buchanan, who did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment, James bore the penance of his own faults, and Mungo Malagrowth enjoyed a sinecure; but James's other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work, and appalled the very soul of the youthful King by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy, when the royal task was not suitably performed. And be it told to Sir Mungo's praise, that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had even in youth a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in a Gothic cornice. His voice also was high-pitched and querulous, so that, when smarting under Master Peter Young's unsparing inflictions, the expression of his grotesque physiognomy, and the superhuman yells which he uttered, were well suited to produce all the effects on the Monarch who deserved the lash, that could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering for his delict.

Sir Mungo Malagrowth, for such he became, thus got an early footing at Court, which another would have improved and maintained. But, when he grew too big to be whipped, he had no other means of rendering himself acceptable. A bitter, caustic, and backbiting humour, a malicious wit, and an envy of others more prosperous than the possessor of such amiable qualities, have not, indeed, always been found obstacles to a courtier's rise; but then they must be amalgamated with a degree of selfish cunning and prudence, of which Sir Mungo had no share. His satire ran riot, his envy could not conceal itself, and it was not long after his majority till he had as many quarrels upon his hands as would have required a cat's nine lives to answer. In one of these rencontres he received, perhaps we should say fortunately, a wound, which served him as an excuse for answering no invitations of the kind in future. Sir Rullion Rattray, of Rannagullion, cut off, in mortal combat, three of the fingers of his right hand, so that Sir Mungo never could hold sword again. At a later period, having written some satirical verses upon the Lady Cockpen, he received so severe a chastisement from some persons employed for the purpose, that he was found half dead on the spot where they had thus dealt with him, and one of his thighs having been broken, and ill set, gave him a hitch in his gait, with which he hobbled to his grave. The lameness of his leg and hand, besides that they added considerably to the grotesque appearance of this original, procured him in future a personal immunity from the more dangerous consequences of his own humour; and he gradually grew old in the service of the Court in safe-

ty of life and limb, though without either making friends, or attaining preferment. Sometimes, indeed, the King was amused with his caustic sallies, but he had never art enough to improve the favourable opportunity; and his enemies (who were, for that matter, the whole Court) always found means to throw him out of favour again. The celebrated Archie Armstrong offered Sir Mungo, in his generosity, a skirt of his own fool's coat, proposing thereby to communicate to him the privileges and immunities of a professed jester—"For," said the man of motley, "Sir Mungo, as he goes on just now, gets no more for a good jest than just the King's pardon for having made it."

Even in London, the golden shower which fell around him, did not moisten the blighted fortunes of Sir Mungo Malagrowth. He grew old, deaf, and peevish—lost even the spirit which had formerly animated his strictures—and was barely endured by James, who, though himself nearly as far stricken in years, retained, to an unusual and even an absurd degree, the desire to be surrounded by young people.

Sir Mungo, thus fallen into the yellow leaf of years and fortune, showed his emaciated form and faded embroidery at Court as seldom as his duty permitted; and spent his time in indulging his food for satire in the public walks, and in the aisles of Saint Paul's, which were then the general resort of newsmongers and characters of all descriptions, associating himself chiefly with such of his countrymen as he accounted of inferior birth and rank to himself. In this manner, hating and contemning commerce, and those who pursued it, he nevertheless lived a good deal among the Scottish artists and merchants, who had followed the Court to London. To these he could show his cynicism without much offence; for some submitted to his jeers and ill-humour in deference to his birth and knighthood, which in those days conferred high privileges—and others, of more sense, pitied and endured the old man, unhappy alike in his fortunes and his temper.

Amongst the latter was George Heriot, who, though his habits and education induced him to carry aristocratical feelings to a degree which would now be thought extravagant, had too much spirit and good sense to permit himself to be intruded upon to an unauthorized excess, or used with the slightest improper freedom, by such a person as Sir Mungo, to whom he was, nevertheless, not only respectfully civil, but essentially kind, and even generous.

Accordingly, this appeared from the manner in which Sir Mungo Malagrowth conducted himself upon entering the apartment. He paid his respects to Master Heriot, and a decent, elderly, somewhat severe-looking female, in a coif, who, by the name of Aunt Judith, did the honours of his house and table, with little or no portion of the supercilious acidity, which his singular physiognomy assumed when he made his bow successively to David Ramsay, and the two sober citizens. He thrust himself into the conversation of the latter, to observe he had heard in Paul's, that the bankrupt concern of Pindivide, a great merchant,—who, as he expressed it, had given the crows a pudding, and on whom he knew from the same authority, each of the honest citizens had some unsettled claim, was like to prove a total loss—"stock and block, ship and cargo, keel and rigging, all lost, now and for ever."

The two citizens grinned at each other; but, too prudent to make their private affairs the subject of public discussion, drew their heads together, and evaded further conversation by speaking in a whisper.

The old Scots knight next attacked the watchmaker with the same disrespectful familiarity. "Davie," he said,—"Davie, ye donnard auld idiot, have ye no game mad yet, with applying your mathematical science, as ye call it, to the Book of Apocalypse? I expected to have heard ye make out the sign of the beast, as clear as a tout on a bawbee whistle."

"Why, Sir Mungo," said the mechanist, after making an effort to recall to his recollection what had been said to him, and by whom, "it may be, that ye are nearer the mark than ye are yourself aware of;

for, taking the ten horns o' the beast, ye may easily estimate by your digitals!"—

"My digitals! you d—d auld, rusty, good-for-nothing timepiece!" exclaimed Sir Mungo, while, betwixt jest and earnest, he laid on his hilt his hand, or rather his claw, (for Sir Rullion's broadsword had abridged it into that form.)—"D'ye mean to upbraid me with my mutilation!"

Master Heriot interfered. "I cannot persuade our friend David," he said, "that scriptural prophecies are intended to remain in obscurity, until their unexpected accomplishment shall make, as in former days, that fulfilled which was written. But you must not exert your knightly valour on him for all that."

"By my saul, and it would be throwing it away," said Sir Mungo, laughing. "I would as soon set out, with hound and horn, to hunt a sturdied sheep; for he is in a doze again, and up to the chin in numerals, quotients, and dividends.—Mistress Margaret, my pretty honey," for the beauty of the young citizen made even Sir Mungo Malagrowther's grim features relax themselves a little, "is your father always as entertaining as he seems just now?"

Mistress Margaret simpered, bridled, looked to either side, then straight before her; and, having assumed all the airs of bashful embarrassment and timidity which were necessary, as she thought, to cover a certain shrewd readiness which really belonged to her character, at length replied, "That indeed her father was very thoughtful, but she had heard, that he took the habit of mind from her grandfather."

"Your grandfather!" said Sir Mungo,—after doubting if he had heard her aright,—"Said she her grandfather! The lassie is distraught!—I ken nae wench on this side of Temple-Bar that is derived from so distant a relation."

"She has got a godfather, however, Sir Mungo," said George Heriot, again intertaining; "and I hope you will allow him interest enough with you, to request you will not put his pretty godchild to so deep a blush."

"The better—the better," said Sir Mungo. "It is a credit to her, that, bred and born within the sound of Bow-bell, she can blush for any thing; and, by my saul, Master George," he continued, chucking the irritated and reluctant damsel under the chin, "she is bonny enough to make amends for her lack of ancestry—at least, in such a region as Cheapside, where, d'ye mind me, the kettle cannot call the porridge-pot!"

The damsel blushed, but not so angrily as before. Master George Heriot hastened to interrupt the conclusion of Sir Mungo's homely proverb, by introducing him personally to Lord Nigel.

Sir Mungo could not at first understand what his host said.—"Bread of Heaven, wha say ye, man?"

Upon the name of Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, being again hollaid into his ear, he drew up, and, regarding his entertainer with some austerity, rebuked him for not making persons of quality acquainted with each other, that they might exchange courtesies before they mingled with other folks. He then made as handsome and courtly a congee to his new acquaintance as a man maimed in foot and hand could do; and, observing he had known my lord, his father, bid him welcome to London, and hoped he should see him at Court.

Nigel in an instant comprehended, as well from Sir Mungo's manner, as from a strict compression of their entertainer's lips, which intimated the suppression of a desire to laugh, that he was dealing with an original of no ordinary description, and accordingly, returned his courtesy with suitable punctiliousness. Sir Mungo, in the meanwhile, gazed on him with much earnestness; and, as the contemplation of natural advantages was as odious to him as that of wealth, or other adventitious benefits, he had no sooner completely perused the handsome form and good features of the young lord, than, like one of the comforters of the Man of Uz, he drew close up to him, to enlarge on the former grandeur of the Lords of Glenvarloch, and the regret with which he had heard, that their representative was not likely to possess the domains of his ancestry. Anon, he enlarged

upon the beauties of the principal mansion of varloch—the commanding site of the old castle; noble expanse of the lake, stocked with wildfowl; hawking—the commanding screen of forest, towering in a mountain-ridge abounding with deer—all the other advantages of that fine and ancient rony, till Nigel, in spite of every effort to the contrary, was unwillingly obliged to sigh.

Sir Mungo, skilful in discerning when the views of those he conversed with were wrong, oh that his new acquaintance winced, and would have pressed the discussion; but the impatient knock upon the dresser with the impatient dudgeon-knife, now gave a signal loud enough to be heard from the top of the house to the summons, at the same time, the serving-place the dinner upon the table, and the guests take of it.

Sir Mungo, who was an admirer of good taste which, by the way, might have some in reconciling his dignity to these city visits tolled off by the sound, and left Nigel and the guests in peace, until his anxiety to arrange in his due place of pre-eminence at the genial was duly gratified. Here, seated on the left of Aunt Judith, he beheld Nigel occupy the station yet higher honour on the right, dividing that from pretty Mistress Margaret; but he saw the more patience, that there stood betwixt him the young lord a superb larded capon.

The dinner proceeded according to the form times. All was excellent of the kind; and, the Scottish cheer promised, the board displayed, and pudding, the statutory dainties of Old England. A small cupboard of plate, very choicely and fully wrought, did not escape the complime some of the company, and an oblique sneer from Mungo, as intimating the owner's excellence own mechanical craft.

"I am not ashamed of the workmanship, Sir go," said the honest citizen. "They say, a cook knows how to lick his own fingers; and thinks, it were unseemly that I, who have fur half the cupboards in broad Britain, should have own covered with paltry pewter."

The blessing of the clergyman now left the at liberty to attack what was placed before and the meal went forward with great des until Aunt Judith, in farther recommendation capon, assured her company that it was of brated breed of poultry, which she had brought from Scotland.

"Then, like some of his countrymen, ma said the pitiless Sir Mungo, not without a towards his landlord, "he has been well in England."

"There are some others of his countrymen answered Master Heriot, "to whom all the England has not been able to render that good c

Sir Mungo sneered and reddened, the rest company laughed; and the satirist, who reasons for not coming to extremity with George, was silent for the rest of the dinner.

The dishes were exchanged for confection wine of the highest quality and flavour; and saw the entertainments of the wealthiest burghers, which he had witnessed abroad, fairly out by the hospitality of a London citizen. Yet was nothing ostentatious, or which seemed sistent with the degree of an opulent burgher.

While the collation proceeded, Nigel, accor the good-breeding of the time, addressed his course principally to Mrs. Judith; whom he to be a woman of a strong Scottish understa more inclined towards the Puritans than w brother George, (for in that relation she st him, though he always called her aunt,) attac him in the strongest degree, and sedulously att to all his comforts. As the conversation of this dame was neither lively nor fascinating, the lord naturally addressed himself next to tl horologer's very pretty daughter, who sat up left hand. From her, however, there was no es ing any reply beyond the measure of a monosyll

and when the young gallant had said the best and most complaisant things which his courtesy supplied, the smile that mantled upon her pretty mouth was so slight and evanescent, as scarce to be discernible.

Nigel was beginning to tire of his company, for the old citizens were speaking with his host of commercial matters in language to him totally unintelligible, when Sir Mungo Malagrowth suddenly summoned their attention.

That amiable personage had for some time withdrawn from the company into the recess of a projecting window, so formed and placed, as to command a view of the door of the house, and of the street. This situation was probably preferred by Sir Mungo on account of the number of objects which the streets of a metropolis usually offer, of a kind congenial to the thoughts of a spleenetic man. What he had hitherto seen passing there, was probably of little consequence; but now a trampling of horse was heard without, and the knight suddenly exclaimed,—“By my faith, Master George, you had better go look to shop; for here comes Knighton, the Duke of Buckingham’s groom, and two fellows after him, as if he were my Lord Duke himself.”

“My cash-keeper is below,” said Heriot, without disturbing himself, “and he will let me know if his Grace’s commands require my immediate attention.”

“Umph!—cash-keeper?” muttered Sir Mungo to himself; “he would have had an easy office when I first kened ye.—But,” said he, speaking aloud, “will you not come to the window, at least for Knighton has trundled a piece of silver-plate into your house—ha! ha! ha!—trundled it upon its edge, as a callan would drive a hoop. I cannot help laughing—ha! ha! ha!—at the fellow’s impudence.”

“I believe you could not help laughing,” said George Heriot, rising up and leaving the room, “if your best friend lay dying.”

“Bitter that, my lord—ha?” said Sir Mungo, addressing Nigel. “Our friend is not a goldsmith for nothing—he hath no leaden wit. But I will go down and see what comes on’t.”

Heriot, as he descended the stairs, met his cash-keeper coming up, with some concern in his face.—“Why, how now, Roberts,” said the goldsmith, “what means all this, man?”

“It is Knighton, Master Heriot, from the court—Knighton, the Duke’s man. He brought back the salver you carried to Whitehall, flung it into the entrance as if it had been an old pewter platter, and bade me tell you, the king would have none of your trumpery.”

“Ay, indeed!” said George Heriot.—“None of my trumpery!—Come hither into the counting-room, Roberts.—Sir Mungo,” he added, bowing to the knight, who had joined, and was preparing to follow them, “I pray your forgiveness for an instant.”

In virtue of this prohibition, Sir Mungo, who, as well as the rest of the company, had overheard what passed betwixt George Heriot and his cash-keeper, saw himself condemned to wait in the outer business-room, where he would have endeavoured to slake his eager curiosity by questioning Knighton; but that emissary of greatness, after having added to the uncivil message of his master some rudeness of his own, had again scampered westward, with his satellites at his heels.

In the meanwhile, the name of the Duke of Buckingham, the omnipotent favourite both of the King and the Prince of Wales, had struck some anxiety into the party which remained in the great parlour. He was more feared than beloved, and, if not absolutely of a tyrannical disposition, was accounted haughty, violent, and vindictive. It pressed on Nigel’s heart, that he himself, though he could not conceive how, nor why, might be the original cause of the resentment of the Duke against his benefactor. The others made their comments in whispers, until the sounds reached Ramsay, who had not heard a word of what had previously passed, but plunged in those studies with which he connected every other incident and event, took up the only catchword, and replied—“The Duke—the Duke of Buckingham—

George Villiers—ay—I have spoke with Lambe about him.”

“Our Lord and our Lady! Now, how can you say so, father?” said his daughter, who had shrewdness enough to see that her father was touching upon dangerous ground.

“Why, ay, child,” answered Ramsay; “the stars do but incline, they cannot compel. But well you wot, it is commonly said of his Grace, by those who have the skill to cast nativities, that there was a notable conjunction of Mars and Saturn—the apparent or true time of which, reducing the calculations of Eichstadius made for the latitude of Oranienburgh to that of London, gives seven hours, fifty-five minutes, and forty-one seconds”—

“Hold your peace, old soothsayer,” said Heriot, who at that instant entered the room with a calm and steady countenance; “your calculations are true and undeniable when they regard brass and wire, and mechanical force; but future events are at the pleasure of Him who bears the hearts of Kings in his hands.”

“Ay, but, George,” answered the watchmaker, “there was a concurrence of signs at this gentleman’s birth, which showed his course would be a strange one. Long has it been said of him, he was born at the very meeting of night and day, and under crossing and contending influences that may affect both us and him.

‘Full moon and high sea,
Great man shalt thou be;
Red dawning, stormy sky,
Bloody death shalt thou die.’”

“It is not good to speak of such things,” said Heriot, “especially of the great; stone walls have ears, and a bird of the air shall carry the matter.”

Several of the guests seemed to be of their host’s opinion. The two merchants took brief leave, as if under consciousness that something was wrong. Mistress Margaret, her body-guard of ‘prentices being in readines, plucked her father by the sleeve, and, rescuing him from a brown study, (whether referring to the wheels of Time, or to that of Fortune, is uncertain,) wished good-night to her friend Mrs. Judith, and received her godfather’s blessing, who, at the same time, put upon her slender finger a ring of much taste and some value; for she seldom suffered her to leave him without some token of his affection. Thus honourably dismissed, and accompanied by her escort, she set forth on her return to Fleet-street.

Sir Mungo had bid adieu to Master Heriot as he came out from the back counting-room, but such was the interest which he took in the affairs of his friend, that, when Master George went up stairs, he could not help walking into that sanctum sanctorum, to see how master Roberts was employed. The knight found the cash-keeper busy in making extracts from those huge brass-clasped leathern-bound manuscript folios, which are the pride and trust of dealers, and the dread of customers whose year of grace is out. The good knight leant his elbows on the desk, and said to the functionary in a condoling tone of voice,—“What! you have lost a good customer, I fear, Master Roberts, and are busy in making out his bill of charges?”

Now, it chanced that Roberts, like Sir Mungo himself, was a little deaf, and, like Sir Mungo, knew also how to make the most of it; so that he answered at cross purposes.—“I humbly crave your pardon, Sir Mungo, for not having sent in your bill of charge sooner, but my master bade me not disturb you. I will bring the items together in a moment.” So saying, he began to turn over the leaves of his book of fate, murmuring, “Repairing an silver seal—new clasp to his chain of office—an over-gilt brooch to his hat, being a Saint Andrew’s cross, with thistles—a copper gilt pair of spurs,—this to Daniel Driver, we not dealing in the article.”

He would have proceeded; but Sir Mungo, not prepared to endure the recital of the catalogue of his own petty debts, and still less willing to satisfy them on the spot, wished the book-keeper, cavalierly, good-night, and left the house without farther ceremony. The clerk looked after him with a civil city sneer, and

immediately resumed the more serious labours which Sir Mungo's intrusion had interrupted.*

CHAPTER VII.

Things needful we have thought on; but the thing
Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
As if alone it merited regard,
The one thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

The Chamberlain.

WHEN the rest of the company had taken their departure from Master Heriot's house, the young Lord of Glenvarloch also offered to take leave; but his host detained him for a few minutes, until all were gone excepting the clergyman.

"My lord," then said the worthy citizen, "we have had our permitted hour of honest and hospitable pastime, and now I would fain delay you for another and graver purpose, as it is our custom, when we have the benefit of good Mr. Windsor's company, that he reads the prayers of the church for the evening before we separate. Your excellent father, my lord, would not have departed before family worship—I hope the same from your lordship."

"With pleasure, sir," answered Nigel; "and you add in the invitation an additional obligation to those with which you have loaded me. When young men forget what is their duty, they owe deep thanks to the friend who will remind them of it."

While they talked together in this manner, the serving-men had removed the folding-tables, brought forward a portable reading-desk, and placed chairs and hassocks for their master, their mistress, and the noble stranger. Another low chair, or rather a sort of stool, was placed close beside that of Master Heriot; and though the circumstance was trivial, Nigel was induced to notice it, because, when about to occupy that seat, he was prevented by a sign from the old gentleman, and motioned to another of somewhat more elevation. The clergyman took his station behind the reading-desk. The domestics, a numerous family both of clerks and servants, including Moniples, attended with great gravity, and were accommodated with benches.

The household were all seated, and, externally at least, composed to devout attention, when a low knock was heard at the door of the apartment; Mrs. Judith looked anxiously at her brother, as if desiring to know his pleasure. He nodded his head gravely, and looked to the door. Mrs. Judith immediately crossed the chamber, opened the door, and led into the apartment a beautiful creature, whose sudden and singular appearance might have made her almost pass for an apparition. She was deadly pale—there

was not the least shade of vital red to enliven her features, which were exquisitely formed, and, for that circumstance, have been termed tenderly beautiful. Her long black hair fell down her shoulders and down her back, combed in and regularly, but without the least appearance of decoration or ornament, which looked very, at a period when head-gear, as it was called, sort or other, was generally used by all rank dress was of pure white, of the simplest fashion, hiding all her person excepting the throat, and hands. Her form was rather beneath than the middle size, but so justly proportioned elegantly made, that the spectator's attention entirely withdrawn from her size. In contrast of the extreme plainness of all the rest of her she wore a necklace which a duchess might have envied, so large and lustrous were the brilliants which it was composed; and around her zone of rubies of scarce inferior value.

When this singular figure entered the apartment she cast her eyes on Nigel, and paused, as if to gain whether to advance or retreat. Then, which she took of him seemed to be one of uncertainty and hesitation, than of bashful timidity. Aunt Judith took her by the hand, her slowly forward—her dark eyes, however, continued to be fixed on Nigel, with an expression of melancholy by which he felt strangely affected when she was seated on the vacant stool, which was placed there probably for her accommodation. He again looked on him more than once with a pensive, lingering, and anxious expression, but without either shyness or embarrassment, not much as to call the slightest degree of colour into her cheek.

So soon as this singular female had taken her prayer-book, which was laid upon her cushion, she seemed immersed in devotional duty; and a singular attention to the service was so much excited by this extraordinary apparition, that he towards her repeatedly in the course of the service he could never observe that her eyes or her countenance strayed so much as a single moment from the service in which she was engaged. Nigel himself, attentive, for the appearance of this lady was extraordinary, that, strictly as he had been by his father to pay the most reverential attention during performance of divine service, his countenance of himself were disturbed by her presence he earnestly wished the prayers were ended, and curiosity might obtain some gratification. The service was concluded, and each had remained according to the decent and edifying practice of the church, concentrated in mental devotion to their space, the mysterious visitant arose ere a person stirred; and Nigel remarked that no domestics left their places, or even moved, he had first knelt on one knee to Heriot, who to bless her with his hand laid on her head, and then, with a melancholy solemnity of look and action, he bended her body, but without kneeling, to Mr. Heriot, and having performed these two acts of reverence she left the room; yet just in the net of her dress she once more turned her penetrating eyes with a fixed look, which compelled him to turn aside. When he looked towards her, he saw only the skirt of her white mantle as she disappeared.

The domestics then rose and dispersed themselves, wine, and fruit, and spices, were offered to Nigel and to the clergyman, and the latter left. The young lord would fain have asked him, in hope to get some explanation of the vision which he had beheld, but he was stopped by the host, who requested to speak with him in his study.

"I hope, my lord," said the citizen, "that your preparations for attending Court are in such a state that you can go thither the day after to-morrow. It is, perhaps, the last day, for some time, that Majesty will hold open court for all who have petitions by birth, rank, or office, to attend upon. On the subsequent day he goes to Theobald's"

* It will perhaps be recognised by some of my countrymen, that the caustic Scottish knight, as described in the preceding chapter, borrowed some of his attributes from a most worthy and respectable baronet, who was to be met with in Edinburgh society about twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is not by any means to be inferred, that the living person resembled the imaginary one in the course of life ascribed to him, or in his personal attributes. But his fortune was little adequate to his rank and the antiquity of his family; and, to avenge himself of this disparity, the worthy baronet lost no opportunity of making the more avowed sons of fortune feel the edge of his satire. This he had the art of disguising under the personal infirmity of deafness, and usually introduced his most severe things by an affected mistake of what was said around him. For example, at a public meeting of a certain county, this worthy gentleman had chosen to display a laced coat, of such a pattern as had not been seen in society for the better part of a century. The young men who were present amused themselves with rallying him on his taste, when he suddenly singled out one of the party:—"Auld d'ye think my coat—aid fastidious—indeed it canna be new, but it was the work of a brow tailor, and that was your grandfather, who was at the head of the trade in Edinburgh about the beginning of last century." Upon another occasion, when this type of Sir Mungo Malagrowth happened to hear a nobleman, the high chief of one of those Border clans who were accused of paying very little attention in ancient times to the distinctions of *Mien and Tame*, addressing a gentleman of the same name, as if conjecturing there should be some relationship between them, he volunteered to ascertain the nature of the connection by saying, that the "Chief's ancestors had stolen the cows, and the other gentleman's ancestors had killed them,"—fancifully ascribing the origin of the latter family to a butcher. It may be well imagined, that among a people that have been always punctilious about genealogy, such a person, who had a general acquaintance with all the laws and specks in the shield of the proud, the pretending, and the nouveau riches, must have had the same scope for amusement as a monkey in a china shop.

he is so much occupied with hunting and other pleasures, that he cares not to be intruded on."

"I shall be in all outward readiness to pay my duty," said the young nobleman, "yet I have little heart to do it. The friends from whom I ought to have found encouragement and protection, have proved cold and false—I certainly will not trouble them for their countenance on this occasion—and yet I must confess my childish unwillingness to enter quite alone upon so new a scene."

"It is bold of a mechanic like me to make such an offer to a nobleman," said Heriot; "but I must attend at Court to-morrow. I can accompany you as far as the presence-chamber, from my privilege as being of the household. I can facilitate your entrance, should you find difficulty, and I can point out the proper manner and time of approaching the King. But I do not know," he added, smiling, "whether these little advantages will not be overbalanced by the incongruity of a nobleman receiving them from the hands of an old smith."

"From the hands rather of the only friend I have found in London," said Nigel, offering his hand.

"Nay, if you think of the matter in that way," replied the honest citizen, "there is no more to be said—I will come for you to-morrow, with a barge proper to the occasion.—But remember, my good young lord, that I do not, like some men of my degree, wish to take opportunity to step beyond it, and associate with my superiors in rank, and therefore do not fear to mortify my presumption, by suffering me to keep my distance in the presence, and where it is fitting for both of us to separate; and for what remains, most truly happy shall I be in proving of service to the son of my ancient patron."

The style of conversation led so far from the point which had interested the young nobleman's curiosity, that there was no returning to it that night. He therefore exchanged thanks and greeting with George Heriot, and took his leave, promising to be equipped and in readiness to embark with him on the second successive morning at ten o'clock.

The generation of linkboys, celebrated by Count Anthony Hamilton, as peculiar to London, had already, in the reign of James I., begun their functions, and the service of one of them, with his smoky torch, had been secured to light the young Scottish lord and his follower to their lodgings, which, though better acquainted than formerly with the city, they might in the dark have run some danger of missing. This gave the ingenious Mr. Monplies an opportunity of gathering close up to his master, after he had gone through the form of slipping his left arm into the handles of his buckler, and loosening his broadsword in the sheath, that he might be ready for whatever should befall.

"If it were not for the wine and the good cheer which we have had in yonder old man's house, my lord," said the sapient follower, "and that I ken him by report to be a just living man in many respects, and a real Edinburgh gutterblood, I should have been well pleased to have seen how his feet were shaped, and whether he had not a cloven clout under the brow roses and cordovan shoon of his."

"Why, you rascal," answered Nigel, "you have been too kindly treated, and now that you have filled your ravenous stomach, you are railing on the good gentleman that relieved you."

"Under favour, no, my lord," said Monplies,—"I would only like to see something mair about him. I have eaten his meat, it is true—more shame that the like of him should have meat to give, when your lordship and me could scarce have gotten, on our own account, brose and a bear bannock—I have drunk his wine, too."

"I see you have," replied his master, "a great deal more than you should have done."

"Under your patience, my lord," said Monplies, "you are pleased to say that, because I crushed a quart with that jolly boy Jenkin, as they call the 'prentice boy, and that was out of mere acknowledgment for his former kindness—I own that I, moreover, sung the good old song of Elsie Marley, so as they never heard it chanted in their lives!"

E

And withal (as John Bunyan says) as they went on their way, he sung—

"O, do ye ken Elsie Marley, honey—
The wife that sells the barley, honey?
For Elsie Marley's grown sae fine,
She wins get up to feed the swine.—
O, do ye ken!"

Here in mid career was the songster interrupted by the stern gripe of his master, who threatened to baton him to death if he brought the city-watch upon them by his ill-timed melody.

"I crave pardon, my Lord—I humbly crave pardon—only when I think of that Jen Win, as they call him, I can hardly help humming—'O, do ye ken'—But I crave your honour's pardon, and will be totally dumb, if you command me so."

"No, sirrah!" said Nigel, "talk on, for I well know you would say and suffer more under pretence of holding your peace, than when you get an unbridled license. How is it, then? What have you to say against Master Heriot?"

It seems more than probable, that in permitting this license, the young lord hoped his attendant would stumble upon the subject of the young lady who had appeared at prayers in a manner so mysterious. But whether this was the case, or whether he merely desired that Monplies should utter, in a subdued and under tone of voice, those spirits which might otherwise have vented themselves in obstreperous song, it is certain he permitted his attendant to proceed with his story in his own way.

"And therefore," said the orator, availing himself of his immunity, "I would like to ken what sort of a carle this Master Heriot is. He hath supplied your lordship with wealth of gold, as I can understand; and if he has, I make it for certain he hath had his ain end in it, according to the fashion of the world. Now, had your lordship your own good lands at your guiding, doubtless this person, with most of his craft—goldsmiths they call themselves—I say usurers—wad be glad to exchange so many pounds of African dust, by which I understand gold, against so many fair acres, and hundreds of acres, of broad Scottish land."

"But you know I have no land," said the young lord, "at least none that can be affected by any debt which I can at present become obliged for—I think you need not have reminded me of that."

"True, my lord, most true; and, as your lordship says, open to the meaneast capacity, without any unnecessary expositions. Now, therefore, my lord, unless Master George Heriot has something mair to allege as a motive for his liberality, vera different from the possession of your estate—and moreover, as he could gain little by the capture of your body, wherefore should it not be your soul that he is in pursuit of?"

"My soul, you rascal!" said the young lord; "what good should my soul do him?"

"What do I ken about that?" said Monplies; "they go about roaring and seeking whom they may devour—doubtless, they like the food that they rage so much about—and, my lord, they say," added Monplies, drawing up still closer to his master's side, "they say that Master Heriot has one spirit in his house already."

"How, or what do you mean?" said Nigel; "I will break your head, you drunken knave, if you palter with me any longer."

"Drunken?" answered his trusty adherent, "and is this the story?—why, how could I but drink your lordship's health on my bare knees, when Master Jenkin began it to me?—bang them that would not—I would have cut the impudent knave's hams with my broadsword, that should make scruple of it, and so have made him kneel when he should have found it difficult to rise again. But touching the spirit," he proceeded, finding that his master made no answer to his valorous tirade, "your lordship has seen her with your own eyes."

"I saw no spirit," said Glenvarloch, but yet breathing thick as one who expects some singular disclosure. "what mean you by a spirit?"

"You saw a young lady come in to prayers, that

spoke not a word to any one, only made becks and bows to the old gentleman and lady of the house—ken ye wha she is?”

“No, indeed,” answered Nigel; “some relation of the family, I suppose.”

“Deil a bit—deil a bit,” answered Monipies, hastily, “not a blood-drop’s kin to them, if she had a drop of blood in her body—I tell you but what all human beings allege to be truth, that dwell within hie and cry of Lombard-street—that lady, or quean, or whatever you choose to call her, has been dead in the body these many a year, though she haunts them, as we have seen, even at their very devotions.”

“You will allow her to be a good spirit at least,” said Nigel Olifaunt, “since she chooses such a time to visit her friends?”

“For that I kenna, my lord,” answered the superstitious follower; “I ken no spirit that would have faced the right down hammer-blow of Mess John Knox, whom my father stood by in his very worst days, bating a chance time when the Court, which my father supplied with butcher-meat, was against him. But von divine has another air from powerful Master Rollock, and Mess David Black, of North Leith, and sic like.—Alack-a-day! wha can ken, if it please your lordship, whether sic prayers as the Southron read out of their auld blethering black mess-book there, may not be as powerful to invite fiends, as a right red-hot prayer warm frae the heart, may be powerful to drive them away, even as the Evil Spirit was driven by the smell of the fish’s liver from the bridal-chamber of Sara, the daughter of Raguel? As to whilk story, nevertheless, I make scruple to say whether it be truth or not, better men than I am having doubted on that matter.”

“Well, well, well,” said his master, impatiently, “we are now near home, and I have permitted you to speak of this matter for once, that we may have an end of your prying folly, and your idiotical superstitions, for ever. For whom do you, or your absurd authors or informers, take this lady?”

“I can say naething, precessely as to that,” answered Monipies; “certain it is her body died and was laid in the grave many a day since, notwithstanding she still wanders on earth, and chiefly amongst Maister Heriot’s family, though she hath been seen in other places by them that well knew her. But who she is, I will not warrant to say, or how she becomes attached, like a Highland Brownie, to some peculiar family. They say she has a row of apartments of her own, anteroom, parlour, and bedroom; but deil a bed she sleeps in but her own coffin, and the walls, doors, and windows, are so chinked up, as to prevent the least blink of daylight from entering; and then she dwells by torchlight.”

“To what purpose, if she be a spirit?” said Nigel Olifaunt.

“How can I tell your lordship?” answered his attendant. “I thank God, I know nothing of her likings, or mislikings—only her coffin is there; and I leave your lordship to guess what a live person has to do with a coffin. As little as a ghost with a lantern, I trow.”

“What reason,” repeated Nigel, “can a creature, so young and so beautiful, have already habitually to contemplate her bed of last long rest?”

“In troth, I kenna, my lord,” answered Monipies; “but there is the coffin, as they told me who have seen it: It is made of eben-wood, with silver nails, and lined all through with three-piled damask, might serve a princess to rest in.”

“Singular,” said Nigel, whose brain, like that of most active young spirits, was easily caught by the singular and the romantic; “does she not eat with the family?”

“Who!—she!”—exclaimed Monipies, as if surprised at the question; “they would need a lang spoon would sup with her I trow. Always there is something put for her into the Tower, as they call it, whilk is a whingale-ry of a whirling-box, that turns half on the tae side o’ the wa’, half on the tother.”

“I have seen the contrivance in foreign nunneries,” said the Lord of Glenvarloch. “And is it thus she receives her food?”

“They tell me something is put in ilka day, for fashion’s sake,” replied the attendant; “but it is no to be supposed she would consume it, any mair than the images of Bel and the Dragon consumed the dainty vivers that were placed before them. There are stout yeomen and chamber-queans in the house, enow to play the part of Luck-it-up-it, as weel as the threescore and ten priests of Bel, besides their wives and children.”

“And she is never seen in the family but when the hour of prayer arrives?” said the master.

“Never, that I hear of,” replied the servant.

“It is singular,” said Nigel Olifaunt, inquiring, “Were it not for the ornaments which she wears, and still more for her attendance upon the service of the Protestant Church, I should know what to think, and should believe her either a Catholic votareess, who for some cogent reason, was allowed to make her cell here in London, or some unhappy Popish devotee, who was in the course of undergoing a dreadful penance. As it is, I know not what to deem of it.”

His reverie was interrupted by the linkboy knocking at the door of honest John Christie, whose wife came forth with “quips, and becks, and wreathed smiles,” to welcome her honoured guest on his return to his apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ay: mark the matron well, and laugh not, Harry.

At her old steepie-hat and velvet guard—

I’ve call’d her like the ear of Dionysius;

I mean that ear-form’d vault, built o’er his dungeon

To catch the groans and discontented murmurs

Of his poor bondsmen—Elys so doth Martha

Drink up, for her own purpose, all that passes,

Or supposed to pass, in this wide city—

She can retail it too, if that her profit

Shall call on her to do so; and retail it

For your advantage, so that you can make

Your profit jump with hers.—*The Conspiracy.*

We must now introduce to the reader’s acquaintance another character, busy and important far beyond her ostensible situation in society—in a word, Dame Ursula Suddlechop, wife of Benjamin Suddlechop, the most renowned barber in all Fleet street. This dame had her own particular merits, the principal part of which was (if her own report could be trusted) an infinite desire to be of service to her fellow creatures. Leaving to her thin half-starved pating the boast of having the most dexterous snap with his fingers of any shaver in London, and the care of a shop where starved apprentices flayed the faces of those who were boobies enough to trust them, the dame drove a separate and more lucrative trade, which yet had so many odd turns and windings, that it seemed in many respects to contradict itself.

Its highest and most important duties were of a very secret and confidential nature, and Dame Ursula Suddlechop was never known to betray any transaction intrusted to her, unless she had either been indifferently paid for her service, or that some one found it convenient to give her a double deonour to make her disgorge the secret; and these contingencies happened in so few cases, that her character for trustiness remained as unimpaired as that for honesty and benevolence.

In fact, she was a most admirable matron, and could be useful to the impassioned and the frail in the rise, progress, and consequences of their passion. She could contrive an interview for lovers who could show proper reasons for meeting privately; she could relieve the frail fair one of the burden of a guilty passion, and perhaps establish the hopeful offspring of unlicensed love as the heir of some family whose love was lawful, but where an heir had not followed the union. More than this she could do, and had been concerned in deeper and dearer secrets: She had been a pupil of Mrs. Turner, and learned from her the secret of making the yellow starch, and, it may be, two or three other secrets of more consequence, though perhaps none that went to the criminal extent of those whereof her mistress was accused. But all that was deep and dark in her real character, was covered by the show of outward mirth and good-humour, the hearty laugh and buxom jest with which the dame

knew well how to conciliate the elder part of her neighbours, and the many petty arts by which she could recommend herself to the younger, those especially of her own sex.

Dame Ursula was, in appearance, scarce past forty, and her full, but not overgrown form, and still comely features, although her person was plumped out, and her face somewhat coloured by good cheer, had a joyous expression of gaiety and good-humour, which set off the remains of beauty in the wane. Marriages, births, and christenings, were seldom thought to be performed with sufficient ceremony, for a considerable distance round her abode, unless Dame Ursley, as they called her, was present. She could contrive all sorts of pastimes, games, and jests, which might amuse the large companies which the hospitality of her ancestors assembled together on such occasions, so that her presence was literally considered as indispensable in the families of all citizens of ordinary rank, at such joyous periods. So much also was she supposed to know of life and its labyrinths, that she was the willing confidant of half the loving couples in the vicinity, most of whom used to communicate their secrets to, and receive their counsel from, Dame Ursley. The rich rewarded her services with rings, ewches, or gold pieces, which she liked still better; and she very generously gave her assistance to the poor, on the same mixed principles as young practitioners in medicine assist them, partly from compassion, and partly to keep her hand in use.

Dame Ursley's reputation in the city was the greater that her practice had extended beyond Temple-Bar, and that she had acquaintances, nay, patrons and patronesses, among the quality, whose rank, as their members were much fewer, and the prospect of approaching the courtly sphere much more difficult, bore a degree of consequence unknown to the present day, when the toe of the citizen presses so close on the courtier's heel. Dame Ursley maintained her intercourse with this superior rank of customers, partly by driving a small trade in perfumes, essences, pomades, head-gears from France, dishes or ornaments from China, then already beginning to be fashionable; not to mention drugs of various descriptions, chiefly for the use of the ladies, and partly by other services, more or less connected with the esoteric branches of her profession heretofore alluded to.

Possessing such and so many various modes of thriving, Dame Ursley was nevertheless so poor, that she might probably have mended her own circumstances, as well as her husband's, if she had renounced them all, and set herself quietly down to the care of her own household, and to assist Benjamin in the concerns of his trade. But Ursula was luxurious and genial in her habits, and could no more have endured the stinted economy of Benjamin's board, than she could have reconciled herself to the bald chat of his conversation.

It was on the evening of the day on which Lord Nigel Olifaunt dined with the wealthy goldsmith, that we must introduce Ursula Suddlechop upon the stage. She had that morning made a long tour to Westminster, was fatigued, and had assumed a certain large elbow-chair, rendered smooth by frequent use, placed on one side of her chimney, in which there was lit a small but bright fire. Here she observed, betwixt sleeping and waking, the simmering of a pot of well-spiced ale, on the brown surface of which bobbed a small crab-apple, sufficiently roasted, while a little mulatto girl watched, still more attentively, the process of dressing a veal sweetbread, in a silver stewpan which occupied the other side of the chimney. With these viands, doubtless, Dame Ursula proposed concluding the well-spent day, of which she reckoned the labour over, and the rest at her own command. She was deceived, however; for just as the ale, or, to speak technically, the lamb's-wool, was fitted for drinking, and the little dingy maiden intimated that the sweetbread was ready to be eaten, the thin cracked voice of Benjamin was heard from the bottom of the stairs.

"Why, Dame Ursley—why, wife, I say—why, dame—why, love, you are wanted more than a strop for a blunt razor—why, dame!"

"I would some one would draw a razor across thy windpipe, thou bawling ass!" said the dame to herself, in the first moment of irritation against her clamorous helpmate; and then called aloud,—"Why, what is the matter, Master Suddlechop? I am just going to slip into bed; I have been dagged to and fro the whole day."

"Nay, sweetheart, it is not me," said the patient Benjamin, "but the Scots laundry-maid from neighbour Ramsay's, who must speak with you incontinent."

At the word sweetheart, Dame Ursley cast a wistful look at the mess which was stewed to a second in the stewpan, and then replied with a sigh,—"Bid Scots Jenny come up, Master Suddlechop. I shall be very happy to hear what she has to say;" then added in a lower tone, "and I hope she will go to the devil in the flame of a tar-barrel, like many a Scots witch before her!"

The Scots laundress entered accordingly, and having heard nothing of the last kind wish of Dame Suddlechop, made her reverence with considerable respect, and said, her young mistress had returned home unwell, and wished to see her neighbour, Dame Ursley, directly.

"And why will it not do to-morrow, Jenny, my good woman?" said Dame Ursley; "for I have been as far as Whitehall to-day already, and I am well-nigh worn off my feet, my good woman."

"A weel!" answered Jenny, with great composure, "and if that see be sae, I maun take the langer tramp mysel, and maun gae down the waterside for auld Mother Redcap, at the Hungerford Stairs, that deals in comforting young creatures, e'en as you do yourself, hinny; for ane o' ye the bairn maun see before she sleeps, and that's a' that I ken on't."

So saying, the old emissary, without farther entreaty, turned on her heel, and was about to retreat, when Dame Ursley exclaimed,—"No, no—if the sweet child, your mistress, has any necessary occasion for good advice and kind tendance, you need not go to Mother Redcap, Janet. She may do very well for skippers' wives, chandlers' daughters, and such like; but nobody shall wait on pretty Mistress Margaret, the daughter of his most Sacred Majesty's horologer, excepting and saving myself. And so I will but take my chopins and my cloak, and put on my muffler, and cross the street to neighbour Ramsay's in an instant. But tell me yourself, good Jenny, are you not something tired of your young lady's frolics and change of mind twenty times a-day?"

"In troth, not I," said the patient drudge, "unless it may be when she is a wee fashious about washing her laces; but I have been her keeper since she was a bairn, neighbour Suddlechop, and that makes a difference."

"Ay," said Dame Ursley, still busied putting on additional defences against the night air; "and you know for certain that she has two hundred pounds a-year in good land, at her own free disposal?"

"Left by her grandmother, Heaven rest her soul!" said the Scotswoman; "and to a daintier lassie she could not have bequeathed it."

"Very true, very true, mistress; for, with all her little whims, I have always said Mistress Margaret Ramsay was the prettiest girl in the ward; and, Jenny, I warrant the poor child has had no supper?"

Jenny could not say but it was the case, "for her master being out, the twa' prentice lads had gone out after shutting shop, to fetch them home, and she and the other maid had gone out to Sandy MacGivan's, to see a friend frae Scotland."

"As was very natural, Mrs. Janet," said Dame Ursley, who found her interest in assenting to all sorts of propositions from all sorts of persons.

"And so the fire went out, too," said Jenny.

"Which was the most natural of the whole," said Dame Suddlechop; "and so, to cut the matter short, Jenny, I'll carry over the little bit of supper that I was going to eat. For dinner I have tasted none, and it may be my young pretty Mistress Margaret will eat a morsel with me; for it is mere emptiness, Mistress Jenny, that often puts these fancies of illness into young folk's heads." So saying, she put the silver

posset-cup with the ale into Jenny's hands, and assuming her mantle with the alacrity of one determined to sacrifice inclination to duty, she hid the stewpan under its folds, and commanded Wilson, the little mulatto girl, to light them across the street.

"Whither away, so late?" said the barber, whom they passed scented with his starveling boys round a mess of stock-fish and parsnips, in the shop below.

"If I were to tell you, Gaffer," said the dame, with most contemptuous coolness, "I do not think you could do my errand, so I will e'en keep it to myself." Benjamin was too much accustomed to his wife's independent mode of conduct, to pursue his inquiry farther; nor did the dame tarry for farther question, but marched out at the door, telling the eldest of the boys "to sit up till her return, and to look to the house the whilst."

The night was dark and rainy, and although the distance betwixt the two shops was short, it allowed Dame Ursley leisure enough, while she strode along with high-tucked petticoats, to embellish it by the following grumbling reflections—"I wonder what I have done, that I must needs trudge at every old bel-dam's bidding, and every young minx's naggot! I have been marched from Temple-Bar to White-chapel, on the matter of a pinmaker's wife having pricked her fingers—marry, her husband that made the weapon might have saved the wound.—And here is this fantastic ape, pretty Mistress Marget, forsooth—such a beauty as I could make of a Dutch doll, and as fantastic and humorous, and conceited, as if she were a duchess. I have seen her in the same day as changeable as a marmozet, and as stubborn as a mule. I should like to know whether her little conceited noddle, or her father's old crazy calculating jolters, breeds most whimsies. But then there's that two hundred pounds a-year in dirty land, and the father is held a close chuff, though a fanciful—he is our landlord besides, and she has begged a late-day from him for our rent; so, God help me, I must be comfortable—besides, the little capricious devil is my only key to get at Master George Heriot's secret, and it concerns my character to find that out; and so *andiamo*, as the lingua franca hath it."

Thus pondering, she moved forward with hasty strides until she arrived at the watchmaker's habitation. The attendant admitted them by means of a pass-key. Onward glided Dame Ursula, now in glimmer and now in gloom, not like the lovely Lady Cristabelle through Gothic sculpture and ancient armour, but creeping and stumbling amongst relics of old machines, and models of new inventions in various branches of mechanics, with which wrecks of useless ingenuity, either in a broken or half finished shape, the apartment of the fanciful though ingenious mechanist was continually lumbered.

At length they attained, by a very narrow staircase, pretty Mistress Margaret's apartment, where she, the cynosure of the eyes of every bold young bachelor in Fleet-street, sat in a posture which hovered between the discontented and the disconsolate. For her pretty back and shoulders were rounded into a curve, her round and dimpled chin reposed in the hollow of her little palm, while the fingers were folded over her mouth; her elbow rested on a table, and her eyes seemed fixed upon the dying charcoal, which was expiring in a small grate. She scarce turned her head when Dame Ursula entered, and when the presence of that estimable matron was more precisely announced in words by the old Scots-woman, Mistress Margaret, without changing her posture, muttered some sort of answer that was wholly unintelligible.

"Go your ways down to the kitchen with Wilson, good Mistress Jenny," said Dame Ursula, who was used to all sorts of freaks on the part of her patients or clients, whichever they might be termed; "put the stewpan and the porringer by the fire-side, and go down below—I must speak to my pretty love, Mistress Margaret, by myself—and there is not a bachelor betwixt this and Bow but will envy me the privilege."

The attendants retired as directed, and Dame Ursula, having availed herself of the embers of charcoal,

to place her stewpan to the best advantage, drew herself as close as she could to her patient, and began in a low, soothing, and confidential tone of voice, to inquire what ailed her pretty flower of neighbourhood.

"Nothing, dame," said Margaret, somewhat pettishly, and changing her posture so as rather to turn her back upon the kind inquirer.

"Nothing, lady-bird?" answered Dame Saddlechop; "and do you use to send for your friends at of bad at this hour for nothing?"

"It was not I who sent for you, dame," replied the malecontent maiden.

"And who was it, then?" said Ursula; "for if I had not been sent for, I had not been here at this time of night, I promise you!"

"It was the old Scotch fool Jenny, who did it for of her own head, I suppose!" said Margaret; "for she has been stunning me these two hours about you, and Mother Redcap."

"Me and Mother Redcap!" said Dame Ursula, "an old fool indeed, that couples folk up so.—But come, come, my sweet little neighbour, Jenny is a such fool after all; she knows young folks was more and better advice than her own, and she knows too, where to find it for them; so you must take heart of grace, my pretty maiden, and tell me what you are moping about, and then let Dame Ursula seek for finding out a cure."

"Nay, an ye be so wise, Mother Ursula," replied the girl, "you may guess what I ail without me telling you."

"Ay, ay, child," answered the complainant matron, "no one can play better than I at the good old game of What is my thought like? Now I'll warrant that little head of yours is running on a new head-train a foot higher than those our city dames wear—or ye are all for a trip to Islington or Ware, and your father is cross and will not consent—or—"

"Or you are an old fool, Dame Saddlechop," said Margaret, peevishly, "and must needs trouble yourself about matters you know nothing of."

"Fool as much as you will, mistress," said Dame Ursula, offended in her turn, "but not so very many years older than yourself, mistress."

"Oh! we are angry, are we?" said the beauty; "and pray, Madam Ursula, how come you, that are not so many years older than me, to talk about such nonsense to me, who am so many years younger; and who yet have too much sense to care about head-gears and Islington?"

"Well, well, young mistress," said the safe counsellor, smiling, "I perceive I can be of no use here; and nixthings, since you know your own matters so much better than other people do, you might dispense with disturbing folks at midnight to ask their advice."

"Why, now you are angry, mother," said Margaret, detaining her; "this comes of your coming out at eventide without eating your supper—I never heard you utter a cross word after you had finished your little morsel.—Here, Janet, a trencher and salt for Dame Ursula;—and what have you in that porringer, dame?—Filthy clammy ale, as I would live—Let Janet fling it out of the window, or keep it for my father's morning draught; and she shall bring you the pottle of sack that was set ready for him—good man, he will never find out the difference, for ale will wash down his dusty calculations quite as well as wine."

"Truly, sweetheart, I am of your opinion," said Dame Ursula, whose temporary displeasure vanished at once before these preparations for good cheer; and so, settling herself on the great easy-chair, with a three-legged table before her, she began to despatch, with good appetite, the little delicate dish which she had prepared for herself. She did not, however, fall in the duties of civility, and earnestly, but in vain, pressed Mistress Margaret to partake her dainties. The damsel declined the invitation.

"At least pledge me in a glass of sack," said Dame Ursula; "I have heard my grandam say, that before the gossellers came in, the old Catholic father confessors and their penitents always had a cup of sack together before confession; and you are my penitent."

"I shall drink no sack, I am sure," said Margaret:

"and I told you before, that if you cannot find out what ails me, I shall never have the heart to tell it."

So saying, she turned away from Dame Ursula once more, and resumed her musing posture, with her hand on her elbow, and her back, at least one shoulder, turned towards her confidant.

"Nay, then," said Dame Ursula, "I must exert my skill in good earnest.—You must give me this pretty hand, and I will tell you by palmistry, as well as any gipsy of them all, what foot it is you halt upon."

"As if I halted on any foot at all," said Margaret, something scornfully, but yielding her left hand to Ursula, and continuing at the same time her averted position.

"I see brave lines here," said Ursula, "and not ill to read neither—pleasure and wealth, and merry nights and late mornings to my Beauty, and such an equipage as shall shake Whitehall. O, have I touched you there?—and smile you now my pretty one?—for why should not he be Lord Mayor, and go to court in his gilded caroch, as others have done before him?"

"Lord Mayor? pahaw!" replied Margaret.

"And why pshaw at my Lord Mayor, sweet-heart? or perhaps you pshaw at my prophecy; but there is a cross in every one's line of life as well as in yours, darling. And what though I see a 'prentice's flat cap in this pretty palm, yet there is a sparkling black eye under it, hath not its match in the Ward of Farringdon-Without?"

"Whom do you mean, dame?" said Margaret, coldly.

"Whom should I mean," said Dame Ursula, "but the prince of 'prentices, and king of good company, Jenkin Vincent?"

"Out, woman—Jenkin Vincent?—a clown—a Cockney!" exclaimed the indignant dame.

"Ay, sets the wind in that quarter, Beauty!" quoth the dame; "why, it has changed something since we spoke together last, for then I would have sworn it blew fairer for poor Jin Vin; and the poor lad dotes on you too, and would rather see your eyes than the first glimpse of the sun on the great holiday on May-day."

"I would my eyes had the power of the sun to blind his, then," said Margaret, "to teach the drudge his place."

"Nay," said Dame Ursula, "there be some who say that Frank Tunstall is as proper a lad as Jin Vin, and of surety he is third cousin to a knighthood, and come of a good house; and so mayhap you may be for northward ho!"

"Maybe I may"—answered Margaret, "but not with my father's 'prentice—I thank you, Dame Ursula."

"Nay, then, the devil may guess your thoughts for me," said Dame Ursula; "this comes of trying to shoe a filly that is eternally wining and shifting ground!"

"Hear me, then," said Margaret, "and mind what I say.—This day I dined abroad!"

"I can tell you where," answered her counsellor,—"with your godfather the rich goldsmith—ay, you see I know something—nay, I could tell you, an I would, with whom, too."

"Indeed!" said Margaret, turning suddenly round with an accent of strong surprise, and colouring up to the eyes.

"With old Sir Mungo Malagrowth," said the oracular dame,—"he was trimmed in my Benjamin's shop in his way to the city."

"Pshaw! the frightful old mouldy skeleton!" said the dame.

"Indeed you say true, my dear," replied the confidant,—"it is a shame to him to be out of Saint Pancras's charnel-house, for I know no other place he is fit for, the foul-mouthed old railer. He said to my husband!"

"Somewhat which signifies nothing to our purpose, I dare say," interrupted Margaret. "I must speak, then.—There dined with us a nobleman!"

"A nobleman! the maiden's mad!" said Dame Ursula.

"There dined with us, I say," continued Margaret,

without regarding the interruption, "a nobleman—a Scottish nobleman."

"Now Our Lady keep her!" said the confidant, "she is quite frantic!—heard ever any one of a watch-maker's daughter falling in love with a nobleman—and a Scots nobleman, to make the matter complete, who are all as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as Job?—A Scots nobleman, quotha? I had as lief you told me of a Jew pedler. I would have you think how all this is to end, pretty one, before you jump in the dark."

"That is nothing to you, Ursula—it is your assistance," said Mistress Margaret, "and not your advice, that I am desirous to have, and you know I can make it worth your while."

"O, it is not for the sake of lucre, Mistress Margaret," answered the obliging dame; "but truly I would have you listen to some advice—bethink you of your own condition."

"My father's calling is mechanical," said Margaret, "but our blood is not so. I have heard my father say that we are descended, at a distance indeed, from the great Earls of Dalwosey!"

"Ay, ay," said Dame Ursula; "even so—I never knew a Scot of you but was descended, as ye call it, from some great house or other; and a piteous descent it often is—and as for the distance you speak of, it is so great as to put you out of sight of each other. Yet do not toss your pretty head so scornfully, but tell me the name of this lordly northern gallant, and we will try what can be done in the matter."

"It is Lord Glenvarloch, whom they call Lord Nigel Olifaunt," said Margaret in a low voice, and turning away to hide her blushes.

"Marry, Heaven forefend!" exclaimed Dame Suddlechop; "this is the very devil, and something worse!"

"How mean you?" said the dame, surprised at the vivacity of her exclamation.

"Why, know ye not," said the dame, "what powerful enemies he has at Court? know ye not—But blisters on my tongue, it runs too fast for my wit—enough to say, that you had better make your bridal-bed under a falling house, than think of young Glenvarloch!"

"He is unfortunate, then?" said Margaret; "I knew it—I divined it—there was sorrow in his voice when he said even what was gay—there was a touch of misfortune in his melancholy smile—he had not thus clung to my thoughts had I seen him in all the mid-day glare of prosperity."

"Romances have cracked her brain!" said Dame Ursula; "she is a castaway girl—utterly distraught—loves a Scots lord—and likes him the better for being unfortunate! Well, mistress, I am sorry this is a matter I cannot aid you in—it goes against my conscience, and it is an affair above my condition, and beyond my management; but I will keep your counsel."

"You will not be so base as to desert me, after having drawn my secret from me?" said Margaret, indignantly; "if you do, I know how to have my revenge; and if you do not, I will reward you well. Remember the house your husband dwells in is my father's property."

"I remember it but too well, Mistress Margaret," said Ursula, after a moment's reflection, "and I would serve you in any thing in my condition; but to meddle with such high matters—I shall never forget poor Mistress Turner,† my honoured patroness,

* The head of the ancient and distinguished house of Ramsay, and of whom, as their chief, the individuals of that name look as their origin and source of gentry. Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet in the same manner, makes

† Dalhousie of an auld descent,

My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

† Mrs. Anne Turner was a dame somewhat of the occupation of Mrs. Suddlechop in the text; that is, half milliner half procuress, and secret agent in all manner of proceedings. She was a trafficker in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which so many subordinate agents lost their lives, while, to the great scandal of justice, the Earl of Somerset and his Countess were suffered to escape, upon a threat of Somerset to make public some secret which nearly affected his master, King James. Mrs. Turner introduced into England a French custom of using yellow starch in getting up bands and cuffs, and, by Lord Coke's orders, she appeared in that fashion at the place of execution.

peace be with her!—she had the ill-luck to meddle in the matter of Somerset and Overbury, and so the great earl and his lady slit their necks out of the collar, and left her and some half-dozen others to suffer in their stead. I shall never forget the sight of her standing on the scaffold with the ruff round her pretty neck, all done up with the yellow starch which I had so often helped her to make, and that was so soon to give place to a rough hempen cord. Such a sight, sweetheart, will make one loath to meddle with matters that are too hot or heavy for their handling."

"Out, you fool!" answered Mistress Margaret; "am I one to speak to you about such criminal practices as that wretch died for? All I desire of you is, to get me precise knowledge of what affair brings this young nobleman to Court."

"And when you have his secret," said Ursula, "what will it avail you, sweetheart?—and yet I would do your errand, if you could do as much for me."

"And what is it you would have of me?" said Mistress Margaret.

"What you have been angry with me for asking before," answered Dame Ursula. "I want to have some light about the story of your godfather's ghost, that is only seen at prayers."

"Not for the world," said Mistress Margaret, "will I be a spy on my kind godfather's secrets—No, Ursula—that I will never pry into, which he desires to keep hidden. But thou knowest that I have a fortune of my own, which must at no distant day come under my own management—think of some other recompense."

"Ay, that I well know," said the counsellor—"it is that two hundred per year, with your father's indulgence, that makes you so wilful, sweetheart."

"It may be so," said Margaret Ramsay; "meanwhile, do you serve me truly, and here is a ring of value in pledge, that when my fortune is in my own hand, I will redeem the token with fifty broad pieces of gold."

"Fifty broad pieces of gold," repeated the dame; "and this ring, which is a right fair one, in token you fail not of your word!—Well, sweetheart, if I must put my throat in peril, I am sure I cannot risk it for a friend more generous than you; and I would not think of more than the pleasure of serving you, only Benjamin gets more idle every day, and our family—"

"Say no more of it," said Margaret; "we understand each other. And now, tell me what you know of this young man's affairs, which made you so unwilling to meddle with them?"

"Of that I can say no great matter, as yet," answered Dame Ursula; "only I know, the most powerful among his own countrymen are against him, and also the most powerful at the Court here. But I will learn more of it; for it will be a dim print that I will not read for your sake, pretty Mistress Margaret. Know you where this gallant dwells?"

"I heard by accident," said Margaret, as if ashamed of the minute particularity of her memory upon such an occasion—"he lodges, I think—at one Christie's—if I mistake not—at Paul's Wharf—a ship-chandler's."

"A proper lodging for a young baron!—Well, but cheer you up, Mistress Margaret—If he has come up a caterpillar, like some of his countrymen, he may cast his slough like them, and come out a butterfly.—So I drink good-night, and sweet dreams to you, in another parting cup of sack; and you shall hear tidings of me within four-and-twenty hours. And, she was the widow of a physician, and had been eminently beautiful, as appears from the description of her in the poem called *Overbury's Vision*. There was produced in court a parcel of dolls or puppets belonging to this lady, some naked, some dressed, and which she used for exhibiting fashions upon. But, greatly to the horror of the spectators, who accounted these figures to be magical devices, there was, on their being shown, heard a crack from the scaffold, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion, among the spectators and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed to such as were not his own scholars." Compare this curious passage in the *History of King James for the First Fourteen Years, 1681*, with the *Antiquæ Conquarum* of Dr. Heylin. Both works are published in the *Secret History of King James*.

once more, I commend you to your pillow, m of pearls, and Marguerite of Marguerites!"

So saying, she kissed the reluctant cheek young friend, or patroness, and took her da with the light and stealthy pace of one accu to accommodate her footsteps to the purposes patch and secrecy.

Margaret Ramsay looked after her for some in anxious silence. "I did ill," she at length mured, "to let her wring this out of me; but artful, bold, and serviceable—and I think fa or, if not, she will be true at least to her inter that I can command. I would I had not, however—I have begun a hopeless work. Fc has he said to me, to warrant my meddling in tunes?—Nothing but words of the most ordin port—mere table-talk, and terms of course. Y knows"—she said, and then broke off, looking glass the while; which, as it reflected back a great beauty, probably suggested to her mind favourable conclusion of the sentence than sh to trust her tongue withal.

CHAPTER IX.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state:
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to sue for *lief* / *lief*,
That few have found, and many a one hath *mun*
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in penative discontent;
To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace yet wait her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares—
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair.
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Michael Herbert's

On the morning of the day on which George had prepared to escort the young Lord of Glenvarloch to the Court at Whitehall, it may be reas supposed, that the young man, whose fortune likely to depend on this cast, felt himself mor usually anxious. He rose early, made his toil uncommon care, and, being enabled, by the get of his more plebeian countryman, to set out handsome person to the best advantage, he o a momentary approbation of himself as he o at the mirror, and a loud and distinct plaud his landlady, who declared at once, that, in ment, he would take the wind out of the sail e gallant in the presence—so much had she be to enrich her discourse with the metaphors o with whom her husband dealt.

At the appointed hour, the barge of Master Heriot arrived, handsomely manned and app having a tilt with his own cipher, and the i his company painted thereupon.

The young Lord of Glenvarloch receiv friend, who had evinced such disinterested ment, with the kind courtesy which well becar

Master Heriot then made him acquainted v bounty of his Sovereign; which he paid over young friend, declining what he had himself f advanced to him. Nigel felt all the gratitude the citizen's disinterested friendship had de and was not wanting in expressing it suitably

Yet, as the young and high-born nobleman barked to go to the presence of his Prince, un patronage of one whose best, or most distin qualification, was his being an eminent mer the Goldsmith's Incorporation, he felt a lit pried, if not abashed, at his own situation. Richie Monipplies, as he stepped over the gang take his place forward in the boat, could n muttering—"It was a changed day betwixt Heriot and his honest father in the Kramers doubtless, there was a difference between clini gold and silver, and clattering upon pewter."

On they glided, by the assistance of the four stout watermen, along the Thames, whi served for the principal high-road betwixt I and Westminster; for few ventured on hos

through the narrow and crowded streets of the city, and coaches were then a luxury reserved only for the higher nobility, and to which no citizen, whatever was his wealth, presumed to aspire. The beauty of the banks, especially on the northern side, where the gardens of the nobility descended from their hotels, in many places, down to the water's edge, was pointed out to Nigel by his kind conductor, and was pointed out in vain. The mind of the young Lord of Glenvarloch was filled with anticipations, not the most pleasant, concerning the manner in which he was likely to be received by that monarch, in whose behalf his family had been nearly reduced to ruin; and he was, with the usual mental anxiety of those in such a situation, framing imaginary questions from the King, and over-toiling his spirit in devising answers to them.

His conductor saw the labour of Nigel's mind, and avoided increasing it by farther conversation; so that, when he had explained to him briefly the ceremonies observed at Court on such occasions of presentation, the rest of their voyage was performed in silence.

They landed at Whitehall Stairs, and entered the Palace after announcing their names,—the guards paying to Lord Glenvarloch the respect and honours due to his rank.

The young man's heart beat high and thick within him as he came into the royal apartments. His education abroad, conducted, as it had been, on a narrow and limited scale, had given him but imperfect ideas of the grandeur of a Court; and the philosophical reflections which taught him to set ceremonial and exterior splendour at defiance, proved, like other maxims of mere philosophy, ineffectual, at the moment they were weighed against the impression naturally made on the mind of an inexperienced youth, by the unusual magnificence of the scene. The splendid apartments through which they passed, the rich apparel of the grooms, guards, and domestics in waiting, and the ceremonial attending their passage through the long suite of apartments, had something in it, trifling and commonplace as it might appear to practised courtiers, embarrassing and even alarming, to one, who went through these forms for the first time, and who was doubtful what sort of reception was to accompany his first appearance before his Sovereign.

Heriot, in anxious attention to save his young friend from any momentary awkwardness, had taken care to give the necessary password to the warders, grooms of the chambers, ushers, or by whatever name they were designated; so they passed on without interruption.

In this manner they passed several anterooms, filled chiefly with guards, attendants of the Court, and their acquaintances, male and female, who, dressed in their best apparel, and with eyes rounded by eager curiosity to make the most of their opportunity, stood, with beseeching modesty, ranked against the wall, in a manner which indicated that they were spectators, not performers, in the courtly exhibition.

Through these exterior apartments Lord Glenvarloch and his city friend advanced into a large and splendid withdrawing-room, communicating with the presence-chamber, into which anteroom were admitted those only, who, from birth, their posts in the state or household, or by the particular grant of the King, had right to attend the Court, as men entitled to pay their respects to their Sovereign.

Amid this favoured and selected company, Nigel observed Sir Mungo Malagrowther, who, avoided and disencumbered by those who knew who low he stood in Court interest and favour, was but too happy in the opportunity of booking himself upon a person of Lord Glenvarloch's rank, who was, as yet, so inexperienced as to feel it difficult to shake off an intruder.

The knight forthwith framed his grim features to a ghastly smile, and, after a preliminary and patronising nod to George Heriot, accompanied with an aristocratic wave of the hand, which intimated at once superiority and protection, he laid aside alto-

gether the honest citizen, to whom he owed many a dinner, to attach himself exclusively to the young lord, although he suspected he might be occasionally in the predicament of needing one as much as himself. And even the notice of this original, singular and unamiable as he was, was not entirely indifferent to Lord Glenvarloch, since the absolute and somewhat constrained silence of his good friend Heriot, which left him at liberty to retire painfully to his own agitating reflections, was now relieved; while on the other hand, he could not help feeling interest in the sharp and sarcastic information poured upon him by an observant, though discontented courtier, to whom a patient auditor, and he a man of title and rank, was as much a prize, as his acute and communicative disposition rendered him an entertaining companion to Nigel Olifaunt. Heriot, in the meantime, neglected by Sir Mungo, and avoiding every attempt by which the grateful politeness of Lord Glenvarloch strove to bring him into the conversation, stood by, with a kind of half smile on his countenance; but whether excited by Sir Mungo's wit, or arising at his expense, did not exactly appear.

In the meantime, the trio occupied a nook of the anteroom, next to the door of the presence-chamber, which was not yet thrown open, when Maxwell, with his rod of office, came bustling into the apartment, where most men, excepting those of high rank, made way for him. He stopped beside the party in which we are interested, looked for a moment at the young Scots nobleman, then made a slight obeisance to Heriot, and lastly, addressing Sir Mungo Malagrowther, began a hurried complaint to him of the misbehaviour of the gentlemen-pensioners and warders, who suffered all sort of citizens, suitors, and scriveners, to sneak into the outer apartments, without either respect or decency.—“The English,” he said, “were scandalized, for such a thing durst not be attempted in the Queen's days. In her time, there was then the court-yard for the mobility; and the apartments for the nobility; and it reflects on your place, Sir Mungo,” he added, “belonging to the household as you do, that such things should not be better ordered.”

Here Sir Mungo, afflicted, as was frequently the case on such occasions, with one of his usual fits of deafness, answered, “It was no wonder the mobility used freedoms, when those whom they saw in office were so little better in blood and havings than themselves.”

“You are right, sir—quite right,” said Maxwell, putting his hand on the tarnished embroidery on the old knight's sleeve—“when such fellows see men in office dressed in cast-off suits, like paltry stage-players, it is no wonder the Court is thronged with intruders.”

“Were you lauding the taste of my embroidery, Maister Maxwell?” answered the knight, who apparently interpreted the deputy chamberlain's meaning rather from his action than his words;—“it is of an ancient and liberal pattern, having been made by your mother's father, auld James Stitchell, a master-fashioneer of honest repute, in Merlin's Wynd, whom I made a point to employ, as I am now happy to remember, seeing your father thought fit to intermarry with sic a person's daughter.”

Maxwell looked stern; but conscious there was nothing to be got of Sir Mungo in the way of amends, and that prosecuting the quarrel with such an adversary would only render him ridiculous, and make a public misalliance of which he had no reason to be proud, he covered his resentment with a sneer; and expressing his regret that Sir Mungo was become too deaf to understand or attend to what was said to him, walked on, and planted himself beside the folding-doors of the presence-chamber, at which he was to perform the duty of deputy-chamberlain, or usher, so soon as they should be opened.

“The door of the presence is about to open,” said the goldsmith, in a whisper, to his young friend; “my condition permits me to go no farther with you. Fail not to present yourself boldly, according to your birth, and offer your Supplication; which the King

* See Note to Chapter VI., p. 22. Sir Mungo Malagrowther.

will not refuse to accept, and, as I hope, to consider favourably."

As he spoke, the door of the presence-chamber opened accordingly, and, as is usual on such occasions, the courtiers began to advance towards it, and to enter in a slow, but continuous and uninterrupted stream.

As Nigel presented himself in his turn at the entrance, and mentioned his name and title, Maxwell seemed to hesitate. "You are not known to any one," he said. "It is my duty to suffer no one to pass to the presence, my lord, whose face is unknown to me, unless upon the word of a responsible person."

"I came with Master George Heriot," said Nigel, in some embarrassment at this unexpected interruption.

"Master Heriot's name will pass current for much gold and silver, my lord," replied Maxwell, with a civil sneer, "but not for birth and rank. I am compelled by my office to be peremptory.—The entrance is impeded—I am much concerned to say it—your lordship must stand back."

"What is the matter?" said an old Scottish nobleman, who had been speaking with George Heriot, after he had separated from Nigel, and who now came forward, observing the altercation between the latter and Maxwell.

"It is only Master Deputy Chamberlain Maxwell," said Sir Mungo Malagrowth, "expressing his joy to see Lord Glenvarloch at Court, whose father gave him his office—at least I think he is speaking to that purport—for your lordship kens my imperfection." A subdued laugh, such as the situation permitted, passed round amongst those who heard this specimen of Sir Mungo's sarcastic temper. But the old nobleman stepped still more forward, saying—What!—the son of my gallant old opponent, Ochtreid Olfaut?—I will introduce him to the presence myself."

So saying, he took Nigel by the arm, without farther ceremony, and was about to lead him forward, when Maxwell, still keeping his rod across the door, said, but with hesitation and embarrassment—"My lord, this gentleman is not known, and I have orders to be scrupulous."

"Tutti-tutti, man," said the old lord, "I will be answerable he is his father's son, from the cut of his eyebrow—and thou, Maxwell, knewest his father well enough to have spared thy scruples. Let us pass, man." So saying, he put aside the deputy chamberlain's rod, and entered the presence-room, still holding the young nobleman by the arm.

"Why, I must know you, man," he said; "I must know you. I knew your father well, man, and I have broke a lance and crossed a blade with him; and it is to my credit that I am living to brag of it. He was king's-man, and I was Queen's-man, during the Douglas wars—your fellows both, that feared neither fire nor steel; and we had some old feudal quarrels besides, that had come down from father to son, with our seal-rings, two-handed broadswords, and plate-coats, and the crests on our burghonets."

"Too loud, my Lord of Huntinglen," whispered a gentleman of the chamber—"the King!—the King!"

The old Earl (for such he proved) took the hint, and was silent; and James, advancing from a side-door, received in succession the compliments of strangers, while a little group of favourite courtiers, or officers of the household, stood around him, to whom he addressed himself from time to time. Some more pains had been bestowed on his toilet than upon the occasion when we first presented the monarch to our readers; but there was natural awkwardness about his figure which prevented his clothes from sitting handsomely, and the prudence or timidity of his disposition had made him adopt the custom already noticed, of wearing a dress so thickly quilted as might withstand the stroke of a dagger, which added an ungainly stiffness to his whole appearance, contrasting oddly with the frivolous, ungraceful, and fidgeting motions with which he accompanied his conversation. And yet, though the King's deportment was very undignified, he had a manner so kind, familiar, and good-humoured, was so little apt to veil

over or conceal his own foibles, and had so much indulgence and sympathy for those of others, that his address, joined to his learning, and a certain proportion of shrewd mother-wit, failed not to make a favourable impression on those who approached his person.

When the Earl of Huntinglen had presented Nigel to his sovereign, a ceremony which the good earl took upon himself, the King received the young lord very graciously, and observed to his introducer, that he "was fain to see them twa stand side by side; for I trow, my Lord Huntinglen," continued he, "your ancestors, ay, and even your lordship's self and the lad's father, have stood front to front at the sword point, and that is a worse posture."

"Until your Majesty," said Lord Huntinglen, "made Lord Ochtreid and me cross palms, upon his memorable day when your Majesty feasted all the nobles that were at feud together, and made the join hands in your presence."

"I mind it weel," said the King; "I mind it weel—it was a blessed day, being the nineteen of September of all days in the year—and it was a blithe sport to see how some of the earls girmed as they clapped lod together. By my saul, I thought some of them mair special the Highland chiefs, wad have broken in our own presence; but we caused them to march hand in hand to the Cross, ourselves leading in way, and there drink a blithe cup of kindness with ilk other, to the stanching of feud, and perpetuum of amity. Auld John Anderson was Provost the year—the earls grart for joy, and the Bailes and Councillors danced bareheaded in our presence in five year-auld colts, for very triumph."

"It was indeed a happy day," said Lord Huntinglen, "and will not be forgotten in the history of your Majesty's reign."

"I would not that it were, my lord," replied the Monarch—"I would not that it were pretermitted in our annals. Ay, ay—*Brati pacifici*. My Englishes here may weel make much of me, for I would have them to know, they have gotten the only peaceable man that ever came of my family. If James with the Fiery Face had come amongst you," he said, looking round him, "or my great granda, d Flodden memory!"

"We should have sent him back to the north again," whispered one English nobleman.

"At least," said another, in the same insouciant tone, "we should have had a man to our sovereign, though he were but a Scotsman."

"And now, my young sprinzel," said the King to Lord Glenvarloch, "where have you been spending your calf-time?"

"At Leyden, of late, may it please your Majesty," answered Lord Nigel.

"Aha! a scholar," said the King; "and by my saul, a modest and ingenious youth, that had not forgotten how to blush, like most of our travelled Monsieurs. We will treat him conformably."

Then drawing himself up, coughing slightly, and looking around him with the conscious importance of a superior learning, while all the courtiers who understood, or understood not, Latin, pressed eagerly forward to listen, the sapient monarch prosecuted his inquiries as follows:—

"Hem! hem! *Salve his, quaterque salve, Glenvarlochides noster! Nuperumne ab Lugduno Batarorum Britanniam redisti?*

The young nobleman replied, bowing low—

"*Ino, Rex augustissime—biennium fere apud Lugdunenses moratus sum.*"

James proceeded—

"*Biennium dicis? bene, bene, optime, factum est—Non uno die, quod dicunt—intelligisti, Domine Glenvarlochensis? Aha!*"

Nigel replied by a reverend bow, and the King, turning to those behind him, said—

"*Adolescens quidem ingenii cultus in genioque prodoris.*" Then resumed his learned queries. "*Et quid hodie Lugdunenses loquuntur—Vossius reter nihilis nori scripuit?—nihil certe, quod doleo, typis recentis edidit.*"

"*Vale quidem Vossius, Rex benecole,*" replied Ni-

gel, "ast senex veneratissimus annum agit, ni fallor, septuagesimum."

"Virum, mehercle, vir tam grandævum crediderim," replied the Monarch. "Et Vorstius iste?—Arminii improbi successor æque ac sectator?—Herosne adhuc, ut cum Homero loquar, Ζῶς ἐστὶ καὶ ἐν ἄθροις?"

Nigel, by good fortune, remembered that Vorstius, the divine last mentioned in his Majesty's queries about the state of Dutch literature, had been engaged in a personal controversy with James, in which the King had taken so deep an interest, as at length to hint in his public correspondence with the United States, that they would do well to apply the secular arm to stop the progress of heresy by violent measures against the Professor's person—a demand which their Mighty Mightinesses' principles of universal toleration induced them to elude, though with some difficulty. Knowing all this, Lord Glenvarloch, though a courtier of only five minutes' standing, had address enough to reply—

"Virum quidem, haud diu est, hominem ridebam—vigere autem quis dicat qui sub fulminibus docuit tuæ, Rex magne, jamdudum prunus jacet, et prostratus!"

This last tribute to his polemical powers completed James's happiness, which the triumph of exhibiting his erudition had already raised to a considerable height.

He rubbed his hands, snapped his fingers, fidgeted, chuckled, exclaimed—"Euge! belle! optime!" and turning to the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, who stood behind him, he said,—"Ye see, my lords, no bad specimen of our Scottish Latinity, with which language we would all our subjects of England were as well imbued as this, and other youths of honourable birth, in our auld kingdom; also, we keep the genuine and Roman pronunciation, like other learned nations on the continent, see that we hold communion with any scholar in the universe, who can but speak the Latin tongue; whereas ye, our learned subjects of England, have introduced into your universities, otherwise most learned, a fashion of pronouncing like unto the 'nippit foot and clippit foot' of the bride in the fairy tale, whilk manner of speech (take it not amiss that I be round with you) can be understood by no nation on earth saving yourselves; whereby Latin, quoad Anglos, ceaseth to be communis lingua, the general dragonian, or interpreter, between all the wise men of the earth."

The Bishop of Exeter bowed, as in acquiescence to the royal censure; but he of Oxford stood upright, as mindful over what subjects his see extended, and as being equally willing to become food for fagots in defence of the Latinity of the university, as for any article of his religious creed.

The King, without awaiting an answer from either prelate, proceeded to question Lord Nigel, but in the vernacular tongue,—"Weel, my likely Alumnus of the Muses, and what make you so far from the north?"

"To pay my homage to your Majesty," said the young nobleman, kneeling on one knee, "and to lay before you," he added, "this my humble and dutiful Supplication."

The presenting of a pistol would certainly have startled King James more, but could (setting apart the fright) hardly have been more displeasing to his indolent disposition.

"And is it even so, man?" said he; "and can no single man, were it but for the rarity of the case, ever come up frae Scotland, excepting *ex proposito*—on set purpose, to see what he can make out of his loving sovereign? It is but three days syne that we had weel-nigh lost our life, and put three kingdoms into duleweds, from the over haste of a clumsy-handed peasant, to thrust a packet into our hand, and now we are beset by the like impediment in our very Court. To our Secretary with that gear, my lord—to our Secretary with that gear."

* Least any lady or gentleman should suspect there is aught of mystery concealed under the sentences printed in Italics, they will be pleased to understand that they contain only a few commonplace Latin phrases, relating to the state of letters in Holland, which neither deserve, nor would endure a literal translation.

F

"I have already offered my humble Supplication to your Majesty's Secretary of State," said Lord Glenvarloch—"but it seems"—

"That he would not receive it, I warrant?" said the King, interrupting him; "by my saul, our Secretary kens that point of king-craft, called refusing, better than we do, and will look at nothing but what he likes himself—I think I wad make a better Secretary to him than he to me.—Weel, my lord, you are welcome to London; and, as ye seem an acute and learned youth, I advise ye to turn your neb northward as soon as ye like, and settle yourself for a while at Saint Andrews, and we will be right glad to hear that you prosper in your studies.—Incumbite remis fortiter."

While the King spoke thus, he held the petition of the young lord carelessly, like one who only delayed till the suppliant's back was turned, to throw it away, or at least lay it aside to be no more looked at. The petitioner, who read this in his cold and indifferent looks, and in the manner in which he twisted and crumpled together the paper, arose with a bitter sense of anger and disappointment, made a profound obeisance, and was about to retire hastily. But Lord Huntinglen, who stood by him, checked his intention by an almost imperceptible touch upon the skirt of his cloak, and Nigel, taking the hint, retreated only a few steps from the royal presence, and then made a pause. In the meantime, Lord Huntinglen knelt before James, in his turn, and said—"May it please your Majesty to remember, that upon one certain occasion you did promise to grant me a boon every year of your sacred life!"

"I mind it weel, man," answered James, "I mind it weel, and good reason why—it was when you unclasped the fause traitor Ruthven's fangs from about our royal throat, and drove your dirk into him like a true subject. We did then, as you remind us, (whilk was unnecessary,) being partly beside ourselves with joy at our liberation, promise we would grant you a free boon every year; whilk promise, on our coming to menesful possession of our royal faculties, we did confirm, *restrictitè* always and *conditionaliter*, that your lordship's demand should be such as we, in our royal discretion, should think reasonable."

"Even so, gracious Sovereign," said the old Earl, "and may I yet farther crave to know if I have ever exceeded the bounds of your royal benevolence?"

"By my word, man, no!" said the King; "I cannot remember you have asked much for yourself, if it be not a dog, or a hawk, or a buck out of our park, at Theobald's, or such like. But to what serves this preface?"

"To the boon which I am now to ask of your Grace," said Lord Huntinglen; "which is, that your Majesty would be pleased, on the instant, to look at the placet of Lord Glenvarloch, and do upon it what your own just and royal nature shall think meet and just, without reference to your Secretary or any other of your Council."

"By my saul, my lord, this is strange," said the King; "ye are pleading for the son of your enemy!"

"Of one who *was* my enemy till your Majesty made him my friend," answered Lord Huntinglen.

"Weel spoken, my lord!" said the King; "and with a true Christian spirit. And, respecting the Supplication of this young man, I partly guess where the matter lies; and in plain troth I had promised to George Heriot to be good to the lad—But then, here the shoe pinches. Steenie and Baby Charles cannot abide him—neither can your own son, my lord; and so, methinks, he had better go down to Scotland before he comes to ill luck by them."

* The credit of having rescued James I. from the dagger of Alexander Ruthven, is here fictitiously ascribed to an imaginary Lord Huntinglen. In reality, as may be read in every history, his preserver was John Ramsay, afterwards created Earl of Holderness, who stabbed the young Ruthven with his dagger while he was struggling with the King. Sir Anthony Weldon informs us, that, upon the annual return of the day, the King's deliverance was commemorated by an anniversary feast. The time was the fifth of August, upon which, proceeds the satirical historian, "Sir John Ramsay, for his good service in that preservation, was the principal guest, and wad the King grant him any boon he would ask that day. But he had such limitation made to his asking, as made his suit as unprofitable, as the action for which he asked it for was unserviceable to the King."

"My son, an it please your Majesty, so far as he is concerned, shall not direct my doings," said the Earl, "nor any wild-headed young man of them all."

"Why, neither shall they mine," replied the Monarch; "by my father's soul, none of them all shall play Rex with me—I will do what I will, and what I ought, like a free King."

"Your Majesty will then grant me my boon?" said the Lord Huntinglen.

"Ay, marry will I—marry will I," said the King; "but follow me this way, man, where we may be more private."

He led Lord Huntinglen with rather a hurried step through the courtiers, all of whom gazed earnestly on this unwonted scene, as is the fashion of all courts on similar occasions. The King passed into a little cabinet, and bade, in the first moment, Lord Huntinglen lock or bar the door; but countermanded his direction in the next, saying,—"No, no, no—bread o' life, man, I am a free King—will do what I will and what I should—I am *justus et tenax propositi*, man—nevertheless, keep by the door, Lord Huntinglen, in case Steenie should come in with his mad humour."

"O my poor master!" groaned the Earl of Huntinglen. "When you were in your own cold country, you had warmer blood in your veins."

The King hastily looked over the petition or memorial, every now and then glancing his eye towards the door, and then sinking it hastily on the paper, ashamed that Lord Huntinglen, whom he respected, should suspect him of timidity.

"To grant the truth," he said, after he had finished his hasty perusal, "this is a hard case; and harder than it was represented to me, though I had some inkling of it before. And so the lad only wants payment of the siller due from us, in order to reclaim his paternal estate? But then, Huntinglen, the lad will have other debts—and why burden himself with so many acres of barren woodland? Let the land gang, man, let the land gang; Steenie has the promise of it from our Scottish Chancellor—it is the best hunting ground in Scotland—and Baby Charles and Steenie want to kill a buck there this next year—the y maun hae the land—they maun hae the land; and our debt shall be paid to the young man plack and bawbee, and he may have the spending of it at our Court; or if he has such an eard hunger, woums! man, we'll stuff his stomach with English land, which is worth twice as much, ay, ten times as much, as these accursed hills and heughs and mosses and muirs, that he is so keen after."

All this while the poor King ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his shambling circular mode of manning his legs, and his ungainly fashion on such occasions of fiddling with the bunches of ribands which fastened the lower part of his dress.

Lord Huntinglen listened with great composure, and answered, "An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth when Ahab coveted his vineyard!—The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee!"

"Ey, my lord—ey, my lord!" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose; "I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity?—Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, would be better for the young man, as I said before,—why—since it maun be so—death, I am a free King, man, and he shall have his money and redeem his land, and make a kirk and a mill of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question, and then added, "How they are to pay it, I see not; but I warrant he will find money on the order among the goldsmiths, who can find it for every one but me.—And now you see, my Lord of Huntinglen, that I am neither an untrue man, to deny you the boon whilk I became bound for, nor an Ahab, to covet Naboth's vineyard; nor a mere nose-of-wax, to be twisted this way and that, by favourites and counsellors at their pleasure. I think you will grant now that I am none of those?"

"You are my own native and noble Prince," said Huntinglen, as he knelt to kiss the royal hand—"just and generous, whenever you listen to the workings of your own heart."

"Ay, ay," said the King, laughing good-naturedly, as he raised his faithful servant from the ground, "that is what ye all say when I do any thing to please ye. There—there, take the sign-manual, and away with you and this young fellow. I wonder Steenie and Baby Charles have not broken in on us before now."

Lord Huntinglen hastened from the cabinet, foreseeing a scene at which he was unwilling to be present, but which sometimes occurred when James roused himself so far as to exert his own free will, of which he boasted so much, in spite of that of his imperious favourite Steenie, as he called the Duke of Buckingham, from a supposed resemblance between the very handsome countenance, and that with which the Italian artists represented the proto-martyr Stephen. In fact, the haughty favourite, who had the unusual good fortune to stand as high in the opinion of the hereditary monarch, had considerably diminished in his respect towards the latter; and it was apparent, to the more shrewd courtiers, that James endured his domination rather for habit, timidity, and a dread of encountering his strong passions, than from any heartfelt continuance of regard towards him, whose greatness had been the work of his own hands. To save himself the pain of seeing what was likely to take place on the Duke's return, and to preserve the King from the additional humiliation which the presence of such a witness must have occasioned, the Earl left the cabinet as speedily as possible, having first carefully pocketed the important sign-manual.

No sooner had he entered the presence-room, than he hastily sought Lord Glenvarloch, who had withdrawn into the embrasure of one of the windows from the general gaze of men who seemed disposed only to afford him the notice which arises from surprise and curiosity, and, taking him by the arm, without speaking, led him out of the presence-chamber into the first ante-room. Here they found the worthy goldsmith, who approached them with looks of curiosity, which were checked by the old lord, who said hastily,—"All is well.—Is your barge in waiting?" Heriot answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Lord Huntinglen, "you shall give me a cast in it, the water-men say, and I, in requital, will give you both your dinner; for we must have some conversation together."

They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second ante-room when the important announcement of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other,—"The Duke—the Duke!" made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvass of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expense, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manner of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become the picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbonneted to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greetings

which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—“Too much courtesy, my lord duke, is often the reverse of kindness.”

“I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot,” answered the Duke; “I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be penniless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast.”

“They will bear me the farther, my lord duke,” answered the goldsmith, “that my boast is but small.”

“O, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot,” continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; “you have a marvellous court-faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage.”

“That shall be my task,” said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. “My lord Duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland.—Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers, Knight, of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester.”

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. “We know each other, then,” said the Duke, after a moment’s pause; and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced,—“we know each other—and you know me, my lord, for your enemy.”

“I thank you for your plainness, my lord duke,” replied Nigel; “an open enemy is better than a hollow friend.”

“For you, my Lord Huntinglen,” said the Duke, “methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the Prince’s friend, and my own.”

“By my word, my lord duke,” replied the Earl, “it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries, of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation, that my son keeps such exalted company.”

“O, my lord, we know you, and indulge you,” said the Duke; “you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action.”

“In faith, my lord, and if it be so,” said the old Earl, “I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine.”

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus; the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

CHAPTER X.

Did not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled bone;
And drown it not, like Egypt’s royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brim’d wine cup.
These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink across
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to farthings,
Credit to folly; and the poor gull,
Who might have lived an honour’d, easy life,
To run, and an unregarded grave.—*The Changes.*

WHEN they were fairly embarked on the Thames, the Earl took from his pocket the Supplication, and, * Buckingham, who had a frankness in his high and insatiable ambition, was always ready to bid defiance to those by whom he was thwarted or opposed. He aspired to be created Prince of Tipperary in Ireland, and Lord High Constable of England. Coventry, then Lord Keeper, opposed what seemed such an unreasonable extent of power as was annexed to the office of Constable. On this opposition, according to Sir Anthony Weldon, “the Duke peremptorily accosted Coventry, ‘Who made you

pointing out to George Heriot the royal warrant endorsed thereon, asked him, if it were in due and regular form? The worthy citizen hastily read it over, thrust forth his hand as if to congratulate the Lord Glenvarloch, then checked himself, pulled out his barnacles, (a present from old David Ramsay,) and again perused the warrant with the most business-like and critical attention. “It is strictly correct and formal,” he said, looking to the Earl of Huntinglen; “and I sincerely rejoice at it.”

“I doubt nothing of its formality,” said the Earl; “the King understands business well, and, if he does not practice it often, it is only because indolence obscures parts which are naturally well qualified for the discharge of affairs. But what is next to be done for our young friend, Master Heriot? You know how I am circumstanced. Scottish lords living at the English Court have seldom command of money; yet, unless a sum can be presently raised on this warrant, matters standing as you hastily hinted to me, the mortgage, wadset, or whatever it is called, will be foreclosed.”

“It is true,” said Heriot, in some embarrassment; “there is a large sum wanted in redemption—yet, if it is not raised, there will be an expiry of the legal, as our lawyers call it, and the estate will be evicted.”

“My noble—my worthy friends, who have taken up my cause so undeservedly, so unexpectedly,” said Nigel, “do not let me be a burden on your kindness. You have already done too much where nothing was merited.”

“Peace, man, peace,” said Lord Huntinglen, “and let old Heriot and I puzzle this scent out. He is about to open—hark to him!”

“My lord,” said the citizen, “the Duke of Buckingham sneers at our city money-bags; yet they can sometimes open, to prop a falling and a noble house.”

“We know they can,” said Lord Huntinglen—“mind not Buckingham, he is a Peg-a-Ramsay—and now for the remedy.”

“I partly hinted to Lord Glenvarloch already,” said Heriot, “that the redemption money might be advanced upon such a warrant as the present, and I will engage my credit that it can. But then, in order to secure the lender, he must come in the shoes of the creditor to whom he advances payment.”

“Come in his shoes!” replied the Earl; “Why, what have boots or shoes to do with this matter my good friend?”

“It is a law phrase, my lord. My experience has made me pick up a few of them,” said Heriot.

“Ay, and of better things along with them, Master George,” replied Lord Huntinglen; “but what means it?”

“Simply this,” resumed the citizen; “that the lender of this money will transact with the holder of the mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch, and obtain from him such a conveyance to his right as shall leave the lands pledged for the debt, in case the warrant upon the Scottish Exchequer should prove unproductive. I fear, in this uncertainty of public credit, that without some such counter security, it will be very difficult to find so large a sum.”

“Ho la!” said the Earl of Huntinglen, “Halt there! a thought strikes me.—What if the new creditor should admire the estate as a hunting-field, as much as my Lord Grace of Buckingham seems to do, and should wish to kill a buck there in the summer season? It seems to me, that on your plan, Master George, our new friend will be as well entitled to block Lord Glenvarloch out of his inheritance as the present holder of the mortgage.”

The citizen laughed. “I will engage,” he said, “that the keenest sportsman to whom I may apply on this occasion, shall not have a thought beyond

Lord Keeper, Coventry?” He replied, “The King, Buckingham replied, ‘It’s false; ‘twas I did make you, and you shall know that I, who made you, can, and will unmake you.’ Coventry thus answered him, ‘Did I conceive that I held my place by your favour, I would presently unmake myself, by rendering up the seals to his Majesty.’ Then Buckingham, in a scorn and fury, flung from him, saying, ‘You shall not keep it long; and surely, had not Felton prevented him, he had made good his word.’”—WELDON’S COURT OF KING JAMES AND CHARLES.

the Lord Mayor's Easter-hunt, in Epping-Forest. But your lordship's caution is reasonable. The creditor must be bound to allow Lord Glenvarloch sufficient time to redeem his estate by means of the royal warrant, and must waive in his favour the right of instant forclosure, which may be, I should think, the more easily managed, as the right of redemption must be exercised in his own name.

"But where shall we find a person in London fit to draw the necessary warrants?" said the Earl. "If my old friend Sir John Skene of Halyards had lived, we should have had his advice; but time presses, and—"

"I know," said Heriot, "an orphan lad, a scrivener, that dwells by Tonge-Bar; he can draw deeds both after the English and Scottish fashion, and I have trusted him often in matters of weight and importance. I will send one of my serving-men for him, and the mutual deeds may be executed in your lordship's presence; for, as things stand, there should be no delay." His lordship readily assented; and, as they now landed upon the private stairs leading down to the river from the gardens of the handsome hotel which he inhabited, the messenger was despatched without loss of time.

Nigel, who had sat almost stupefied while these zealous friends volunteered for him in arranging the measures by which his fortune was to be disembarrassed, now made another eager attempt to force upon them his broken expressions of thanks and gratitude. But he was again silenced by Lord Huntinglen, who declared he would not hear a word on that topic, and proposed instead, that they should take a turn in the leafed alley, or sit upon the stone bench which overlooked the Thames, until his son's arrival should give the signal for dinner.

"I desire to introduce Dalgarno and Lord Glenvarloch to each other," he said, "as two who will be near neighbours, and I trust will be more kind ones than their fathers were formerly. There is but three Scots miles between the castles, and the towers of the one are visible from the battlements of the other."

The old Earl was silent for a moment, and appeared to muse upon the recollections which the vicinity of the castles had summoned up.

"Does Lord Dalgarno follow the Court to Newmarket next week?" said Heriot, by way of removing the conversation.

"He proposes so, I think," answered Lord Huntinglen, relaxed into his reverie for a minute or two, and then addressed Nigel somewhat abruptly.

"My young friend, when you attain possession of your inheritance, as I hope you soon will, I trust you will not add one to the idle followers of the Court, but reside on your paternal estate, cherish your ancient tenants, relieve and assist your poor kinsmen, protect the poor against subaltern oppression, and do what our fathers used to do, with fewer lights and with less means than we have."

"And yet the advice to keep the country," said Heriot, "comes from an ancient and constant ornament of the Court."

"From an old courtier, indeed," said the Earl, "and the first of my family that could so wate himself—my gray beard falls on a cambric ruff, and a silken doublet—my father's descended upon a buff coat and a breastplate. I would not that those days of battle returned; but I should love well to make the oaks of my old forest of Dalgarno ring once more with halloo, and horn, and hound, and to have the old stone-arched hall return the hearty shout of my vassals and tenants, as the bicker and the quag walked their rounds amongst them. I should like to see the broad Tay once more before I die—not even the Thames can match it, in my mind."

"Surely, my lord," said the citizen, "all this might be easily done—it costs but a moment's resolution, and the journey of some brief days, and you will be where you desire to be—what is there to prevent you?"

"Habits, Master George, habits," replied the Earl, "which to young men are like threads of silk, so lightly are they worn, so soon broken; but which hang on our old limbs as if time had stiffened them into gyves of iron. To go to Scotland for a brief

space were but labour in vain; and when I think of abiding there, I cannot bring myself to leave my old Master, to whom I fancy myself sometimes useful, and whose wealth and wit I have shared for so many years. But Dalgarno shall be a Scottish noble."

"Has he visited the north?" said Heriot.

"He was there last year, and made such a report of the country, that the Prince has expressed a longing to see it."

"Lord Dalgarno is in high grace with his Highness, and the Duke of Buckingham?" observed the goldsmith.

"He is so," answered the Earl. "I pray it may be for the advantage of them all. The Prince is as strict in his manners, though cold as steel in his purposes; and the Duke, noble and gallant and generous and open as fire, ambitious, and capricious. Dalgarno has none of these faults; as such as he may have of his own, may perchance be corrected by the society in which he moves—such he becomes."

Lord Dalgarno accordingly advanced from the other end of the alley to the bench on which his father and his guests were seated, so that Nigel had leisure to peruse his countenance and figure. He was dressed in the latest fashion of the time, which suited well with his age, probably about five-and-twenty, with noble form and fine countenance, in which last could easily be traced the manly features of his father, softened by a more habitual air of assiduous industry than the staid old Earl had ever condescended to assume towards the world in general. In other respects, his address was gallant, free, and unembarrassed; his pride or ceremony—far removed from the charge either of haughty coldness or forward impetuosity; and so far his father had justified him from the marked faults which he ascribed to the manners of the Prince and his favourite Buckingham.

While the old Earl presented his young acquaintance Lord Glenvarloch to his son, as one whom it would have him love and honour, Nigel marked the countenance of Lord Dalgarno closely, to see if he could detect aught of that secret dislike which the King had, in one of his broken expostulations, seemed to intimate, as arising from a clashing of interest between his new friend and the great Buckingham. But nothing of this was visible; on the contrary, Lord Dalgarno received his new acquaintance with the frankness and courtesy which make a conquest of one, when addressed to the feelings of an ingenious young man.

It need hardly be told that his open and friendly address met equally ready and cheerful acceptance from Nigel Osbant. For many months, and while a youth not much above two-and-twenty, he had been restrained by circumstances from the conversation of his equals. When, on his father's sudden death, he left the Low Countries for Scotland, he had found himself involved, to all appearance inextricably, in the details of the law, all of which threatened to be in the alienation of the patrimony which should support his hereditary rank. His term of sincere mourning, joined to injured pride and the swelling of a heart under unexpected and undeserved misfortune, together with the uncertainty attending the issue of his affairs, had induced the young Lord of Glenvarloch to live, while in Scotland, in a very private and reserved manner. How he had passed his time in London, the reader is acquainted with. But this melancholy and secluded course of life was neither agreeable to his age nor to his temper, which was gay and sociable. He hailed, therefore, with sincere pleasure, the approaches which a young man of his own age and rank made towards him; and when he exchanged with Lord Dalgarno some of those words and signals by which, as surely as by those of free masonry, young people recognize a mutual wish to be agreeable to each other, it seemed as if the two nobles had been acquainted for some time.

Just as this tacit intercourse had been established, one of Lord Huntinglen's attendants came down to

alley, marshalling onwards a man dressed in black buckram, who followed him with tolerable speed, considering that, according to his sense of reverence and propriety, he kept his body bent and parallel to the horizon from the moment that he came in sight of the company to which he was about to be presented.

"Who is this, you cuckoldly knave," said the old Lord, who had retained the keen appetite and impatience of a Scottish Baron even during a long alienation from his native country; "and why does John Cook, with a murrain to him, keep back dinner?"

"I believe we are ourselves responsible for this person's intrusion," said George Heriot; "this is the scrivener whom we desired to see.—Look up, man, and see us in the face as an honest man should, instead of bearing thy noddle charged against us thus, like a battering-ram."

The scrivener did look up accordingly, with the action of an automaton which suddenly obeys the impulse of a pressed spring. But, strange to tell, not even the haste he had made to attend his patron's mandate, a business, as Master Heriot's message expressed, of weight and importance—nay, not even the state of depression in which, out of sheer humility doubtless, he had his head stooped to the earth, from the moment he had trod the demences of the Earl of Huntinglen, had called any colour into his countenance. The drops stood on his brow from haste and toil, but his cheek was still pale and tallow-coloured as before; nay, what seemed stranger, his very hair, when he raised his head, hung down on either cheek as straight and sleek and undisturbed as it was when we first introduced him to our readers, seated at his quiet and humble desk.

Lord Dalgarno could not forbear a stifled laugh at the ridiculous and puritanical figure which presented itself like a starved anatomy to the company, and whispered at the same time into Lord Glenvarloch's ear—

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon, Where go'st thou that goose-look?"

Nigel was too little acquainted with the English stage, to understand a quotation which had already grown matter of common allusion in London. Lord Dalgarno saw that he was not understood, and continued, "That fellow, by his visage, should either be a saint, or a most hypocritical rogue—and such is my excellent opinion of human nature, that I always suspect the worst. But they seem deep in business. Will you take a turn with me in the garden, my lord, or will you remain a member of the serious convalesce?"

"With you, my lord, most willingly," said Nigel; and they were turning away accordingly, when George Heriot, with the formality belonging to his station, observed, that, "as their business concerned Lord Glenvarloch, he had better remain, to make himself master of it, and witness to it."

"My presence is utterly needless, my good lord:—and, my best friend, Master Heriot," said the young nobleman, "I shall understand nothing the better for cumbering you with my ignorance in these matters; and can only say at the end, as I now say at the beginning, that I dare not take the helm out of the hand of the kind pilots who have already guided my course within sight of a fair and unhopèd-for haven. Whatever you recommend to me as fitting, I shall sign and seal; and the import of the deeds I shall better learn by a brief explanation from Master Heriot, if he will bestow so much trouble in my behalf, than by a thousand learned words and law terms from this person of skill."

"He is right," said Lord Huntinglen; "our young friend is right, in confiding these matters to you and me, Master George Heriot—he has not misplaced his confidence."

Master George Heriot cast a long look after the two young noblemen, who had now walked down the alloy arm-in-arm, and at length said, "He hath not, indeed, misplaced his confidence, as your lordship well and truly says—but, nevertheless, he is not in the right path; for it behoves every man to become acquainted with his own affairs, so soon as he hath any that are worth attending to."

When he had made this observation, they applied themselves, with the scrivener, to look into various

papers, and to direct in what manner writings should be drawn, which might at once afford sufficient security to those who were to advance the money, and at the same time preserve the right of the young nobleman to redeem the family estate, provided he should obtain the means of doing so, by the expected reimbursement from the Scottish Exchequer, or otherwise. It is needless to enter into those details. But it is not unimportant to mention, as an illustration of character, that Heriot went into the most minute legal details with a precision which showed that experience had made him master even of the intricacies of Scottish conveyancing; and that the Earl of Huntinglen, though far less acquainted with technical detail, suffered no step of the business to pass over, until he had attained a general but distinct idea of its import and its propriety.

They seemed to be admirably seconded in their benevolent intentions towards the young Lord Glenvarloch, by the skill and eager zeal of the scrivener, whom Heriot had introduced to this piece of business, the most important which Andrew had ever transacted in his life, and the particulars of which were moreover agitated in his presence between an actual Earl, and one whose wealth and character might entitle him to be alderman of his ward, if not to be lord mayor, in his turn.

While they were thus in eager conversation on business, the good Earl, even forgetting the calls of his appetite, and the delay of dinner, in his anxiety to see that the scrivener received proper instructions, and that all was rightly weighed and considered, before dismissing him to engross the necessary deeds, the two young men walked together on the terrace which overhung the river, and talked on the topics which Lord Dalgarno, the elder, and the more experienced, thought most likely to interest his new friend.

These naturally regarded the pleasures attending a court life; and Lord Dalgarno expressed much surprise at understanding that Nigel proposed an instant return to Scotland.

"You are jesting with me," he said. "All the Court rings—it is needless to mince it—with the extraordinary success of your suit—against the highest interest, it is said, now influencing the horizon at Whitehall. Men think of—talk of you—fix their eyes on you—ask each other, who is this young Scottish lord, who has stepped so far in a single day? They augur in whispers to each other, how high and how far you may push your fortune—and all that you design to make of it, is, to return to Scotland, eat raw oatmeal cakes, baked upon a peat-fire, have your hand shaken by every loon of a blue-bonnet who chooses to dub you cousin, though your relationship comes by Noah; drink Scots twopenny ale, eat half-starved red deer venison, when you can kill it, ride upon a galloway, and be called my right honourable and haughty worthy lord!"

"There is no great gaiety, in the prospect before me, I confess," said Lord Glenvarloch, "even if your father and good Master Heriot should succeed in putting my affairs on some footing of plausible hope. And yet I trust to do something for my vassals, as my ancestors before me, and to teach my children, as I have myself been taught, to make some personal sacrifices, if they be necessary, in order to maintain with dignity the situation in which they are placed by Providence."

Lord Dalgarno, after having once or twice stifled his laughter during this speech, at length broke out into a fit of mirth, so hearty and so resistless, that, angry as he was, the call of sympathy swept Nigel along with him, and, despite of himself, he could not forbear to join in a burst of laughter, which he thought not only causeless, but almost impertinent.

He soon recollected himself, however; and said, in a tone qualified to allay Lord Dalgarno's extreme mirth, "This is all well, my lord; but how am I to understand your merriment?" Lord Dalgarno only answered him with redoubled peals of laughter, and at length held by Lord Glenvarloch's cloak, as if to prevent his falling down on the ground, in the extremity of his convulsion.

At length, while Nigel stood half abashed, half angry, at becoming thus the subject of his new acquaintance's ridicule, and was only restrained from expressing his resentment against the son by a sense of the obligations he owed the father, Lord Dalgarno recovered himself, and spoke in a half-broken voice, his eyes still running with tears. "I crave your pardon, my dear Lord Glenvarloch—ten thousand times do I crave your pardon. But that last picture of rural dignity, accompanied by your grave and angry surprise at my laughing at what would have made any court-bred hound laugh, that had but so much as bayed the moon once from the court-yard at Whitehall, totally overcame me. Why, my lieft and dearest lord, you, a young and handsome fellow, with high birth, a title, and the name of an estate, so well received by the King at your first starting, as makes your farther progress scarce matter of doubt, if you know how to improve it—for the King has already said you are a 'braw lad, and well studied in the more humane letters'—you, too, whom all the women, and the very marked beauties of the court, desire to see, because you came from Leyden, were born in Scotland, and have gained a hard-contested suit in England—you, I say, with a person, like a prince, an eye of fire, and a wit as quick, to think of throwing your cards on the table when the game is in your very hand, running back to the frozen north, and marrying—let me see—a tall, stalking, blue-eyed, fair-skinned, bony wench, with eighteen quarters in her scutcheon, a sort of Lot's wife, newly descended from her pedestal, and with her to shut yourself up in your tapestried chamber! Uh, gad!—S'wounds, I shall never survive the idea!"

It is seldom that youth, however high-minded, is able, from mere strength of character and principle, to support itself against the force of ridicule. Half angry, half mortified, and, to say truth, half ashamed of his more manly and better purpose, Nigel was unable, and flattered himself it was unnecessary, to play the part of a rigid moral patriot, in presence of a young man whose current fluency of language, as well as his experience in the highest circles of society, gave him, in spite of Nigel's better and firmer thoughts, a temporary ascendancy over him. He sought, therefore, to compromise the matter, and avoid further debate, by frankly owning, that, if to return to his own country were not his choice, it was at least a matter of necessity. "His affairs," he said, "were unsettled, his income precarious."

"And where is he whose affairs are settled, or whose income is less than precarious, that is to be found in attendance on the Court?" said Lord Dalgarno; "all are either losing or winning. Those who have wealth, come hither to get rid of it, while the happy gallants who, like you and I, dear Glenvarloch, have little or none, have every chance to be sharers in their spoils."

"I have no ambition of that sort," said Nigel, "and if I had, I must tell you plainly, Lord Dalgarno, I have not the means to do so. I can scarce as yet call the suit I wear my own; I owe it, and I do not blush to say so, to the friendship of yonder good man."

"I will not laugh again, if I can help it," said Lord Dalgarno. "But, Lord! that you should have gone to a wealthy goldsmith for your habit—why, I could have brought you to an honest, confiding tailor, who should have furnished you with half-a-dozen, merely for love of the little word, 'lord,' which you place before your name;—and then your goldsmith, if he be really a friendly goldsmith, should have equipped you with such a purse of fair rose-nobles as would have bought you thrice as many suits, or done better things for you."

"I do not understand these fashions, my lord," said Nigel, his displeasure mastering his shame; "were I to attend the Court of my Sovereign, it should be when I could maintain, without shifting or borrowing, the dress and retinue which my rank requires."

"Which my rank requires!" said Lord Dalgarno, repeating his last words; "that, now, is as good as if my father had spoke it. I fancy you would love to move to Court with him, followed by a round score

of old blue-bottles, with white heads and red noses, with bucklers and broadswords, which their hands trembling betwixt age and strong waters, can make no use of—as many huge silver badges on their arms to show whose fools they are, as would furnish forth a court cupboard of plate—rogues fit for nothing but to fill our antechambers with the flavour of omelette and genievre—pah!"

"The poor knaves!" said Lord Glenvarloch; "they have served your father, it may be, in the war. What would become of them were he to turn them off?"

"Why, let them go to the hospital," said Dalgarno; "or to the bridge-end, to sell switches. The King's a better man than my father, and you see those who have served in his wars do so every day; or, were their blue coats were well worn out, they would make rare scarecrows. Here is a fellow, now, come down the walk; the stoutest raven dared not coo within a yard of that copper nose. I tell you, the is more service, as you will soon see, in my vale, the chamber, and such a lither lad as my page Lutz than there is in a score of these old memorials of the Douglas wars, where they cut each other's throats for the chance of finding twelve pennies Scots in the persons of the slain. Marry, my lord, to me amends, they will eat mouldy victuals, and drink stale ale, as if their bellies were puncheons.—But it dinner bell is going to sound—hark, it is clearing a rusty throat, with a preliminary jowl. That is another clamorous relic of antiquity, that, were I marz should soon be at the bottom of the Thames. Ha, the foul fiend can it interest the peasants and mechanics in the Strand, to know that the Earl of Huntington is sitting down to dinner? But my father looks our way—we must not be late for the grace, we shall be in *dis-grace*, if you will forgive a quibble which would have made his Majesty laugh. You will find us all of a piece, and, having been accustomed to eat in saucers abroad, I am ashamed you should witness our lorded capons, our mountains of beef and oceans of brewis, as large as Highland hills and lochs; but you shall see better cheer to-morrow.—Where lodge you? I will call for you. I must see your snide through the peopled desert, to certain enchanted lands, which you will scarce discover without chart and pilot. Where lodge you?"

"I will meet you in Paul's," said Nigel, a good deal embarrassed, "at any hour you please to name."

"O, you would be private," said the young lord; "Nay, fear not me. I will be no intruder. But we have attained this huge ladder of flesh, fowl, and fish. I marvel the oaken boards groan not under it."

They had not arrived in the dining-parlour of the mansion, where the table was superabundantly loaded, and where the number of attendants, to a certain extent, vindicated the sarcasms of the young nobleman. The chaplain and Sir Mungo Malagout were of the party. The latter complimented Lord Glenvarloch upon the impression he had made at Court. "One would have thought ye had brought the apple of discord in your pouch, my lord, or that you were the very fire-brand of which Althea was delivered; and that she had lain in a barrel of gunpowder; for the King, and the Prince, and the Duke have been by the hugs about ye, and so have many more; that kenna before this blessed day that there was such a man living on the face of the earth."

"Mind your victuals, Sir Mungo," said the Earl; "they get cold while you talk."

"Truth, and that needsa, my lord," said the knight; "your lordship's dinners seldom scald one's mouth—the serving-men are turning mild, like ox-sells, my lord, and it is far between the kitchen and the hall."

With this little explosion of his spleen, Sir Mungo remained satisfied, until the dishes were removed, when fixing his eyes on the brave new doublet of Lord Dalgarno, he complimented him on his economy, pretending to recognise it as the same which he

* The cruel civil war waged by the Scottish barons against the minority of James VI., had this name from the figure made in them by the celebrated James Douglas Earl of Morton. He sides executed their prisoners without mercy or favour.

had worn in Edinburgh in the Spanish amor's time. Lord Dalgarno, too much a man world to be moved by any thing from such a ; proceeded to crack some nuts with great de- on, as he replied, that the doublet was in some s father's, as it was likely to cost him fifty some day soon. Sir Mungo forthwith pro- in his own way to convey this agreeable in- ice to the Earl, observing, that his son was r maker of bargains than his lordship, for he ught a doublet as rich as that his lordship when the Spanish ambassador was at Holy- nd it had cost him but fifty pounds Scots;— was no fool's bargain, my lord."

"Ands sterling, if you please, Sir Mungo," an- the Earl calmly; "and a fool's bargain it is, the tenses. Dalgarno was a fool when he —I will be a fool when I pay—and you, Sir , craving your pardon, are a fool, in present, aking of what concerns you not."

aying, the Earl addressed himself to the serious is of the table, and sent the wine around with sion which increased the hilarity, but rather ned the temperance, of the company, until viality was interrupted by the announcement e scrivener had engrossed such deeds as re- to be presently executed.

Heriot rose from the table, observing, that ps and legal documents were unseemly neigh-

The Earl asked the scrivener, if they had rencher and set a cup for him in the buttery? eived the respectful answer, that Heaven for- should be such an ungracious beast as to eat k until his lordship's pleasure was performed. ou shalt eat before thou goest," said Lord glen; "and I will have thee try, moreover, r a cup of sack cannot bring some colour in e cheeks of thine. It were a shame to my old, thou shouldst glide out into the Strand ch a spectre-fashion as thou now wearest.— o it, Dalgarno, for the honour of our roof is sed."

Dalgarno gave directions that the man should uded to. Lord Glenvarloch and the citizen, ucanwhile, signed and interchanged, and thus a transaction, of which the principal party ed understood little, save that it was under nagement of a zealous and faithful friend, who ok that the money should be forthcoming, e estate released from forfeiture, by payment of ulated sum for which it stood pledged, and the term of Lambmas, and at the hour of and beside the tomb of the Regent Earl of , in the High Kirk of Saint Giles, at Edin- being the day and place assigned for such re- on."

n this business was transacted, the old Earl ain have renewed his carouse; but the citi- leging the importance of the deeds he had un, and the business he had to transact be- he next morning, not only refused to return to ut carried with him to his barge Lord Glen- , who might, perhaps, have been otherwise ore tractable.

n they were seated in the boat, and fairly once float on the river, George Heriot looked back ly on the mansion they had left—"There live," , "the old fashion and the new. The father a noble old broadsword; but harmed with rom neglect and inactivity; the son is your r rapier, well mounted, fairly gilt, and fashio- e taste of the time—and it is time must evince etal be as good as the show. God grant it o, says an old friend to the family."

ing of consequence passed betwixt them, un- l Glenvarloch, landing at Paul's Wharf, took f his friend the citizen, and retired to his own ent; where his attendant Richie, not a little d with the events of the day, and with the hos- of Lord Huntinglen's housekeeping, gave a

most splendid account of them to the buxom Dame Nelly, who rejoiced to hear that the sun at length was shining upon what Richie called "the right side of the hedge."

CHAPTER XI.

You are not for the manner nor the times.
They have their vices now most like to virtues;
You cannot know them apart by any difference,
They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat—
Sleep in the self same beds, ride in those coaches,
Or, very like, four horses in a coach,
As the best men and women.—BEN JONSON.

On the following morning, while Nigel, his break- fast finished, was thinking how he should employ the day, there was a little bustle upon the stairs which attracted his attention, and presently entered Dame Nelly, blushing like scarlet, and scarce able to bring out—"A young nobleman, sir—no one less," she added, drawing her hand slightly over her lips, "would be so saucy—a young nobleman, sir, to wait on you!"

And she was followed into the little cabin by Lord Dalgarno, gay, easy, disembarassed, and apparently as much pleased to rejoin his new acquaintance as if he had found him in the apartments of a palace. Nigel, on the contrary, (for youth is slave to such circumstances,) was discountenanced and mortified at being surprised by so splendid a gallant in a cham- ber, which, at the moment the elegant and high- dressed cavalier appeared in it, seemed to its inhabit- ant, yet lower, narrower, darker, and meaner, than it had ever shown before. He would have made some apology for the situation, but Lord Dalgarno cut him short—

"Not a word of it," he said, "not a single word—I know why you ride at anchor here—but I can keep counsel—so pretty a hostess would recommend worse quarters."

"On my word—on my honour,"—said Lord Glen- varloch—

"Nay, nay, make no words of the matter," said Lord Dalgarno; "I am no tell-tale, nor shall I cross your walk; there is game enough in the forest, thank Heaven, and I can strike a doe for myself."

All this he said in so significant a manner, and the explanation which he had adopted seemed to put Lord Glenvarloch's gallantry on so respectable a footing, that Nigel ceased to try to deceive him; and less ashamed, perhaps, (for such is human weak- ness,) of supposed vice than of real poverty, changed the discourse to something else, and left poor Dame Nelly's reputation and his own at the mercy of the young courtier's misconstruction.

He offered refreshments with some hesitation. Lord Dalgarno had long since breakfasted, but had just come from playing a set of tennis, he said, and would willingly taste a cup of the pretty hostess's single beer. This was easily procured, was drunk, was commended, and, as the hostess failed not to bring the cup herself, Lord Dalgarno profited by the opportunity to take a second and more attentive view of her, and then gravely drank to her husband's health, with an almost imperceptible nod to Lord Glenvarloch. Dame Nelly was much honoured, smoothed her apron down with her hands, and said—"Her John was greatly and truly honoured by their lordships—he was a kind, pains-taking man for his family, as was in the alley, or indeed, as far north as Paul's Chain."

She would have proceeded probably to state the difference betwixt their ages, as the only alloy to their nuptial happiness; but her lodger, who had no mind to be further exposed to his gay friend's railery, gave her, contrary to his wont, a signal to leave the room.

Lord Dalgarno looked after her, then looked at Glenvarloch, shook his head, and repeated the well-known lines—

"My lord, beware of jealousy—
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

But come," he said, changing his tone, "I know not why I should worry you thus—I who have so many

ach covenant in those days of accuracy had a special minated for execution, the tomb of the Regent Earl of n Saint Giles's Church was frequently assigned for the

folies of my own, when I should rather make excuse for being here at all, and tell you wherefore I came."

So saying, he reached a seat, and placing another for Lord Glenvarloch, in spite of his anxious haste to anticipate this act of courtesy, he proceeded in the same tone of easy familiarity:—

"We are neighbours, my lord, and are just made known to each other. Now, I know enough of the dear North, to be well aware that Scottish neighbours must be either dear friends or deadly enemies—must either walk hand-in-hand, or stand sword-point to sword-point; so I choose the hand-in-hand, unless you should reject my proffer."

"How were it possible, my lord," said Lord Glenvarloch, "to refuse what is offered so frankly, even if your father had not been a second father to me?"—And, as he took Lord Dalgarno's hand, he added— "I have, I think, lost no time, since, during one day's attendance at Court, I have made a kind friend and a powerful enemy."

"The friend thanks you," replied Lord Dalgarno, "for your just opinion; but, my dear Glenvarloch—or rather, for titles are too formal between us of the better file—what is your Christian name?"

"Nigel," replied Lord Glenvarloch. "Then we will be Nigel and Malcolm to each other," said his visiter, "and my lord to the plebeian world around us. But I was about to ask you whom you supposed your enemy?"

"No less than the all-powerful favourite, the great Duke of Buckingham."

"You dream! What could possess you with such an opinion?" said Dalgarno.

"He told me so himself," replied Glenvarloch; "and, in so doing, dealt frankly and honourably with me."

"O, you know him not yet," said his companion; "the Duke is moulded of an hundred noble and fiery qualities, that prompt him, like a generous horse, to spring aside in impatience at the least obstacle to his forward course. But he means not what he says in such passing heats—I can do more with him, I thank Heaven, than most who are around him; you shall go visit him with me, and you will see how you shall be received."

"I told you, my lord," said Glenvarloch firmly, and with some haughtiness, "the Duke of Buckingham, without the least offence, declared himself my enemy in the face of the Court; and he shall retract that aggression as publicly as it was given, ere I will make the slightest advance towards him."

"You would act becomingly in every other case," said Lord Dalgarno, "but here you are wrong. In the court horizon, Buckingham is Lord of the Ascendant, and as he is adverse or favouring, so sinks or rises the fortune of a suitor. The King would bid you remember your Phædrus."

Arriprens geminas, ripis cadentibus, ollas—

and so forth. You are the vase of earth; beware of knocking yourself against the vase of iron."

"The vase of earth," said Glenvarloch, "will avoid the encounter, by getting ashore out of the current—I mean to go no more to Court."

"O, to Court you necessarily must go; you will find your Scottish suit move ill without it, for there is both patronage and favour necessary to enforce the sign-manual you have obtained. Of that we will speak more hereafter; but tell me in the meanwhile, my dear Nigel, whether you did not wonder to see me here so early?"

"I am surprised that you could find me set in this obscure corner," said Lord Glenvarloch.

"My page Lutin is a very devil for the sort of discovery," replied Lord Dalgarno; "I have but to say, 'Goblin, I would know where he or she dwells,' and he guides me thither as if by art magic."

"I hope he waits not now in the street, my lord," said Nigel; "I will send my servant to seek him."

"Do not concern yourself—he is by this time," said Lord Dalgarno, "playing at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing with the most blackguard imps upon the wharf, unless he hath foregone his old customs."

"Are you not afraid," said Lord Glenvarloch, "that

in such company his morals may become?"

"Let his company look to their own," Lord Dalgarno, coolly; "for it will be a bad real fiends in which Lutin cannot teach most than he can learn: he is, I thank the gods, roughly versed in evil for his years. I am a trouble of looking after his moralities, for he makes them either better or worse."

"I wonder you can answer this to his page lord," said Nigel.

"I wonder where I should find his parent his companion," to render an account to it.

"He may be an orphan," said Lord Nigel, surely, being a page in your lordship's family, rents must be of rank."

"Of as high rank as the gallews could be to," replied Lord Dalgarno, with the same ease; "they were both hanged, I believe—a gipsies, from whom I bought him five years timated as much to me.—You are surprised now. But is it not better that, instead of a ceited, whey-faced slip of gentility, to who old-world idea of the matter, I was bound Sir Pedagogue, and see that he washed his face, said his prayers, learned his *accidens*, naughty words, brushed his hat, and wore doublet only on Sunday,—that, instead of Sir Goodchild, I should have something like it."

He whistled shrill and clear, and the page of darted into the room, almost with the ed actual apparition. From his height he as fifteen, but, from his face, might be two or years older, very neatly made, and richly with a thin bronzed visage, which marked descent, and a pair of sparkling black eyes seemed almost to pierce through those who ed at.

"There he is," said Lord Dalgarno, "fit element—prompt to execute every command, bad, or indifferent—unmatched in his tribe, thief, and liar."

"All which qualities," said the undaunted "have each in turn stood your lordship in a

"Out, you imp of Satan!" said his master, nish—become—or my conjuring rod goes a cars." The boy turned, and disappeared as as he had entered. "You see," said Lord D that, in closing my household, the best can pay to gentle blood, is to exclude it from vice—that very gallow-bird were enough a whole antechamber of pages, though they scended from Kings and Kaisers."

* About this time the ancient customs arising from prevalence of chivalry, began to be grossly varied for final purposes of the institution. None was more than the change which took place in the breeding of pages. This peculiar species of menial originated of youths of noble birth, who, that they might to the exercise of arms, were early removed from the homes, where too much indulgence might have been to be placed in the family of some prince or man of military renown, where they served, as it were, an apprenticeship to the duties of chivalry and courtesy. They were severely moral, and pursued with great strictness in useful exercises, and what were deemed elegant a merits. From being pages, they were advanced to the of squires; from squires, these candidates for of knighthood were frequently made knights.

But in the sixteenth century the page had become instances, a mere domestic, who sometimes, by the address and appearance, was expected to make up for the absence of a whole band of retainers with a bucklers. We have Sir John's authority when he speaks of his train.

"Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues, myself and skinned Jonson, in a high tone of moral indignation, thus the change. The Host of the New Inn replies to I who asks to have his son for a page, that he would own hands, hang him, sooner

"Than damn him to this desperate course of | Level. Call you that desperate, which, by a Of institution, from our ancestors Hath been derived down to us, and received In a succession, for the noblest way Of brushing up our youth, in letters, arms, Fair mien, discourtesy civil, exercise, And all the blazon of a gentleman? Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence, To move his body gracefully, to speak The language pure, or to turn his mind Or manners more to the harmony of nature,

"I can scarce think that a nobleman should need the offices of such an attendant as your goblin," said Nigel; "you are but jesting with my inexperience."

"Time will show whether I jest or not, my dear Nigel," replied Dalgarno; "in the meantime, I have to propose to you to take the advantage of the flood-tide, to run up the river for pastime; and at noon I trust you will dine with me."

Nigel acquiesced in a plan which promised so much amusement; and his new friend and he, attended by Jutin and Monipiles, who greatly resembled, when thus associated, the conjunction of a bear and a monkey, took possession of Lord Dalgarno's wherry, which, with its badged watermen, bearing his lordship's crest on their arms, lay in readiness to receive them. The air was delightful upon the river; and the lively conversation of Lord Dalgarno added zest to the pleasures of the little voyage. He could not only give an account of the various public buildings and nobleman's houses which they passed in ascending the Thames, but knew how to season his information with abundance of anecdote, political invective, and personal scandal; if he had not very much wit, he was at least completely master of the fashionable tone, which in that time, as in ours, more than amply supplies any deficiency of the kind.

It was a style of conversation entirely new to his companion, as was the world which Lord Dalgarno opened to his observation; and it is no wonder that Nigel, notwithstanding his natural good sense and high spirits, admitted, more readily than seemed consistent with either, the tone of authoritative instruction which his new friend assumed towards him. There would, indeed, have been some difficulty in making a stand. To attempt a high and stubborn one of morality, in answer to the light strain of Lord Dalgarno's conversation, which kept on the frontiers between jest and earnest, would have seemed pedantic and ridiculous; and every attempt which Nigel made to combat his companion's propositions, by reasoning as jocose as his own, only showed his inferiority in that gay species of controversy. And it must be wound, besides, though internally disapproving much of what he heard, Lord Glenvarloch, young as he was in society, became less alarmed by the language and manners of his new associate, than in prudence he ought to have been.

Lord Dalgarno was unwilling to startle his protegee, by insisting upon any topic which appeared artificially to jar with his habits or principles; and he blended his mirth and his earnest so dexterously, that it was impossible for Nigel to discover how far

Things in these miseries of nobility?

Hast. Ay, that was when the journey's self was noble,

And only virtue made it not the market.

That titles were not veined at the drum

And common outcry; goodness gave the greatness,

And greatness worship; every house became

An academy, and those parts

We see departed in the practice now

Quite from the institution.

Lord. Why do you say so,

Or think so enviously? do they not still

Learn us the Centaur's skill, the art of Thracé,

To ride? or Pollux's mystery, to fence?

The Peribick's resources, both to stand and spring

In armour; to be active for the wars?

To study figures, numbers, and proportions,

May yield them great in counsel and the arts;

To make them English sweet upon the tongue?

As reverend Chinese say.

Hor. Sir, you mistake.

To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it.

And carry messengers to Madam Crescid,

Instead of backing the brave steed of mornings,

To kiss the chambermaid, and for a leap

O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house;

For exercise of arms a bale of dice,

And two or three packs of cards to show the cheat

And nimbleness of hand; not take a cloak

From my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pockets

Of a superfluous watch, or eisel a jewel

Of an odd stone or so; twinge three or four buttons

From off my lady's gown. These are the arts,

Or seven liberal deadly sciences,

Of pagery, or rather paganism.

As the tides run; to which, if he apply him,

He may, perhaps, take a decree at Tyburn,

A year the earlier come to read a lecture

Upon Aquinas, at Saint Thomas-a-Watering's,

And so go forth a laureate in hemp curle.

The New Inn, Act I.

G

he was serious in his propositions, or how far they flowed from a wild and extravagant spirit of railery. And, ever and anon, those flashes of spirit and honour crossed his conversation, which seemed to intimate, that, when stirred to action by some adequate motive, Lord Dalgarno would prove something very different from the court-haunting and ease-loving voluptuary, which he was pleased to represent as his chosen character.

As they returned down the river, Lord Glenvarloch remarked, that the boat passed the mansion of Lord Huntingdon, and noticed the circumstance to Lord Dalgarno, observing, that he thought they were to have dined there. "Surely no," said the young nobleman, "I have more mercy on you than to gorge you a second time with raw beef and canary wine. I propose something better for you, I promise you, than such a second Scythian festivity. And as for my father, he proposes to dine to-day with my grave, ancient Earl of Northampton, whome that celebrated jutter-down of pretended prophecies, Lord Henry Howard."

"And do you not go with him?" said his companion.

"To what purpose?" said Lord Dalgarno. "To hear his wise lordship speak musty politics in false Latin, which the old fox always uses, that he may give the learned Majesty of England an opportunity of correcting his slips in grammar? That were a rare employment!"

"Nay," said Lord Nigel, "but out of respect, to wait on my lord your father."

"My lord my father," replied Lord Dalgarno, "has blue-bottles enough to wait on him, and can well dispense with such a butterfly as myself. He can lift the cup of sack to his head without my assistance; and, should the said paternal head turn something giddy, there be men enough to guide his right honourable lordship to his lordship's right honourable couch. — Now, do not stare at me, Nigel, as if my words were to sink the boat with us. I love my father—I love him dearly—and I respect him, too, though I respect not many things; a trustier old Trojan never belted a broadsword by a loop of leather. But what then? He belongs to the old world, I to the new. He has his follies, I have mine; and the less either of us sees of the other's peccadilloes, the greater will be the honour and respect—that, I think, is the proper phrase—I say the *respect* in which we shall hold each other. Being apart, each of us is himself, such as nature and circumstances have made him; but, couple us up too closely together, you will be sure to have in your leash either an old hypocrite or a young one, or perhaps both the one and t'other."

As he spoke thus, the boat put into the landing-place at Blackfriars. Lord Dalgarno sprang ashore, and, flinging his cloak and rapier to his page, recommended to his companion to do the like. "We are coming among a press of gallants," he said; "and, if we walk thus muffled, we shall look like your tawny-visaged Don, who wraps him close in his cloak, to conceal the defects of his doublet."

"I have known many an honest man do that, if it please your lordship," said Richie Monipiles, who had been watching for an opportunity to intrude himself on the conversation, and probably remembered what had been his own condition, in respect to cloak and doublet, at a very recent period.

Lord Dalgarno stared at him, as if surprised at his assurance; but immediately answered, "You may have known many things, friend; but, in the meanwhile, you do not know what principally concerns

* Lord Henry Howard was the second son of the poetical Earl of Surrey, and possessed considerable parts and learning. He wrote, in the year 1593, a book called, "A Defensive against the Poison of supposed Prophecies." He gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth, by having, he says, directed his battery against a sort of prophets and pretended soothsayers, whom he accounted *infelices regibus*, as he expresses it. In the last years of the Queen, he became James's most ardent partisan, and conducted with great pedantry, but much intrigue, the correspondence betwixt the Scottish King and the younger Cecil. Upon James's accession, he was created Earl of Northampton, and Lord Privy Seal. According to De Beaumont the French Ambassador, Lord Henry Howard was one of the greatest flatterers and calumniators that ever lived.

your master, namely, how to carry his cloak, so as to show to advantage the gold-laced seams, and the lining of sable. See how Lutin holds the sword, with the cloak cast partly over it, yet so as to set off the embossed hilt, and the silver work of the mounting.—Give your familiar your sword, Nigel," he continued, addressing Lord Glenvarloch, "that he may practise a lesson in an art so necessary."

"Is it altogether prudent," said Nigel, unclasping his weapon, and giving it to Richie, "to walk entirely unarmed?"

"And wherefore not?" said his companion. "You are thinking now of Auld Reekie, as my father fondly calls your good Scottish capital, where there is such bandying of private feuds and public factions, that a man of any note shall not cross your High Street twice, without endangering his life thrice.* Here, sir, no brawling in the street is permitted. Your bull-headed citizen takes up the case so soon as the sword is drawn, and *clubs* is the word."

"And a hard word it is," said Richie, "as my brain-pan kens at this blessed moment."

"Were I your master, sirrah," said Lord Dalgarno, "I would make your brain-pan, as you call it, boil over, were you to speak a word in my presence before you were spoken to."

Richie murmured some indistinct answer, but took the hint, and ranked himself behind his master along with Lutin, who failed not to expose his new companion to the ridicule of the passers-by, by mimicking, as often as he could do so unobserved by Richie, his stiff and upright stalking gait and discontented physiognomy.

"And tell me now, my dear Malcolm," said Nigel, "where we are bending our course, and whether we shall dine at an apartment of yours?"

"An apartment of mine—yes, surely," answered Lord Dalgarno, "you shall dine at an apartment of mine, and an apartment of yours, and of twenty gallants besides; and where the board shall present better cheer, better wine, and better attendance, than if our whole united exhibitions went to maintain it. We are going to the most noted ordinary of London."

"That is, in common language, an inn, or a tavern," said Nigel.

"An inn, or a tavern, my most green and simple friend!" exclaimed Lord Dalgarno. "No, no—these are places where greasy citizens take pipe and pot, where the knavish pettifoggers of the law sponge on their most unhappy victims—where Templars crack jests as empty as their nuts, and where small gentry imbibe such thin potations, that they get drowsies instead of getting drunk. An ordinary is a late invented institution, sacred to Bacchus and Comus, where the choicest noble gallants of the time meet with the first and most ethereal wits of the age,—where the wine is the very soul of the choicest grape, refined as the genius of the poet, and ancient and generous as the blood of the nobles. And then the fare is something beyond your ordinary gross terrestrial food! Sea and land are ransacked to supply it; and the invention of six ingenious cooks kept eternally upon the rack to make their art hold pace with, and if possible enhance, the exquisite quality of the materials."

"By all which rhapsody," said Lord Glenvarloch, "I can only understand, as I did before, that we are going to a choice tavern, where we shall be handsomely entertained, on paying probably as handsome a reckoning."

* Edinburgh appears to have been one of the most disorderly towns in Europe, during the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. The Diary of the honest citizen Birel, repeatedly records such incidents as the following:—"The 24 of November (1567), at two afternoon, the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Weems met on the High Gate of Edinburgh, and they and their followers fought a very bloody skirmish, where there were many hurt on both sides with shot of pistol." These skirmishes also took place in London itself. In Shadwell's play of the Scowlers, an old rake thus boasts of his early exploits:—"I knew the Hectors, and before them the Muns, and the Titty-rats; they were brave fellows indeed! In these days a man could not go from the Rose Garden to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice, my dear Sir Willie." But it appears that the affrays, which, in the Scottish capital, arose out of hereditary quarrels and ancient feuds, were in London the growth of the licentiousness and arrogance of young debauchees.

"Reckoning!" in the same tone as before. What profanation! *Jeu, pink* of Paris can tell the age of I distils his sauces in philosophy—who ca sion, that he gives portion of the plicas his rank—nay, he v twelve parts with so the other in a hair' of a drachm, yet you in the same breath known and general the mysteries of Pa neck, and Vergare is King of the Card—he call a reckoning son of the vulgar spi a word you have i That you know hi such blasphemy; an for to have been a Beaujou, is a crime know him this bles hold yourself in ho uttered."

"Well, but mark chevalier keeps not cost, does he?"

"No, no," answered sort of ceremony w intimates understand business at present. a *symbolum* to be the exchange of counter and his guests. 1: the dinner and wine sult their own fleet hour of noon, and th lier a present of a that, besides Comu sublimary affairs, t worshipped at Beau priest, bath, as in I advantage from a sl

"In other words, man keeps a running;

"A house in which Lord Dalgarno, "as if you have a hand; played a hand at p the Frenchman, et Paul's; the moral g sy, and the whole a and a blind woman.

"For all this, D gravely, "I cannot ordinary."

"And wherefore, you draw back from

"I do not retrace bound, by an early enter the doors of a

"I tell you this is is but in plain torn civiliter terms, and than others in this amuse themselves v men of honour, and more than they can could not be, such you to avoid. Besi you swear you woul of an inn, tavern, ce ception of any kin public resort but w nated by the sight of board, and your car little spotted robes where we go, we m ty amusing themse

nary houses you will meet bullies and sharpers, who will strive either to cheat or to swagger you out of your money."

"I am sure you would not willingly lead me to do what is wrong," said Nigel; "but my father had a horror of games of chance, religious I believe, as well as prudential. He judged from I know not what circumstance, a fallacious one I should hope, that I had a propensity to such courses, and I have told you the promise which he exacted from me."

"Now, by my honour," said Dalgarno, "what you have said affords the strongest reason for my insisting that you go with me. A man who would shun any danger, should first become acquainted with its real bearing and extent, and that in the company of a confidential guide and guard. Do you think I myself game? Good faith, my father's oaks grow too far from London, and stand too fast rooted in the rocks of Perthshire, for me to troll them down with a die, though I have seen whole forests go down like nine-pins. No, no—these are sports for the wealthy Southron, not for the poor Scottish noble. The place is an eating-house, and as such you and I will use it. If others use it to game in, it is their fault, not neither that of the house nor ours."

Unsatisfied with this reasoning, Nigel still insisted upon the promise he had given to his father, until his companion appeared rather displeased, and disposed to impute to him injurious and unhandsome suspicions. Lord Glenvarloch could not stand this change of tone; He recollected that much was due from him to Lord Dalgarno, on account of his father's ready and efficient friendship, and something also on account of the frank manner in which the young man himself had offered him his intimacy. He had no reason to doubt his assurances, that the house where they were about to dine did not fall under the description of places to which his father's prohibition referred; and finally, he was strong in his own resolution to resist every temptation to join in games of chance. He therefore pacified Lord Dalgarno, by intimating his willingness to go along with him; and, the good-humour of the young courtier instantaneously returning, he again ran on in a grotesque androdomontade account of the host, Monsieur de Beauieu, which he did not conclude until they had reached the temple of Hospitality over which that eminent professor presided.

CHAPTER XII.

— This is the very barn-yard,
Where muster daily the prime cocks of the game
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,
And spar about a barleycorn. Here too chickens,
The cullow, unfledged brood of forward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
And tune their note like full-plumed Chanticleer.

The Bear-Garden.

THE Ordinary, now an ignoble sound, was in the eyes of James, a new institution, as fashionable among the youth of that age as the first-rate modern lub-houses are amongst those of the present day. It differed chiefly, in being open to all whom good clothes and good assurance combined to introduce here. The company usually dined together at an our fixed, and the manager of the establishment resided as master of the ceremonies.

Monsieur le Chevalier, (as he qualified himself,) laint Priest de Beauieu, was a sharp, thin Gascon, about sixty years old, banished from his own country, as he said, on account of an affair of honour, in which he had the misfortune to kill his antagonist, though the best swordsman in the south of France. His pretensions to quality were supported by a feathered hat, a long rapier, and a suit of embroidered affect, not much the worse for wear, in the extreme fashion of the Parisian court, and fluttering like a laypole with many knots of riband, of which it was computed he bore at least five hundred yards about his person. But notwithstanding this profusion of decoration, there were many who thought Monsieur Chevalier so admirably calculated for his present situation, that nature could never have meant to lace him an inch above it. It was, however, part of

the amusement of the place, for Lord Dalgarno and other young men of quality to treat Monsieur de Beauieu with a great deal of mock ceremony, which being observed by the herd of more ordinary and simple gulls, they paid him, in clumsy imitation, much real deference. The Gascon's natural forwardness being much enhanced by these circumstances, he was often guilty of presuming beyond the limits of his situation, and of course had sometimes the mortification to be disagreeably driven back into them.

When Nigel entered the mansion of this eminent person, which had been but of late the residence of a great Baron of Queen Elizabeth's court, who had retired to his manors in the country on the death of that princess, he was surprised at the extent of the accommodation which it afforded, and the number of guests who were already assembled. Feathers waved, spurs jingled, lace and embroidery glanced every where; and, at first sight at least, it certainly made good Lord Dalgarno's encomium, who represented the company as composed almost entirely of youth of the first quality. A more close review was not quite so favourable. Several individuals might be discovered who were not exactly at their ease in the splendid dresses which they wore, and who, therefore, might be supposed not habitually familiar with such finery. Again, there were others, whose dress, though on a general view it did not seem inferior to that of the rest of the company, displayed, on being observed more closely, some of those petty expedients, by which vanity endeavours to disguise poverty.

Nigel had very little time to make such observations, for the entrance of Lord Dalgarno created an immediate bustle and sensation among the company, as his name passed from one mouth to another.—Some stood forward to gaze, others stood back to make way—those of his own rank hastened to welcome him—those of inferior degree endeavoured to catch some point of his gesture, or of his dress, to be worn and practised upon a future occasion, as the newest and most authentic fashion.

The *Genius Loci*, the Chevalier himself, was not the last to welcome this prime stay and ornament of his establishment. He came shuffling forward with a hundred *apish confés* and *chers milors*, to express his happiness at seeing Lord Dalgarno again.—"I hope you do bring back the sun with you, milor—You did carry away the sun and moon from your pauvre Chevalier when you leave him for so long. Pardieu, I believe you take them away in your pockets."

"That must have been because you left me nothing else in them, Chevalier," answered Lord Dalgarno; "but Monsieur le Chevalier, I pray you to know my countryman and friend, Lord Glenvarloch."

"Ah, lui! très honoré—Je m'en souviens.—oui. J'ai connu autrefois un Milor Kenfarloque en Ecosse. Yes, I have memory of him—le père de milor apparemment—we were vera intimate when I was at Oly Root with Monsieur de la Motte—I did often play at tennis vit Milor Kenfarloque at l'Abbaie d'Oly Root—il étoit même plus fort que moi—Ah le beaucoup de revers qu'il avoit!—I have memory, too, that he was among the pretty girls—ah, un vrai diable déchaine—Aha! I have memory!"

"Better have no more memory of the late Lord Glenvarloch," said Lord Dalgarno, interrupting the Chevalier without ceremony; who perceived that the encomium which he was about to pass on the deceased was likely to be as disagreeable to the son, as it was totally undeserved by the father, who, far from being either a gumbuster or libertine, as the Chevalier's reminiscences falsely represented him, was, on the contrary, strict and severe in his course of life, almost to the extent of rigour.

"You have the reason, milor," answered the Chevalier, "you have the right—Qu'est ce que nous avons a faire avec le temps passé!—the time passed did belong to our fathers—our ancêtres—very well—the time present is to us—they have their pretty tombs, with their memories and armorials, all in brass and marble—we have the petits plats exquis, and the soupe-a-Chevalier, which I will cause to mount up immediately."

So saying, he made a pirouette on his heel, and put his attendants in motion to place dinner on the table. Dalgarno laughed, and, observing his young friend looked grave, said to him in a tone of reproach—"Why, what!—you are not gull enough to be angry with such an ass as that?"

"I keep my anger, I trust, for better purposes," said Lord Glenvarloch; "but I confess I was moved to hear such a fellow mention my father's name—and you, too, who told me this was no gaming house, talked to him of having left it with emptied pockets."

"Psha, man!" said Lord Dalgarno, "I spoke but according to the trick of the time; besides, a man must set a piece or two sometimes, or he would be held a cullionly niggard. But here comes dinner, and we will see whether you like the Chevalier's good cheer better than his conversation."

Dinner was announced accordingly, and the two friends, being seated in the most honourable station at the board, were ceremoniously attended to by the Chevalier, who did the honours of his table to them and to the other guests, and seasoned the whole with his agreeable conversation. The dinner was really excellent, in that piquant style of cookery which the French had already introduced, and which the home-bred young men of England, when they aspired to the rank of connoisseurs and persons of taste, were under the necessity of admiring. The wine was also of the first quality, and circulated in great variety, and no less abundance. The conversation among so many young men was, of course, light, lively, and amusing; and Nigel, whose mind had been long depressed by anxiety and misfortune, naturally found himself at ease, and his spirits raised and animated.

Some of the company had real wit, and could use it both politely and to advantage; others were coxcombs, and were laughed at without discovering it; and, again, others were originals, who seemed to have no objection that the company should be amused with their folly instead of their wit. And almost all the rest who played any prominent part in the conversation, had either the real tone of good society, which belonged to the period, or the jargon which often passes current for it.

In short, the company and conversation was so agreeable, that Nigel's rigour was softened by it, even towards the master of ceremonies, and he listened with patience to various details which the Chevalier de Beaujeu, seeing, as he said, that Milor's taste lay for the "curieux and l'utile," chose to address to him in particular, on the subject of cookery. To gratify, at the same time, the taste for antiquity, which he somehow supposed that his new guest possessed, he launched out in commendation of the great artists of former days, particularly one whom he had known in his youth, "Maître de Cuisine to the Maréchal Strozzi—très bon gentil homme pourtant;" who had maintained his master's table with twelve covers every day during the long and severe blockade of le petit Leith, although he had nothing better to place on it than the quarter of a carrion-horse now and then, and the grass and weeds that grew on the ramparts. "Despardieux c'étoit un homme superbe! With one thistle-head, and a nettle or two, he could make a soupe for twenty guests—an haunch of a little puppy-dog made a roti des plus excellens; but his coup de maître was when the rendition—what you call the surrender, took place and appended; and then, dieu me damne, he made out of the hind quarter of one salted horse, forty-five converts; that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur upon the rendition, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all!"*

* The exertion of French ingenuity mentioned in the text is noticed by some authorities of the period: the siege of Leith was also distinguished by the protracted obstinacy of the beleaguered, in which was displayed all that the age possessed of defensive war, so that *Fraser* records that those who witnessed this siege, had, from that very circumstance, a degree of consciousness yielded to their persons and opinions. He tells a story of Strozzi himself, from which it appears that his guests "by a good deal in the line of the cuisine." He caused a rule to be stolen from one Bracquet, on whom he wished to play a trick, and served up the flesh of that unclean animal so well disguised, that it passed with Bracquet for venison.

The good wine had by this time gone so round, and had such genial effect on the guests of the lower end of the table, who had been listeners, began, not greatly to their own or that of the ordinary, to make innovations.

"You speak of the siege of Leith," said raw-boned man, with thick mustaches, with a military twist, a broad buff belt, a long and other outward symbols of the honoured sion, which lives by killing other people,—"of the siege of Leith, and I have seen the pretty kind of a hamlet it is, with a plain rampart, and a pigeon-house or so of a tower angle. 'Tis daggers and scabbards, if a few our days had been twenty-four hours, not many months, before it, without carrying it and all its cocklofts, one after another by; but they would have deserved no better grace! Provost-Marshal gives when his noose is ree

"Saur," said the Chevalier, "Monsieur taine, I was not at the siege of the petit Leith. I know not what you say about the cockle will say for Monsieur de Strozzi, that he stood the grande guerre, and was grand et plus grand—that is more great, it may be, than of the capitaines of Angleterre, who do spout loud—tenez, Monsieur, car c'est à vous!"

"O Monsieur," answered the swordsmen, know the Frenchman will fight well behind a stone, or when he is armed with back and pot."

"Pot!" exclaimed the Chevalier, "what mean by pot—do you mean to insult me as noble guests? Saur, I have done my duty as a gentilhomme under the Grand Henri Quatre at Courtrai and Yvry, and, ventre saint gris! neither pot nor marmite, but did always ch our shirt."

"Which refutes another base scandal," said Dalgarno, laughing, "alleging that linen was among the French gentlemen-at-arms."

"Gentlemen out at arms and elbows be mean, my lord," said the captain, from the of the table. "Craving your lordship's pardon something of these same gens-d'armes

"We will spare your knowledge at present, and save your modesty at the same time the of telling us how that knowledge was answered Lord Dalgarno, rather contemptuous

"I need not speak of it, my lord," said of war; "the world knows it, all, perhaps, men of military—the poor sneaking citizens don, who would see a man of valour eat hilts for hunger, ere they would draw a from their long purses to relieve them. O, if of the honest fellows I have seen were once near that cuckoo's nest of theirs!"

"A cuckoo's nest!—and that said of the London!" said a gallant who sat on the side of the table, and who, wearing a splen fashionable dress, seemed yet scarce at home "I will not brook to hear that repeated."

* The quarrel in this chapter between the pretence and the citizen of London, is taken from a farce called *The Country Scuffle*, that is, the Scuffle in the Wood street, so called. It is a piece of low humour, but at the time very considerable vogue. The first scene, had fallen into a dispute amongst themselves, "which was of most import," and a lawyer put in his claim to be considered. The man of war repelled his pret much arrogance

"We'll not for us, then swad," quoth he

"Where wouldst thou lay to get a fee?"

But to defend such things as five

The pity;

For such as you esteem us least,

Who ever have been ready prest

To guard you and your cuckoo's nest,

The City."

The offence is no sooner given than it is caught up

lant citizen, a goldsmith, par of Eds.

"Of London city I am for,

And there I find my wife did see,

And from that very cause," said he,

"I love it,

And he that calls it cuckoo's nest,

Except he say he swears in jest,

He is a villain and a beast—

I'll prove it!

What!" said the soldier, bending a most terrific frown on a pair of broad black eyebrows, handling hilt of his weapon with one hand, and twirling the other his huge mustaches; "will you quarrel your city?"

Ay, marry will I," replied the other. "I am a zen, I care not who knows it; and he who shall ask a word in disparage of the city, is an ass and a empty gull, and I will break his pate, to teach sense and manners."

He company, who probably had their reasons for valuing the captain's courage at the high rate which he himself put upon it, were much entertained in the manner in which the quarrel was taken up by the indignant citizen; and they exclaimed on all sides, "Well rung, Bow-bell!"—"Well crowed, the k of Saint Paul's!"—"Sound a charge there, or soldier will mistake his signals, and retreat when should advance."

"You mistake me, gentlemen," said the captain, king round with an air of dignity. "I will but inquire whether this cavalier citizen is of rank and price fitted to measure swords with a man of action; conceive me, gentlemen, it is not with every one I can match myself without loss of reputation; in that case he shall soon hear from me honourably, by way of cartel."

"You shall feel me most dishonourably in the way of a cudgel," said the citizen, starting up, and taking sword, which he had laid in a corner. "Follow

"It is my right to name the place of combat, by the rules of the sword," said the captain; "and I nominate the Maze, in Tothill-Fields, for place of gentlemen, who shall be indifferent judges, for usages—and for time—let me say this day forth, at daybreak."

"And I," said the citizen, "do nominate the bowling-alley behind the house for place, the present company for witnesses, and for time the present moment."

So saying, he cast on his beaver, struck the soldier on the shoulders with his sheathed sword, and down stairs. The captain showed no instant anxiety to follow him; yet, at last, roused by the gl and snarl around him, he assured the company, that what he did, he would do deliberately, and unning his hat, which he put on with the air of a ciente Pistol, he descended the stairs to the place of combat, where his more prompt adversary was early stationed, with his sword unsheathed. Of company, all of whom seemed highly delighted at the approaching fray, some ran to the windows which overlooked the bowling-alley, and others followed the combatants down stairs. Nigel could not pass asking Dalgarno whether he would not interfere to prevent mischief.

"It would be a crime against the public interest," answered his friend; "there can no mischief happen between two such originals, which will not be a positive benefit to society, and particularly to the Chevalier's establishment, as he calls it. I have been as kind of that captain's buff belt, and red doublet, for a month past, as if I was of age; and now I see this bold linendraper will cudgel the ass out of a filthy lion's hide. See, Nigel, see the gallant citizen has taken his ground about a bowl's cast forward, in the midst of the alley—the very model of a gentleman in armour. Behold how he prances with his only foot, and brandishes his blade, much as if he were about to measure forth cambric with it.—See him bring on the reluctant soldado, and plant him opposite to his fiery antagonist, twelve paces stilling them—Lo, the captain draws his tool, but, a good general, looks over his shoulder to secure

his retreat, in case the worse come on't. Behold the valiant shopkeeper stoops his head, confident, doubtless, in the civic helmet with which his spouse has fortified his skill—Why, this is the earnest of sport. By Heaven, he will run a tilt at him like a ram."

It was even as Lord Dalgarno had anticipated; for the citizen, who seemed quite serious in his zeal for combat, perceiving that the man of war did not advance towards him, rushed onwards with as much good fortune as courage, beat down the captain's guard, and, pressing on, thrust, as it seemed, his sword clear through the body of his antagonist, who, with a deep groan, measured his length on the ground. A score of voices cried to the conqueror, as he stood fixed in astonishment at his own feat, "Away, away with you!—fly, fly—fly by the back door!—get into the Whitefriars, or cross the water to the Bankside, while we keep off the mob and the constables." And the conqueror, leaving his vanquished foeman on the ground, fled accordingly, with all speed.

"By Heaven," said Lord Dalgarno, "I could never have believed that the fellow would have stood to receive a thrust—he has certainly been arrested by positive terror, and lost the use of his limbs. See, they are raising him."

Stiff and stark seemed the corpse of the swordsman, as one or two of the guests raised him from the ground; but, when they began to open his waistcoat to search for the wound which nowhere existed, the man of war collected his scattered spirits; and, conscious that the ordinary was no longer a stage on which to display his valour, took to his heels as fast as he could run, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the company.

"By my honour," said Lord Dalgarno, "he takes the same course with his conqueror. I trust in heaven he will overtake him, and then the valiant citizen will suppose himself haunted by the ghost of him he has slain."

"Despardieux, milor," said the Chevalier, "if he had staid one moment, he should have had a *torclion*—what you call a dishclout, pinned to him for a piece of shroud, to show he be de ghost of one grand fantaron."

"In the meanwhile," said Lord Dalgarno, "you will oblige us, Monsieur le Chevalier, as well as maintain your own honoured reputation, by letting your drawers receive the man-at-arms with a cudgel, in case he should venture to come this way again."

"Ventre saint gris, milor," said the Chevalier, "leave that to me.—Begar, the maid shall throw the wash-sud upon the grand poltron!"

When they had laughed sufficiently at this ludicrous occurrence, the party began to divide themselves into little knots—some took possession of the alley, late the scene of combat, and put the field to its proper use of a bowling-ground, and it soon resounded with all the terms of the game, as "run, run—rub, rub—hold bias, you infernal trundling timber!" thus making good the saying, that three things are thrown away in a bowling-green, namely, time, money, and oaths.

In the house, many of the gentlemen betook themselves to cards or dice, and parties were formed at Ombre, at Bassot, at Glee, at Primero, and other games then in fashion; while the dice were used at various games, both with and without the tables, as Hazard, In and In, Passage, and so forth. The play, however, did not appear to be extravagantly deep; it was certainly conducted with great decorum and fairness; nor did there appear anything to lead the young Scotsman in the least to doubt his companion's assurance, that the place was frequented by men of rank and quality, and that the recreations they adopted were conducted upon honourable principles.

Lord Dalgarno neither had proposed play to his friend, nor joined in the amusement himself, but sauntered from one table to another, remarking the luck of the different players, as well as their capacity to avail themselves of it, and exchanging conversation with the highest and most respectable of the guests. At length, as if tired of what in modern phrase would have been termed lounging, he suddenly remembered that Burbage was to act Shakespeare's King Richard, at the Fortune, that afternoon, and that he could not

For though I am a man of trade,
And free of London city made,
Yet can I use gun, bill, and blade,
In battle.
And citizens, if need require,
Themselves can force the foe retire,
Whatever this low country squire
May prattle."

The dispute terminates in the scuffle which is the subject of the poem. The whole may be found in the second edition of *Johnson's Miscellany*, 12mo. vol. iii. 1716.

give a stranger in London, like Lord Glenvarloch, a higher entertainment than to carry him to that exhibition; "unless, indeed," he added, in a whisper, "there is a paternal interdiction of the theatre as well as of the ordinary."

"I never heard my father speak of stage-plays," said Lord Glenvarloch, "for they are shows of a modern date, and unknown in Scotland. Yet, if what I have heard to their prejudice be true, I doubt much whether he would have approved of them."

"Approved of them?" exclaimed Lord Dalgarno—"why, George Buchanan wrote tragedies, and his pupil, learned and wise as himself, goes to see them, so it is next door to treason to abstain; and the cleverest men in England write for the stage, and the prettiest women in London resort to the playhouses, and I have a brace of nags at the door which will carry us along the streets like wildfire, and the ride will digest our venison and ortolans, and dissipate the fumes of the wine, and so let's to horse—Godd'en to you, gentlemen—Godd'en, Chevalier de la Fortune."

Lord Dalgarno's grooms were in attendance with two horses, and the young men mounted, the proprietor upon a favourite barb, and Nigel upon a high-dressed jennet, scarce less beautiful. As they rode towards the theatre, Lord Dalgarno endeavoured to discover his friend's opinion of the company to which he had introduced him, and to combat the exceptions which he might suppose him to have taken. "And wherefore lookest thou sad," he said, "my pensive neophyte? Sage son of the Alma Mater of Low-Dutch learning, what aileth thee? Is the leaf of the living world which we have turned over in company, less fairly written than thou hadst been taught to expect? Be comforted, and pass over one little blot or two; thou wilt be doomed to read through many a page, as black as Infamy, with her sooty pinion, can make them. Remember, most immaculate Nigel, that we are in London, not Leyden—that we are studying life, not lore. Stand buff against the reproach of thine over-tender conscience, man, and when thou summeest up, like a good arithmetician, the actions of the day, before you balance the account upon your pillow, tell the accusing spirit, to his brimstone beard, that if thine ears have heard the clatter of the devil's bones, thy hand hath not trowled them—that if thine eye hath seen the brawling of two angry boys, thy blade hath not been bared in their fray."

"Now, all this may be wise and witty," replied Nigel; "yet I own I cannot think but that your lordship, and other men of good quality with whom we dined, might have chosen a place of meeting free from the intrusion of bullies, and a better master of your ceremonial than yonder foreign adventurer."

"All shall be amended, Sancte Nigelle, when thou shalt come forth a new Peter the Hermit, to preach a crusade against dicing, drabbing, and company-keeping. We will meet for dinner in Saint Sepulchre's Church; we will dine in the chancel, drink our flask in the vestry, the parson shall draw every cork, and the clerk say amen to every health. Come, man, cheer up, and get rid of this sour and unsocial humour. Credit me, that the Puritans who object to us the follies and the frailties incident to human nature, have themselves the vices of absolute devils, privy malice and backbiting hypocrisy, and spiritual pride in all its presumption. There is much, too, in life which we must see, were it only to learn to shun it. Will Shakespeare, who lives after death, and who is presently to afford thee such pleasure as none but himself can confer, has described the gallant Falconbridge as calling that man

"a beastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn."

But here we are at the door of the Fortune, where we shall have matchless Will speaking for himself—Goblin, and you other lout, leave the horses to the grooms, and make way for us through the press."

They dismounted, and the assiduous efforts of Lutin, elbowing bullying, and proclaiming his master's name and title, made way through a crowd of murmuring citizens, and clamorous apprentices, to the

door, where Lord Dalgarno speedily procured of stools upon the stage for his companions self, where, seated among the gallants of the class, they had an opportunity of displaying dresses and fashionable manners, while they the piece during its progress; thus forming same time, a conspicuous part of the scene an important proportion of the audience.

Nigel Olifaunt was too eagerly and deeply in the interest of the scene, to be capable of his part as became the place where he was. He felt all the magic of that sorcerer, who played, within the paltry circle of a wooden long wars of York and Lancaster, comp heroes of either line to stalk across the stage guage and fashion as they lived, as if the given up the deed for the amusement and it of the living. Burbage, esteemed the best until Garrick arose, played the tyrant and us such truth and liveness, that when the Batt worth seemed concluded by his death, the it ality and deception were strongly contended Glenvarloch's imagination, and it require rous himself from his reverie, so strange diposal at first sound, when his companion King Richard should sup with them at the.

They were joined, at the same time, by a of the gentlemen with whom they had din they recruited by inviting two or three of accomplished wits and poets, who seldom attend the Fortune Theatre, and were eve ready to conclude a day of amusement wit of pleasure. Thither the whole party adjoe betwixt fertile cups of sack, excited spirits emulous wit of their lively companions, seer alize the joyous boast of one of Ben Jonson's poraries, when reminding the bard of

"Those lyric feasts,
Where men such clusters had,
As made them nobly wild, not mad;
While yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

CHAPTER XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook
Then strike, and then you have him—He will v
Spin out your line that it shall a twister from y
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have a
Marry! you must have patience—the stout ro
Which is his trust, hath edges something shag
And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge enoug
To mar your fishing—less you are more carefu
Abdon, or the Deel

It is seldom that a day of pleasure, upo seems altogether so exquisite as the partial festivity may have felt it while passing over gel Olifaunt, at least, did not feel it so, and i a visit from his new acquaintance, Lord Dal reconcile him entirely to himself. But this place early after breakfast, and his friend's was prefaced with a question, How he liked any of the preceding evening?

"Why, excellently well," said Lord Gles "only I should have liked the wit better h peared to flow more freely. Every man's i seemed on the stretch, and each extravag seemed to set one half of your men of v

* Burbage, whom Camden terms another Roquais, bly the original representative of Richard III., and as been early almost identified with his prototype. Rich in his lter Boreale, tells us that mine host of Market was full of ale and history.

"Hear him, See you yon wood? there Richard With his whole army; look the other way, And lo, where Richmond, in a field of gorse, Encamp'd himself in might and all his force. Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell The inch where Richmond stood, where Rich Besides, what of his knowledge he could say, He had authentic notice from the play, Which I might guess by's mustering up the gbs And policies not incident to hosts; But chiefly by that one pernicious thing, Where he mistook a player for a king. For when he would have said, that Richard die And call'd, a horse! a horse! he Burbage cried
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brown study to produce something which should out-herod it."

"And wherefore not?" said Lord Dalgarno, "or what are these fellows fit for, but to play the intellectual gladiators before us? He of them who declares himself recreant, should, d—n him, be restricted to muddy ale, and the patronage of the Waterman's Company. I promise you, that many a pretty fellow has been mortally wounded with a quibble or a carivichet at the Mermaid, and sent from thence, in a pitiable estate, to Wit's hospital in the Vintry, where they languish to this day amongst fools and aldermen."

"It may be so," said Lord Nigel; "yet I could swear by my honour, that last night I seemed to be in company with more than one man whose genius and learning ought either to have placed him higher in our company, or to have withdrawn him altogether from a scene, where, sooth to speak, his part seemed unworthily subordinate."

"Now, out upon your tender conscience," said Lord Dalgarno; "and the ficio for such outcasts of Parnassus! Why, these are the very leavings of that noble banquet of pickled herrings and Rhinish, which lost London so many of her principal wit-mongers and hards of misrule. What would you have said had you seen Nash or Green, when you interest yourself about the poor mines you supped with last night? Suffice it, they had their drench and their doze, and they drank and slept as much as my save them from any necessity of eating till evening, when, if they are industrious, they will find patrons or players to feed them.* For the rest of their wants, they can be at no loss for cold water while the New River head holds good; and your doublets of Parnassus are eternal in duration."

"Virgil and Horace had more efficient patronage," said Nigel.

"Aye," replied his countryman, "but these fellows are neither Virgil nor Horace; besides, we have other spirits of another sort, to whom I will introduce you on some other occasion. Our Swan of Avon hath sung his last; but we have stout old Ben, with as much learning and genius as ever prompted the treader of sock and buskin. It is not, however, of him I mean now to speak; but I come to pray you, of dear love, to row up with me as far as Richmond, where two or three of the gallants whom you saw yesterday, mean to give music and syllabubs to a set of beauties, with some curious bright eyes among them—such, I promise you, as might win an astrologer from his worship of the galaxy. My sister leads the bevy, to whom I desire to present you. She hath her admirers at Court; and is regarded, though I might dispense with sounding her praise, as one of the beauties of the time."

There was no refusing an engagement, where the presence of the party invited, late so low in his own regard, was demanded by a lady of quality, one of the choice beauties of the time. Lord Glenvarloch accepted, as was inevitable, and spent a lively day among the gay and the fair. He was the gallant in attendance, for the day, upon his friend's sister, the beautiful Countess of Blackchester, who aimed at once at superiority in the realms of fashion, of power, and of wit.

She was, indeed, considerably older than her brother, and had probably completed her six lustres; but the deficiency in extraneous youth was more than atoned for, in the most precise and curious accuracy in attire, an early acquaintance with every foreign mode, and a peculiar gift in adapting the knowledge which she acquired, to her own particular features and complexion. At Court, she knew as well as any lady in the circle, the precise tone, moral, political, learned, or jocose, in which it was proper to

* The condition of men of wit and talents was never more melancholy than about this period. Their lives were so irregular, and their means of living so precarious, that they were almost constantly rotting in debauchery, or encountering and struggling with the meanest necessities. Two or three lost their lives by a surfeit brought on by that fatal banquet of Rhinish wine and pickled herrings, which is familiar to those who study the light literature of that age. The whole history is a most melancholy picture of genius, degraded at once by its own debaucheries, and the patronage of insatiable rakes and profligates.

answer the Monarch, according to his prevailing humour; and was supposed to have been very active, by her personal interest, in procuring her husband a high situation, which the gouty old viscount could never have deserved by any merit of his own commonplace conduct and understanding.

It was far more easy for this lady than for her brother, to reconcile so young a courtier as Lord Glenvarloch to the customs and habits of a sphere so new to him. In all civilized society, the females of distinguished rank and beauty give the tone to manners, and, through these, even to morals. Lady Blackchester had, besides, interest either in the Court, or over the Court, (for its source could not be well traced,) which created friends, and overawed those who might have been disposed to play the part of enemies.

At one time, she was understood to be closely leagued with the Buckingham family, with whom her brother still maintained a great intimacy; and, although some coldness had taken place betwixt the Countess and the Duchess of Buckingham, so that they were little seen together, and the former seemed considerably to have withdrawn herself into privacy, it was whispered, that Lady Blackchester's interest with the great favourite was not diminished in consequence of her breach with his lady.

Our accounts of the private Court intrigues of that period, and of the persons to whom they were intrusted, are not full enough to enable us to pronounce upon the various reports which arose out of the circumstances we have detailed. It is enough to say, that Lady Blackchester possessed great influence on the circle around her, both from her beauty, her abilities, and her reputed talents for Court intrigue; and that Nigel Olifaunt was not long of experiencing its power, as he became a slave in some degree to that species of habit, which carries so many men into a certain society at a certain hour, without expecting or receiving any particular degree of gratification, or even amusement.

His life for several weeks may be thus described. The ordinary was no bad introduction to the business of the day; and the young lord quickly found, that if the society there was not always irreproachable, still it formed the most convenient and agreeable place of meeting with the fashionable parties, with whom he visited Hyde Park, the theatres, and other places of public resort, or joined the gay and glittering circle which Lady Blackchester had assembled around her. Neither did he entertain the same scrupulous horror which led him originally even to hesitate entering into a place where gaming was permitted; but, on the contrary, began to admit the idea, that as there could be no harm in beholding such recreation when only indulged in to a moderate degree, so, from a party of reasoning, there could be no objection to joining in it, always under the same restrictions. But the young lord was a Scotsman, habituated to early reflection, and totally unaccustomed to any habit which inferred a careless risk or profuse waste of money. Profusion was not his natural vice, or one likely to be acquired in the course of his education; and, in all probability, while his father anticipated with noble horror the idea of his son approaching the gaming-table, he was more startled at the idea of his becoming a gaining than a losing adventurer. The second, according to his principles, had a termination, a sad one indeed, in the loss of temporal fortune—the first quality went on increasing the evil which he dreaded, and perilled at once both body and soul.

However, the old lord might ground his apprehension, it was so far verified by his son's conduct, that, from an observer of the various games of chance which he witnessed, he came, by degrees, by moderate hazards, and small bets or wagers, to take a certain interest in them. Nor could it be denied, that his rank and expectations entitled him to hazard a few pieces (for his game went no deeper) against persons, who, from the readiness with which they staked their money, might be supposed well able to afford to lose it.

It chanced, or, perhaps, according to the common belief, his evil genius had so decreed, that Nigel's adventures were remarkably successful. He was tem-

ed that you now see me less than formerly: The stag-hunting is commenced, and the Prince looks that I should attend him more frequently. I must also maintain my attendance on the Duke, that I may have an opportunity of pleading your cause when occasion shall permit."

"I have no cause to plead before the Duke," said Nigel, gravely; "I have said so repeatedly."

"Why, I meant the phrase no otherwise, thou churlish and suspicious disputant," answered Dalgarno, "than as I am now pleading the Duke's cause with thee. Surely I only mean to claim a share in our royal master's favourite benediction, *Beati pacifici*."

Upon several occasions, Lord Glenvarloch's conversations, both with the old Earl and his son, took a similar turn and had a like conclusion. He sometimes felt as if, betwixt the one and the other, not to mention the more unseen and unboasted, but scarcely certain influence of Lady Blackcheater, his affair, simple as it had become, might have been somehow accelerated. But it was equally impossible to doubt the rough honesty of the father, and the eager and officious friendship of Lord Dalgarno; nor was it easy to suppose that the countenance of the lady, by whom he was received with such distinction, would be wanting, could it be effectual in his service.

Nigel was farther sensible of the truth of what Lord Dalgarno often pointed out, that the favourite being supposed to be his enemy, every petty officer, through whose hands his affair must necessarily pass, would desire to make a merit of throwing obstacles in his way, which he could only surmount by steadiness and patience, unless he preferred closing the breach, or, as Lord Dalgarno called it, making his peace with the Duke of Buckingham.

Nigel might, and doubtless would, have had recourse to the advice of his friend George Heriot upon this occasion, having found it so advantageous formerly; but the only time he saw him after their visit to Court, he found the worthy citizen engaged in hasty preparation for a journey to Paris, upon business of great importance in the way of his profession, and by an especial commission from the Court and the Duke of Buckingham, which was likely to be attended with considerable profit. The good man smiled as he named the Duke of Buckingham. He had been, he said, pretty sure that his disgrace in that quarter, would not be of long duration.

Lord Glenvarloch expressed himself rejoiced at their reconciliation, observing, that it had been a most painful reflection to him, that Master Heriot should, in his behalf, have incurred the dislike, and perhaps exposed himself to the ill offices, of so powerful a favourite.

"My lord," said Heriot, "for your father's son I would do much; and yet truly, if I know myself, I would do as much, and risk as much, for the sake of justice, in the case of a much more insignificant person, as I have ventured for yours. But as we shall not meet for some time, I must commit to your own wisdom the further prosecution of this matter."

And thus they took a kind and affectionate leave of each other.

There were other changes in Lord Glenvarloch's situation, which require to be noticed. His present occupations, and the habits of amusement which he had acquired, rendered his living so far in the city a considerable inconvenience. He may also have become a little ashamed of his cabin on Paul's Wharf, and desirous of being lodged somewhat more according to his quality. For this purpose, he had hired a small apartment near the Temple. He was, nevertheless, almost sorry for what he had done, when he observed that his removal appeared to give some pain to John Christie, and a great deal to his cordial and officious landlady. The former, who was grave and saturnine in every thing he did, only hoped that all had been to Lord Glenvarloch's mind, and that he had not left them on account of any unbecoming negligence on their part. But the tear twinkled in Dame Nelly's eye, while she recounted the various improvements she had made in the apartment, of express purpose to render it more convenient to his lordship.

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"There was a great sea-chest," she said, "had been taken up stairs to the shopman's garret, though it left the poor lad scarce eighteen inches of opening to creep betwixt it and his bed; and Heaven knew—she did not—whether it could ever be brought down that narrow stair again. Then the turning the closet into an alcove, had cost a matter of twenty round shillings; and to be sure, to any other lodger but his lordship, the closet was more convenient. There was all the linen, too, which she had bought on purpose—But Heaven's will be done—she was resigned."

Every body likes marks of personal attachment; and Nigel, whose heart really smote him, as if in his rising fortunes he were disdainful the lowly accommodations and the civilities of the humble friends which had been but lately actual favours, failed not by every assurance in his power, and by as liberal payment as they could be prevailed upon to accept, to alleviate the soreness of their feelings at his departure; and a parting kiss from the fair lips of his hostess sealed his forgiveness.

Richie Monplies lingered behind his master, to ask whether, in case of need, John Christie could help a canny Scotsman to a passage back to his own country; and receiving assurance of John's interest to that effect, he said at parting, he would remind him of his promise soon—"For," said he, "if my lord is not weary of this London life, I ken one that is, videlicet, myself; and I am weel determined to see Arthur's Seat again ere I am many weeks older."

CHAPTER XIV.

Bingo, why, Bingo! hey, boy—here, sir, here!—He's gone and off, but he'll be home before us;—Tis the most wayward, cur'st, or numbed bono, Or dore'd a master's footstep—Bingo loves me Better than ever beggar loved his alms: Yet, when he takes such humour, you may coax Sweet Mistress Fantasy, your worship's mistress, Out of her sullen moods, as soon as Bingo.

The Devil and his Dog.

Richie MONPLIES was as good as his word. Two or three mornings after the young lord had possessed himself of his new lodgings, he appeared before Nigel, as he was preparing to dress, having left his pillow at an hour much later than had formerly been his custom.

As Nigel looked upon his attendant, he observed there was a gathering gloom upon his solemn features, which expressed either additional importance, or superadded discontent, or a portion of both.

"How now," he said, "what is the matter this morning, Richie, that you have made your face so like the grotesque mask on one of the spouts yonder?" pointing to the Temple Church, of which Gothic building they had a view from the window.

Richie swivelled his head a little to the right with as little alacrity as if he had the crick in his neck, and instantly resuming his posture, replied—"Mask here, mask there—it were nae such matters that I have to speak anent."

"And what matters have you to speak anent, then?" said his master, whom circumstances had inured to tolerate a good deal of freedom from his attendant.

"My lord," said Richie, and then stopped to cough and hem, as if what he had to say stuck somewhat in his throat.

"I guess the mystery," said Nigel, "you want a little money, Richie; will five pieces serve the present turn?"

"My lord," said Richie, "I may, it is like, want a trifle of money; and I am glad at the same time and sorry, that it is mair plenty with your lordship than formerly."

"Glad and sorry, man!" said Lord Nigel, "why, you are reading riddles to me, Richie."

"My riddle will be briefly read," said Richie; "I come to crave of your lordship your commands for Scotland."

"For Scotland!—why, art thou mad, man?" said Nigel; "canst thou not tarry to go down with me?"

"I could be of little service," said Richie, "since you purpose to hire another page and groom."

"Why, thou jealous ass!" said the young lord, "will not thy head of duty be the lighter?—Go, take thy breakfast, and drink thy ale double strong, to put such absurdities out of thy head—I could be angry with thee for thy folly, man—but I remember how thou hast stuck to me in adversity."

"Adversity, my lord, should never have parted us," said Richie; "methinks, had the worst come to worst, I could have starved as gallantly as your lordship, or more so, being in some sort used to it; for, though I was bred at a fisher's stall, I have not through my life had a constant intimacy with collops."

"Now, what is the meaning of all this trash?" said Nigel; "or has it no other end than to provoke my patience? You know well enough that, had I twenty serving-men, I would hold the faithful follower that stood by me in my distress the most valued of them all. But it is totally out of reason to plague me with your solemn capriciousness."

"My lord," said Richie, "in declaring your trust in me, you have done what is honorable to yourself, if I may with humility say so much, and in no way undeserved on my side. Nevertheless, we must part."

"Body of me, man, why?" said Lord Nigel; "what reason can there be for it, if we are mutually satisfied?"

"My lord," said Richie Monipplies, "your lordship's occupations are such as I cannot own or countenance by my presence."

"How now, srah!" said his master angrily.

"Under favour, my lord," replied his domestic, "it is unequal dealing to be equally offended by my speech and by my silence. If you can hear with patience the grounds of my departure, it may be for aught I know, the better for you here and hereafter—if not, let me have my leave of departure in silence, and so no more about it."

"Go to, srah!" said Nigel; "speak out your mind—only remember to whom you speak it."

"Well, well, my lord—I speak it with humility," (never did Richie look with more stretched dignity than when he uttered the words); "but do you think this dring and card-shuffling, and haunting of taverns and playhouses, suits your lordship—for I am sure it does not suit me?"

"Why, you are not tamed precision or puritan, fool?" said Lord Glenvarloch, laughing, though betwixt resentment and shame, it cost him some trouble to do so.

"My lord," replied the follower, "I ken the purport of your irony. I am, it may be, a little of a precision, and I wish to Heaven I was more worthy of the name; but let that be a pass-over—I have stretched the duties of a serving-man as far as my northern conscience will permit. I can give my guide word to my master, or to any native country, when I am in a foreign land, even though I should leave downright truth a wee bit behind me. Ay, and I will take or give a slash with any man that speaks to the derogation of either. But this climate, rizing, dinging, and riving, haunting, is not my element—I can not draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the miller that some poor creature may fall early in the day by my sail, if it will serve your need so far, rather than you gained it from him, I will take my leave of the hedge with your lordship, and cry 'Stow!' to the first grazer we meet, that was coming from South of the border, the price of his Essex calves in his hand."

"You are a simpleton," said Nigel, who, however, much conscience-struck, "I never played at small sums."

"Ay, my lord," replied the only friend he possessed, "and still with reverence—it is even so, much to the wrong. If you played with your equals, the odds would be like him, but there would be fair warfare; and for your lordship kens, or may ken by experience, that your ain, which is not as yet many weeks out of the small sum, can ill be missed by those that have none; and I am unclen plain with you, that men that ken it of your lordship, that ye play with naught but the misguided creatures that can but afford to lose their stakes."

"No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angry. "I play with whom I please; but I will only play what stake I please."

"That is just what they say, my lord," said the unrepentant Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as well as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; "these are even their own very words. It was but yesterday your lordship was pleased at that same ordinary, to win from yonder young lass a gentleman, with the crimson velvet doublet, and the cock's feather in his leaver—him, I mean, who fought with the ranting captain—a matter of five pounds, or thereby. I saw him come through the hall; and, if he was not cleaned out of crutes and pile, I never saw a ruined man in my life."

"Impossible!" said Lord Glenvarloch—"Who is he? he looked like a man of substance."

"All is not gold that glistens, my lord," replied Richie; "brocade and bullion buttons make it pouches. And if you ask who he is—maybe I had guess, and ere now to tell."

"At least, if I have done any such a fellow's injury," said the Lord Nigel, "let me know how I can repair it."

"No ver fish your beard about that, my lord—reverence always," said Richie,—"he shall be sorely cared after. Think on him, but as one who is running post to the devil, and got a shoulder from your lordship to help him on his journey. If I will stop him, I reason can; and so your lordship needs ask nae more about it, for there is no use: you knowing it, but much the contrair."

"Hark you srah," said his master, "I have been with you thus far, for certain reasons; but above good-nature no farther—and since you must needs why, go a God's name, and here is to pay your me." So saying, he put gold into his hand, and Richie told over, piece by piece, with the utmost accuracy.

"Is it all right—or are they wanting in weight—what the devil keeps you, when your hurry was a great five minutes since?" said the young lord, so thoroughly nettled at the presumptuous precision with which Richie dealt forth his canons of morality.

"The tale of coin is complete," said Richie, with the most imperturbable gravity; "and, for the weight, though they are so scrupulous in this town, as in months at a piece that is a wee bit light, or has been cracked within the ring, my sooth, they will jump at them in Edinburgh like a cock at a grosart. Gold pieces are not so plenty there, that they pity!"

"The more is your folly, then," said Nigel, whose anger was only momentary, "that leave the matter where there is enough of them."

"My lord," said Richie, "to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces. When God, as you call yonder Monsieur Lutin,—and as might as well call him Glibet, since that is what it is like to end in,—shall recommend a page to you, I will hear little such doctrine as ye have heard from me. And if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and unpersuading the paths which your honourable fate took you; and, what is more, you are going under correction to the devil with a dashclout, for are lashed and by them that lead you into these disorders."

"Laughed at!" said Nigel, who, like others of his rank, was so prone to ridicule than to reason—"What does he laugh at me?"

"My lord, as sure as I live by bread—nay, more, as I am a true man—and, I think, your lordship new found Richie's tongue bearing aught but the truth—and as that your lordship's credit, my country's profit, and your own one and only occasion of my ain, make it necessary to promulgate the hallow verities—I say the lass is a true man, when I saw that puritan fellow, as I call him, at that ordinary, with a an' first Heaven forgive me for swearing! of God's name, with his teeth set, and his hands clenched, and his eyes drawn over his brows like a desperate man. God! said to me, 'There goes a dunghill

chicken, that your master has plucked clean enough; it will be long ere his lordship ruffle a feather with a cock of the game." And so, my lord, to speak it out, the lackeys, and the gallants, and more especially your sworn brother, Lord Dalgarno, call you the sparrow-hawk.—I had some thought to have cracked Lutin's pate for the speech, but, after a', the controversy was not worth it."

"Do they use such terms of me?" said Lord Nigel.

"Death and the devil!"

"And the devil's dam, my lord," answered Richie; "they are all three busy in London.—And, besides, Lutin and his master laughed at you, my lord, for letting it be thought that—I shame to speak it—that ye were over well with the wife of the decent honest man whose house you but now left, as not sufficient for your new bravery, whereas they said, the licentious scoffers, that you pretended to such favour when you had not courage enough for so fair a quarrel, and that the sparrow-hawk was too craven-crested to fly at the wife of a cheesemonger."—He stopped a moment, and looked fixedly in his master's face, which was inflamed with shame and anger, and then proceeded. "My lord, I did you justice in my thought, and myself too; for, thought I, he would have been as deep in that sort of profligacy as in others, if it hadna been Richie's four quarters."

"What new nonsense have you got to plague me with?" said Lord Nigel. "But go on, since it is the last time I am to be tormented with your impertinence, go on, and make the most of your time."

"In troth," said Richie, "and so will I ever do. And as Heaven has bestowed on me a tongue to speak and to advise!"

"Which talent you can by no means be accused of suffering to remain idle," said Lord Glenvarloch, interrupting him.

"True, my lord," said Richie, again waving his hand, as if to bespeak his master's silence and attention; "so, I trust, you will think some time hereafter. And, as I am about to leave your service, it is proper that ye sould know the truth, that ye may consider the snares to which your youth and innocence may be exposed, when sulder and doucher heads are withdrawn from beside you.—There has been a lusty, good-looking kimmer, of some forty, or hygane, making many speerings about you, my lord."

"Well, sir, what did she want with me?" said Lord Nigel.

"At first, my Lord," replied his sapient follower, "as she seemed to be a well-fashioned woman, and to take pleasure in sensible company, I was no way reluctant to admit her to my conversation."

"I dare say not," said Lord Nigel; "nor unwilling to tell her about my private affairs."

"Not I, truly, my lord," said the attendant;—"for, though she asked me many questions about your name, your fortune, your business here, and such like, I did not think it proper to tell her altogether the truth thereabout."

"I see no call on you whatever," said Lord Nigel, "to tell the woman either truth or lies upon what she had nothing to do with."

"I thought so, too, my lord," replied Richie, "and so I told her neither."

"And what did you tell her, then, you eternal babbler?" said his master, impatient of his prate, yet curious to know what it was all to end in.

"I told her," said Richie, "about your worldly fortune, and sae forth, something which is not truth just at this time; but which hath been truth formerly, sould be truth now, and will be truth again,—and that was, that you were in possession of your fair lands, while ye are but in right of as yet. Pleasant communing we had on that and other topics, until she showed the cloven foot, beginning to confer with me about some wench that she said had a good-will to your lordship, and fain she would have spoken with you in particular about it; but when I heard of such inkling, I began to suspect she was little better than—wheh!"

—Here he concluded his narrative with a low, but very expressive whistle.

"And what did your wisdom do in these circumstances?" said Lord Nigel, who, notwithstanding

his former resentment, could now scarcely forbear laughing.

"I put on a look, my lord," replied Richie, bending his solemn brows, "that sould give her a heart-scauld of walking on such errands. I laid her enormities clearly before her, and I threatened her, in see many words, that I would have her to the ducking-stool; and she, on the contrair part, miscawed me for a froward northern tyke—and so we parted never to meet again, as I hope and trust. And so I stood before your lordship and that temptation, which might have been worse than the ordinary, or the playhouse either; since you wot well what Solomon, King of the Jews, sayeth of the strange woman—for, said I to myself, we have taken to dicing already, and if we take to drabbing next, the Lord kens what we may land in!"

"Your impertinence deserves correction, but it is the last which, for a time at least, I shall have to forgive—and I forgive it," said Lord Glenvarloch; "and, since we are to part, Richie, I will say no more respecting your precautions on my account, than that I think you might have left me to act according to my own judgment."

"Mickle better not," answered Richie—"mickle better not; we are a' frail creatures, and can judge better for ilkither than in our ain cases. And for me, even myself, saving that case of the Suffocation, which might have happened to any one, I have always observed myself to be much more prudent in what I have done in your lordship's behalf, than even in what I have been able to transact for my own interest—whilk last, I have, indeed, always postponed, as in duty I ought."

"I do believe thou hast," said Lord Nigel, "having ever found thee true and faithful. And since London pleases you so little, I will bid you a short farewell; and you may go down to Edinburgh until I come thither myself, when I trust you will re-enter into my service."

"Now, heaven bless you, my lord," said Richie Mopnick, with uplifted eyes; "for that word sounds more like grace than any has come out of your mouth this fortnight.—I give you godden, my lord."

So saying, he thrust forth his immense bony hand, seized on that of Lord Glenvarloch, raised it to his lips, then turned short on his heel, and left the room hastily, as if afraid of showing more emotion than was consistent with his ideas of decorum. Lord Nigel, rather surprised at his sudden exit, called after him to know whether he was sufficiently provided with money; but Richie, shaking his head, without making any other answer, ran hastily down stairs, shut the street-door heavily behind him, and was presently seen striding along the Strand.

His master almost involuntarily watched and distinguished the tall raw-boned figure of his late follower, from the window, for some time, until he was lost among the crowd of passengers. Nigel's reflections were not altogether those of self-approval. It was no good sign of his course of life, (he could not help acknowledging this much to himself,) that so faithful an adherent no longer seemed to feel the same pride in his service, or attachment to his person, which he had formerly manifested. Neither could he avoid experiencing some twinges of conscience, while he felt in some degree the charges which Richie had preferred against him, and experienced a sense of shame and mortification, arising from the colour given by others to that, which he himself would have called his caution and moderation in play. He had only the apology, that it had never occurred to himself in this light.

Then his pride and self-love suggested, that, on the other hand, Richie, with all his good intentions, was little better than a conceited, pragmatical domestic, who seemed disposed rather to play the tutor than the lackey; and who, out of sheer love, as he alleged, to his master's person, assumed the privilege of interfering with, and controlling, his actions, besides rendering him ridiculous in the gay world, from the antiquated formality, and intrusive presumption, of his manners.

Nigel's eyes were scarce turned from the window, when his new landlord entering, presented to him a

slip of paper, carefully bound round with a string of fox-silk and sealed—it had been given in, he said, by a woman, who did not stop an instant. The contents hurried upon the same string which Richard Monplies had already jarred. The episode was in the following words:

"For the Right Honourable hands of Lord Glenvarloch—

"These, from a friend unknown—
"My Lord, You are trusting to an unknown friend, and diminishing an honest reputation. An unknown but real friend of your lordship will speak in one word what you would not learn from flatterers in so many days, as should suffice for the latter man. He whom you think most true—I say, your friend Lord Dalzarno—is utterly false to you, and doth but seek, under pretence of friendship, to mar your fortune, and diminish the good name by which you might mend it. The kind countenance which he shows to you, is more dangerous than the Prince's frown; even as to gain at Beaumais's ordinary, is more disadvantageous than to lose. Beware of both.—And this is all from your true but nameless friend,

IGNORÉ."

Lord Glenvarloch paused for an instant, and crushed the paper together; then again unfolded and read it with attention. But his brows—musled for a moment, and then tearing it to fragments, exclaimed:—"Begone for a vile calumny! But I will watch—I will observe!"

Thought after thought rushed on him; but, upon the whole, Lord Glenvarloch was so little satisfied with the result of his own reflections, that he resolved to dissipate them by a walk in the Park, and, taking his cloak and leaver, went thither accordingly.

CHAPTER XV.

"Face when first Snowball's head was when gray
A luckless lot met him on his way
Who knows not Snowball's name, whose race renowned
Is still victorious on each country ground?
Swaffham, Newmarket, and the Roman Camp,
Have seen them victors over each man and stamp.
In vain the youngling sought, with dobbing wife
The ledge, the hut, the thicket, or the stile
Experience were the lack of speed supposed,
And in the gap he sought, the victim stood.
So was I once in this bar street of Saint James,
Through walking cavaliers, and our horse came,
Deserted, pursued, turned over again and over,
Concealed, exposed, mouthed by an unerring nose."

&c. &c. &c.

The Park of Saint James's, though enlarged, planted with verdant alleys, and otherwise decorated by Charles II., existed in the days of his grandfather, as a public and pleasant promenade; and, for the sake of exercise or pastime, was much frequented by the better classes.

Lord Glenvarloch repaired thither to dispel the unpleasant reflections which had been suggested by his parting with his trusty squire, Richard Monplies, in a manner which was agreeable neither to his pride nor his feelings; and by the corroboration which the hints of his late informant had received from the anonymous letter mentioned in the end of the last chapter.

There was a considerable number of company in the Park when Lord Glenvarloch entered it, but, his present state of mind inducing him to avoid society, he kept aloof from the more frequented walks towards Westminster and Whitehall, and drew to the north, or, as we should now say, the precariously verge of the enclosure, believing he might there engage, or rather combat, his own thoughts undisturbed.

In this, however, Lord Glenvarloch was mistaken; for, as he strode slowly along with his arms folded in his cloak, and his hat drawn over his eyes, he was suddenly pointed out by Sir Munro Munro, who, either shunning or shunned, had retreated, or had been obliged to retreat, to the same less frequented corner of the Park.

Nigel started when he heard the high, sharp, and querulous tones of the knight's cracked voice, and was no less alarmed when he beheld his tall thin figure hobbling towards him, wrapped in a threadbare cloak, on whose surface ten thousand varied stains eclipsed the original scarlet, and having his head sur-

mounted with a well-worn beaver, bearing a black velvet hood, a chain, and a capon's feather for a crest.

Lord Glenvarloch would fain have made his escape, but, as Sir Munro's advances, a leveret had as his object the pursuit of an experienced greyhound, Sir Munro, to imitate the simile, had long ago learned to follow, and make sure of mousing his game. So Nigel found himself compelled to stand and answer the hackneyed question—"What news to-day?"

"Nothing extraordinary, I believe," answered the young nobleman, attempting to pass on.

"O, you're going to the French ordinary to-day, replied the knight, "but it is early day yet—we've taken a turn in the Park in the meanwhile—it's sharp and a little frosty."

So saying, Sir Munro slipped his arm under Lord Glenvarloch's, in spite of all the decent releases which his young lord could exhibit, by keeping his eye close to his side, and having fairly grappled a prize, he proceeded to take it in tow.

Nigel was silent and silent, in hopes to shake his importunate companion; but Sir Munro was determined that if he did not speak, he should at least hear.

"You are a fool for the ordinary, my lord," said the knight, "you've gotta do better—there's a certain company there, and peculiarly selected, as I think, being, no less, as it is desirable that your noble lord should be withal—and your noble lord would have to begin to see you keeping such a simple society."

"I believe," said Lord Glenvarloch, thinking himself obliged to say something, "that the society as good as generally can be found in such places where the door can scarcely be shut against those who come to spend their money."

"Right, my lord—very right," said his tormentor, bursting out into a chuckling, but most discouraging laugh. "These citizen chuffs and clowns will grow amongst us, when there is but an inch of a coat open. And what remedy? Just e'en this, that their cash gives them confidence, we should shoo them off. Flay them, my lord—singe them as a kitchen wench does the rats, and then they will long to come back again.—Ay, ay—pluck the plume from the crest of the larded capons will not fly so high a wing, my lord, among the game hawks and sparrow-hawks, and the like."

And, there-withal, Sir Munro fixed on Nigel a quick, sharp, gray eye, watching the effect of sarcasm as keenly as the surgeon, in a delicate operation, remarks the progress of his anatomical scalpel.

Nigel, however willing to conceal his sensations, could not avoid gratifying his tormentor by wincing under the operation. He coloured with vexation and anger; but a quarrel with Sir Munro Munro growther would, he felt, be unutterably ridiculous, and he only muttered to himself the words, "Impertinent coxcomb!" which, on this occasion, Sir Munro's imperfection of organ did not prevent him from hearing and replying to.

"Ay, ay—very true," exclaimed the caustic courtier. "Impertinent coxcombs they are, that do intrude themselves on the society of their betters; but your lordship knows how to gar them as gude—we have the trick on't.—They had a brawl sport in the presence last Friday, how ye sould have routed the young shopkeeper, horse and foot, ta'en his *opima*, and at the specie he had about him, down the very silver buttons of his cloak, and sent him to graze with Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. Muckle honour a'ounded to your lordship thereby.—We were tould the loon thrave himself into the Thames in a fit of desperation. There's enow of them behind—there was mair tint on Flodden-edge."

"You have been told a budget of lies, so far as I am concerned, Sir Munro," said Nigel, speaking loud and sternly.

"Very likely—very likely," said the unabashed and undismayed Sir Munro; "naething but lies are current in the circle.—So the child is not drowned, then?—the mair's the pity.—But I never believed the

—a London dealer has mair wit in re swear the lad has a bonny broom-id by this time, and is scrubbing the after rusty nails, to help him to be-sin.—He has three bairns, they say; im bravely to grope in the gutters, liship may have the ruining of him if they have any luck in strand-

than intolerable," said Nigel, uncer-make an angry vindication of his ling the old tormentor from his arm. recollection convinced him, that to only give an air of truth and con-candals which he began to see were racter, both in the higher and lower, therefore, he formed the wiser reso-Sir Mungo's studied impertinence, of ascertaining, if possible, from se reports arose which were so pre-putation.

the meanwhile, caught up, as usual, ls, or rather the sound of them, am-tered them in his own way. "Tol-

repeated; "yes, truly, my lord, I am re tolerable luck, and that ye ken that jilting quean, Dame Fortune, re lad, willing to warm yourself in out exposing yourself to her frowns, I ca' having luck in a bag."

Malagrowther," said Lord Glenvar-ards him seriously, "have the good-for a moment."

an, my lord—as weel as I can," said ing his head, and pointing the finger o his ear.

speak very distinctly," said Nigel, with patience. "You take me for a I give you my word that you have informed—I am none such. You planation, at least, respecting the h you have derived such false infor-

ye were a *great* gamester and nev-id ye were such, my lord," said Sir and it impossible to avoid hearing with peculiarly deliberate and dis-on. "I repeat it—I never heard, that you were a ruffling gamester, all those of the first head.—Look all him a gamester, that plays with equal skill, and stands by the fore-e, good or bad; and I call him a, or one of the first head, who ven- deeply upon such a wager. But has the patience and prudence nev-ond small game, such as, at most, Christmas-box of a grocer's 'pre-nith those that have little to hazard, e, having the larger stock, can al-ay waiting for his good fortune, and game when luck leaves him—such ord, I do not call a *great* gamester, name he may be entitled."

mean-spirited, sordid wretch, you I am," replied Lord Glenvarloch; he skilful, and preys upon the igno-playing with his equals, that he may izing his inferiors?—Is this what I has been reported of me?"

you will gain nought by speaking f Sir Mungo, who, besides that his was really supported by a good fund s, had also full reliance on the im-c had derived from the broadsword ttray, and the baton of the satellites ady Cockpen. "And for the truth he continued, "your lordship best u ever lost more than five pieces at frequented Beaujeu's—whether you mmonly risen a winner—and when gallants who frequent the ordina-of noble rank, and means conform-play upon those terms?"

"My father was right," said Lord Glenvarloch, i the bitterness of his spirit; "and his curse justly d- lowed me when I first entered that place. There y contamination in the air, and he whose fortune ayed ruin, shall be blighted in his honour and reputation."

Sir Mungo, who watched his victim with the b- lighted yet wary eye of an experienced angler, became now aware, that if he strained the line on him too tightly, there was every risk of his breaking hold. In order to give him room, therefore, to play, he protest- ed that Lord Glenvarloch "should not take his free speech in *malam partem*. If you were a trifle ower sicker in your amusement, my lord, it canna be denied that it is the safest course to prevent farther en- dangerment of your somewhat dissipated fortunes; and if ye play with your inferiors, ye are relieved of the pain of pouching the siller of your friends and equals; forbye, that the plebeian knaves have had the advantage, *tecum certasse*, as Ajax Telamon sayeth, *apud Metamorphoscos*; and for the like of them to have played with ane Scottish nobleman, is an ho- nest and honourable consideration to compensate the loss of their stake, whilk, I dare say, moreover, maist of the churls can weel afford."

"Be that as it may, Sir Mungo," said Nigel, "I would fain know!"

"Ay, ay," interrupted Sir Mungo; "and as you say, who cares whether the fat bulls of Bashan can spare it or no? gentlemen are not to limit their sport for the like of them."

"I wish to know, Sir Mungo," said Lord Glenvar- loch, "in what company you have learned these of- fensive particulars respecting me?"

"Dootless—dootless, my lord," said Sir Mungo; "I have ever heard, and have ever reported, that your lordship kept the best of company in a private way.—There is the fine Countess of Blackchester, but I think she stirs not much abroad since her affair with his Grace of Buckingham; and there is the gude auld-fashioned Scottish nobleman, Lord Huntinglen, an undeniable man of quality—it is pity but he could keep caup and can frae his head, whilk now and then doth 'minish his reputation. And there is the gay, young Lord Dalgarno, that carries the craft of gray hairs under his curled love-locks—a fair race they are, father, daughter, and son, all of the same honourable family. I think we needna speak of George Heriot, honest man, when we have nobility in question. So that is the company I have heard of your keeping, my lord, out-taken those of the ordinary."

"My company has not, indeed, been much more extended than amongst those you mention," said Lord Glenvarloch; "but in short—"

"To Court?" said Sir Mungo, "that was just what I was going to say—Lord Dalgarno says he cannot prevail on ye to come to Court, and that does ye pre- judice, my lord—the King hears of you by others, when he should see you in person—I speak in serious friendship, my lord. His Majesty, when you were named in the circle short while since, was heard to say, '*Jacta est alea!*'—Glenvarlochides is turned dicer and drinker."—My Lord Dalgarno took your part, and he was e'en borne down by the popular voice of the courtiers, who spoke of you as one who had be- taken yourself to living a town life, and risking your baron's coronet amongst the flatcaps of the city."

"And this was publicly spoken of me," said Nigel, "and in the King's presence?"

"Spoken openly?" repeated Sir Mungo Mala- growther; "ay, by my troth was it—that is to say, it was whispered privately—whilk is as open promulga- tion as the thing permitted; for ye may think the Court is not like a place where men are as sib as Simmie and his brother, and roar out their minds as if they were at an ordinary."

"A curse on the Court and the ordinary both!" cried Nigel, impatiently.

"With all my heart," said the knight; "I have got little by a knight's service in the Court; and the last time I was at the ordinary, I lost four angels."

"May I pray of you, Sir Mungo, to let me know," said Nigel, "the names of those who thus make free with the character of one who can be but little known to them, and who never injured any of them?"

"Ye shall hear, my lord," said Sir Mungo. "The Prince's vera words—'Sir Mungo,' said he, 'I wish to see you, and am glad your rheumatic trouble will permit you to come hither for exercise.'—I being in duty bound—ye might remark, my lord, that I did so, which formed the first branch of our conversation.—His Highness then demanded of me, 'for whom I stood, was the young Lord Glenlivert?' I answered, 'that you were such, for his Highness served'; which was the second branch.—Then His Highness, resuming the argument, said, 'that

do so,' (meaning that he had been told you ronaage,) 'but that he could not believe of that noble and decayed house could be idle, scandalous, and precarious life, in houses and taverns of London, while the as were beating, and colours flying in the cause of the Palatine, his son-in-law, your lordship is aware, do nothing n obeisance; and a gracious 'Give ye ir Mungo Malagrowther,' licensed me to your lordship. And now, my lord, if as or pleasure calls you to the ordinary, in the direction of the city—why, have or, dootless, ye will think ye have tarried in the Park, as they will likely turn at the walk, and return this way—and you d hint, I think, not to cross the Prince's a hurry.'

'I stay or go as you please, Sir Mungo,' with an expression of calm, but deep re- 'but, for my own part, my resolution is ill quit this public walk for pleasure of no ess will I quit it like one unworthy to be ces of public resort. I trust that the ns retinue will return this way as you ex- will abide, Sir Mungo, and beard them.' 'em!' exclaimed Sir Mungo, in the ex- urprise,—"Beard the Prince of Wales— arent of the kingdoms!—By my saul, and him yourself then."

ly, he was about to leave Nigel very n some unwonted touch of good-natured s youth and inexperience, seemed sud- ten his habitual cynicism.

"It is in me for an auld fule!" said Sir ut I must needs concern myself—I that—either to fortune or my fellow-creatures, needs concern myself—with this sprin- I will warrant to be as obstinate as a pig ith a devil, for it's the cast of his family; aun e'en fling away some sound advice y dainty young Lord Glenvarloch, under- distinctly, for this is no bairn's-play. When id sac much to me as I have repeated to equivalent to a command not to appear presence; wherefore, take an auld man's wishes you weel, and may be a wee thing he has reason to wish any body. Jouk, jaw gae by, like a canny bairn—gang ir lodgings, keep your foot frae taverns, ngers frae the dice-box; compound your ly wi' some ane that has better favour about Court, and you will get a round ney to carry you to Germany, or else- oush your fortune. It was a fortunate made your family four or five hundred and if you are brave and fortunate, you e way to repair it. But, take my word for is Court you will never thrive."

Mungo had completed his exhortation, ere was more of sincere sympathy with situation, than he had been heretofore xpress in behalf of any one, Lord Glen- ed, "I am obliged to you, Sir Mungo— oken, I think, with sincerity, and I thank return for your good advice, I heartily en- leave me; I observe the Prince and his urning down the walk, and you may pre- elf, but cannot help me, by remaining with

t is true,"—said Sir Mungo; "yet, were I oungeer, I would be tempted to stand by them the meeting. But at threescore and n's couraze turns cauldrie; and they that i living, must not endanger the small sus- their age. I wish you weel through, my s an unequal fight." So saying, he turned away; often looking back, however, as if spirit, even in its present subdued state, love of contradiction and of debate, ren- nswilling to adopt the course necessary for rurity.

ndoned by his companion, whose depart- ed with better thoughts of him than those

which he bestowed on his appearance, Nigel remained with his arms folded, and reclining against a solitary tree which overhung the path, making up his mind to encounter a moment which he expected to be critical of his fate. But he was mistaken in supposing that the Prince of Wales would either address him, or admit him to expostulation, in such a public place as the Park. He did not remain unnoticed, however, for, when he made a respectful but haughty obeisance, intimating in look and manner that he was possessed of, and undaunted by, the unfavourable opinion which the Prince had so lately expressed, Charles returned his reverence with such a frown, as is only given by those whose frown is authority and decision. The train passed on, the Duke of Buckingham not even appearing to see Lord Glenvarloch; while Lord Dalgarno, though no longer incommoded by the sun-beams, kept his eyes, which had perhaps been dazzled by their former splendour, bent upon the ground.

Lord Glenvarloch had difficulty to restrain an indignation, to which, in the circumstances, it would have been madness to have given vent. He started from his reclining posture, and followed the Prince's train so as to keep them distinctly in sight; which was very easy, as they walked slowly. Nigel observed them keep their road towards the Palace, where the Prince turned at the gate and bowed to the noblemen in attendance, in token of dismissing them, and entered the Palace, accompanied only by the Duke of Buckingham, and one or two of his querries. The rest of the train, having returned in all dutiful humility the farewell of the Prince, began to disperse themselves through the Park.

All this was carefully noticed by Lord Glenvarloch, who, as he adjusted his cloak, and drew his sword-belt round so as to bring the hilt closer to his hand, muttered—"Dalgarno shall explain all this to me, for it is evident that he is in the secret!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Give way—give way—I must and will have justice.

And tell me not of privilege and place;

Where I am injured there I'll sue redress.

Look to it, every one who bars my access;

I have a heart to feel the injury,

A hand to right myself, and, by my honour

That hand shall grasp what gray-board Law denies me.

The Chamberlain.

It was not long ere Nigel discovered Lord Dalgarno advancing towards him in the company of another young man of quality of the Prince's train; and as they directed their course towards the south-eastern corner of the Park, he concluded they were about to go to Lord Huntinglen's. They stopped, however, and turned up another path leading to the north; and Lord Glenvarloch conceived that this change of direction was owing to their having seen him, and their desire to avoid him.

Nigel followed them without hesitation by a path which, winding around a thicket of shrubs and trees, once more conducted him to the less frequented part of the Park. He observed which side of the thicket was taken by Lord Dalgarno and his companion, and he himself, walking hastily round the other verge, was thus enabled to meet them face to face.

"Good-morrow, my Lord Dalgarno," said Lord Glenvarloch, sternly.

"Ha! my friend, Nigel," answered Lord Dalgarno, in his usual careless and indifferent tone, "my friend Nigel, with business on his brow?—but you must wait till we meet at Benueju's at noon—Sir Ewes Haldimund and I are at present engaged in the Prince's service."

"If you were engaged in the King's, my lord," said Lord Glenvarloch, "you must stand and answer me."

"Hey-day!" said Lord Dalgarno, with an air of great astonishment, "what passion is this? Why, Nigel, this is King Cambyse's vein!—You have frequented the theatres too much lately—Away with this folly, man; go, dine upon soup and salad, drink succory-water to cool your blood, go to bed at sun-down, and defy those foul fiends, Wrath and Misconstruction."

"I have had misconstruction enough among you,"

said Glenvarloch, in the same tone of determined displeasure, "and from you, my Lord Dalgarno, in particular, and all under the mask of friendship."

"Here is a proper business!" said Dalgarno, turning as if to appeal to Sir Ewes Haldimund; "do you see this angry ruffler, Sir Ewes? A month since, he dared not have looked one of yonder sheep in the face, and now he is a prince of roisterers, a plucker of pigeons, a controller of players and poets—and in gratitude for my having shown him the way to the eminent character which he holds upon town, he comes hither to quarrel with his best friend, if not his only one of decent station."

"I renounce such hollow friendship, my lord," said Lord Glenvarloch; "I disclaim the character which, even to my very face, you labour to fix upon me, and ere we part I will call you to a reckoning for it."

"My lords both," interrupted Sir Ewes Haldimund, "let me remind you that the Royal Park is no place to quarrel in."

"I will make my quarrel good," said Nigel, who did not know, or in his passion might not have recollected, the privileges of the place, "wherever I find my enemy."

"You shall find quarrelling enough," replied Lord Dalgarno, calmly, "so soon as you assign a sufficient cause for it. Sir Ewes Haldimund, who knows the Court, will warrant you that I am not backward on such occasions.—But of what is it that you now complain, after having experienced nothing save kindness from me and my family?"

"Of your family I complain not," replied Lord Glenvarloch; "they have done for me all they could, more, far more, than I could have expected; but you, my lord, have suffered me, while you called me your friend, to be traduced, where a word of your mouth would have placed my character in its true colours—and hence the injurious message which I just now received from the Prince of Wales. To permit the misrepresentation of a friend, my lord, is to share in the slander."

"You have been misinformed, my Lord Glenvarloch," said Sir Ewes Haldimund; "I have myself often heard Lord Dalgarno defend your character, and regret that your exclusive attachment to the pleasures of a London life prevented your paying your duty regularly to the King and Prince."

"While he himself," said Lord Glenvarloch, "dissuaded me from presenting myself at Court."

"I will cut this matter short," said Lord Dalgarno, with haughty coldness. "You seem to have conceived, my lord, that you and I were Pylades and Orestes—a second edition of Damon and Pythias—Theseus and Pirithous at the least. You are mistaken, and have given the name of friendship to what, on my part, was mere good-nature and compassion for a raw and ignorant countryman, joined to the cumbersome charge which my father gave me respecting you. Your character, my lord, is of no one's drawing, but of your own making. I introduced you where, as in all such places, there was good and indifferent company to be met with—your habits, or taste, made you prefer the worse. Your holy horror at the sight of dice and cards degenerated into the cautious resolution to play only at those times, and with such persons, as might ensure your rising a winner—no man can long do so, and continue to be held a gentleman. Such is the reputation you have made for yourself, and you have no right to be angry that I do not contradict in society what yourself know to be true. Let us pass on, my lord; and if you want farther explanation, seek some other time and fitter place."

"No time can be better than the present," said Lord Glenvarloch, whose resentment was now excited to the uttermost by the cold-blooded and insulting manner in which Dalgarno vindicated himself,—"no place fitter than the place where we now stand. Those of my house have ever avenged insult, at the moment, and on the spot, where it was offered, were it at the foot of the throne.—Lord Dalgarno, you are a villain! draw and defend yourself!" At the same time he unsheathed his rapier.

"Are you mad?" said Lord Dalgarno, stepping back; "we are in the precincts of the Court."

"The law," answered Lord Glenvarloch, "will ensure me a champion, and a He to my sword, on Lord Dalgarno, and a wither to the other sword."

The first remark attracted attention, as went round, "Keep the peace—keep the swords drawn in the Park!—What, ho! keepers, ye men rangers!" and a number came rushing to the spot from all sides.

Lord Dalgarno, who had half drawn his receiving the blow, returned it to his scabbard, he observed they were taken, and, taking Haldimund by the arm, walked hastily away, saying to Lord Glenvarloch as they left, "I shall surely see this matter—we will meet."

A decent-looking elderly man, who observed Lord Glenvarloch standing on the spot, in passion on his youthful appearance, said to you aware this is a Star-Chamber business, gentleman, and that I may not see your rapier—Shift for yourself before the keepers or come up—Get into Whitefriars or some sanctuary and concealment, till you can make or quit the city."

The advice was not to be neglected. Lord Glenvarloch made hastily towards the Park by Saint James's Palace, then Saint Hospital. The hubbub increased behind, several peace-officers of the Royal Household up to apprehend the delinquent. Fortunate Nigel, a popular edition of the cause of the gone abroad. It was said that one of the Buckingham's companions had insulted a gentleman from the country, and that he had cudgelled him soundly. A favourite or panion of a favourite is always odious to those who has, besides, a partiality to those who proceed, as lawyers term it, *par rōi*, and both prejudices were in Nigel's favour, officers, therefore, who came to apprehend him, learn from the spectators no particulars of offence, or information concerning the matter taken; so that for the moment, he escaped arrested.

What Lord Glenvarloch heard among the crowd as he passed along, was sufficient to satisfy in his impatient passion he had placed his predicament of considerable danger. He stranger to the severe and arbitrary procedure of the Court of Star-Chamber, especially in breach of privilege, which made it the men; and it was no farther back than that time that the punishment of mutilation actually awarded and executed, for some the same kind which he had just come from had also the comfortable reflection, that, by quarrel with Lord Dalgarno, he must now friendship and good offices of that nobleman and sister, almost the only persons of consequence in whom he could claim any interest; his evil reports which had been put in circulation concerning his character, were certain to weigh against him, in a case where much must depend on the reputation of the accused. The full imagination, the idea of such a punishment seems more ghastly than death; every word which he overheard among the crowd which he met, mingled with, or overtook as he passed, announced this as the penalty of his offence, and he dreaded to increase his pace for fear of suspicion, and more than once saw the officers so near him, that his wrist tingled as under the blade of the dismembering knife, he got out of the Park, and had a little time to consider what he was next to do.

Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple, known by the cant name of Alestia, had at and for nearly a century afterwards, the place a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the Justice, or of the Lords of the Privy-Council as the place abounded with desperadoes of scripture,—bankrupt citizens, ruined game claimable prodigals, desperate duellists, brimictees, and debauched profligates of every

tion, all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum,—it was both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to execute warrants emanating even from the highest authority, amongst men whose safety was inconsistent with warrants or authority of any kind. This Lord Glenvarloch well knew; and odious as the place of refuge was, it seemed the only one, where, for a space at least, he might be concealed, and secure from the immediate grasp of the law, until he should have leisure to provide better for his safety, or to get this unpleasant matter in some shape accommodated.

Meanwhile, as Nigel walked hastily forward towards the place of sanctuary, he bitterly blamed himself for suffering Lord Dalgarno to lead him into the haunts of dissipation; and no less accused his intemperate heat of passion, which now had driven him for refuge into the purlieus of profane and avowed vice and debauchery.

"Dalgarno spoke but too truly in that," were his bitter reflections; "I have made myself an evil reputation by acting on his insidious counsels, and neglecting the wholesome admonitions which ought to have claimed implicit obedience from me, and which recommended abstinence even from the slightest approach to evil. But if I escape from the perilous labyrinth in which folly and inexperience, as well as violent passions, have involved me, I will find some noble way of redeeming the lustre of a name which was never sullied until I bore it."

As Lord Glenvarloch formed these prudent resolutions, he entered the Temple Walks, whence a gate at that time opened into Whitefriars, by which, as by the more private passage, he proposed to betake himself to the sanctuary. As he approached the entrance to that den of infamy, from which his mind recoiled even while in the act of taking shelter there, his pace slackened, while the steep and broken stairs reminded him of the *facilis descensus Avernus*, and rendered him doubtful whether it were not better to brave the worst which could befall him in the public haunts of honourable men, than to evade punishment by secluding himself in those of avowed vice and profligacy.

As Nigel hesitated, a young gentleman of the Temple advanced towards him, whom he had often seen, and sometimes conversed with, at the ordinary, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, being a wild young gallant, indifferently well provided with money, who spent at the theatres, and other gay places of public resort, the time which his father supposed he was employing in the study of the law. But Reginald Lowestoffe, such was the young Templar's name, was of opinion that little law was necessary to enable him to spend the revenues of the paternal acres which were to devolve upon him at his father's demise, and therefore gave himself no trouble to acquire more of that science than might be imbibed along with the learned air of the region in which he had his chambers. In other respects, he was one of the wits of the place, read Ovid and Martial, aimed at quick repartee and pun, (often very far fetched,) danced, fenced, played at tennis, and performed sundry tunes on the fiddle and French horn, to the great annoyance of old Counsellor Barratter, who lived in the chambers immediately below him. Such was Reginald Lowestoffe, shrewd, alert, and well acquainted with the town through all its recesses, but in a sort of disrespectful way. This gallant, now approaching the Lord Glenvarloch, saluted him by name and title, and asked if his lordship designed for the Chevalier's this day, observing that it was near noon, and the woodcock would be on the board ere they could reach the ordinary.

"I do not go there to-day," answered Lord Glenvarloch.

"Which way, then, my lord?" said the young Templar, who was perhaps not undesirous to parade a part at least of the street in company with a lord, though but a Scottish one.

"I!"—said Nigel, desiring to avail himself of this young man's local knowledge, yet unwilling and ashamed to acknowledge his intention to take refuge in so disreputable a quarter, "to describe the situa-

tion in which he stood—"I have some curiosity to see Whitefriars."

"What! your lordship is for a frolic into Alsatia?" said Lowestoffe—"Have with you, my lord—you cannot have a better guide to the infernal regions than myself. I promise you there are bona-robas to be found there—good wine too, ay, and good fellows to drink it with, though somewhat suffering under the frowns of Fortune. But your lordship will pardon me—you are the last of our acquaintance to whom I would have proposed such a voyage of discovery."

"I am obliged to you, Master Lowestoffe, for the good opinion you have expressed in the observation," said Lord Glenvarloch; "but my present circumstances may render even a residence of a day or two in the sanctuary a matter of necessity."

"Indeed!" said Lowestoffe, in a tone of great surprise; "I thought your lordship had always taken care not to risk any considerable stake—I beg pardon, but if the bones have proved perfidious, I know just so much law as that a peer's person is sacred from arrest; and for mere impetuosity, my lord, better shift can be made elsewhere than in Whitefriars, where all are devouring each other for very poverty."

"My misfortune has no connexion with want of money," said Nigel.

"Why, then, I suppose," said Lowestoffe, "you have been tilting, my lord, and have pinked your man; in which case, and with a purse reasonably furnished, you may lie perdu in Whitefriars for a twelvemonth—Marry, but you must be entered and received as a member of their worshipful society, my lord, and a frank burgher of Alsatia—so far you must condescend; there will be neither peace nor safety for you else."

"My fault is not in a degree so deadly, Master Lowestoffe," answered Lord Glenvarloch, "as you seem to conjecture—I have stricken a gentleman in the Park, that is all."

"By my hand, my lord, and you had better have struck your sword through him at Barns Elms," said the Templar. "Strike within the verge of the Court! You will find that a weighty dependence upon your hands, especially if your party be of rank and have favour."

"I will be plain with you, Master Lowestoffe," said Nigel, "since I have gone thus far. The person I struck was Lord Dalgarno, whom you have seen at Beaujeu's."

"A follower and favourite of the Duke of Buckingham!—It is a most unhappy chance, my lord; but my heart was formed in England, and cannot bear to see a young nobleman borne down, as you are like to be. We converse here greatly too open for your circumstances. The Templars would suffer no bailiff to execute a writ, and no gentleman to be arrested for a duel, within their precincts; but in such a matter between Lord Dalgarno and your lordship, there might be a party on either side. You must away with me instantly to my poor chambers here, hard by, and undergo some little change of dress ere you take sanctuary; for else you will have the whole rascal rout of the Friars about you, like crows upon a falcon that strays into their rookery. We must have you arrayed something inore like the natives of Alsatia, or there will be no life there for you."

While Lowestoffe spoke, he pulled Lord Glenvarloch along with him into his chambers, where he had a handsome library, filled with all the poems and playbooks which were then in fashion. The Templar then despatched a boy, who waited upon him, to procure a dish or two from the next cook's shop; and this," he said, "must be your lordship's dinner, with a glass of old sack, of which my grandmother (the heavens requite her!) sent me a dozen bottles, with charge to use the liquor only with clarified whey, when I felt my breast ache with over study. Marry, we will drink the good lady's health in it, if it is your lordship's pleasure, and you shall see how we poor students eke out our mutton-coinmons in the hall."

The outward door of the chambers was barred so soon as the boy had re-entered with the food; the

boy was ordered to keep close watch, and admit no one; and Lowestoffe, by example and precept, pressed his noble guest to partake of his hospitality. His frank and forward manners, though much differing from the courtly ease of Lord Dalgarino, were calculated to make a favourable impression; and Lord Glenvarloch, though his experience of Dalgarino's perfidy had taught him to be cautious of reposing faith in friendly professions, could not avoid testifying his gratitude to the young Templar, who seemed so anxious for his safety and accommodation.

"You may spare your gratitude any great sense of obligation, my lord," said the Templar. "No doubt I am willing to be of use to any gentleman that has cause to seek *Fortune my foe*, and particularly proud to serve your lordship's turn; but I have also an old grudge, to speak Heaven's truth, at your opposite, Lord Dalgarino."

"May I ask upon what account, Master Lowestoffe?" said Lord Glenvarloch.

"O, my lord," replied the Templar, "it was for a hap that chanced after you left the ordinary, one evening about three weeks since at least I think you were not by, as your lordship always left us before deep play began—I mean no offence, but such was your lordship's custom—when there were words between Lord Dalgarino and me concerning a certain game at glock, and a certain mourning of acres held by his lordship, which went for eight—till, which went for fifteen—twenty-three in all. Now I held king and queen, being three—a natural tower, making fifteen—and tiddy, nineteen. We vied the ruff, and revied, as your lordship may suppose, till the stake was equal to half my yearly exhibition, fifty as fair yellow cantary birls as a chirp of in the bottom of a green silk purse. Well, my lord, I gained the cards, and by you it pleases his lordship to say that we played without tiddy; and as the rest stood by and backed him, and especially the sharking Frenchman, why, I was obliged to lose more than I shall gain all the season. So judge if I have not a crow to pluck with his lordship. Was it ever heard there was a game at glock at the ordinary before, without counting tiddy?—marry quop upon his lordship!—Every man who comes there with his purse in his hand, is as free to make new laws as he, I hope, since touch pot touch penny makes every man equal."

As Master Lowestoffe ran over this jargon of the gamine-table, Lord Glenvarloch was both ashamed and mortified, and felt a severe pang of aristocratic pride, when he concluded in the sweeping clause that the dice, like the grave, levelled those distinguishing points of society, to which Nigel's early prejudices clung perhaps but too fondly. It was impossible, however, to object any thing to the learned reasoning of the young Templar, and therefore Nigel was contented to turn the conversation, by making some inquiries respecting the present state of Whitefriars. There also his host was at home.

"You know, my lord," said Master Lowestoffe, "that we Templars are a power and a dominion within ourselves, and I am proud to say that I hold some rank in our republic—was treasurer to the Lord of Misrule last year, and am at this present moment in nomination for that dignity myself. In such circumstances, we are under the necessity of maintaining an amicable intercourse with our neighbours of Alsatia, even as the Christian States find themselves often, in mere policy, obliged to make alliance with the Grand Turk, or the Barbary States."

"I should have imagined you gentlemen of the Temple more independent of your neighbours," said Lord Glenvarloch.

"You do us something too much honour, my lord," said the Templar; "the Alsatians and we have some common enemies, and we have, under the rose, some common friends. We are in the use of blocking all balliffs out of our bounds, and we are powerfully aided by our neighbours, who tolerate not a rag belonging to them within theirs. Moreover, the Alsatians have—I beg you to understand me—the power of protecting or dismissing our friends, male or female, who may be obliged to seek sanctuary within their bounds. In short, the two communities serve each other,

though the balance is between states of unequal quality, and I may myself say that I have treated of sundry weighty affairs, and have been a negotiator well approved on both sides. But hark—hark—what's that?"

The sound by which Master Lowestoffe was interrupted, was that of a distant horn, winded loud and keenly, and followed by a faint and remote huzza.

"There's something doing," said Lowestoffe, "a the Whitefriars at this moment. That is the signal when their privileges are invaded by a staff or band, and at the least of the horn they all swarm out of the house, as bees when their hive is disturbed—*Junco, Junco*," he said, calling out to the attendant "to see what they are doing in Alsatia." That instant of a blow," he continued, as the loud, acoustical to the great state hostess of his master, tumbled race then ran out of the apartment, and so down stairs "the worth gold in the quart—the silver six marks—four of them in distinct Numbers, and you will think him to set like a fury at the mere want of him that for the time most needs his attendance. As soon as in Oxford, no go in Cambridge, ever treated him in speed and intelligence. He knows the steps a dun from that of a client, when it reaches the bottom of the staircase; can tell the trip of a parchment from the step of a bench, when at the very end of the court; and is, take him all in all—But see your lordship is anxious—May I press another of my kind grandmother's cordial, or will you allow me to show you my wardrobe, and act as your valet or groom of the chamber?"

Lord Glenvarloch hesitated not to acknowledge that he was painfully sensible of his present situation, and anxious to do what must needs be done in his extremity.

The good-natured and thoughtless young Templar readily acquiesced, and led the way into his little bedroom, where, from bandboxes, portmanteaus, trunks, not forgetting an old walnut-tree wardrobe, he began to select the articles which he thought best suited effectually to disguise his guest in venturing into the lawless and turbulent society of Alsatia.

CHAPTER XVII.

Come hither, come one—Mark me! Thou art now
Monest men to the sword that live by reputation
More than by coat, I become—Single suited
They are, I am not you, yet each single suit
Mantains on the roughness, a thousand followers—
And they be men, who, hazzarding their all,
No do't argue, necessary reason
And beat him back, and moral soul!
Do in the very face but hazzard nothing—
So strictly is that art bound in reversion;
Clothes to the body, income to the manner;
And body to dress, and soul to the foul fiend.
Who harks to see soldiers and Fooladues,
Play better than himself his game on earth—*The Monk.*

"Your lordship," said Reginald Lowestoffe, "must be content to exchange your decent and courtly seeming paper, which I will retain in safe keeping for this broad word, with an hundred weight of iron about the belt, and to wear these huge-padded slops, instead of your civil and moderate hose. We allow no cloak, for your ruffian always walks *envergé*, and the tarnished doublet of bold velvet, with its discoloured embroidery, and—I grieve to speak it—a few stains from the blood of the crop will best suit the arch of a touring boy. I will leave you to change your suit for an instant, till I can help to dress you."

Lowestoffe, seated, while slowly, and with hesitation, Nigel obeyed his instructions. He felt displeasure and disgust at the scoundrelly disguise which he was under the necessity of assuming; but what he considered the bloody consequences which lay attached to his rash act of violence, the easy and indifferent temper of James, the prejudices of his son, the overbearing influence of the Duke of Buckingham, which was sure to be thrown into the scale against him; and, above all, when he reflected that he must now look upon the active, assiduous, and insinuating Lord Dalgarino, as a bitter enemy, *reminded* him he was in a situation of peril which such

ried all honest means, even the most unseemly in outward appearance, to extricate himself from so dangerous a predicament.

While he was changing his dress, and musing on these particulars, his friendly host re-entered the sleeping apartment. "Zounds!" he said, "my lord, it was well you went not straight into that same Alsatia of ours at the time you proposed, for the hawks have stooped upon it. Here is Jem come back with tidings, that he saw a pursuivant there with a privy-council warrant, and half a score of yeoman assistants armed to the teeth, and the horn which we heard was sounded to call out the posse of the Friars. Indeed, when old Duke Hildebrod saw that the quest was after some one of whom he knew nothing, he permitted, out of courtesy, the man-catcher to search through his dominions, quite certain that they would take little by their motions; for Duke Hildebrod is a most judicious potentate.—Go back, you bastard, and bring us word when all is quiet."

"And who may Duke Hildebrod be?" said Lord Glenvarloch.

"Nouns! my lord," said the Templar, "have you lived so long on the town, and never heard of the valiant, and as wise and politic as valiant, Duke Hildebrod, grand protector of the liberties of Alsatia? I thought the man had never whirled a die but was familiar with his fame."

"Yet I have never heard of him, Master Lowestoffe," said Lord Glenvarloch; "or, what is the same thing, I have paid no attention to aught that may have passed in conversation respecting him."

"Why, then," said Lowestoffe—"but, first, let me have the honour of trussing you. Now, observe, I have left several of the points untied, of set purpose; and if it please you to let a small portion of your shirt be seen betwixt your doublet and the band of your upper stock, it will have so much the more rakish effect, and will attract you respect in Alsatia, where linen is something scarce. Now, I tie some of the points carefully assuaging, for your ruffianly gallant never appears too accurately trussed—so."

"Arrange it as you will, sir," said Nigel; "but let me hear at least something of the conditions of the unhappy district into which, with other wretches, I am compelled to retreat."

"Why, my lord," replied the Templar, "our neighbouring state of Alsatia, which the law calls the Sanctuary of Whitefriars, has had its mutations and revolutions like greater kingdoms; and, being in some sort a lawless, arbitrary government, it follows, of course, that these have been more frequent than our own better regulated commonwealth of the Templars, that of Gray's Inn, and other similar associations, have had the fortune to witness. Our traditions and records speak of twenty revolutions within the last twelve years, in which the aforesaid state has repeatedly changed from absolute despotism to republicanism, not forgetting the intermediate stages of oligarchy, limited monarchy, and even gynecocracy; for I myself remember Alsatia governed for nearly nine months by an old fishwoman. Then it fell under the dominion of a broken attorney, who was dethroned by a reformado captain, who, proving tyrannical, was deposed by a hedge-parson, who was succeeded, upon resignation of his power, by Duke Jacob Hildebrod, of that name the first, whom Heaven long preserve."

"And is this potentate's government," said Lord Glenvarloch, forcing himself to take some interest in the conversation, "of a despotic character?"

"Pardon me, my lord," said the Templar; "this said sovereign is too wise to incur, like many of his predecessors, the odium of wielding so important an authority by his own sole will. He has established a council of state, who regularly meet for their morning's draught at seven o'clock; convene a second time at eleven for their *ante-meridien*, or what; and, assembling in solemn conclave at the hour of two afternoon, for the purpose of consulting for the good of the commonwealth, are so prodigal of their labour in the service of the state, that they seldom separate before midnight. Into this worthy senate, composed

partly of Duke Hildebrod's predecessors in his high office, whom he has associated with him to prevent the envy attending sovereign and sole authority, I must presently introduce your lordship, that they may admit you to the immunities of the Friars, and assign you a place of residence."

"Does their authority extend to such regulation?" said Lord Glenvarloch.

"The council account it a main point of their privileges, my lord," answered Lowestoffe; "and in fact, it is one of the most powerful means by which they support their authority. For when Duke Hildebrod and his senate find a topping householder in the Friars becomes discontented and factious, it is but assigning him, for a lodger, some fat bankrupt, or new residenter, whose circumstances require refuge, and whose purse can pay for it, and the malecontent becomes as tractable as a lamb. As for the poorer refugees, they let them shift as they can; but the registration of their names in the Duke's entry-book, and the payment of garnish conforming to their circumstances, is never dispensed with; and the Friars would be a very unsafe residence for the stranger who should dispute these points of jurisdiction."

"Well, master Lowestoffe," said Lord Glenvarloch, "I must be controlled by the circumstances which dictate to me this state of concealment—of course, I am desirous not to betray my name and rank."

"It will be highly advisable, my lord," said Lowestoffe; "and is a case thus provided for in the statutes of the republic, or monarchy, or whatsoever you call it.—He who desires that no questions shall be asked him concerning his name, cause of refuge, and the like, may escape the usual interrogations upon payment of double the garnish otherwise belonging to his condition. Complying with this essential stipulation, your lordship may register yourself as King of Bantam if you will, for not a question will be asked of you.—But here comes our scout, with news of peace and tranquillity. Now, I will go with your lordship myself, and present you to the council of Alsatia, with all the influence which I have over them as an office-bearer in the Temple, which is not slight; for they have come halting off upon all occasions when we have taken part against them, and that they well know. The time is propitious, for as the council is now met in Alsatia, so the Temple walks are quiet. Now, my lord, throw your cloak about you, to hide your present exterior. You shall give it to the boy at the foot of the stairs that go down to the Sanctuary; and as the ballad says that Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing-Cross and rose at Queenhithe, so you shall sink a nobleman in the Temple Gardens, and rise an Alsatian at Whitefriars."

They went out accordingly, attended by the little scout, traversed the gardens, descended the stairs, and at the bottom the young Templar exclaimed,—“And now let us sing, with Ovid,

‘In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas’—

Off, off, ye lendings!" he continued, in the same vein. "Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!—But how now, my lord?" he continued, when he observed Lord Glenvarloch was really distressed at the degrading change in his situation. "I trust you are not offended at my rattling folly? I would but reconcile you to your present circumstances, and give you the tone of this strange place. Come, cheer up; I trust it will only be your residence for a very few days."

Nigel was only able to press his hand, and reply in a whisper, "I am sensible of your kindness. I know I must drink the cup which my own folly has knifed for me. Pardon me, that, at the first taste I feel its bitterness."

Reginald Lowestoffe was bustling officious and good-natured; but, used to live a scrambling, rakish course of life himself, he had not the least idea of the extent of Lord Glenvarloch's mental sufferings, and thought of his temporary concealment as if it were merely the trick of a wanton boy, who plays at hide-and-seek with his tutor. With the appearance of the place, too, he was familiar—but on his companion it produced a deep sensation.

The ancient Sanctuary at Whitefriars lay considerably lower than the elevated terraces and gardens of

the Temple, and was therefore generally involved in the damps and fogs arising from the Thames. The brick buildings by which it was occupied, crowded closely on each other, for, in a place so rarely privileged, every foot of ground was valuable; but, erected in many cases by persons whose funds were inadequate to their speculations, the houses were generally insufficient, and exhibited the lamentable signs of having become ruinous while they were yet new. The wailing of children, the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linens hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed in the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter, that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses; and, that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, unsclled, and painted females, looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked flower-pots, filled with myrtle and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers.

"*Semi-reducta Venus*," said the Templar, pointing to one of these nymphs, who seemed afraid of observation, and partly concealed herself behind the casement, as she chirped to a miserable blackbird, the tenant of a wicker prison, which hung outside on the black brick wall.—"I know the face of yonder waist-coater," continued the guide; "and I could wager a rose-noble, from the posture she stands in, that she has clean head-gear, and a soiled night-rail.—But here come two of the male inhabitants, smoking like moving volcanoes! These are roaring blades, whom Nicotia and Trinidad serve, I dare swear, in lieu of beef and pudding; for be it known to you, my lord, that the King's counter-blast against the Indian weed will no more pass current in Alsatia, than will his writ of *capias*."

As he spoke, the two smokers approached; shaggy, uncombed ruffians, whose enormous mustaches were turned back over their ears, and mingled with the wild elf-locks of their hair, much of which was seen under the old beavers which they wore aside upon their heads, while some straggling portion escaped through the rents of the hats aforesaid. Their tattered plush jerkins, large slops, or trunk-breeches, their broad greasy shoulder-belts, and discoloured scarfs, and, above all, the ostentatious manner in which the one wore a broadsword, and the other an extravagantly long rapier and poniard, marked the true Alsatian bully, then, and for a hundred years afterwards, a well-known character.

"Tour out," said the one ruffian to the other; "tour the bien mort twirling at the gentry cove!"

"I smell a spy," replied the other, looking at Nigel.

"Chalk him across the peepers with your cheery."

"Bing avast, bing avast!" replied his companion; "yon other is rattling Reginald Lowestoffe of the Temple—I know him; he is a good boy, and free of the province."

So saying, and enveloping themselves in another thick cloud of smoke, they went on without farther greeting.

"*Crasso in aere?*" said the Templar. "You hear what a character the impudent knaves give me; but, so it serves your lordship's turn, I care not.—And, now, let me ask your lordship what name you will assume, for we are near the ducal palace of Duke Hildebrod."

"I will be called Grahame," said Nigel; "it was my mother's name."

"Grime," repeated the Templar, "will suit Alsatia well enough—both a grim and grimy place of refuge."

"I said Grahame, sir, not Grime," said Nigel, something shortly, and laying an emphasis on the vowel—for few Scotsmen understand railery upon the subject of their names.

"I beg pardon, my lord," answered the undiscovered punster; "but *Graam* will suit the circum-

* Look sharp. See how the girl is coquetting with the strange gallants!

* Slash him over the eyes with your dagger.

stance, too—it signifies tribulation in the High Dutch, and your lordship must be considered as a man under trouble."

Nigel laughed at the pertinacity of the Templar, who, proceeding to point out a sign representing a bull, believed to represent, a dog attacking a bull, and naming at his head, in the true scientific style of ones—"There," said he, "doth faithful Duke Hildebrod set forth laws, as well as ale and strong waters, to his faithful Alsatians. Being a determined champion of his habits, and he deals in giving drink to the thirsty that he himself may drink without paying, and receive pay for what is drunken by others.—Let us enter the ever-open gate of this second Axlax."

As they spoke, they entered the dilapidated town which was, nevertheless, more ample in dimensions and less ruinous, than many houses in the serene neighbourhood. Two or three haggard, ragged criers, ran to and fro, whose looks, like those of cats seemed only adapted for midnight, when other creatures sleep, and who by day seemed bleared, and only half awake. Guided by one of these *ling* *Ganymines*, they entered a room, where the bleary rays of the sun were almost wholly eclipsed by volumes of tobacco smoke, rolled from the pipes; the company, while out of the cloudy sanctuary of the old chant of—

Old Sir Simon the King,
And old Sir Simon the King,
With his malimsey nose,
And his ale-dropped hose,
And sing hey ding-a-ding-ding."

Duke Hildebrod, who himself condescended to chant this ditty to his loving subjects, was a most stoutrous fat old man, with only one eye; and was which bore evidence to the frequency, strength, and depth of his potations. He wore a murrey-coloured plush jerkin, stained with the overflowings of a tankard, and much the worse for wear, and unbuttoned at bottom for the ease of his enormous paunch. Behind him lay a favourite bull-dog, whose red head and single black glancing eye, as well as a creature's great complacency, gave it a burlesque semblance to its master.

The well-beloved counsellors who surrounded the ducal throne, incensed it with tobacco, pledged to occupy in thick, clammy ale, and echoed back the choral songs, were Satraps worthy of such a Sovereign. The buff jerkin, broad belt, and long sword of a showed him to be a Low Country soldier, whose idea of scowling importance, and drunken impudence were designed to sustain his title to call himself Roving Blade. It seemed to Nigel that he had met this fellow somewhere or other. A hedge-parson, a buckle-beggar, as that order of priesthood has been irreverently termed, sat on the Duke's left, and was easily distinguished by his torn band, flapped hat, and the remnants of a rusty cassock. Beside the parson sat a most wretched and meagre-looking old man, with a threadbare hood of coarse kersey upon his head, and buttoned about his neck, while his pinched features, like those of old Daniel, were illuminated by

"an eye."

Through the last look of dotage still cunning and dry. On his left was placed a broken attorney, who, as some mal-practices, had been struck from the roll of practitioners, and who had nothing left of his profession, excepting its rognery. One or two persons of less figure, amongst whom there was one face, which like that of the soldier, seemed not unknown to Nigel, though he could not recollect where he had met it, completed the council-board of Jacob Duke Hildebrod.

The strangers had full time to observe all this; for his grace the Duke, whether irresistibly carried on by the full tide of harmony, or whether to impress the strangers with a proper idea of his consequence, chose to sing his ditty to an end before addressing them, though, during the whole time, he closely scrutinized them with his single optic.

When Duke Hildebrod had ended his song, he informed his Peers that a worthy officer of the Temple attended them, and commanded the captain and

o abandon their easy-chairs in behalf of the two
gers, whom he placed on his right and left hand.
worthy representatives of the army and the
b of Alsatia went to place themselves on a cram
at the bottom of the table, which, ill calcula-
o sustain men of such weight, gave way under
and the man of the sword and man of the
were rolled over each other on the floor, amidst
xulting shouts of the company. They arose in
h, contending which should vent his displeasure
e loudest and deepest oaths, a strife in which the
n's superior acquaintance with theology enabled
greatly to excel the captain, and were at length
difficulty tranquillized by the arrival of the alarm-
s with more stable chairs, and by a long
ght of the cooling tankard. When this commo-
was appeased, and the strangers courteously ac-
commodated with flagons after the fashion of the
s present, the Duke drank prosperity to the
le in the most gracious manner, together with
o welcome to Master Reginald Lowestoffe;
this courtesy having been thankfully accepted,
arty honoured prayed permission to call for a
n of Rhenish, over which he proposed to open
business.

e mention of a liquor so superior to their usual
ions had an instant and most favourable effect
the little senate; and its immediate appearance
t be said to secure a favourable reception of Mas-
westoffe's proposition, which, after a round or
ad circulated, he explained to be the admission
friend Master Nigel Grahame to the benefit of
ancuary and other immunities of Alsatia, in the
cter of a grand compounder; for so were those
d who paid a double fee at their matriculation,
ler to avoid laying before the senate the peculiar
stances which compelled them to take refuge

s worthy Duke heard the proposition with glee,
glittered in his single eye; and no wonder, as
s a rare occurrence, and of peculiar advantage
private revenue. Accordingly, he commanded
ical register to be brought him, a huge book, se-
with brass clasps like a merchant's ledger, and
e leaves, stained with wine, and slabbred with
co juice, bore the names probably of as many
s as are to be found in the Calendar of Newgate.
gel was then directed to lay down two nobles
ransom, and to claim privilege by reciting the
ving doggerel verse, which were dictated to him
a Duke :-

"Your suppliant, by name
Nigel Grahame,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap;
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law
That are sharper than briars;
His freedom to sue,
And rescue by you—
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefrine."

Duke Hildebrod with a tremulous hand began
like the entry, and had already, with superfluous
osity, spelled Nigel with two g's instead of one,
as interrupted by the parson.* This reverend
man had been whispering for a minute or two,
with the captain, but with that other individual,
dwelt imperfectly, as we have already mention-
Nigel's memory, and being, perhaps, still some-
malecontent on account of the late accident,
w requested to be heard before the registration
place.

he person," he said, "who hath now had the
ance to propose himself as a candidate for the
ages and immunities of this honourable society,
e curious register is still in existence, being in possession
f eminent antiquary Dr. Dryandust, who liberally offered
hor permission to have the autograph of Duke Hildebrod
ed as an illustration of this passage. Unhappily, being
as a Riton himself in adhering to the very letter of his
he worthy Doctor clogged his munificence with the con-
that we should adopt the Duke's orthography, and en-
e work "The Fortunes of Niggle," with which stipula-
s did not think it necessary to comply.

is, in plain terms, a beggarly Scot, and we have
enough of these locusts in London already—if we
admit such palmer-worms and caterpillars to the
Sanctuary, we shall soon have the whole nation."

"We are not entitled to inquire," said Duke Hilde-
brod, "whether he be Scot, or French, or English;
seeing he has honourably laid down his garnish, he
is entitled to our protection."

"Word of denial, most Sovereign Duke," replied
the parson, "I ask him no questions—his speech be-
wrayeth him—he is a Galilean—and his garnish is
forfeited for his assurance in coming within this our
realm; and I call on you, Sir Duke, to put the laws
in force against him!"

The Templar here rose, and was about to interrupt
the deliberations of the court, when the Duke gravely
assured him that he should be heard in behalf of his
friend, so soon as the council had finished their de-
liberations.

The attorney next rose, and, intimating that he
was to speak to the point of law, said—"It was easy
to be seen that this gentleman did not come here in
any civil case, and that he believed it to be the story
they had already heard of, concerning a blow given
within the verge of the Park—that the Sanctuary
would not bear out the offender in such a case—and
that the queer old Chief would send down a broom
which would sweep the streets of Alsatia from the
Strand to the Stairs; and it was even policy to think
what evil might come to their republic, by sheltering
an alien in such circumstances."

The captain, who had sat impatiently while these
opinions were expressed, now sprung on his feet with
the vehemence of a cork bouncing from a bottle of
brisk beer, and turning up his mustaches with a mar-
tial air, cast a glance of contempt on the lawyer and
churchman, while he thus expressed his opinion.

"Most noble Duke Hildebrod! When I hear such
base, skeldering, coistril propositions come from the
counsellors of your grace, and when I remember the
Huffs, the Muns, and the Tityretu's by whom your
grace's ancestors and predecessors were advised on
such occasions, I begin to think the spirit of action is
as dead in Alsatia as in my old grannam; and yet
who thinks so thinks a lie, since I will find as many
roaring boys in the Friars as shall keep the liberties
against all the scavengers of Westminster. And, if
we should be overborne for a turn, death and dark-
ness! have we not time to send the gentleman off
by water, either to Paris Garden or to the bankside?
and, if he is a gallant of true breed, will he not make
us full amends for all the trouble we have? Let
other societies exist by the law, I say that we briak
boys of the Fleet live in spite of it; and thrive best
when we are in right opposition to sign and seal, writ
and warrant, sergeant and upstaff, catchpoll and
bun-bailey."

This speech was followed by a murmur of appro-
bation, and Lowestoffe, striking in before the favour-
able sound had subsided, reminded the Duke and
his council how much the security of their state de-
pended upon the amity of the Templars, who, by
closing their gates, could at pleasure shut against the
Alsations the communication betwixt the Friars and
the Temple, and that as they conducted themselves
on this occasion, so would they secure or lose the
benefit of his interest with his own body, which they
knew not to be inconsiderable. "And, in respect of
my friend being a Scotsman and alien, as has been
observed by the reverend divine and learned law-
yer, you are to consider," said Lowestoffe, "for what
he is pursued hither—why, for giving the bastinado,
not to an Englishman, but to one of his own coun-
trymen. And for my own simple part," he continu-
ed, touching Lord Glenvarloch at the same time, to
make him understand he spoke but in jest, "if all
the Scots in London were to fight a Welsh main,
and kill each other to a man, the survivor would, in
my humble opinion, be entitled to our gratitude, as
having done a most acceptable service to poor Old
England."

A shout of laughter and applause followed this in-
genious apology for the client's state of alienage; and
the Templar followed up his plea with the following

pitthy proposition :—"I know well," said he, "it is the custom of the fathers of this old and honorable republic, ripely and well to consider all their proceedings over a proper allowance of liquor; and far be from me to propose the breach of so honorable a custom, or to pretend that such an affair as the present can be well and constitutionally considered during the discussion of a pitiful gallon of Rhemish. But it is the same thing to this honorable council whether they drink first and determine afterward or whether they determine first and drink afterward. I propose your grace, with the advice of your wise and potent senators, shall pass your edicts to let to mine honourable friend the innkeeper of this place, and assigning him a lodging, according to your wise forms, to which he will presently after being somewhat spent with this day's banquet, and upon I will presently order you a sundry of Rhemish with a corresponding quantity of meat and some pickled herrings, to make you all as merry as George-a-Green."

This overture was received with a general shout of applause, which altogether drowned the voices of the dissidents, if any there were amongst the Alsatian senate who could have resisted a proposal so popular. The words of kind heart! noble warmth! generous gallant! flew from mouth to mouth, and the inscription of the petitioner's name in the great book was hastily completed, and the oath administered to him by the worthy Doge. Like the Laws of the Twelve Tables, of the ancient Cambro-Britons, or other primitive nations, it was couched in poetical language as follows :—

"By spigot and barrel,
By bilboe and buff;
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
Of the blades of the huff.
For Whitefriars and its claims
To be champion or martyr,
And to fight for its dames
Like a Knight of the Garter."

Nigel felt, and indeed exhibited, some disgust at the mummery; but the Templar reminding him that it was too far advanced to draw back, he repeated the words, or rather assented as they were repeated. Duke Hildebrod, who concluded the ceremony by allowing him the privilege of sanctuary, in the following form of prescriptive doggerel :—

"From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant
From the watchmen who skip
On the Harman Beck's errand;
From the bailiff's cramp speech
That makes man a thrall,
I charm thee from each,
And I charm thee from all
Thy freedom's complete
As a Blade of the Huff,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuff'd and to cuff;
To stride, swear, and swagger
To drink till you stagger,
To stare and to stah,
And to brandish your dagger
In the cause of your drab;
To walk wool ward in winter,
Drink brandy, and smoke,
And go fresco in summer
For want of a cloak;
To cke out your living
By the wag of your elbow,
By fallum and gourd,
And by baring of bilboe;
To live by your shifts,
And to swear by your honour,
At the freedom and gifts
Of which I am the donor." *

This homily being performed, a dispute arose concerning the special residence to be assigned the new brother of the Sanctuary; for, as the Alsatians held it a maxim in their commonwealth, that ass's milk fattens, there was usually a competition amongst the inhabitants which should have the manning, as it was termed, of a new member of the society.

The Hector who had spoken so warmly and eri-

* Of the cant words used in this inaugural oration, not a few are obvious in their meaning, others, as Harman Beck (see table,) and the like, derive their source from that ancient pie of lexicography, the Slang Dictionary.

is in the habit of playing dry-fisted, and paying his ices with three vowels; and, finally, to beware of like Hildebrod, who was as sharp, he said, as a edle, though he had no more eyes than are posed by that necessary implement of female industry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mother. What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,
With which the boy, as mortal urchins wout,
Plings back the sunbeam in the eye of passengers—
Then laughs to see them stumble!

Daughter. Mother! no—
It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,
And never shall those eyes see true again.

Beef and Pudding.—An old English Comedy.

It is necessary that we should leave our hero Nigel a time, although in a situation neither safe, comfortable, nor creditable, in order to detail some particulars which have immediate connexion with his ruines.

It was but the third day after he had been forced take refuge in the house of old Trapbois, the noted rurer of Whitefriars, commonly called Golden rapbois, when the pretty daughter of old Ramsay, e watchmaker, after having piously seen her father hish his breakfast, (from the fear that he might, in abstruse fit of thought, swallow the salt-cellar, instead of a crust of the brown loaf,) set forth from e house as soon as he was again plunged into the pth of calculation, and, accompanied only by that ithful old drudge, Janet, the Scots laundress, to horn her wluims were laws, made her way to Lomard Street, and disturbed at the unusual hour of ght in the morning, Aunt Judith, the sister of her orthy godfather.

The venerable maiden received her young visitor ith no great complacency; for, naturally enough, e had neither the same admiration of her very etty; countenance, nor allowance for her foolish and rish impatience of temper, which Master George eriot entertained. Still Mistress Marzarot was a vourite of her brother's, whose will was to Aunt idith a supreme law; and she contented herself ith asking her untimely visitor, "what she made so rly with her pale, chitty face, in the streets of ondon?"

"I would speak with the Lady Hermione," answered the almost breathless girl, while the blood n so fast to her face as totally to remove the objection of paleness which Aunt Judith had made to her mplexion.

"With the Lady Hermione?" said Aunt Judith—with the Lady Hermione? and at this time in the morning, when she will scarce see any of the family, en at seasonable hours! You are crazy, you silly ench, or you abuse the indulgence which my brother ad the lady have shown to you."

"Indeed, indeed I have not," repeated Margaret, rugging to retain the unbidden tear which seemed ady to burst out on the slightest occasion. "Do at say to the lady that your brother's god-daughter sires earnestly to speak to her, and I know she ill not refuse to see me."

Aunt Judith bent an earnest, suspicious, and inisitive glance on her young visitor. "You might ke me your secretary, my lassie," she said, "as ell as the Lady Hermione. I am older, and better illed to advise. I live more in the world than one o shuts herself up within four rooms, and I have e better means to assist you."

"O! no—no—no," said Margaret, eagerly, and th more earnest sincerity than complaisance; here are some things to which you cannot advise y, Aunt Judith. It is a case—pardon me, my dear nt—a case beyond your counsel."

"I am glad on't, maiden," said Aunt Judith, someat angrily; "for I think the follies of the young ople of this generation would drive mad an old ain like mine. Here you come on the virolet, ough the whole streets of London, to talk some nsense to a lady, who scarce sees God's sun, but en he shines on a brick wall. But I will tell her u are here."

She went away, and shortly returned with a dry —" Mistress Marget, the lady will be glad to see you; and that's more, my young inadam, than you had a right to count upon."

Mistress Margaret hung her head in silence, too much perplexed by the train of her own embarrased thoughts, for attempting either to conciliate Aunt Judith's kindness, or, which on other occasions would have been as congenial to her own humour, to retaliate on her cross-tempered remarks and manner. She followed Aunt Judith, therefore, in silence and dejection, to the strong oaken door which divided the Lady Hermione's apartments from the rest of George Heriot's spacious house.

At the door of this sanctuary it is necessary to pause, in order to correct the reports with which Richie Moniples had filled his master's ear, respecting the singular appearance of that lady's attendance at prayers, whom we now own to be by name the Lady Hermione. Some part of these exaggerations had been communicated to the worthy Scotsman by Jenkin Vincent, who was well experienced in the species of wit which has been long a favourite in the city, under the names of cross-biting, giving the dor, bamboozling, cramming, hoaxing, humbugging, and quizzing; for which sport Richie Moniples, with his solemn gravity, totally unapprehensive of a joke, and his natural propensity to the marvellous, formed an admirable subject. Farther ornaments the tale had received from Richie himself, whose tongue, especially when oiled with good liquor, had a considerable tendency to amplification, and who failed not, while he retailed to his master all the wonderful circumstances narrated by Vincent, to add to them many conjectures of his own, which his imagination had over-hastily converted into facts.

Yet the life which the Lady Hermione had led for two years, during which she had been the inmate of George Heriot's house, was so singular, as almost to sanction many of the wild reports which went abroad. The house which the worthy goldsmith inhabited, had in former times belonged to a powerful and wealthy baronial family, which, during the reign of Henry VIII., terminated in a dowager lady, very wealthy, very devout, and most unalienably attached to the Catholic faith. The chosen friend of the Honourable Lady Foljambe was the Abbess of Saint Roque's Nunnery, like herself a conscientious, rigid, and devoted Papist. When the house of Saint Roque was despotically dissolved by the fiat of the impetuous monarch, the Lady Foljambe received her friend into her spacious mansion, together with two veal sisters, who, like their Abbess, were determined to follow the tenor of their vows, instead of embracing the profane liberty which the Monarch's will had thrown in their choice. For their residence, the Lady Foljambe contrived, with all secrecy—for Henry might not have relished her interference—to set apart a suite of four rooms, with a little closet fitted up as an oratory, or chapel; the whole apartments fenced by a strong oaken door to exclude strangers, and accommodated with a turning wheel to receive necessities, according to the practice of all nunneries. In this retreat, the Abbess of Saint Roque and her attendants passed many years, communicating only with the Lady Foljambe, who, in virtue of their prayers, and of the support she afforded them, accounted herself little less than a saint on earth. The Abbess, fortunately for herself, died before her munificent patroness, who lived down in Queen Elizabeth's time, ere she was summoned by fate.

The Lady Foljambe was succeeded in this mansion by a sour fanatic knight, a distant and collateral relation, who claimed the same merit for expelling the priestess of Baal, which his predecessor had founded on maintaining the votaries of Heaven. Of the two unhappy nuns, driven from their ancient refuge, one went beyond sea; the other, unable from old age to undertake such a journey, died under the roof of a faithful Catholic widow of low degree. Sir Paul Crambage, having got rid of the nuns, spoiled the chapel of its ornaments, and had thoughts of altogether destroying the apartments, until checked by the reflection that the operation would be an unnecessary

expense, since he only inhabited three rooms of the large mansion, and had not therefore the slightest occasion for any addition to its accommodations. His son proved a waster and a prodigal, and from him the house was bought by our friend George Heriot, who, finding, like Sir Paul, the house more than sufficiently ample for his accommodation, left the Foljambe apartments, or Saint Roque's rooms, as they were called, in the state in which he found them.

About two years and a half before our history opened, when Heriot was absent upon an expedition to the Continent, he sent special orders to his sister and his cash-keeper, directing that the Foljambe apartments should be fitted up handsomely, though plainly, for the reception of a lady, who would make them her residence for some time; and who would live more or less with his own family according to her pleasure. He also directed, that the necessary repairs should be made with secrecy, and that as little should be said as possible upon the subject of his letter.

When the time of his return came nigh, Aunt Judith and the household were on the tenter-hooks of impatience. Master George came, as he had intimated, accompanied by a lady, so eminently beautiful, that had it not been for her extreme and uniform paleness, she might have been reckoned one of the loveliest creatures on earth. She had with her an attendant, or humble companion, whose business seemed only to wait upon her. This person, a reserved woman, and by her dialect a foreigner, aged about fifty, was called by the lady Monna Paula, and by Master Heriot, and others, Mademoiselle Pauline. She slept in the same room with her patroness at night, ate in her apartment, and was scarcely ever separated from her during the day.

These females took possession of the nunnery of the devout Abbess, and, without observing the same rigorous seclusion, according to the letter, seemed well-nigh to restore the apartments to the use to which they had been originally designed. The new inmates lived and took their meals apart from the rest of the family. With the domestics Lady Hermione, for so she was termed, held no communication, and Mademoiselle Pauline only such as was indispensable, which she despatched as briefly as possible. Frequent and liberal largesses reconciled the servants to this conduct; and they were in the habit of observing to each other, that to do a service for Mademoiselle Pauline, was like finding a fairy treasure.

To Aunt Judith the Lady Hermione was kind and civil, but their intercourse was rare; on which account the elder lady felt some pangs both of curiosity and injured dignity. But she knew her brother so well, and loved him so dearly, that his will, once expressed, might be truly said to become her own. The worthy citizen was not without a spice of the dogmatism which grows on the best disposition, when a word is a law to all around. Master George did not seem to be questioned by his family, and, when he had generally expressed his will, that the Lady Hermione should live in the way most agreeable to her, and that no inquiries should be made concerning her history, or her motives for observing such strict seclusion, his sister well knew that he would have been seriously displeased with any attempt to pry into the secret.

But though Heriot's servants were bribed, and his sister swayed into silent acquiescence in these arrangements, they were not of a nature to escape the critical observation of the neighbourhood. Some opined that the wealthy goldsmith was about to turn papist, and re-establish Lady Foljambe's nunnery—others that he was going mad—others that he was either going to marry, or to do worse. Master George's constant appearance at church, and the knowledge that the supposed votress always attended when the prayers of the English ritual were read in the family, liberated him from the first of these suspicions; those who had to transact business with him upon 'Change, could not doubt the soundness of Master Heriot's mind; and, to confute the other rumours, it was credibly reported by such as made the matter their particular interest, that Master George Heriot never

visited his guest Pauline, who sat in the same room in which he ascertained that in an hour in length once a-week, an interrupted, to render bond of their union.

The inquirers were led to relinquish their while a thousand amongst the ignorant specimens of which been crammed, as prentice of worthy.

There was one thought, could it be Lady Hermione? George Heriot had Ramsay's only child.

This girl was no the Lady Hermione a very frequent visitor much amused by her and natural beauty her native country the indulgence of indifference of her around to her capt. But though, from it had become as well as unlimited indulgence to whom it is extended upon many occasions, silence, and are apt to take for others, a considerate youth sometimes Margaret had much regret wanted only opportunity a lively, good-humoured excellent heart, increased by reading devoted to a great deal adopted ideas as she might have of fectionate instruction the freaks of whined her not unjust and coquetry. Beshrewdness enough her godfather, to and so high she recommendation, she recluse Lady Hermione.

The singular mother her great beauty, her extreme paleness admitted farther society of a person mystery, made a Margaret Ramsay; at no time either the trust reposed in respecting their ten been to cost her backed by flattery part of Dame Ursula's inquisitive, could wonder of what she heard mysterious and question concerning sufficient, at her gave her communicative.

We mention the strength of Marg ceased under a bun as an ancient and fantastic covering if the damsel had Foljambe apartment to gratify the curio-

At the earlier period Hermione was well

with small but elegant presents, and end by a display of foreign rarities and curiosities of them of considerable value. Sometimes as passed in a way much less agreeable to her receiving lessons from Pauline in the needle. But, although her preceptress these arts with a dexterity then only known in convents, the pupil proved so incorrigibly awkward, that the task of needle-work was given up, and lessons of music substituted in its stead. Here also Pauline was excellently instructed; an instructress, and Margaret, more science for which Nature had gifted her, proficiency both in vocal and instrumental music lessons passed in presence of the Lady to whom they seemed to give pleasure. Margaret added her own voice to the performance, clear stream of liquid melody; but this when the music was of a devotional cast. As she became older, her communications with her mother assumed a different character. She was not encouraged, to tell whatever she had out of doors, and the Lady Hermione, while she talked the quick, sharp, and retentive powers of her young friend, often used reason to caution her against rash opinions, and giddy petulance in extreme youth. The awe with which she regarded this sinistress, induced Mistress Margaret, though she was delighting in contradiction or reproof, to patience to her admonitions, and to make allowance for the good intentions of the patroness who were bestowed; although in her heart she hardly conceived how Madame Hermione, by stirring the Foljambe apartments, by teaching knowledge of the world to a young girl, and by a week between Temple-Bar and Street, besides parading in the Park, could have proved to be fair weather. In Mistress Margaret was so little inclined to such remonstrances, that her intercourse with the Foljambe apartments was probably slackened as her circle of acquaintance increased in the external world, had she on one hand, entertained an habitual reverence for her, of which she could not divest herself; on the other, by being, to her, the depository of a confidence for which she was thirsted in vain. Besides, although the opinion of Hermione was uniformly serious, it was general either formal or severe; nor was she fended by flights of levity which Mistress Margaret sometimes ventured on in her presence, they were such as made Monna Paula cast her eyes downwards, and sigh with that compassion which extends towards the votaries of a profane world. Thus, upon the whole, the young lady was disposed to submit, though not without wincing, to the grave admonitions of Hermione; and the rather that the mystery of the person of her monitress was in her mind associated with a vague idea of wealth and power, which had been rather confirmed by many accidental circumstances had noticed since she was more capable of reflection. It often happens, that the counsel which we receive when offered to us unasked, becomes more valuable when the pressure of difficulties makes us more diffident of our own judgment than to find ourselves in the hours of ease and leisure; and this is more especially the case if the person who gives the advice may also possess power to back his counsel with effectual assistance. Mistress Margaret was now in that situation, or believed herself to be, in a condition both to receive and assistance might be needed it was therefore, after an anxious and painful reflection, that she resolved to have recourse to Hermione, who she knew would readily afford her aid, and as she hoped, might also possess the power of giving her the other. The conversation which will best explain the purport of the visit.

CHAPTER XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle;
This was a longer lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seem'd to bear the burden.—*Old Play.*

When Mistress Margaret entered the Foljambe apartment, she found the inmates employed in their usual manner; the lady in reading, and her attendant in embroidering a large piece of tapestry, which had occupied her ever since Margaret had been first admitted within these secluded chambers.

Hermione nodded kindly to her visiter, but did not speak; and Margaret, accustomed to this reception, and in the present case not sorry for it, as it gave her an interval to collect her thoughts, stooped over Monna Paula's frame, and observed, in a half whisper, "You were just so far as that rose, Monna, when I first saw you—see, there is the mark where I had the bad luck to spoil the flower in trying to catch the stitch—I was little above fifteen then. These flowers make me an old woman, Monna Paula."

"I wish they could make you a wise one, my child," answered Monna Paula, in whose esteem pretty Mistress Margaret did not stand quite so high as in that of her patroness; partly owing to her natural austerity, which was something intolerant of youth and gaiety, and partly to the jealousy with which a favourite domestic regards any one whom she considers as a sort of rival in the affections of her mistress.

"What is it you say to Monna, little one?" asked the lady.

"Nothing, madam," replied Mistress Margaret, "but that I have seen the real flowers blossom three times over since I first saw Monna Paula working in her canvass garden, and her violets have not budded yet."

"True, lady-bird," replied Hermione; "but the buds that are longest in blossoming will last the longest in flower. You have seen them in the garden bloom thrice, but you have seen them fade thrice also; now, Monna Paula's will remain in blow for ever—they will fear neither frost nor tempest."

"True, madam," answered Mistress Margaret; "but neither have they life or odour."

"That, little one," replied the recluse, "is to compare a life agitated by hope and fear, and checkered with success and disappointment, and fevered by the effects of love and hatred, a life of passion and of feeling, saddened and shortened by its exhausting alternations, to a calm and tranquil existence, animated but by a sense of duties, and only employed, during its smooth and quiet course, in the unwearied discharge of them. Is that the moral of your answer?"

"I do not know, madam," answered Mistress Margaret; "but of all birds in the air, I would rather be the lark, that sings while he is drifting down the summer breeze, than the weathercock that sticks fast yonder upon his iron perch, and just moves so much as to discharge his duty, and tell us which way the wind blows."

"Metaphors are no arguments, my pretty maiden," said the Lady Hermione, smiling.

"I am sorry for that, madam," answered Margaret; "for they are such a pretty indirect way of telling one's mind when it differs from one's betters—besides, on this subject there is no end of them, and they are so civil and becoming withal."

"Indeed?" replied the lady; "let me hear some of them, I pray you."

"It would be, for example, very bold in me," said Margaret, "to say to your ladyship, that, rather than live a quiet life, I would like a little variety of hope and fear, and liking and disliking—and—and—the other sort of feelings which your ladyship is pleased to speak of; but I may say freely, and without blame, that I like a butterfly better than a beetle, or a trembling aspen better than a grim Scots fir, that never wags a leaf—or that of all the wood, brass, and wire that ever my father's fingers put

together, I do hate and detest a certain huge old clock of the German fashion, that rings hours and half hours, and quarters and half quarters, as if it were of such consequence that the world should know it was wound up and going. Now, dearest lady, I wish you would only compare that clumsy, clanging, Dutch-looking piece of lumber, with the beautiful timepiece that Master Heriot caused my father to make for your ladyship, which uses to play a hundred merry tunes, and turns out, when it strikes the hour, a whole band of morrice-dancers, to trip the hays to the measure."

"And which of these timepieces goes the truest, Margaret?" said the lady.

"I must confess the old Dutchman has the advantage in that"—said Margaret. "I fancy you are right, madam, and that comparisons are no arguments; at least mine has not brought me through."

"Upon my word, maiden Margaret," said the lady, smiling, "you have been of late thinking very much of these matters."

"Perhaps too much, madam," said Margaret, so low as only to be heard by the lady, behind the back of whose chair she had now placed herself. The words were spoken very gravely, and accompanied by a half sigh, which did not escape the attention of her to whom they were addressed. The Lady Hermione turned immediately round, and looked earnestly at Margaret, then paused for a moment, and, finally, commanded Monna Paula to carry her frame and embroidery into the ante-chamber. When they were left alone, she desired her young friend to come from behind the chair, on the back of which she still rested, and sit down beside her upon a stool.

"I will remain thus, madam, under your favour," answered Margaret, without changing her posture; "I would rather you heard me without seeing me."

"In God's name, maiden," returned her patroness, "what is it you can have to say, that may not be uttered face to face, to so true a friend as I am?"

"Without making any direct answer, Margaret only replied, "You were right, dearest lady, when you said, I had suffered my feelings too much to engross me of late. I have done very wrong, and you will be angry with me—so will my godfather, but I cannot help it—he must be rescued."

"He?" repeated the lady, with emphasis; "that brief little word does, indeed, so far explain your mystery;—but come from behind the chair, you silly popinjay! I will wager you have suffered yonder gay young apprentice to sit too near your heart. I have not heard you mention young Vincent for many a day—perhaps he has not been out of mouth and out of mind both. Have you been so foolish as to let him speak to you seriously?—I am told he is a bold youth."

"Not bold enough to say any thing that could displease me, madam," said Margaret.

"Perhaps, then, you were not displeased," said the lady; "or perhaps he has not spoken, which would be wiser and better. Be open-hearted, my love—your godfather will soon return, and we will take him into our consultations. If the young man is industrious, and come of honest parentage, his poverty may be no such insurmountable obstacle. But you are both of you very young, Margaret—I know your godfather will expect, that the youth shall first serve out his apprenticeship."

Margaret had hitherto suffered the lady to proceed, under the mistaken impression which she had adopted, simply because she could not tell how to interrupt her; but pure despite at hearing her last words gave her boldness at length to say, "I crave your pardon, madam; but neither the youth you mention, nor any apprentice or master within the city of London—"

"Margaret," said the lady, in reply, "the contemptuous tone with which you mention those of your own class, (many hundreds if not thousands of whom are in all respects better than yourself, and would greatly honour you by thinking of you,) is, methinks, no warrant for the wisdom of your choice—for a choice, it seems, there is. Who is it, maiden, to whom you have thus rashly attached yourself?—rashly, I fear it must be."

"It is the young Scottish Lord Glenvarloch," answered Margaret, in a low and not sufficiently firm, considering the subject.

"The young Lord of Glenvarloch!" said the lady, in great surprise. "Maiden, you are in your wits."

"I knew you would say so, madam," Margaret. "It is what another person told me—it is, perhaps, what all the world me—it is what I am sometimes disposed to do. But look at me, madam, for I will before you, and tell me if there is madness in my look and word, when I repeat to you that I have fixed my affections on this young man."

"If there is not madness in your look, maiden, there is infinite folly in what you answered the Lady Hermione, sharply. You ever hear that misplaced love brought but wretchedness? Seek a match as equals, Margaret, and escape the countless risk and misery that must attend an affect your degree.—Why do you smile, maiden, ought to cause scorn in what I say?"

"Surely no, madam," answered Margaret, only smiled to think how it should be, while rank made such a wide difference in creatures formed from the same clay, though vulgar should, nevertheless, jump so some length with that of the accomplished exalted. It is but the variation of the plow divides them. Dame Ursley told me the thing which your ladyship has but now said to you, madam, talk of countless misery, Ursley spoke of the gallows, and Mistress who was hanged upon it."

"Indeed?" answered the Lady Hermione, who may Dame Ursley be, that your wisdom associated with me in the difficult task of fool?"

"The barber's wife at next door, answered Margaret, with feigned simplicity from being sorry at heart, that she had a direct mode of mortifying her mountess, the wisest woman that I know, next to ship."

"A proper confidant," said the lady, "I with the same delicate sense of what is of self and others!—But what ails you, maiden are you going?"

"Only to ask Dame Ursley's advice," said Margaret, as if about to depart; "for I see you too angry to give me any, and the emergency."

"What emergency, thou simple one?" said the lady, in a kinder tone. "Sit down, maiden, me your tale. It is true you are a fool, and fool to boot; but then you are a child—a child, with all your self-willed folly, can help you, if we can.—Sit down, I say, as I sired, and you will find me a safer and a saller than the barber-woman. And tell you come to suppose, that you have fixed unalterably upon a man whom you have think, but once."

"I have seen him oftener," said the lady, "but I have only spoken to him should have been able to get that one out of though the impression was so deep, that I now repeat every trifling word he said; things have since riveted it in my bosom."

"Maiden," replied the lady, "for ever which comes most lightly on the lips in such stances, but which, not the less, is almost that we should use. The fashion of this passions, its joys, and its sorrows, pass a winged breeze—there is nought for ever, which belongs to the world beyond the grave."

"You have corrected me justly, madam," Margaret, calmly; "I ought only to have my present state of mind, as what will be my lifetime, which unquestionably may be."

"And what is there in this Scottish lord rivet what concerns him so closely in you?"

ly. "I admit him a personable man, for him; and I will suppose him courteous. But what are his accomplishments? These surely are not uncommon attri-

unfortunate, madam—most unfortunate—ended by snares of different kinds, ingested to ruin his character, destroy his, perhaps, to reach even his life. These have been devised by avarice originally, but now followed close by vindictive ambition, think, by the absolute and concentrated vice; for the Lord Dalgarno!"

Monna Paula—Monna Paula!" exclaimed Hermione, interrupting her young friend's. "She hears me not," she answered, rising out, "I must seek her—I will return. She returned accordingly very soon after. I mentioned a name which I thought was familiar; said; "but Monna Paula has put me now nothing of your lord—how was it you?"

Dalgarno," said Margaret;—"the wicked lives. Under pretence of friendship, he the Lord Glenvarloch to a gambling—the purpose of engaging him in deep play; whom the perfidious traitor had to deal, uous, moderate, and cautious, to be caught open. What did they next, but turn his action against him, and persuade others he would not become the prey of wolves, with them for a share of their booty! And, base Lord Dalgarno was thus undermining countryman, he took every means, him surrounded by creatures of his own, him from attending Court, and mixing of his proper rank. Since the Gunpowder ere never was a conspiracy more deeply asely and more deliberately pursued."

smiled sadly at Margaret's vehemence, he next moment, while she told her young little she knew the world she was about once she testified so much surprise at finding a villainy.

what means," she added, "could you, come possessed of the secret views of a tious as Lord Dalgarno—as villains in ge-

me to be silent on that subject," said the I could not tell you without betraying it suffice that my tidings are as certain as by which I acquired them are secret and I must not tell them even to you."

too bold, Margaret," said the lady, "to rich matters at your early age. It is not rous, but even unbecoming and unmaid-

you would say that also," said Margaret, meekness and patience than she usually receiving reproof; "but, God knows, my s me of every other feeling save that of assist this most innocent and betrayed strived to send him warning of his friend's —alas! my care has only hastened his unless speedy aid be found. He charged end with treachery, and drew on him in nd is now liable to the fatal penalty due of privilege of the King's palace."

indeed an extraordinary tale," said Her- Lord Glenvarloch then in prison?"

dam, thank God, but in the Sanctuary at —it is matter of doubt whether it will pro- such a case—they speak of a warrant ord Chief Justice—A gentleman of the been arrested, and is in trouble, for hav- him in his flight.—Even his taking tem- in that base place, though from extreme ill be used to the farther defaming him. now, and yet I cannot rescue him—can- aim save by your means."

means, maiden?" said the lady—"you yourself!—What means can I possess in d situation, of assisting this unfortunate "

"You have means," said Margaret, eagerly; "you have those means, unless I mistake greatly, which can do any thing—can do every thing, in this city, in this world—you have wealth, and the command of a small portion of it will enable me to extricate him from his present danger. He will be enabled and directed how to make his escape—and I!"—she paused.

"Will accompany him, doubtless, and reap the fruits of your sage exertions in his behalf?" said the Lady Hermione, ironically.

"May Heaven forgive you the unjust thought, lady," answered Margaret. "I will never see him more—but I shall have saved him, and the thought will make me happy."

"A cold conclusion to so bold and warm a flame," said the lady, with a smile which seemed to intimate incredulity.

"It is, however, the only one which I expect, madam—I could almost say the only one which I wish—I am sure I will use no efforts to bring about any other; if I am bold in his cause, I am timorous enough in my own. During our only interview I was unable to speak a word to him. He knows not the sound of my voice—and all that I have risked, and must yet risk, I am doing for one, who, were he asked the question, would say he has long since forgotten that he ever saw, spoke to, or sat beside, a creature of so little signification as I am."

"This is a strange and unreasonable indulgence of a passion equally fanciful and dangerous," said the Lady Hermione.

"You will not assist me, then?" said Margaret; "have good-day then, madam—my secret, I trust, is safe in such honourable keeping."

"Tarry yet a little," said the lady, "and tell me what resource you have to assist this youth, if you were supplied with money to put it in motion."

"It is superfluous to ask me the question, madam," answered Margaret, "unless you purpose to assist me; and, if you do so purpose, it is still superfluous. You could not understand the means I must use, and time is too brief to explain."

"But have you in reality such means?" said the lady.

"I have, with the command of a moderate sum," answered Margaret Ramsay, "the power of baffling all his enemies—of eluding the passion of the irritated King—the colder but more determined displeasure of the Prince—the vindictive spirit of Buckingham, so hastily directed against whomsoever crosses the path of his ambition—the cold concentrated malice of Lord Dalgarno—all, I can baffle them all!"

"But is this to be done without your own personal risk, Margaret?" replied the lady; "for, be your purpose what it will, you are not to peril your own reputation or person, in the romantic attempt of serving another; and I, maiden, am answerable to your godfather,—to your benefactor, and my own,—not to aid you in any dangerous or unworthy enterprise."

"Depend upon my word,—my oath,—dearest lady," replied the suppliant, "that I will act by the agency of others, and do not myself design to mingle in any enterprise in which my appearance might be either perilous or unwomanly."

"I know not what to do," said the Lady Hermione; "it is perhaps incautious and inconsiderate in me to aid so wild a project; yet the end seems honourable if the means be sure—what is the penalty if he fall into their power?"

"Alas, alas! the loss of his right hand!" replied Margaret, her voice almost stifled with sobs.

"Are the laws of England so cruel? Then there is mercy in Heaven alone," said the lady, "since, even in this free land, men are wolves to each other.—Compose yourself, Margaret, and tell me what money is necessary to secure Lord Glenvarloch's escape."

"Two hundred pieces," replied Margaret; "I would speak to you of restoring them—and I must one day have the power—only that I know—that is, I think—your ladyship is indifferent on that score."

"Not a word more of it," said the lady; "call Monna Paula hither."

CHAPTER XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
 Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.
 False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
 Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more.
The New World.

By the time that Margaret returned with Monna Paula, the Lady Hermione was rising from the table at which she had been engaged in writing something on a small slip of paper, which she gave to her attendant.

"Monna Paula," she said, "carry this paper to Roberts the cash-keeper; let him give you the money mentioned in the note, and bring it hither presently."

Monna Paula left the room, and her mistress proceeded.

"I do not know," she said, "Margaret, if I have done, and am doing well, in this affair. My life has been one of strange seclusion, and I am totally unacquainted with the practical ways of this world—an ignorance which I know cannot be remedied by mere reading.—I fear I am doing wrong to you, and perhaps to the laws of the country which affords me refuge, by thus indulging you; and yet there is something in my heart which cannot resist your entreaties."

"O, listen to it—listen to it, dear, generous lady!" said Margaret, throwing herself on her knees and grasping those of her benefactress, and looking in that attitude like a beautiful mortal in the act of supplicating her tutelary angel; "the laws of men are but the injunctions of mortality, but what the heart prompts is the echo of the voice from Heaven within us."

"Rise, rise, maiden," said Hermione; "you affect me more than I thought I could have been moved by. Aught that should approach me. Rise and tell me whence it comes, that, in so short a time, your thoughts, your looks, your speech, and even your slightest actions, are changed from those of a capricious and fanciful girl, to all this energy and impassioned eloquence of word and action?"

"I am sure I know not, dearest lady," said Margaret, looking down; "but I suppose that, when I was a trifle, I was only thinking of trifles. What I now reflect is deep and serious, and I am thankful if my speech and manner bear reasonable proportion to my thoughts."

"It must be so," said the lady; "yet the change seems a rapid and strange one. It seems to be as if a childish girl had at once shot up into deep-thinking and impassioned woman, ready to make exertions alike, and sacrifices, with all that vain devotion to a favourite object of affection, which is often so basely rewarded."

The Lady Hermione sighed bitterly, and Monna Paula entered ere the conversation proceeded farther. She spoke to her mistress in the foreign language in which they frequently conversed, but which was unknown to Margaret.

"We must have patience for a time," said the lady to her visitor; "the cash-keeper is abroad on some business, but he is expected home in the course of half an hour."

Margaret wrung her hands in vexation and impatience.

"Minutes are precious," continued the lady; "that I am well aware of; and we will at least suffer none of them to escape us. Monna Paula shall remain below and transact our business, the very instant that Roberts returns home."

She spoke to her attendant accordingly, who again left the room.

"You are very kind, madam—very good," said the poor little Margaret, while the anxious trembling of her lip and of her hand showed all that sickening agitation of the heart which arises from hope deferred.

"Be patient, Margaret, and collect yourself," said the lady; "you may, you must, have much to do to carry through this your bold purpose—reserve your spirits, which you may need so much—be patient—it is the only remedy against the evils of life."

"Yea, madam," said Margaret, wiping her eyes, and endeavouring in vain to suppress the natural im-

patience of her temper.—"I have heard it often indeed; and I dare say I have myself, forgive me, said so to people in perplexity of action; but it was before I had suffered pain and vexation myself, and I am sure I will never have patience to any human being again, now that how much the medicine goes against the cure." "You will think better of it, maiden," said Lady Hermione; "I also, when I first felt that they did me wrong who spoke of patience; but my sorrows have been repeated, continued till I have been taught to cling to duty, and religious duties excepted of which patience forms a part—the only elevation life can afford them."

Margaret, who neither wanted sense nor wiped her tears hastily, and asked her patronessiveness for her patience.

"I might have thought"—she said, "I have reflected, that even from the manner of life, madam, it is plain you must have suffered and yet, God knows, the patience which I have seen you display, well entitles you to receive your own example to others."

The lady was silent for a moment, and replied—

"Margaret, I am about to repose a high esteem in you. You are no longer a child, but a sensible and a feeling woman. You have told me as your secret as you dared—I will let you use much of mine as I may venture to tell. Ask me, perhaps, why, at a moment when my mind is agitated, I should force upon you consideration of my sorrows? and I answer, that not withstand the impulse which now induces me to do so. Perhaps from having witnessed, for time these three years, the natural effects of a passion, my own sorrows have been awake are for the moment to big for my own bosom. I may hope that you, who seem distressed on the very rock on which I was wrecked, will take warning by the tale I have told. Enough, if you are willing to listen, I am to tell you who the melancholy inhabitant of the jambe apartments really is, and why she remains there. It will serve, at least, to while away the time. Monna Paula shall bring us the reply from her."

At any other moment of her life, Margaret would have heard with undivided interest communication so flattering in itself, and referring subject upon which the general curiosity had strongly excited. And even at this agitating time she ceased not to listen with an ear and throbbing heart for the sound of Paula's returning footsteps, she nevertheless gratitude and policy, as well as a portion of the dictated, composed herself, in appearance, to the strictest attention to the Lady Hermione, who thanked her with humility for the high esteem she was pleased to repose in her. The Lady Hermione, with the same calmness which always directed her speech and actions, thus recounted to her young friend:

"My father," she said, "was a merchant of a city whose merchants are princes the daughter of a noble house in Genoa, who stood as high in honour and in antiquity, ascribed in the Golden Register of that famous crony."

"My mother was a noble Scottish woman was descended—do not start—and not descended, of the house of Glenvarloch—no wonder I was easily led to take concern in the misdeeds of this young lord. He is my near relation, and ther, who was more than sufficiently proud and resent, early taught me to take an interest in him. My maternal grandfather, a cadet of that Glenvarloch, had followed the fortunes of an fugitive, Francis Earl of Bothwell, who, after his miseries in many a foreign court, at length in Spain upon a miserable pension, which he by conforming to the Catholic faith. Ralph, my grandfather, separated from him in disquiet settled at Barcelona, where, by the friendship

ernor, his heresy, as it was termed, was connived at by his father, in the course of his commerce, resided at Barcelona than in his native country, though times he visited Genoa.

It was at Barcelona that he became acquainted with my mother, loved her, and married her; they were in faith, but they agreed in affection. I was his only child. In public I conformed to the doctrines and ceremonial of the church of Rome; but my mother, by whom these were regarded with horror, privately trained me up in those of the reformed religion; and my father, either indifferent in the matter, unwilling to distress the woman whom he loved, or looked on as connived at my secretly joining in her opinions.

But when, unhappily, my father was attacked, while yet in the prime of life, by a slow wasting disease, which he felt to be incurable, he foresaw the hard to which his widow and orphan might be exposed, after he was no more, in a country so bigoted to Catholicism as Spain. He made it his business, during the two last years of his life, to realize and to allot to England a large part of his fortune, which, the faith and honour of his correspondent, the excellent man under whose roof I now reside, was employed to great advantage. Had my father lived to complete his purpose, by withdrawing his whole fortune from commerce, he himself would have accompanied us to England, and would have beheld us settled in peace and honour before his death. But Heaven ordained it otherwise. He died, leaving several thousands engaged in the hands of his Spanish debtors; and, in particular, he had made a large and extensive assignment to a certain wealthy society of merchants at Madrid, who showed no willingness after death to account for the proceeds. Would to God he had left these covetous and wicked men in possession of their booty, for such they seemed to hold the property of their deceased correspondent and friend! He had enough for comfort, and even splendour, already secured in England; but friends exclaimed upon the folly of permitting these unprincipled men to plunder us of our rightful property. The sum itself was large, and the claim having been made, my mother thought that my father's memory was interested in being enforced, especially as the defences set up for mercantile society went, in some degree, to impeach the fairness of his transactions.

We went therefore to Madrid. I was then, my mother regretted, about your age, young and thoughtless, as I have hitherto been.—We went, I say, to Madrid, to solicit the protection of the Court and of the King, about which we were told it would be in vain to exert justice against an opulent and powerful association.

Our residence at the Spanish metropolis drew on week to month. For my part, my natural sorrow for a kind, though not a fond father, having abated, I cared not if the lawsuit had detained us at Madrid for ever. My mother permitted herself and me more liberty than we had been accustomed to. We found relations among the Scottish and Irish officers, many of whom held a high rank in the Spanish armies; their wives and daughters became our friends and companions, and I had perpetual occasion to exercise my mother's native language, which I had learned from my infancy. By degrees, as my mother's fortunes were low, and her health indifferent, she was used, by her partial fondness for me, to suffer me to mingle occasionally in society which she herself did not frequent, under the guardianship of such ladies as I imagined she could trust, and particularly under the care of the lady of a general officer, whose weakness or falsehood was the original cause of my misadventures. I was as gay, Margaret, and thoughtless—gain repeat it—as you were but lately, and my attention, like yours, became suddenly riveted to one object, and to one set of feelings.

The person by whom they were excited was young, brave, handsome, accomplished, a soldier, and a Briton. So far our cases are nearly parallel; but, may heaven forbid that the parallel should become complete! This man, so noble, so fairly formed, so gifted, and so brave—this villain, for that, Margaret, was

his fittest name, spoke of love to me, and I listened.—Could I suspect his sincerity? If he was wealthy, noble, and long-descended, I also was a noble and an opulent heiress. It is true, that he neither knew the extent of my father's wealth, nor did I communicate to him (I do not even remember if I myself knew it at the time) the important circumstance, that the greater part of that wealth was beyond the grasp of arbitrary power, and not subject to the precarious award of arbitrary judges. My lover might think, perhaps, as my mother was desirous the world at large should believe, that almost our whole fortune depended on the precarious suit which we had come to Madrid to prosecute—a belief which she had countenanced out of policy, being well aware that a knowledge of my father's having remitted such a large part of his fortune to England, would in no shape aid the recovery of farther sums in the Spanish courts. Yet, with no more extensive views of my fortune than were possessed by the public, I believe that he, of whom I am speaking, was at first sincere in his pretensions. He had himself interest sufficient to have obtained a decision in our favour in the courts, and my fortune, reckoning only what was in Spain, would then have been no inconsiderable sum. To be brief, whatever might be his motives or temptation for so far committing himself, he applied to my mother for my hand, with my consent and approval. My mother's judgment had become weaker, but her passions had become more irritable, during her increasing illness.

"You have heard of the bitterness of the ancient Scottish feuds, of which it may be said, in the language of Scripture, that the fathers eat sour grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge. Unhappily,—I should say *happily*, considering what this man has now shown himself to be,—some such strain of bitterness had divided his house from my mother's, and she had succeeded to the inheritance of hatred. When he asked her for my hand, she was no longer able to command her passions—she raked up every injury which the rival families had inflicted upon each other during a bloody feud of two centuries—heaped him with epithets of scorn, and rejected his proposal of alliance, as if it had come from the basest of mankind.

"My lover retired in passion; and I remained to weep and murmur against fortune, and—I will confess my fault—against my affectionate parent. I had been educated with different feelings, and the traditions of the feuds and quarrels of my mother's family in Scotland, which were to her monuments and chronicles, seemed to me as insignificant and unmeaning as the actions and fantasies of Don Quixote; and I blamed my mother bitterly for sacrificing my happiness to an empty dream of family dignity.

"While I was in this humour, my lover sought a renewal of our intercourse. We met repeatedly in the house of the lady whom I have mentioned, and who, in levity, or in the spirit of intrigue, countenanced our secret correspondence. At length we were secretly married—so far did my blinded passion hurry me. My lover had secured the assistance of a clergyman of the English church. Monna Paula, who had been my attendant from infancy, was one witness of our union. Let me do the faithful creature justice.—She conjured me to suspend my purpose till my mother's death should permit us to celebrate our marriage openly; but the entreaties of my lover, and my own wayward passion, prevailed over her remonstrances. The lady I have spoken of was another witness, but whether she was in full possession of my bridegroom's secret, I had never the means to learn. But the shelter of her name and roof afforded us the means of frequently meeting, and the love of my husband seemed as sincere and as unbounded as my own.

"He was eager, he said, to gratify his pride, by introducing me to one or two of his noble English friends. This could not be done at Lady D—'s; but by his command, which I was now entitled to consider as my law, I contrived twice to visit him at his own hotel, accompanied only by Monna Paula. There was a very small party, of two ladies and two gentlemen. There was music, mirth, and dancing.

I had heard of the frankness of the English nation, but I could not help thinking it bordered on license during these entertainments, and in the course of the collation which followed: but I imputed my scruples to my inexperience, and would not doubt the propriety of what was approved by my husband.

"I was soon summoned to other scenes: My poor mother's disease drew to a conclusion—Happy I am that it took place before she discovered what would have cut her to the soul.

"In Spain you may have heard how the Catholic priests, and particularly the monks, besiege the beds of the dying, to obtain bequests for the good of the church. I have said that my mother's temper was irritated by disease, and her judgment impaired in proportion. She gathered spirits and force from the resentment which the priests around her had excited by their importunity, and the boldness of the stern sect of reformers, to which she had secretly adhered, seemed to animate her dying tongue. She avowed the religion she had so long concealed; renounced all hope and aid which did not come by and through its dictates; rejected with contempt the ceremonial of the Romish church; loaded the astonished priests with reproaches for their greediness and hypocrisy; and commanded them to leave her house. They went in bitterness and rage, but it was to return with the inquisitorial power, its warrants, and its officers; and they found only the cold corpse left of her, on whom they had hoped to work their vengeance. As I was soon discovered to have shared my mother's heresy, I was dragged from her dead body, imprisoned in a solitary cloister and treated with severity, which the Abbess assured me was due to the looseness of my life, as well as my spiritual errors. I vowed my marriage, to justify the situation in which I found myself—I implored the assistance of the Superior to communicate my situation to my husband. She smiled coldly at the proposal, and told me the church had provided a better spouse for me; advised me to secure myself of divine grace hereafter, and deserve milder treatment here, by presently taking the veil. In order to convince me that I had no other resource, she showed me a royal decree, by which all my estate was hypothecated to the convent of Saint Magdalen, and became their complete property upon my death, or my taking the vows. As I was, both from religious principle, and affectionate attachment to my husband, absolutely immovable in my rejection of the veil, I believe—may Heaven forgive me if I wrong her!—that the Abbess was desirous to make sure of my spoils, by hastening the former event.

"It was a small and a poor convent, and situated among the mountains of Guadarrama. Some of the sisters were the daughters of neighbouring Hidalgos, as poor as they were proud and ignorant; others were women immured there on account of their vicious conduct. The Superior herself was of a high family, to which she owed her situation; but she was said to have disgraced her connexions by her conduct during youth, and now, in advanced age, covetousness and the love of power, a spirit too of severity and cruelty, had succeeded to the thirst after licentious pleasure. I suffered much under this woman—and still her dark glassy eye, her tall, shrouded form, and her rigid features, haunt my slumbers.

"I was not desuned to be a mother. I was very ill, and my recovery was long doubtful. The most violent remedies were applied, if remedies they indeed were. My health was restored at length, against my own expectation and that of all around me. But, when I first again beheld the reflection of my own face, I thought it was the visage of a ghost. I was wont to be flattered by all, but particularly by my husband, for the fineness of my complexion—it was now totally gone, and, what is more extraordinary, it has never returned. I have observed that the few who now see me, look upon me as a bloodless phantom—Such has been the abiding effect of the treatment to which I was subjected. May God forgive those who were the agents of it!—I thank Heaven I can say so with as sincere a wish, as that with which I pray for forgiveness of my own sins. They now relented somewhat towards me—moved perhaps to

compassion by my singular appearance, which was witness to my sufferings; or afraid that the monks might attract attention during a visitation of the shop, which was approaching. One day, as I was walking in the convent-garden, to which I had been lately admitted, a miserable old Moorish slave, who was kept to cultivate the little spot, muttered as he passed him, but still keeping his wrinkled face and decrepit form in the same angle with the earth—'This is Heart's Ease near the postern.'

"I knew something of the symbolical language of flowers, once carried to such perfection among the Moriscos of Spain; but if I had been ignorant, the captive would soon have caught at any hint seemed to promise liberty. With all the bareness consistent with the utmost circumspection—for I was observed by the Abbess or some of the sisters in the window—I hastened to the postern. It was closely barred as usual, but when I coughed signally, I was answered from the other side—and, O Heaven! it was my husband's voice which said, 'Lower the bar!'—I was here at present, but be on this spot when the vesper bell has tolled.

"I retired in an ecstasy of joy. I was not permitted to assist at vespers, but was allowed to be confined to my cell while the nuns were in the choir. Since my recovery, they had discontinued locking the door; though the utmost severity was maintained against me if I left these precincts. But they could not be what it would, I hastened to descend sooner than the last toll of the vesper bell could be heard, than I stole from my chamber, reached the postern unobserved, hurried to the postern, beheld my husband with rapture, and in the next moment was in his arms. He had with him another cavalier of noble mien—both were masked and armed. Behind them, with one saddled for my use, stood in a hard by, with two other masked horsemen, who seemed to be servants. In less than two minutes we were mounted, and rode off as fast as we could through rough and devious roads, in which our domestics appeared to act as guide.

"The hurried pace at which we rode, and the mystery of the moment, kept me silent, and prevented my expressing my surprise or my joy save in a few broken words. It also served as an apology for my husband's silence. At length we stopped at a solitary hut—the cavaliers dismounted, and I was seen from my saddle, not by M—— M—— my husband would say, who seemed busied about his horse as by the stranger.

"Go into the hut," said my husband, 'change your dress with the speed of lightning—you will find us to assist you—we must forward instantly what we have shifted your apparel.'

"I entered the hut, and was received in the arms of the faithful Monna Paula, who had waited in rivalry for many hours, half-distracted with fearful anxiety. With her assistance I speedily tore off the detested garments of the convent, and exchanged them for a travelling suit, made after the English fashion. I observed that Monna Paula was in a similar dress. I had but just huddled on my country attire, when we were hastily summoned to mount. A horse, I found, was provided for Monna Paula, and we resumed our route. On the way, my conveyance, which had been wrapped hastily together around a stone, was thrown into a lake, along the verge of which we were then passing. The two cavaliers rode together in front, my attendant and I followed, and the servants brought up the rear. Monna Paula, as we rode on, repeatedly entreated me to be silent upon the road, as our lives depended on it. I was easily reconciled to be passive, for the first fever of spirits which attended the sense of liberation and of gratified affection having passed away, I felt as it were dizzy with the rapid motion; and my utmost exertion was necessary to keep my place in the saddle, until we suddenly (it was now very dark) saw a strong light before us.

"My husband reined up his horse, and gave a signal by a low whistle twice repeated, which was answered from a distance. The whole party then halted under the boughs of a large cork-tree, and my

husband, drawing himself close to my side, said, in a voice which I then thought was only embarrassed by fear for my safety.—“We must now part. Those to whom I commit you are *contrabandists*, who only know you as Englishwomen, but who, for a high bribe, have undertaken to escort you through the passes of the Pyrenees as far as Saint Jean de Luz.”

“And do you not go with us?” I exclaimed with emphasis, though in a whisper.

“It is impossible,” he said, “and would ruin all—See that you speak in English in these people’s hearing, and give not the least sign of understanding what they say in Spanish—your life depends on it; for, though they live in opposition to, and evasion of, the laws of Spain, they would tremble at the idea of violating those of the church—I see them coming—are well—farewell.”

“The last words were hastily uttered—I endeavored to detain him yet a moment by my feeble grasp on his cloak.”

“You will meet me, then, I trust, at Saint Jean de Luz?”

“Yes, yes,” he answered hastily, “at Saint Jean de Luz you will meet your protector.”

“He then extricated his cloak from my grasp, and was lost in the darkness. His companion approached—kissed my hand, which in the agony of the moment I was scarce sensible of, and followed my husband, attended by one of the domestics.”

The tears of Hermione here flowed so fast as to interrupt the narration of her narrative. When she resumed it, it was with a kind of apology to Margaret.

“Every circumstance,” she said, “occurring in those moments, when I still enjoyed a delusive idea of happiness, are deeply imprinted in my remembrance, which, respecting all that has since happened, waste and unvaried as an Arabian desert. But I have no right to inflict on you, Margaret, agitated as you are with your own anxieties, the unavailing details of my useless recollections.”

Margaret’s eyes were full of tears—it was impossible it could be otherwise, considering that the tale as told by her suffering benefactress, and resembled, in some respects, her own situation; and yet she must not be so very blamed, if, while eagerly pressing her attention to continue her narrative, her eye involuntarily sought the door, as if to chide the delay of Monna Paula.

The Lady Hermione saw and forgave these conflicting emotions; and she, too, must be pardoned, if, in her turn, the minute detail of her narrative showed, that, in the discharge of feelings so long locked in her own bosom, she rather forgot those which were personal to her auditor, and by which it must be supposed Margaret’s mind was principally occupied, if not entirely engrossed.

“I told you, I think, that one domestic followed the gentlemen,” thus the lady continued her story, “the other remained with us for the purpose, as it seemed, of introducing us to two persons whom—”

“I say, whom my husband’s signal had brought to the spot. A word or two of explanation passed between them and the servant, in a sort of *patois*, which I did not understand; and one of the strangers taking hold of my bridle, the other of Monna Paula’s, they led us towards the light, which I have readily said was the signal of our halting. I touched Monna Paula, and was sensible that she trembled very much, which surprised me, because I knew her character to be so strong and bold as to border upon the masculine.”

“When we reached the fire, the gipsy figures of those who surrounded us, with their swarthy features, large Sombrero hats, girdles stuck full of pistols and poniards, and all the other apparatus of a roving and perilous life, would have terrified me at another moment. But then I only felt the agony of having parted from my husband almost in the very moment of my rescue. The females of the gang—there were four or five women amongst these contraband traders—received us with a sort of rude courtesy. They were, in dress and manners, not extremely different from the men with whom they associated—

were almost as hardy and adventurous, carried arms like them, and were, as we learned from passing circumstances, scarcely less experienced in the use of them.

“It was impossible not to fear these wild people; yet they gave us no reason to complain of them, but used us on all occasions with a kind of clumsy courtesy, accommodating themselves to our wants and our weakness during the journey, even while we heard them grumbling to each other against our effeminacy—like some rude carrier, who in charge of a package of valuable and fragile ware, takes every precaution for its preservation, while he curses the unwonted trouble which it occasions him. Once or twice, when they were disappointed in their contraband traffic, lost some goods in a rencontre with the Spanish officers of the revenue, and were finally pursued by a military force, their murmurs assumed a more alarming tone, in the terrified ears of my attendant and myself, when, without daring to seem to understand them, we heard them curse the insular heretics, on whose account God, Saint James, and Our Lady of the Pillar, had blighted their hopes of profit. These are dreadful recollections, Margaret.”

“Why, then, dearest lady,” answered Margaret, “will you thus dwell on them?”

“It is only,” said the Lady Hermione, “because I linger like a criminal on the scaffold, and would fain protract the time that must inevitably bring on the final catastrophe. Yes, dearest Margaret, I rest and dwell on the events of that journey, marked as it was by fatigue and danger, though the road lay through the wildest and most desolate deserts and mountains, and though our companions, both men and women, were fierce and lawless themselves, and exposed to the most merciless retaliation from those with whom they were constantly engaged—yet would I rather dwell on these hazardous events, than tell that which awaited me at Saint Jean de Luz.”

“But you arrived there in safety?” said Margaret.

“Yes, maiden,” replied the Lady Hermione; “and were guided by the chief of our outlawed band to the house which had been assigned for our reception, with the same punctilious accuracy with which he would have delivered a bale of uncustomed goods to a correspondent. I was told a gentleman had expected me for two days—I rushed into the apartment, and, when I expected to embrace my husband—I found myself in the arms of his friend!”

“The villain!” exclaimed Margaret, whose anxiety had, in spite of herself, been a moment suspended by the narrative of the lady.

“Yes,” replied Hermione, calmly, though her voice somewhat faltered, “it is the name that best—that well befits him. He, Margaret, for whom I had sacrificed all—whose love and whose memory were dearer to me than my freedom, when I was in the convent—than my life, when I was on my perilous journey—had taken his measures to shake me off, and transfer me, as a privileged wanton, to the protection of his libertine friend. At first the stranger laughed at my tears and my agony, as the hysterical passion of a deluded and overreached wanton, or the wild affliction of a courtesan. My claim of marriage he laughed at, assuring me he knew it was a mere farce required by me, and submitted to by his friend, to save some reserve of delicacy; and expressed his surprise that I should consider in any other light a ceremony which could be valid neither in Spain nor England, and insidiously offered to remove my scruples, by receiving such a union with me himself. My exclamations brought Monna Paula to my aid—she was not, indeed, far distant, for she had expected some such scene.”

“Good Heaven!” said Margaret, “was she a confidant of your base husband?”

“No,” answered Hermione, “do her not that injustice. It was her persevering inquiries that discovered the place of my confinement—it was she who gave the information to my husband, and who remarked even then that the news was so much more interesting to his friend than to him, that she suspected, from an early period, it was the purpose of the villain to shake me off. On the journey, her suspicions were confirmed. She had heard him remark

to his companion, with a cold sarcastic sneer, the total change which my prison and my illness had made on my complexion; and she had heard the other reply, that the defect might be cured by a touch of Spanish red. This, and other circumstances, having prepared her for such treachery, Monna Paula now entered, completely possessed of herself, and prepared to support me. Her calm representations went further with the stranger than the expressions of my despair. If he did not entirely believe our tale, he at least acted the part of a man of honour, who would not intrude himself on defenceless females, whatever was their character; desisted from persecuting us with his presence; and not only directed Monna Paula how we should journey to Paris, but furnished her with money for the purpose of our journey. From the capital I wrote to Master Heriot, my father's most trusted correspondent; he came instantly to Paris on receiving the letter; and— But here comes Monna Paula, with more than the sum you desired. Take it, my dearest maiden—serve this youth if you will. But O Margaret, look for no gratitude in return!"

The Lady Hermione took the bag of gold from her attendant, and gave it to her young friend, who threw herself into her arms, kissed her on both the pale cheeks, over which the sorrows so newly awakened by her narrative had drawn many tears, then sprung up, wiped her own overflowing eyes, and left the Foljambe apartments with a hasty and resolved step.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rave not from pole to pole—the man lives here
Whose razor's only equal'd by his liver.

And where, in either sense, the cockney-pat
May, if he pleases, get confounded with it.

On the sign of an Adonis kept by a Barber.

We are under the necessity of transporting our readers to the habitation of Benjamin Suddlechop, the husband of the active and efficient Dame Ursula, and who also, in his own person, discharged more offices than one. For, besides trimming locks and beards, and turning whiskers upward into the martial and swaggering curl, or downward into the drooping form which became mustaches of civil policy; besides also occasionally letting blood, either by cupping or by the lancet, extracting a stump, and performing other actions of petty pharmacy, very nearly as well as his neighbour Raredrench, the apothecary; he could, on occasion, draw a cup of beer as well as a tooth, tap a hog'shead as well as a vein, and wash, with a draught of good ale, the mustaches which his art had just trimmed. But he carried on these trades apart from each other.

His barber's shop projected its long and mysterious pole into Fleet street, painted party-coloured-wise, to represent the ribbons with which, in older times, that ensign was garnished. In the window were seen rows of teeth displayed upon strings like rosaries—cups with a red rag at the bottom, to resemble blood, an intimation that patients might be bled, cupped, or blistered, with the assistance of "sufficient advice;" while the more profitable, but less honourable operations upon the hair of the head and beard, were briefly and gravely announced. Within was the well-worn leathern chair for customers, the guitar, then called a ghittern or cittern, with which a customer might amuse himself till his predecessor was dismissed from under Benjamin's hands, and which, therefore, often played the tars of the patient metaphorically, while his chin sustained from the razor literal scarification. All, therefore, in this department, spoke the chirurgeon-barber, or the barber-chirurgeon.

But there was a little back-room, used as a private tap-room, which had a separate entrance by a dark and crooked alley, which communicated with Fleet street, after a circuitous passage through several lanes and courts. This retired temple of Bacchus had also a connexion with Benjamin's more public shop by a long and narrow entrance, conducting to the secret premises in which a few old toppers used to take their morning draught, and a few gill-sippers their modicum of strong waters, in a bashful way,

after having entered the barber's shop under pretence of being shaved. Besides, this obscure tap-room was a separate admission to the apartments of Dame Ursula, which she was believed to make use of in a course of her multifarious practice, both to let her secretly out, and to admit clients and employees who could not be seen to visit her in public. Accordingly, after the hour of noon, by which time the modest and whetters, who were Benjamin's best customers, had each had his draught, or his thimbleful, the business of the tap was in a manner ended, and the key of attending the back-door passed from one of the barber's apprentices to the little mulatto girl, the daughter of Dame Suddlechop. Then came my stay in a room of mystery; muffled gallants, and masked masqueraders in disguises of different fashions, were seen to pass through the intricate mazes of the alley; and even low tap on the door, which frequently demanded attention of the little Creole, had in it something that expressed secrecy and fear of discovery.

It was the evening of the same day when Margaret had held the long conference with the Lady Henke that Dame Suddlechop had directed her little apprentice to "keep the door fast as a miser's purse-string," as she valued her sallow skin, to let in none but the dame she added in a whisper, and accompanied with a nod. The little domestic blinked at the request, and in brief time thereafter returned and ushered into the presence of the dame, three city-gallant whose clothes sat awkwardly upon them, and who had behaved so doughtily in the fray, that befell at Nigel's first visit to Benjamin's ordinary. The mulatto introduced him—"Missus, fine young gentleman, all over gold and velvet"—then muttered herself as she shut the door, "fine young gentleman—apprentice to him who makes the tick-tick."

It was indeed—we are sorry to say it, and trust readers will sympathize with the interest we take in the matter—it was indeed honest Jin Vin, who had been so far left to his own devices, and abandoned his better angel, as occasionally to travesty even in this fashion, and to visit, in the dress of a gallant of the day, those places of pleasure and dissipation which it would have been exciting disapprobation to have been seen in his real character and condition; that is, had it been possible for him in his progress to have gained admission. There was now a gloom on his brow, his rich habit was hanging askew and buttoned awry; his belt buckled in a most disorderly fashion, so that his sword stuck outward from his side, instead of hanging by it with graceful elegance; while his poniard, though fairly hatched and gilded, stuck in his girdle like a butcher's steel, and told of his blue apron. Persons of fashion had in this way, the advantage formerly of being better acquainted with the vulgar than at present; for, in the ancient farthingale and more modern hoop, to court ladies, the sword was to the gentleman; the article of dress, which only rendered those rascals who assumed it for the nonce, without being in the habit of wearing it. Vincent's rapier got between his legs, and, as he stumbled over it, he exclaimed, "Zounds! 'tis the second time it has served me there. I believe the damned trinket knows I am no true gentleman, and does it of set purpose."

"Come, come, mine honest Jin Vin—come, a good boy," said the dame, in a soothing tone, "and mind these trankums—a frank and hearty London apprentice is worth all the gallants of the inns of court."

"I was a frank and hearty London apprentice before I knew you, Dame Suddlechop," said Vincent; "and your advice has made me, you may find a name for me since, for George! I am ashamed to think about myself."

"A-well-a-day," quoth the dame, "and is it even with thee?—nay, then, I know but one cure; and with that, going to a little corner cupboard of curio-wanscoat, she opened it by the assistance of a key which, with half-a-dozen besides, hung in a scroll-chain at her girdle, and produced a long flask of the time two Flemish runner glasses, with long stems and capacious wombs. She filled the one bravely in her guest, and the other more modestly to about

s of its capacity, for her own use, repeating, as if her cordial trickled forth in a smooth oilystream—*Oh Rosa Solis, as ever washed mulligrubs out of my brain!*"

But though Jin Vin tossed off his glass without pause, while the lady sipped hers more moderately, he did not appear to produce the expected amendment in his humour. On the contrary, as he threw himself into the great leathern chair, in which Dame Ursula was wont to solace herself on an evening, he red himself "the most miserable dog within the d of Bow-bell."

"And why should you be so idle as to think yourself a silly boy?" said Dame Suddlechop; "but 'tis you thus—fools and children never know when they are well. Why, there is not one that walks in the street, whether in flat cap, or hat and feather, has so many kind glances from the wenches as when ye swagger along Fleet street with your hand under your arm, and your cap set aside upon your head."

"Thou knowest well, that, from Mrs. Deputy's down to the waistcoaters in the alley, all of them winking and peeping betwixt their fingers when they pass; and yet you call yourself a miserable dog! I must tell you all this over and over again, as if I were whistling the chimes of London to a pettish fellow, in order to bring the pretty baby into good-humour!"

The flattery of Dame Ursula seemed to have the effect of her cordial—it was swallowed, indeed, by the man to whom she presented it, and that with some degree of relish, but it did not operate as a sedative on the disturbed state of the youth's mind. He laughed a moment, half in scorn, and half in gratified vanity, but cast a sullen look on Dame Ursula as he repeated her last words.

"You do treat me like a child indeed, when you sing and over to me a cuckoo song that I care not a farthing for!"

"Ha!" said Dame Ursula; "that is to say, you care for no one else, unless you please one—You are a lover. I warrant, and care not for all the city, here to Whitechapel, so you could write yourself in your pretty Peg-a-Ramsay's good-will. Well, take patience, man, and be guided by me, for I will be the hoop which bind you together at last."

"Is time you were so?" said Jenkin, "for hitherto I have rather been the wedge to separate us." Dame Suddlechop had by this time finished her meal—it was not the first she had taken that day; though a woman of strong brain, and cautious temper, if not abstemious, in her potations, it may be supposed that her patience was not vexed by the regimen which she observed.

"Why, thou ungracious and ingrate knave," said Dame Ursula, "have not I done every thing to put in thy mistress's good graces? She loves gentry, and Scotch minx, as a Welshman loves cheese, as her father's descent from that Duke of Dalriada whatsoever she calls him, as close in her as gold in a miser's chest, though she as seldom as it—and none she will think of, or have, but a man—and a gentleman I have made of thee, in, the devil cannot deny that."

"You have made a fool of me," said poor Jenkin, sitting at the sleeve of his jacket.

"Ever the worse gentleman for that," said Dame Ursula, laughing.

"And what is worse," said he, turning his back to her suddenly, and withing in his chair, "you have a rogue of me."

"Ever the worse gentleman for that neither," said Dame Ursula, in the same tone; "let a man bear his rail and his knavery stoutly, and let me see if you or honesty will look him in the face now-a-days."

But man, it was only in the time of King Arthur, King Lud, that a gentleman was held to be his scutcheon by a leap over the line of reason—It is the bold look, the ready hand, the other, the brisk oath, and the wild brain, that is the gallant now-a-days."

"I know what you have made me," said Jin Vin; "I have given up skittles and trap-ball for tennis bowls, good English ale for thin Bourdeaux

and sour Rhenish, roast-beef and pudding for woodcocks and kickshaws—my bat for a sword, my cap for a beaver, my forsooth for a modish oath, my Christmas-box for a dice-box, my religion for the devil's matins, and mine honest name for—Woman, I could brain thee, when I think whose advice has guided me in all this!"

"Whose advice, then? whose advice, then? Speak out, thou poor, petty cloak-brusher, and say who advised thee?" retorted Dame Ursula, flushed and indignant—"Marry come up, my paltry companion—say by whose advice you have made a gamester of yourself, and a thief besides, as your words would bear—The Lord deliver us from evil!" And here Dame Ursula devoutly crossed herself.

"Hark ye, Dame Ursula Suddlechop," said Jenkin, starting up, his dark eyes flashing with anger; "remember I am none of your husband—and, if I were, you would do well not to forget whose threshold was swept when they last rode the Skimmington* upon such another scolding jade as yourself!"

"I hope to see you ride up Holborn next," said Dame Ursula, provoked out of all her holiday and sugar-plum expressions, "with a nosegay at your breast, and a parson at your elbow!"

"That may well be," answered Jin Vin, bitterly, "if I walk by your counsels as I have begun by them; but, before that day comes, you shall know that Jin Vin has the brisk boys of Fleet street still at his wink. —Yes, you jade, you shall be carted for bawd and conjurer, double-dyed in grain, and bing off to Bride-well, with every brass basin betwixt the Bar and Paul's beating before you, as if the devil were banging them with his beef-hook."

Dame Ursula coloured like scarlet, seized upon the half-emptied flask of cordial, and, seemed, by her first gesture, about to hurl it at the head of her adversary; but suddenly, and as if by a strong internal effort, she checked her outrageous resentment, and, putting the bottle to its more legitimate use, filled, with wonderful composure, the two glasses, and, taking up one of them, said, with a smile, which better became her comely and jovial countenance than the fury by which it was animated the moment before—

"Here is to thee, Jin Vin, my lad, in all loving kindness, whatever spite thou bearest to me, that have always been a mother to thee."

Jenkin's English good-nature could not resist this forcible appeal; he took up the other glass, and lovingly pledged the dame in her cup of reconciliation, and proceeded to make a kind of grumbling apology for his own violence—

"For you know," he said, "it was you persuaded me to get these fine things, and go to that godless ordinary, and ruffle it with the best, and bring you home all the news; and you said, I, that was the cock of the ward, would soon be the cock of the ordinary, and would win ten times as much at gleeck and primero, as I used to do at put and beggar-my-neighbour—and turn up doublets with the dice, as busily as I was wont to trowl down the ninepins in the skittle-ground—and then you said I should bring you such news out of the ordinary as should make us all, when used as you knew how to use it—and now you see what is to come of it all!"

"'Tis all true thou sayest, lad," said the dame; "but thou must have patience. Rome was not built in a day—you cannot become used to your court-suit in a month's time, any more than when you changed your long coat for a doublet and hose; and in gaming you must expect to lose as well as gain—'tis the sitting gamester that sweeps the board."

"The board has swept me, I know," replied Jin

* A species of triumphal procession in honour of female supremacy, when it rose to such a height as to attract the attention of the neighbourhood. It is described at full length in Hudibras, (*Part II. Canto II*). As the procession passed on, those who attended it in an official capacity were wont to sweep the threshold of the houses in which Fame affirmed the mistresses to exercise paramount authority, which was given and received as a hint that their inmates might, in their turn, be made the subject of a similar ovation. The Skimmington, which in some degree resembled the proceedings of *Mumme Fumme* in an African village, has been long discontinued in England, apparently because female rule has become either milder or less frequent than among our ancestors.

Vin, "and that pretty clean out.—I would that were the worst; but I owe for all this finery, and settling-day is coming on, and my master will find my account worse than it should be by a score of pieces.—My old father will be called in to make them good; and I—may save the hangman a labour and do the job myself, or go the Virginia voyage."

"Do not speak so loud, my dear boy," said Dame Ursley; "but tell me why you borrow not from a friend to make up your arrears. You could lend him as much when his settling-day came round."

"No, no—I have had enough of that work," said Vincent. "Tunstall would lend me the money, poor fellow, an he had it; but his gentle, beggarly kindred, plunder him of all, and keep him as bare as a birch at Christmas. No—my fortune may be spelt in four letters, and these read, *work*."

"Now hush, you simple craven," said the dame; "did you never hear, that when the need is highest the help is nighest? We may find aid for you yet, and sooner than you are aware of. I am sure I would never have advised you to such a course, but only you had set heart and eye on pretty Mistress Marget, and less would not serve you—and what could I do but advise you to cast your city-slough, and try your luck where folks find fortune?"

"Ay, ay—I remember your counsel well," said Jenkin; "I was to be introduced to her by you when I was perfect in my gallantries, and as rich as the King; and then she was to be surprised to find I was poor Jim Vin, that used to watch, from matin to curfew, for one glance of her eye; and now, instead of that, she has set her soul on this Scottish sparrow-hawk of a lord that won my last tester, and be cursed to him; and so I am bankrupt in love, fortune, and character, before I am out of my time, and all along of you, Mother Midnight."

"Do not call me out of my own name, my dear boy, Jim Vin," answered Ursula, in a tone betwixt rage and coaxing,—"do not; because I am no saint, but a poor sinful woman, with no more patience than she needs, to carry her through a thousand crosses. And if I have done you wrong by evil counsel, I must mend it, and put you right by good advice. And for the score of pieces that must be made up at settling-day, why, here is, in a good green purse, as much as will make that matter good; and we will get old Cross-patch, the tailor, to take a long day for your clothes; and—"

"Mother, are you serious?" said Jim Vin, unable to trust either his eyes or his ears.

"In troth am I," said the dame; "and will you call me Mother Midnight now, Jim Vin?"

"Mother Midnight!" exclaimed Jenkin, hugging the dame in his transport, and bestowing on her still comely cheek a hearty and not unacceptable smack, that sounded like the report of a pistol,—"Mother Midday, rather, that has risen to light me out of my troubles—a mother more dear than she who bore me; for she, poor soul, only brought me into a world of sin and sorrow, and your timely aid has helped me out of the one and the other." And the good-natured fellow threw himself back in his chair, and fairly drew his hand across his eyes.

"You would not have me be made to ride the Skimmington then," said the dame; "or parade me in a cart, with all the brass basins of the ward beating the march to Bridewell before me?"

"I would sooner be carted to Tyburn myself," replied the penitent.

"Why, then, sit up like a man, and wipe thine eyes; and, if thou art pleased with what I have done, I will show thee how thou mayst requite me in the highest degree."

"How?" said Jenkin Vincent, sitting straight up in his chair—"You would have me, then, do you some service for this friendship of yours?"

"Ay, marry would I," said Dame Ursley; "for you are to know, that though I am right glad to stead you with it, this gold is not mine, but was placed in my hands in order to find a trusty agent for a certain purpose; and so—But what's the matter with you?—are you fool enough to be angry because you cannot get a purse of gold for nothing? I would I knew where

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amongst them, I must needs risk the last five pieces with that shark among the minnows!"

"Granted," said Dame Ursula. "All this I know; and I own, that as Lord Glenvarloch was the last you played with, you have a right to charge your ruin on his head. Moreover, I admit, as already said, that Margaret has made him your rival. Yet surely, now he is in danger to lose his hand, it is not a time to remember all this?"

"By my faith, but it is, though," said the young citizen. "Lose his hand, indeed? They may take his head, for what I care. Head and hand have made me a miserable wretch!"

"Now, were it not better, my prince of flat-caps," said Dame Ursula, "that inatters were squared between you; and that, through means of the same Scottish lord, who has, as you say, deprived you of your money and your mistress, you should in a short time recover both?"

"And how can your wisdom come to that conclusion, dame?" said the apprentice. "My money, indeed, I can conceive—that is, if I comply with your proposal; but—my pretty Margaret!—how serving this lord, whom she has set her nonsensical head upon, can do me good with her, is far beyond my conception."

"That is because, in simple phrase," said Dame Ursula, "thou knowest no more of a woman's heart than doth a Norfolk cosling. Look you, man. Were I to report to Mistress Margaret that the young lord has miscreated through thy lack of courtesy in refusing to help him, why, then, thou wert odious to her for ever. She will loathe thee as she will loathe the very cook who is to strike off Glenvarloch's hand with his cleaver—and then she will be yet more fixed in her affections towards this lord. London will hear of nothing but him—speak of nothing but him—think of nothing but him, for three weeks at least, and all that outcry will serve to keep him uppermost in her mind; for nothing pleases a girl so much as to bear relation to any one who is the talk of the whole world around her. Then, if he suffer this sentence of the law, it is a chance if she ever forgets him. I saw that handsome, proper young gentleman, Babington, suffer in the Queen's time myself, and though I was then but a girl, he was in my mind for a year after he was hanged. But, above all, pardoned or punished, Glenvarloch will probably remain in London, and his presence will keep up the silly girl's nonsensical fancy about him. Whereas, if he escapes——"

"Ay, show me how that is to avail me?" said Jenkin.

"If he escapes," said the dame, resuming her argument, "he must resign the Court for years, if not for life; and you know the old saying, 'out of sight, and out of mind.'"

"True—most true," said Jenkin; "spoken like an oracle, most wise Ursula."

"Ay, ay, I knew you would hear reason at last," said the wily dame; "and then, when this same lord is off and away for once and for ever, who, I pray you, is to be pretty pet's confidential person, and who is to fill up the void in her affections?—why, who but thou, thou pearl of pretences! And then you will have overcome your own inclinations to comply with hers, and every woman is sensible of that—and you will have run some risk, too, in carrying her desires into effect—and what is it that woman likes better than bravery, and devotion to her will? Then you have her secret, and she must treat you with favour and observance, and repose confidence in you, and hold private intercourse with you, till she weeps with one eye for the absent lover whom she is never to see again, and blinks with the other blithely upon him who is in presence; and then if you know not how to improve the relation in which you stand with her, you are not the brisk lively lad that all the world takes you for—Said I well?"

"You have spoken like an empress, most mighty Ursula," said Jenkin Vincent; "and your will shall be obeyed."

"You know Alsatia well?" continued his tutress.

"Well enough, well enough," replied he, with a

nod; "I have heard the dice rattle there in my day, before I must set up for gentleman, and go among the gallants at the Shavaleer Bojo's, as they call him,—the worse rookery of the two, though the fashions are the gayest."

"And they will have a respect for thee yonder, I warrant?"

"Ay, ay," replied Vin, "when I am got into my fustian doublet again, with my bit of a truncheon under my arm, I can walk Alsatia at midnight as I could do that there Fleet street in midday—they will not one of them swagger with the prince of pretences, and the king of clubs—they know I could bring every tall boy in the ward down upon them."

"And you know all the watermen, and so forth?"

"Can converse with every sculler in his own language, from Richmond to Gravesend, and know all the water-corks, from John Taylor the Poet to little Grizz the Grinner, who never pulls but he shows all his teeth from ear to ear, as if he were grinning through a horse-collar."

"And you can take any dress or character upon you well, such as a waterman's, a butcher's, a foot-soldier's," continued Ursula, "or the like?"

"Not such a mummer as I am within the walls, and thou knowest that well enough, dame," replied the apprentice. "I can touch the players themselves, at the Ball and at the Fortune, for presenting any thing except a gentleman. Take but this d—skin of frippery off me, which I think the devil stuck me into, and you shall put me into nothing else that I will not become as if I were born to it."

"Well, we will talk of your transmutation by and by," said the dame, "and find you clothes withal, and money besides; for it will take a good deal to carry the thing handsomely through."

"But where is that money to come from, dame?" said Jenkin; "there is a question I would fain have answered before I touch it."

"Why, what a fool art thou to ask such a question! Suppose I am content to advance it to please young madam, what is the harm then?"

"I will suppose no such thing," said Jenkin hastily; "I know that you, dame, have no gold to spare, and maybe would not spare it if you had—so that cock will not crow. It must be from Margaret herself."

"Well, thou suspicious animal, and what if it were?" said Ursula.

"Only this," replied Jenkin, "that I will presently to her, and learn if she has come fairly by so much ready money; for sooner than connive at her getting it by any indirection, I would hang myself at once. It is enough what I have done myself, no need to engage poor Margaret in such villany—I'll to her, and tell her of the danger—I will, by Heaven!"

"You are mad to think of it," said Dame Suddlechop, considerably alarmed—"hear me but a moment. I know not precisely from whom she got the money; but sure I am that she obtained it at her godfather's."

"Why, Master George Heriot is not returned from France," said Jenkin.

"No," replied Ursula, "but dame Judith is at home—and the strange lady, whom they call Master Heriot's ghost—she never goes abroad."

"It is very true, Dame Suddlechop," said Jenkin; "and I believe you have guessed right—they say that lady has coin at will; and if Margaret can get a handful of fairly-good, why, she is free to throw it away at will."

"Ah, Jin Vin," said the dame, reducing her voice almost to a whisper, "we should not want gold at will neither, could we but read the riddle of that lady!"

"They may read it that list," said Jenkin, "I'll never pry into what concerns me not—Master George Heriot is a worthy and brave citizen, and an honour to London, and has a right to manage his own household as he likes best.—There was once a talk of rabbling him the fifth of November before the last, because they said he kept a nunnery in his house, like old Lady Foljambe; but Master George is well loved among the pretences, and we got so many brisk boys of us together, as should have rabbled the rabble, had they had but the heart to rise."

"Well, let that pass," said Ursula; "and now, tell

me how you will manage to be absent from shop a day or two, for you must think that this matter will not be ended sooner."

"Why, as to that, I can say nothing," said Jenkin, "I have always served duly and truly; I have no heart to play truant, and cheat my master of his time as well as his money."

"Nay, but the point is to get back his money for him," said Ursula, "which he is not likely to see on other conditions. Could you not ask leave to go down to your uncle in Essex for two or three days? He may be ill, you know."

"Why, if I must, I must," said Jenkin, with a heavy sigh; "but I will not be lightly caught treading these dark and crooked paths again."

"Hush thee, then," said the dame, "and get leave for this very evening; and come back hither, and I will introduce you to another implemēt, who must be employed in the matter.—Stay, stay!—the lad is amazed—you would not go into your master's shop in that guise, surely? Your trunk is in the matted chamber with your 'prentice things—go and put them on as fast as you can."

"I think I am bewitched," said Jenkin, giving a glance towards his dress, "or that these fool's trappings have made as great an ass of me as of many I have seen wear them; but let me once be rid of the harness, and if you catch me putting it on again, I will give you leave to sell me to a gipsy, to carry pots, pans, and beggar's bantlings, all the rest of my life."

So saying, he retired to change his apparel.

CHAPTER XXII.

Chance will not do the work.—Chance sends the breeze;

But if the pilot slumber at the helm,

The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance.

Blow it or rough or smooth.—Old Play.

We left Nigel, whose fortunes we are bound to trace by the engagement contracted in our title-page, sad and solitary in the mansion of Trapbois the usurer, having just received a letter instead of a visit from his friend the Templar, stating reasons why he could not at that time come to see him in Alsatia. So that it appeared his intercourse with the better and more respectable class of society, was, for the present, entirely cut off. This was a melancholy, and, to a proud mind like that of Nigel, a degrading reflection.

He went to the window of his apartment, and found the street enveloped in one of those thick, dingy, yellow-coloured fogs, which often invest the lower part of London and Westminster. Amid the darkness, dense and palpable, were seen to wander like phantoms a reveller or two, whom the morning had surprised where the evening left them; and who now, with tottering steps, and by an instinct which intoxication could not wholly overcome, were groping the way to their own homes, to convert day into night, for the purpose of sleeping off the debauch which had turned night into day. Although it was broad day in the other parts of the city, it was scarce dawn yet in Alsatia; and none of the sounds of industry or occupation there were heard, which had long before aroused the slumberers in every other quarter. The prospect was too tiresome and disagreeable to detain Lord Glenvarloch at his station, so, turning from the window, he examined with more interest the furniture and appearance of the apartment which he tenanted.

Much of it had been in its time rich and curious—there was a huge four-post bed, with as much carved oak about it as would have made the head of a man-of-war, and tapestry hangings ample enough to have been her sails. There was a huge mirror with a massy frame of gilt brass-work, which was of Venetian manufacture, and must have been worth a considerable sum before it received the tremendous crack, which, traversing it from one corner to the other, bore the same proportion to the surface that the Nile bears to the map of Egypt. The chairs were of different forms and shapes, some had been carved, some gilded, some covered with damasked leather, some with embroidered work, but all were damaged and worm-eaten.

There was a picture of Susanna and the Elders, the chimney-piece, which might have been a choice piece, had not the rats made free with the chaste fair one's nose, and with the beard of her reverend admirers.

In a word, all that Lord Glenvarloch saw to have been articles carried off by appraisers, or bought as pennyworths at some broker's, and huddled together in the apart in a sale-room, without regard to taste or value.

The place appeared to Nigel to resemble near the sea-coast, which are too often furnished with the spoils of wrecked vessels, as this was fitted up with the relics of ruined profligate and his own skill is among the breakers," thought Glenvarloch, "though my wreck will add little to the profits of the spoiler."

He was chiefly interested in the state of the huge assemblage of rusted iron bars which the chimney, unequally supported by three feet, moulded into the form of lion's claws, and fourth, which had been bent by an accident proudly uplifted as if to paw the ground; a whole article had nourished the ambitious, pacing forth into the middle of the apart had one foot ready raised for the journey, passed over Nigel's face as this fantastic idea of itself to his fancy.—"I must stop it myself," he thought; "for this morning is chill enough to demand some fire."

He called accordingly from the top of a balustrade, which was his own and other apartments, for it was old and of considerable size; but, in answer to his repeated summonses, he was to go in search of some one who might accompany him with what he wanted.

Nigel had, according to the fashion of the time in Scotland, received an education which, most particulars, he termed simple, hardy, and tentatious; but he had, nevertheless, been accustom'd to much personal deference, and to the countenance and ministry of one or more domestics. This was the universal custom in Scotland, and where wages were next to nothing, and where a man of title or influence might have as many servants as he pleased, for the mere expense of clothes, and countenance. Nigel was therefore, in this respect, disappointed when he found himself without notice or attendance; and the more dissatisfied, because he was at the same time angry with himself for suffering such a trifle to trouble him at all, matters of more deep concernment. "There surely be some servants in so large a house," said he, as he wandered over the place, through he was conducted by a passage which branched from the gallery. As he went on, he tried the doors to several apartments, some of which he found locked and others unfurnished, all apparently empty; so that at length he returned to the main hall, and resolved to make his way down to the kitchen of the house, where he supposed he must at last find the old gentleman, and his ill-favoured daughter. With this purpose he first made his entrance into a little low, dark parlour, containing a wretched easy chair, before which stood a pair of white on the left side rested a crutch-hand, an oaken table stood before it, and supported a desk clamped with iron, and a massive pedestal. Around the apartment were shelves, and other places convenient for depositing pistols, sword, musketoon, and a pair of pistols, in the chimney, in ostentatious display, as if to show that the proprietor would be prompt in the defence of his premises.

"This must be the usurer's den," thought he, and he was about to call aloud, when the awakened even by the slightest noise, for a deep sleep sound, soon was heard from the room, speaking in a voice of irritability, rendered tremulous by his morning cough.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—who is there? I say—who is there? Why, Martha!—ugh, ugh—Trapbois—here be thieves in the house, and

not speak to me—way, Martha!—thieves, thieves—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

Nigel endeavoured to explain, but the idea of thieves had taken possession of the old man's pineal gland, and he kept coughing and screaming, and screaming and coughing, until the gracious Martha entered the apartment; and, having first outcried her father, in order to convince him that there was no danger, and to assure him that the intruder was their new lodger, and having as often heard her sire ejaculate—"Hold him fast—ugh, ugh—hold him fast till I come," she at length succeeded in silencing his fears and his clamour, and then coldly and dryly asked Lord Glenvarloch what he wanted in her father's apartment.

Her lodger had, in the meantime, leisure to contemplate her appearance, which did not by any means improve the idea he had formed of it by candlelight on the preceding evening. She was dressed in what was called a Queen Mary's ruff and farthingale; not the falling ruff with which the unfortunate Mary of Scotland is usually painted, but that which, with more than Spanish stiffness, surrounded the throat, and set off the morose head, of her fierce namesake, of Smithfield memory. This antiquated dress assorted well with the faded complexion, gray eyes, thin lips, and austere visage of the antiquated maiden, which was, moreover, enlanced by a black hood, worn as her head-gear, carefully disposed so as to prevent any of her hair from escaping to view, probably because the simplicity of the period knew no art of disguising the colour with which time had begun to grizzle her tresses. Her figure was tall, thin, and flat, with skinny arms and hands, and feet of the larger size, cased in huge high-heeled shoes, which added height to a stature already ungainly. Apparently some art had been used by the tailor, to conceal a slight defect of shape, occasioned by the accidental elevation of one shoulder above the other; but the praiseworthy efforts of the ingenious mechanic had only succeeded in calling the attention of the observer to his benevolent purpose, without demonstrating that he had been able to achieve it.

Such was Mrs. Martha Trapbois, whose dry "What were you seeking here, sir?" fell again, and with reiterated sharpness, on the ear of Nigel, as he gazed upon her presence, and compared it internally to one of the faded and grim figures in the old tapestry which adorned his bedstead. It was, however, necessary to reply, and he answered, that he came in search of the servants, as he desired to have a fire kindled in his apartment on account of the rawness of the morning.

"The woman who does our char-work," answered Mistress Martha, "comes at eight o'clock—if you want fire sooner, there are fagots and a bucket of sea-coal in the stone-closet at the head of the stair—and here is a flint and steel on the upper shelf—you can light fire for yourself if you will."

"No—no—no, Martha," ejaculated her father, who, having donned his rusty tunic, with his hose all ungirt, and his feet slipshod, hastily came out of the inner apartment, with his mind probably full of robbers, for he had a naked rapier in his hand, which still looked formidable, though rust had somewhat marred its shine.—What he had heard at entrance about lighting a fire, had changed, however, the current of his ideas. "No—no—no," he cried, and each negative was more emphatic than its predecessor—"The gentleman shall not have the trouble to put on a fire—ugh—ugh. I'll put it on myself, for a *consi-de-ra-ti-on*."

This last word was a favourite expression with the old gentleman, which he pronounced in a peculiar manner, gasping it out syllable by syllable, and laying a strong emphasis upon the last. It was, indeed, a sort of protecting clause, by which he guarded himself against all inconveniences attendant on the rash habit of offering service or civility of any kind, the which, when hastily snapped at by those to whom they are uttered, give the profferer sometimes room to repent his promptitude.

"For shame, father," said Martha, "that must not be. Master Grahame will kindle his own fire, or wait

till the char-woman comes to do it for him, just as likes him best."

"No, child—no, child. Child Martha, no," reiterated the old miser—"no char-woman shall ever touch a grate in my house; they put—ugh, ugh—the fagot uppermost, and so the coal kindles not, and the flame goes up the chimney, and wood and heat are both thrown away. Now, I will lay it properly for the gentleman, for a consideration, so that it shall last—ugh, ugh—last the whole day." Here his vehemence increased his cough so violently, that Nigel could only, from a scattered word here and there, comprehend that it was a recommendation to his daughter to remove the poker and tongs from the stranger's fire-side, with an assurance, that, when necessary, his landlord would be in attendance to adjust it himself, "for a consideration."

Martha paid as little attention to the old man's injunctions as a predominant dame gives to those of a henpecked husband. She only repeated, in a deeper and more emphatic tone of censure,—"For shame, father—for shame!" then turning to her guest, said, with her usual ungraciousness of manner,—"Master Grahame—it is best to be plain with you at first. My father is an old, a very old man, and his wits, as you may see, are somewhat weakened—though I would not advise you to make a bargain with him, else you may find them too sharp for your own. For myself, I am a lone woman, and, to say truth, care little to see or converse with any one. If you can be satisfied with house-room, shelter, and safety, it will be your own fault if you have them not, and they are not always to be found in this unhappy quarter. But if you seek deferential observance and attendance, I tell you at once you will not find them here."

"I am not wont either to thrust myself upon acquaintance, madam, or to give trouble," said the guest; "nevertheless, I shall need the assistance of a domestic to assist me to dress—Perhaps you can recommend me to such?"

"Yes, to twenty," answered Mistress Martha, "who will pick your purse while they tie your points, and cut your throat while they smooth your pillow."

"I will be his servant myself," said the old man, whose intellect, for a moment distanced, had again, in some measure, got up with the conversation. "I will brush his cloak—ugh, ugh—and tie his points—ugh, ugh—and clean his shoes—ugh—and run on his errands with speed and safety—ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh—for a consideration."

"Good-morrow to you, sir," said Martha, to Nigel, in a tone of direct and positive dismissal. "It cannot be agreeable to a daughter that a stranger should hear her father speak thus. If you be really a gentleman, you will retire to your own apartment."

"I will not delay a moment," said Nigel, respectfully, for he was sensible that circumstances palliated the woman's rudeness. "I would but ask you, if seriously there can be danger in procuring the assistance of a serving-man in this place?"

"Young gentleman," said Martha, "you must know little of Whitefriars to ask the question. We live alone in this house, and seldom has a stranger entered it; nor should you, to be plain, had my will been consulted. Look at the door—see if that of a castle can be better secured; the windows of the first floor are grated on the outside, and within, look to these shutters."

She pulled one of them aside, and showed a ponderous apparatus of bolts and chains for securing the window-shutters, while her father, pressing to her side, seized her gown with a trembling hand, and said, in a low whisper, "Show not the trick of locking and undoing them. Show him not the trick on t, Martha—ugh, ugh—on no consideration." Martha went on, without paying him any attention.

"And yet, young gentleman, we have been more than once like to find all these defences too weak to protect our lives; such an evil effect on the wicked generation around us hath been made by the unhappy report of my poor father's wealth."

"Say nothing of that, housewife," said the miser, his irritability increased by the very supposition of his being wealthy—"Say nothing of that, or I will beat

thee, housewife—beat thee with my staff for fetching and carrying lies that will procure our throats to be cut at last—ugh, ugh.—I am but a poor man," he continued, turning to Nigel—"a very poor man, that am willing to do any honest turn upon earth, for a modest consideration."

"I therefore warn you of the life you must lead, young gentleman," said Martha; "the poor woman who does the char-work will assist you so far as is in her power, but the wise man is his own best servant and assistant."

"It is a lesson you have taught me, madam, and I thank you for it—I will assuredly study it at leisure."

"You will do well," said Martha; "and as you seem thankful for advice, I, though I am no professed counsellor of others, will give you more. Make no intimacy with any one in Whitechairs—borrow no money, on any score, especially from my father, for, dotard as he seems, he will make an ass of you.—Last, and best of all, stay here not an instant longer than you can help it. Farewell, sir."

"A gnarled tree may bear good fruit, and a harsh nature may give good counsel," thought the Lord of Glenvarloch, as he retreated to his own apartment, where the same reflection occurred to him again and again, while, unable as yet to reconcile himself to the thoughts of becoming his own firemaker, he walked up and down his bedroom, to warm himself by exercise.

At length his meditations arranged themselves in the following soliloquy—by which expression I beg leave to observe once for all, that I do not mean that Nigel literally said aloud with his bodily organs, the words which follow in inverted commas, (while pacing the room by himself) but that I myself choose to present to my dearest reader the picture of my hero's mind, his reflections and resolutions, in the form of a speech, rather than in that of a narrative. In other words, I have put his thoughts into language; and this I conceive to be the purpose of the soliloquy upon the stage as well as in the closet, being at once the most natural, and perhaps the only way of communicating to the spectator what is supposed to be passing in the bosom of the scenic personage. There are no such soliloquies in nature; it is true, but unless they were received as a conventional medium of communication betwixt the poet and the audience, we should reduce dramatic authors to the rage of Master Puff, who makes Lord Burleigh intimate a long train of political reasoning to the audience, by one comprehensive shake of his noddle. In narrative, no doubt, the writer has the alternative of telling that his personages thought so and so, inferred thus and thus, and arrived at such and such a conclusion; but the soliloquy is a more concise and spirited mode of communicating the same information; and therefore thus commended, or thus might have commended, the Lord of Glenvarloch with his own mind.

"She is right, and has taught me a lesson I will profit by. I have been, through my whole life, one who lean upon others for that assistance, which it is more truly noble to derive from my own exertions. I am ashamed of feeling the paltry inconvenience which long habit had led me to annex to the want of a servant's assistance—I am ashamed of that; but far, far more am I ashamed to have suffered the same habit of throwing my own burden on others, to render me, since I came to this city, a mere victim of those events, which I have never even attempted to influence—a thing never acting, but perpetually acted upon—protected by one friend, deceived by another; but in the advantage which I received from the one, and the evil I have sustained from the other, as passive and helpless as a boat that drifts without oar or rudder at the mercy of the winds and waves. I became a courtier, because Heriot advised it—a gamester, because Dalzarno so contrived it—an Alsatian, because Lowestoffe so willed it. Whatever of good or bad has befallen me, hath arisen out of the agency of others, not from my own. My father's son must no longer hold this facile and puerile course. Live or die, sink or swim, Nigel Oliphant, from this moment, shall owe his safety, success, and honour, to his own exertions, or shall fall with the credit of having at least exerted his own free agency. I will

write it down in my tablets, in her very words.—The wise man is his own best assistant."

He had just put his tablets in his pocket when the old char-woman, who, to add to her efficiency, was sadly crippled by rheumatism, hobbled into the room to try if she could gain a small gratification by waiting on the stranger. She readily undertook to prepare Lord Glenvarloch's breakfast, and, as there was a chamber-house at the next door, she succeeded in a shorter time than Nigel had anticipated.

As his solitary meal was finished, one of the foot-porters, or inferior officers, was announced seeking Master Cranam, on the part of his son, Master Lowestoffe; and, being admitted by the woman to his apartment, he delivered to Nigel a small mail-trunk, with the clothes he had said should be sent to him, and then, with more respect put into his hand a casket, or strong-box, which he carefully concealed beneath his cloak. "I am a beggar," said the fellow, as he placed it on the table.

"Why, it is surely not so very heavy," answered Nigel, and you are a stout young man."

"Ay, sir," replied the fellow; "but Samson's self would not have carried such a matter, though Alsatia had the haid of the Huf how what it was. Please to look into it, sir, and see if it is right. I am an honest fellow, and it comes out of my hands. How long it may remain safe, will depend on your own care. I won't say my good name were to suffer by any after-act."

To satisfy the scruples of the messenger, Lord Glenvarloch opened the casket in his presence, and saw that his small stock of money, with two or three valuable papers which it contained, and among the original sign-manual which the King had given in his favour, were in the same order in which he had left them. At the man's farther instructions he opened one of the writing materials which were in the casket, in order to send a line to Master Lowestoffe, declaring that his property had reached in safety. He added some grateful acknowledgments for Lowestoffe's services, and, just as he was about to deliver his billet to the messenger, the landlord entered the apartment. His threshold of black clothes was now somewhat better than they had been in the dishabille of his appearance, and his nerves and intellects seemed less flustered; for, without much coughing or hesitation, he invited Nigel to partake of a morning cup of wholesome single ale, which he brought in a leather tankard, or black-jack, carried in one hand, while the other stirred it round with a silver rosenmary, to give it, as the old man said, a finish.

Nigel declined the courteous proffer, and, in answer to his manner, while he did so, that he desired intrusion on the privacy of his own apartment; while, indeed, he was the more entitled to maintain his solitude, the cold reception he had that morning met with when straying from his precincts into those of his landlord. But the open casket contained more or rather more, so attractive to old Trapbois, than he could resist, like a setting-dog at a dead post, he rose advanced, and one hand expanded like the flap of a flag, by which that sagacious quadruped sometimes indicates that it is a hare which he has in his paw. Nigel was about to break the charm which had thus arrested old Trapbois, by shutting the lid of the casket when his attention was withdrawn from him by the question of the messenger, who, holding the letter, asked whether he was to leave it at Master Lowestoffe's chambers in the Temple, or carry it to the Marshalsea?

"The Marshalsea?" repeated Lord Glenvarloch, "what of the Marshalsea?"

"Why, sir," said the man, "the poor gentleman laid up there in lavender, because, they say, his kind heart led him to scold his fingers with another man's oath."

Nigel hastily snatched back the letter, broke the seal, looked to the contents his earnest entreaty that he might be instantly acquainted with the cause of his confinement, and added, that, if it arose out of his own unhappy affair, it would be of brief duration.

had, even before hearing of a reason which promptly demanded that he should surrender adopted the resolution to do so, as the man-most proper course which his ill fortune and he had left in his own power. He therefore Mr. Lowestoffe to have no delicacy upon this, since his surrender was what he had de- upon as a sacrifice due to his own character, could have the frankness to mention in what it could be best arranged, so as to extricate estoffe, from the restraint to which the wri- not but fear his friend had been subjected, nt of the generous interest which he had ta- concerns. The letter concluded, that the old suffer twenty-four hours to elapse in ex- of hearing from him, and, at the end of he was determined to put his purpose in ex- He delivered the billet to the messenger, and, his request with a piece of money, urged out a moment's delay, to convey it to the Master Lowestoffe.

"I will carry it to him myself," said the old for half the consideration."

in who heard this attempt to take his duty asides over his head, lost no time in pocket- ony, and departed on his errand as fast as

or Trapbois," said Nigel, addressing the old ewhat impatiently, "had you any particular is for me?"

"-came to see if you rested well," answered an; "and—if I could do any thing to serve ny consideration."

"thank you," said Lord Glenvarloch—"I u," and, ere he could say more, a heavy od heard on the stair.

"od!" exclaimed the old man, starting up— Dorothy—char-woman—why, daughter,— I saw, housewives—the door hath been left

or of the chamber opened wide, and in stru- ghtly bulk of the military hero whom Nigel e preceding evening in vain endeavoured to

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Duckler, Bibbo's the word—

It hath been spoke too often,
It hath lost its charm—I tell thee, friend,
Anest ear that trots the street, will turn,
Al against your proffer'd bastinado.

"Buckler, 'Tis art shall do it, then—I will dose e mongrels.

tain terms, I'll use the private knife
Of the brandish'd falchion.—Old Play.

ble Captain Colepepper or Peppercull, for own by both these names, and some others ad a martial and a swashing exterior, which, esent occasion, was rendered yet more pe- a patch covering his left eye and a part of t. The sleeves of his thickest velvet jer- polished and shone with grease,—his buff id huge tops, which reached almost to the is sword-belt of the same materials extend- caddth from the haunch-bone to his small supported on the one side his large black- k sword, on the other a dagger of like pro-

He paid his compliments to Nigel with f predetermined effrontery, which announ- will not be repelled by any coldness of re- soked Trapbois how he did, by the familiar d Peter Pillory, and then, seizing upon the t, emptied it off at a draught, to the health; and youngest freeman of Alsatia, the no- ving Master Nigel Grahame.

he had set down the empty pitcher and s breath, he began to criticise the liquor had lately contained.—"Sufficient single Pillory—and, as I take it, brewed at the rate ell of malt to a butt of Thames—as dard as too, and yet it went hissing down my throat g, by Jove, like water upon hot iron.—You ly, noble Master Grahame, but, good faith,

we had a carouse to your honour—we heard butt ring hollow ere we parted; we were as loving as inkle- weavers—we fought, too, to finish off the gawdy. I bear some marks of the parson about me, you see—a note of the sermon or so, which should have been addressed to my ear, but missed its mark, and reach- ed my left eye. The man of God bears my sign-ma- nual too, but the Duke made us friends again, and it cost me more sack than I could carry, and all the Rhenish to boot, to pledge the seer in the way of love and reconciliation—But, Caraccol! 'tis a vile old cant- ing slave for all that, whom I will one day beat out of his devil's livery into all the colours of the rainbow. Basta!—Said I well, old Trapbois? Where is thy daughter, man?—what says she to my suit?—'tis an honest one—wilt have a soldier for thy son-in-law, old Pillory, to mingle the soul of martial honour with thy thieving, mitching, petty-larceny blood, as men put bold brandy into muddy ale?"

"My daughter receives not company so early, noble captain," said the usurer, and concluded his speech with a dry, emphatical "ugh, ugh."

"What, upon no con-si-de-ra-ti-on?" said the cap- tain; "and wherefore not, old Truepenny? she has not much time to lose in driving her bargain, methinks."

"Captain," said Trapbois, "I was upon some little business with our noble friend here, Master Nigel Green—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

"And you would have me gone, I warrant you?" answered the bully; "but patience, old Pillory, thine hour is not yet come, man—You see," he said, point- ing to the casket, "that noble Master Grahame, whom you call Green, has got the *decuses* and the *emells*."

"Which you would willingly rid him of, ha! ha! —ugh, ugh," answered the usurer, "If you knew how

—but, lack-a-day! thou art one of those that come out for wool, and art sure to go home shorn. Why now, but that I am sworn against laying of wagers, I would risk some consideration that this honest guest of mine sends thee home pennyless, if thou da- rest venture with him—ugh, ugh—at any game which gentlemen play at."

"Marry, thou hast me on the hip there, thou old miserly cony-catcher!" answered the captain, taking a bale of dice from the sleeve of his coat; "I must always keep company with these damnable doctors, and they have made me every baby's cully, and purged my purse into an atrophy; but never mind, it passes the time as well as aught else—How say you, Master Grahame?"

The fellow paused; but even the extremity of his impudence could hardly withstand the cold look of utter contempt with which Nigel received his propo- sal, returning it with a simple, "I only play where I know my company, and never in the morning."

"Cards may be more agreeable," said Captain Cole- pepper; "and, for knowing your company, here is hon- est old Pillory will tell you Jack Colepepper plays as truly on the square as e'er a man that trowled a die—Men talk of high and low dice, Fulhams and bristles, topping, knapping, slurring, stabbing, and a hundred ways of rooking besides; but broil me like a rasher of bacon, if I could ever learn the trick on 'em!"

"You have got the vocabulary perfect, sir, at the least," said Nigel, in the same cold tone.

"Yes, by mine honour have I," returned the Hec- tor; "they are phrases that a gentleman learns about town.—But perhaps you would like a set at tennis, or a game at Balloon—we have an indifferent good court hard by here, and a set of as gentlemanlike blades as ever banged leather against brick and mortar."

"I beg to be excused at present," said Lord Glen- varloch; "and to be plain, among the valuable priv- ileges your society has conferred on me, I hope I may reckon that of being private in my own apartment when I have a mind."

"Your humble servant, sir," said the captain; "and I thank you for your civility—Jack Colepepper can have enough of company, and thrusts himself on no one.—But perhaps you will like to make a match at skittles?"

"I am by no means that way disposed," replied the young nobleman.

"Or to leap a flea—run a snail—match a wherry, eh?"

"No—I will do none of these," answered Nigel.

Here the old man, who had been watching with his little peery eyes, pulled the bulky Hector by the skirt, and whispered, "Do not vapour him the huff, it will not pass—let the trout play, he will rise to the hook presently."

But the bully, confiding in his own strength, and probably mistaking for timidity the patient scorn with which Nigel received his proposals, incited also by the open casket, began to assume a louder and more threatening tone. He drew himself up, bent his brows, assumed a look of professional ferocity, and continued, "In Alsatia, look ye, a man must be neighbourly and companionable. Zounds! sir, we would slit any nose that was turned up at us honest fellows.—Ay, sir, we would slit it up to the gistle, though it had smelt nothing all its life but musk, ambergris, and court-scented water.—Rabbit me, I am a soldier, and care no more for a lord than a lamplighter!"

"Are you seeking a quarrel, sir?" said Nigel, calmly, having in truth no desire to engage himself in a discreditable broil in such a place, and with such a character.

"Quarrel, sir?" said the captain; "I am not seeking a quarrel, though I care not how soon I find one. Only I wish you to understand you must be neighbourly, that's all. What if we should go over the water to the garden, and see a bull hanked this fine morning—death, will you do nothing?"

"Something I am strangely tempted to do at this moment," said Nigel.

"Videlicet," said Colepepper, with a swaggering air, "let us hear the temptation."

"I am tempted to throw you headlong from the window, unless you presently make the best of your way down stairs."

"Throw me from the window?—hell and furies!" exclaimed the captain: "I have confronted twenty crooked snubres at Buda with my single rapier, and shall a chitty-faced, beggarly Scots lordling, speak of me and a window in the same breath?—Stand off, old Pillory, let me make Scotch collups of him—he dies the death!"

"For the love of Heaven, gentlemen," exclaimed the old miser, throwing himself between them. "do not break the peace on any consideration! Noble guest, forbear the captain—he is a very Hector of Troy—Trusty Hector, forbear my guest, he is like to prove a very Achilles—ugh—ugh—ugh—"

Here he was interrupted by his asthma, but, nevertheless, continued to interpose his person between Colepepper (who had unsheathed his whinyard, and was making vain passes at his antagonist) and Nigel, who had stepped back to take his sword, and now held it undrawn in his left hand.

"Make a man of the foolery, you scoundrel!" said Nigel. "Do you mean either vent your noisy outbursts on your bottled-up valour on me? You seem to know me, and I am half ashamed to say I have at length been able to recollect you—remember the garden behind the ordinary, you dastardly ruffian, and the speed with which fifty men saw you run from a drawn sword.—Get you gone, sir, and do not put me to the vile labour of cudgelling such a cowardly rascal down stairs."

The bully's countenance grew dark as night at this unexpected recognition; for he had undoubtedly thought himself secure in his change of dress, and his black patch, from being discovered by a person who had seen him but once. He set his teeth, clenched his hands, and it seemed as if he was seeking for a moment's courage to fly upon his antagonist. But his heart failed, he sheathed his sword, turned his back in gloomy silence, and spoke not until he reached the door, when, turning round, he said, with a deep oath, "If I be not avenged of you for this insolence ere many days go by, I would the gallows had my body and the devil my spirit!"

So saying, and with a look where determined spite and malice made his features savagely fierce, though they could not overcome his fear, he turned and left the house. Nigel followed him as far as the gallery

at the head of the staircase, with the purpose of seeing him depart, and ere he returned was met by the young Martha Trappe, whom the noise of the carriage had summoned from her own apartment. "Eh, what wouldst say to me, my dear friend?" asked the young man, not resisting saying to her in his natural displeasure, "would, madam, you could teach your father and his friends the lesson which you had the goodness to bestow on me this morning, and prevail on them to leave me the un molested privacy of my own apartment."

"If you came hither for quiet or retirement," answered she, "you have been advised to an evil retreat. You might seek mercy in the Chamber, or holiness in hell, with better success than quiet in Alsatia. But my father shall trouble you no longer."

No saying, she entered the apartment, and fix her eyes on the casket, she said with emphasis—your display such a loadstone, it will draw our steel knife to your throat."

While Nigel hastily shut the casket, she addressed her father, upbraiding him, with small reverence, keeping company with the cowardly, hectoring ordering villain, John Colepepper.

"Ay, ay, child," said the old man, with the
 ning leer which intimated perfect satisfaction with
 own superior address—"I know—I know—I know—
 I'll crossbite him—I know them all, and I can't

"You manage, father!" said the austere old man, "you will manage to have your throat cut, and ere long. You cannot hide from them, you cannot

"My gains, wench? my gold?" said the man.
"a-lack-a-day, few of these and hard got—
hard got."

"This will not serve you, father, any longer," she, "and had not served you thus long, but Bully Colepepper had contrived a cheaper and plundering your house, even by means of myself. — But why do I speak to him of this?" she said, checking herself, and shrugging her shoulders with an expression of pity which did not much shoot of scorn. "He hears me not — but not of me. — Is it not strange that the love of gold should survive the care to preserve body, spirit and life?"

"Your father," said Lord Glenvarloch, who could not help respecting the strong sense and keenness shown by this poor woman, even amidst all her distress and severity, "your father seems to have faculties sufficiently alert when he is in the exercise of his ordinary pursuits and functions. I would not be sensible of the weight of your arguments."

"Nature made him a man senseless of danger," that insensibility is the best thing I have derived from him," said she; "age has left him shrewdness to tread his old beaten paths, but not to seek new courses. The old blind horse will long continue to go its rounds in the mill, when it would stumble in the open meadow."

"Daughter, why, wench—why, housewife," the old man, awakening out of a fine dream, as he had been sneezing and chuckling in imagination, probably over a successful piece of roguery, in his chamber, wench—go to chamber—draw bolts—chain—look sharp to door—let none in or out—worshipful Master Grahame—I must take my way and go to Duke Hildebrod—ay, ay, time has by my own warrant was enough; but the lower world the more are we under the wind."

And, with his wonted chorus of muttering coughing, the old man left the apartment. His daughter stood for a moment looking after him, her usual expression of discontent and sorrow.

"You ought to persuade your father," said N. "to leave this evil neighbourhood, if you are in real apprehensive for his safety."

"He would be safe in no other quarter," said daughter; "I would rather the old man were than publicly dishonoured. In other quarters would be pelted and pursued, like an owl which tures into sunshine. Here he was safe, while comrades could avail themselves of his talents."

is now squeezed and fleeced by them on every pretence. They consider him as a vessel on the strand, from which each may snatch a prey; and the very jealousy which they entertain respecting him as a common property, may perhaps induce them to guard him from more private and daring assaults."

"Still, methinks, you ought to leave this place," answered Nigel, "since you might find a safe retreat in some distant country."

"In Scotland, doubtless," said she, looking at him with a sharp and suspicious eye, "and enrich strangers with our rescued wealth—Ha! young man?"

"Madam, if you knew me," said Lord Glenvarloch, "you would spare the suspicion implied in your words."

"Who shall assure me of that?" said Martha, harshly. "They say you are a brawler and a gamester, and I know how far these are to be trusted by he unhappy."

"They do me wrong, by Heaven!" said Lord Glenvarloch.

"It may be so," said Martha; "I am little interested in the degree of your vice or your folly; but it is plain, that the one or the other has conducted you either, and that your best hope of peace, safety, and happiness, is to be gone, with the least possible delay, from a place which is always a sty for swine, and often a shambles." So saying, she left the apartment.

There was something in the ungracious manner of his female, amounting almost to contempt of him. He spoke to—an indignity to which Glenvarloch, notwithstanding his poverty, had not as yet been personally exposed, and which, therefore, gave him a transitory feeling of painful surprise. Neither did the lark hints which Martha, threw out concerning the danger of his place of refuge, sound by any means agreeably to his ears. The bravest man, placed in a situation in which he is surrounded by suspicious persons, and removed from all counsel and assistance, except those afforded by a valiant heart and a strong arm, experiences a sinking of the spirit, a consciousness of abandonment, which for a moment chills his blood, and depresses his natural gallantry of disposition.

But, if sad reflections arose in Nigel's mind, he had not time to indulge them; and, if he saw little prospect of finding friends in Alsatia, he found that he was not likely to be solitary for lack of visitors.

He had scarcely paced his apartment for ten minutes, endeavouring to arrange his ideas on the course which he was to pursue on quitting Alsatia, when he was interrupted by the Sovereign of the quarter, the great Duke Hildebrod himself, before whose approach the bolts and chains of the miser's dwelling fell, or withdrew, as of their own accord; and both the folding leaves of the door were opened, that he might roll himself into the house like a huge butt of liquor, a vessel to which he bore a considerable outward resemblance, both in size, shape, complexion, and contents.

"Good-morrow to your lordship," said the greasy puncheon, cocking his single eye, and rolling it upon Nigel with a singular expression of familiar impudence; whilst his grim bull-dog, which was close at his heels, made a kind of gurgling in his throat, as if saluting in similar fashion, a starved cat, the only living thing in Trapbois' house which we have not yet enumerated, and which had flown up to the top of the tester, where she stood clutched and grinning at the mastiff, whose greeting she accepted with as much good-will as Nigel bestowed on that of the dog's master.

"Peace, Belzie!—D—n thee, peace!" said Duke Hildebrod. "Beasts and fools will be meddling, my lord."

"I thought, sir," answered Nigel, with as much haughtiness as was consistent with the cool distance which he desired to preserve, "I thought I had told you, my name at present was Nigel Graham."

His eminence of Whitefriars on this burst out into a loud, chuckling, impudent laugh, repeating the word, till his voice was almost inarticulate,—"Niggie Green—Niggie Green—Niggie Green!—why, my lord, you

would be queered in the drinking of a penny pot of Malmsey, if you cry before you are touched. Why, you have told me the secret even now, had I not had a shrewd guess of it before. Why, Master Nigel, since that is the word, I only called you my lord, because we made you a peer of Alsatia last night, when the sack was predominant.—How you look now!—Ha! ha! ha!"

Nigel, indeed, conscious that he had unnecessarily betrayed himself, replied hastily,—"he was much obliged to him for the honours conferred, but did not propose to remain in the Sanctuary long enough to enjoy them."

"Why, that may be as you will, an you will walk by wise counsel," answered the ducal porpoise; and, although Nigel remained standing, in hopes to accelerate his guest's departure, he threw himself into one of the old tapestry-backed easy-chairs, which cracked under his weight, and began to call for old Trapbois.

The crone of all work appearing instead of her master, the Duke cursed her for a careless jade, to let a strange gentleman, and a brave guest, go without his morning's draught.

"I never take one, sir," said Glenvarloch.

"Time to begin—time to begin," answered the Duke.—"Here, you old refuse of Sathan, go to our palace, and fetch Lord Green's morning draught. Let us see—what shall it be, my Lord?—a humming double pot of ale, with a roasted crab dancing in it like a wherry above bridge?—or, hum—ay, young men are sweet-toothed—a quart of burnt sack, with sugar and spice?—good against the fogs. Or, what say you to sipping a gill of right distilled waters? Come, we will have them all, and you shall take your choice.—Here, you Jezebel, let Tim send the ale, and the sack, and the nipperkin of double-distilled, with a bit of diet-loaf, or some such trinket, and score it to the new coner."

Glenvarloch, bethinking himself that it might be as well to endure this fellow's insolence for a brief season, as to get into farther discreditable quarrels, suffered him to take his own way, without interruption, only observing, "You make yourself at home, sir, in my apartment; but, for the time, you may use your pleasure. Meanwhile, I would fain know what has procured me the honour of this unexpected visit?"

"You shall know that when old Deb has brought the liquor—I never speak of business dry-lipped. Why, how she drumbles—I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road, and then you will think you have had unchristian measure.—In the meanwhile, look at that dog there—look Belzebub in the face, and tell me if you ever saw a sweeter beast—never flew but at head in his life."

And after this congenial panegyric, he was proceeding with a tale of a dog and a bull which threatened to be somewhat of the longest, when he was interrupted by the return of the old crone, and two of his own tapsters, bearing the various kinds of drinkables which he had demanded, and which probably was the only species of interruption he would have endured with equanimity.

When the cups and cans were duly arranged upon the table, and when Deborah, whom the Ducal generosity honoured with a penny farthing in the way of gratuity, had withdrawn with her satellites, the worthy potentate, having first slightly invited Lord Glenvarloch to partake of the liquor which he was to pay for, and after having observed, that, excepting three ponched eggs, a pint of bastard, and a cup of clary, he was fasting from every thing but sin, set himself seriously to reinforce the radical moisture. Glenvarloch had seen Scottish lairds and Dutch burgomasters at their potations; but their exploits (though each might be termed a thirsty generation) were nothing to those of Duke Hildebrod, who seemed an absolute sandbag, capable of absorbing any given quantity of liquid, without being either vivified or overflowed. He drank off the ale to quench a thirst which, as he said, kept him in a fever from morning to night, and night to morning; tipped off the sack to correct the crudity of the ale; sent the spirits after the sack to keep all quiet, and then declared that,

probably, he should not taste liquor till *post meridiem*, unless it was in compliment to some especial friend. Finally, he intimated that he was ready to proceed on the business which brought him from home so early, a proposition which Nigel readily received, though he could not help suspecting that the most important purpose of Duke Hildebrod's visit was already transacted.

In this, however, Lord Glenvarloch proved to be mistaken. Hildebrod, before opening what he had to say, made an accurate survey of the apartment, laying, from time to time, his finger on his nose, and winking on Nigel with his single eye, while he opened and shut the doors, lifted the tapestry which concealed, in one or two places, the dilapidation of time upon the wainscoted walls, peeped into closets, and, finally, looked under the bed, to assure himself that the coast was clear of listeners and interlopers. He then resumed his seat, and beckoned confidentially to Nigel to draw his chair close to him.

"I am well as I am, Master Hildebrod," replied the young lord, little disposed to encourage the familiarity which the man endeavoured to fix on him; but the undismayed Duke proceeded as follows:

"You shall pardon me, my lord—and now I give you the title right seriously—if I remind you that our waters may be watched; for though old Trapbois be as deaf as Saint Paul's, yet his daughter has sharp ears, and sharp eyes enough, and it is of them that it is my business to speak."

"Say away, then, sir," said Nigel, edging his chair somewhat closer to the Quicksand, "although I cannot conceive what business I have either with mine host or his daughter."

"We will see that in the twinkling of a quarter," answered the gracious Duke; "and first, my lord, you must not think to dance in a net before old Jack Hildebrod, that has thrice your years o'er his head, and was born, like King Richard, with all his eyelids ready cut."

"Well, sir, go on," said Nigel.

"Why, then, my lord, I presume to say, that, if you are, as I believe you are, that Lord Glenvarloch whom all the world talk of—the Scotch gallant that has spent all, to a thin cloak and a light purse—he not moved, my lord, it is so noised of you—men call you the sparrowhawk, who will fly at all—ay, were it in the very Park—Be not moved, my lord."

"I am ashamed, sirrah," replied Glenvarloch, "that you should have power to move me by your insolence—but beware—and, if you indeed guess who I am, consider how long I may be able to endure your tone of insolent familiarity."

"I crave pardon, my lord," said Hildebrod, with a sullen, yet apologetic look; "I meant no harm in speaking my poor mind. I know not what honour there may be in being familiar with your lordship, but I judge there is little safety, for Lowestoffe is laid up in lavender only for having shown you the way into Alsatia; and so, what is to come of those who maintain you when you are here, or whether they will get most honour or most trouble by doing so, I leave with your lordship's better judgment."

"I will bring no one into trouble on my account," said Lord Glenvarloch. "I will leave Whitefarns to-morrow. Nay, by Heaven, I will leave it this day."

"You will have more wit in your anger, I trust," said Duke Hildebrod; "listen first to what I have to say to you, and, if honest Jack Hildebrod puts you not in the way of nicking them all, may he never cast doubtlets, or gill a greynhorn again! And so, my lord, in plain words, you must wap and win."

"Your words must be still plainer before I can understand them," said Nigel.

"What the devil—a gamester, one who deals with the devil's bones and the doctors, and not understand pedler's French! Nay, then, I must speak plain English, and that's the simplest of tongue."

"Speak, then, sir," said Nigel; "and I pray you be brief, for I have little more time to bestow on you."

"Well, then, my lord, to be brief, as you and the lawyers call it—I understand you have an estate in the north, which changes masters for want of the redeeming ready.—Ay, you start, but you cannot dance

in a net before me, as I said before; and so the King runs the frowning humour on you, and the Court pours you the go-by; and the Prince scowls at you from under his cap; and the favourite serves you at the puckered brow and the cold shoulder; and so favourite's favourite!"

"To go no farther, sir," interrupted Nigel, "suppose all this true—and what follows?"

"What follows?" returned Duke Hildebrod. "Nay, this follows, that you will owe good deed, as well as good will, to him who shall put you in the way to walk with your beaver cocked in the presence of the Earl of Kildare; bully the courtiers; meet the Prince's blighting look with a bold brow; coax the favourite; baffle his deputy; and—"

"This is all well," said Nigel; "but how is it accomplished?"

"By making thee a Prince of Peru, my lord—in northern latitudes: propping thine old castle with gobs, fortifying thy failing fortunes with gold; for it shall not cost thee to put thy baron's coronet on day or so on the brows of an old Caduca ben's man's daughter of the house, and thou art master of a mass of treasure that shall do all I have said thee, and—"

"What, you would have me marry this old woman here, the daughter of mine host?" said Nigel, surprised and angry, yet unable to suppress some smile to laugh.

"Nay, my lord, I would have you marry fifty thousand good sterling pounds; for that, and better, old Trapbois hoarded; and thou shalt do a deal more in it to the old man, who will lose his pin smelts in some worse way—for now that beamed high past his day of work, his day of payment is to follow."

"Truly, this is a most courteous offer," said Lord Glenvarloch; "but may I pray of your candour, as noble duke, to tell me why you dispose of a vast so much wealth on a stranger like me, who will leave you to-morrow?"

"In sooth, my lord," said the Duke, "that great smacks more of the wit of Beaujeu's ordinar, or any word I have yet heard your lordship speak, as reason it is you should be answered. Touches peers, it is but necessary to say, that Mistress Mrs. Trapbois will none of them, whether clerical or lay. The captain hath asked her, so hath the parson; she will none of them—she looks higher than he; and is, to say truth, a woman of sense, and wit, too profound, and of spirit something too high to be up with greasy buff or rusty prunella. For ourselves we need but hint that we have a consort in the life of the living, and what is more to purpose, Mrs. Martha knows it. So, as she will not lace her key hood save with a quality binding, you, my lord, must be the man, and must carry off fifty thousand deuces, the spoils of five thousand bullocks, ewes, and spendthrifts,—always deducting from the net sum some five thousand pounds for our princely vice and countenance, without which, as matters stand in Alsatia, you would find it hard to wash plate."

"But has your wisdom considered, sir," replied Glenvarloch, "how this wedlock can serve me in the present emergency?"

"As for that, my lord," said Duke Hildebrod, "with forty or fifty thousand pounds in your pocket you cannot save yourself, you will deserve to lose your head for your folly, and your hand for being close-fisted."

"But, since your goodness has taken my matter into such serious consideration," continued Nigel, who conceived there was no prudence in breaking with a man, who, in his way, meant him favour rather than offence, "perhaps you may be able to tell me how my kindred will be likely to receive such a bride as you recommend to me?"

"Touching that matter, my lord, I have always heard your countrymen knew as well as other folk on which side their bread was buttered. And, truly speaking from report, I know no place where fifty thousand pounds—fifty thousand pounds, I say—will make a woman more welcome than it is likely to do

in your ancient kingdom. And, truly, saving the slight twist in her shoulder, Mrs. Martha Trapbois is a person of very awful and majestic appearance, and may, for aught I know, be of better blood than any one wots of; for old Trapbois looks not over like to be her father, and her mother was a generous, liberal sort of a woman."

"I am afraid," answered Nigel, "that chance is rather too vague to assure her a gracious reception into an honourable house."

"Why, then, my lord," replied Hildebrod, "I think it like she will be even with them; for I will venture to say, she has as much ill-nature as will make her a match for your whole clan."

"That may inconvenience me a little," replied Nigel. "Not a whit—not a whit," said the Duke, fertile in expedients; "if she should become rather intolerable, which is not unlikely, your honourable house, which I presume to be a castle, hath, doubtless, both turrets and dungeons, and ye may bestow your bonny bride in either the one or the other, and then you know you will be out of hearing of her tongue, and she will be either above or below the contempt of your friends."

"It is sagely counselled, most equitable sir," replied Nigel, "and such restraint would be a fit need for her folly that gave me any power over her."

"You entertain the project then, my lord?" said Duke Hildebrod.

"I must turn it in my mind for twenty-four hours," said Nigel; "and I will pray you so to order matters that I be not farther interrupted by any visitors."

"We will utter an edict to secure your privacy," said the Duke; "and you do not think," he added, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "that ten thousand is too much to pay to the Sovereign, in name of wardship?"

"Ten thousand!" said Lord Glenvarloche; "why, you said five thousand but now."

"Aha! art avised of that?" said the Duke, touching the side of his nose with his finger; "nay, if you have marked me so closely, you are thinking on the same more nearly than I believed, till you trapped me. Well, well, we will not quarrel about the consideration, as old Trapbois would call it—do you win and rear the dame; it will be no hard matter with your ice and figure, and I will take care that no one interrupts you. I will have an edict from the Senate as soon as they meet for their meridian."

So saying, Duke Hildebrod took his leave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

This is the time—Heaven's maiden sentinel
Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser spangles
Are peling one by one: give me the ladder
And the short lever—bid Anthony
Keep with his carbine the wicket-gate;
And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,
For we will in and do it—darkness like this
Is dawning of our fortunes.—*Old Play.*

WHEN Duke Hildebrod had withdrawn, Nigel's first impulse was an irresistible feeling to laugh at the sage adviser, who would have thus connected him with age, ugliness, and ill-temper; but his next thought was pity for the unfortunate father and daughter, who, being the only persons possessed of wealth in this unhappy district, seemed like a wreck on the sea-shore of a barbarous country, only secured from under for the moment by the jealousy of the tribes among whom it had been cast. Neither could he help being conscious that his own residence here was upon conditions equally precarious, and that he was considered by the Alsations in the same light of a god-sent on the Cornish coast, or a sickly but wealthy stranger travelling through the wilds of Africa, and emphatically termed by the nations of despoilers rough whose regions it passes, *Dummalafoze*, which signifies a thing given to be devoured—a common prey to all men.

Nigel had already formed his own plan to extricate himself, at whatever risk, from his perilous and degrading situation; and, in order that he might carry it to instant execution, he only awaited the return of Lowestoffe's messenger. He expected him, however, in vain, and could only amuse himself by

looking through such parts of his baggage as had been sent to him from his former lodgings, in order to select a small packet of the most necessary articles to take with him, in the event of his quitting his lodgings secretly and suddenly, as speed and privacy would, he foresaw, be particularly necessary, if he meant to obtain an interview with the King, which was the course his spirit and his interest alike determined him to pursue.

While he was thus engaged, he found, greatly to his satisfaction, that Master Lowestoffe had transmitted not only his rapier and poniard, but a pair of pistols, which he had used in travelling; of a smaller and more convenient size than the large petronels, or horse pistols, which were then in common use, as being made for wearing at the girdle or in the pockets. Next to having stout and friendly comrades, a man is chiefly emboldened by finding himself well armed in case of need, and Nigel, who had thought with some anxiety on the hazard of trusting his life, if attacked, to the protection of the clumsy weapon with which Lowestoffe had equipped him, in order to complete his disguise, felt an emotion of confidence approaching to triumph, as, drawing his own good and well-tried rapier, he wiped it with his handkerchief, examined its point, bent it once or twice against the ground to prove its well-known metal, and finally replaced it in the scabbard, the more hastily, that he heard a tap at the door of his chamber, and had no mind to be found vapouring in the apartment with his sword drawn.

It was his old host who entered, to tell him with many cringes that the price of his apartment was to be a crown per diem; and that, according to the custom of Whitefriars, the rent was always payable per advance, although he never scrupled to let the money lie till a week or fortnight, or even a month, in the hands of any honourable guest like Master Grahame, always upon some reasonable consideration for the use. Nigel got rid of the old dotard's intrusion, by throwing down two pieces of gold, and requesting the accommodation of his present apartment for eight days, adding, however, he did not think he should tarry so long.

The miser, with a sparkling eye and a trembling hand, clutched fast the proffered coin, and, having balanced the pieces with exquisite pleasure on the extremity of his withered finger, began almost instantly to show that not even the possession of gold can gratify for more than an instant the very heart that is most eager in the pursuit of it. First, the pieces might be light—with hasty hand he drew a small pair of scales from his bosom and weighed them, first together, then separately, and smiled with gloe as he saw them attain the due depression in the balance—a circumstance which might add to his profits, if it were true, as was currently reported, that little of the gold coinage was current in Alsatia in a perfect state, and that none ever left the Sanctuary in that condition.

Another fear then occurred to trouble the old miser's pleasure. He had been just able to comprehend that Nigel intended to leave the Friars sooner than the arrival of the term for which he had deposited the rent. This might imply an expectation of refunding, which, as a Scotch wag said, of all species of funding, jumped least with the old gentleman's humour. He was beginning to enter a hypothetical caveat on this subject, and to quote several reasons why no part of the money once consigned as room-rent, could be repaid back on any pretence, without great hardship to the landlord, when Nigel, growing impatient, told him that the money was his absolutely, and without any intention on his part of resuming any of it—all he asked in return was the liberty of enjoying in private the apartment he had paid for. Old Trapbois, who had still at his tongue's end much of the smooth language, by which, in his time, he had hastened the ruin of many a young spendthrift, began to launch out upon the noble and generous disposition of his new guest, until Nigel, growing impatient, took the old gentleman by the hand, and gently, yet irresistibly, leading him to the door of his chamber, put him out, but with such a decent and moderate exertion of

his superior strength, as to render the action in no shape indecorous, and, fastening the door, began to do that for his pistols which he had done for his favourite sword, examining with care, the flints and locks, and reviewing the state of his small provision of ammunition.

In this operation he was a second time interrupted by a knocking at his door—he called upon the person to enter, having no doubt that it was Lowestoffe's messenger at length arrived. It was, however, the ungracious daughter of old Trapbois, who, muttering something about her father's mistake, laid down upon the table one of the pieces of gold which Nigel had just given to him, saying, *dest* what she retained was the full rent for the term he had specified. Nigel replied, he had paid the money, and had no desire to receive it again.

"Do as you will with it, then," replied his hostess, "for there it lies, and shall lie for me. If you are fool enough to pay more than is reason, my father shall not be to blame enough to take it."

"But your father, mistress," said Nigel, "your father told me—"

"Oh, my father, my father," said she, interrupting him,—"my father managed these affairs while he was able—I manage them now, and that may in the long run be as well for both of us."

She then looked on the table, and observed the weapons.

"You have arms, I see," she said; "do you know how to use them?"

"I should do so, mistress," replied Nigel, "for it has been my occupation."

"You are a soldier, then?" she demanded.

"No farther as yet, than as every gentleman of my country is a soldier."

"Ay, that is your point of honour—to cut the throats of the poor—a proper gentlemanlike occupation for those who should protect them!"

"I do not deal in cutting throats, mistress," replied Nigel; "but I carry arms to defend myself, and my country, if it needs me."

"Ay," replied Martha, "it is fairly worded; but men say you are as prompt as others in petty brawls, where neither your safety nor your country is in hazard; and that had it not been so, you would not have been in the sanctuary to-day."

"Mistress," returned Nigel, "I should labour in vain to make you understand that a man's honour, which is, or should be, dearer to him than his life, may often call on and compel us to hazard our own lives, or those of others, on what would otherwise seem trifling contingencies."

"God's law says nought of that," said the female; "I have only read there, that thou shalt not kill. But I have neither time nor inclination to preach to you—you will find enough of fighting here if you like it, and well if it come not to seek you when you are least prepared. Farewell for the present—the char-woman will execute your commands for your meals."

She left the room, just as Nigel, provoked at her assuming a superior tone of judgment and of censure, was about to be so superfluous as to enter into a dispute with an old pawnbroker's daughter on the subject of the point of honour. He smiled at himself for the folly into which the spirit of self-vengeance had so nearly hurried him.

Lord Glenvarloch then applied to old Deborah the char-woman, by whose intercession he was provided with a tolerably decent dinner; and the only embarrassment which he experienced, was from the almost forcible entry of the old dotard his landlord, who insisted upon giving his assistance at laying the cloth. Nigel had some difficulty to prevent him from displacing his arms and some papers which were lying on the small table at which he had been sitting; and nothing short of a stern and positive injunction to the contrary could compel him to use another board (though there were two in the room) for the purpose of laying the cloth.

Having at length obliged him to relinquish his purpose, he could not help observing that the eyes of the old dotard seemed still anxiously fixed upon the small table on which lay his sword and pistols; and that

amidst all the little duties which he seemed officiously anxious to render to his guest, he took every opportunity of looking towards and approaching these objects of his attention. At length, when Trapbois thought he had completely avoided the notice of his guest, Nigel, through the observation of one of his cracked mirrors, on which channel of communication the old man had not calculated, beheld him gradually extend his hand towards the table in question. He thought it unnecessary to use farther ceremony, but telling his landlord, in a stern voice, that he permitted no one to touch his arms, he commanded him to leave the apartment. The old usurer returned a mounding sort of apology, in which that Nigel distinctly apprehended, was a *fringe* repetition of the word *consideration*, and which did not seem to him to require any other answer than restoration of his command to him to leave the apartment, upon pain of worse consequences.

The ancient Hebe, who acted as Lord Glenvarloch's cupbearer, took his part against the intrusion; the still more antiquated Ganymede, and master old Trapbois leaving the room instantly, menaced him at the same time with her mistress's displeasure if he remained there any longer. The old man sat more under petticoat government than any other; the threat of the char-woman produced greater effect upon him than the more formidable displeasure of Nigel. He withdrew grumbling and muttering; Lord Glenvarloch heard him bar a large door at the nearer end of the gallery, which served as a door between the other parts of the extensive mansion; the apartment occupied by his guest, which was a reader is aware, had its access from the landing at the head of the grand staircase.

Nigel accepted the careful sound of the bolts as they were severally drawn by the trusty hand of old Trapbois, as an omen that the sear would not mean again to revisit him in the course of the evening, and heartily rejoiced that he was at length to be left to uninterrupted solitude.

The old woman asked if there was aught else to be done for his accommodation; and, indeed, she hitherto seemed as if the pleasure of serving him more properly the reward which she expected renewed her youth and activity. Nigel desired to have candles, to have a fire lighted in his apartment, and a few fagots placed beside it, that he might sit it from time to time, as he began to feel the chills of the damp and low situation of the house close at it was to the Thames. But while the old woman was absent upon his errand, he began to think in what way he should pass the long evening with which he was threatened.

His own reflections promised to Nigel little amusement, and less applause. He had considered his own perilous situation in every light in which it could be viewed, and fore-saw as little utility as comfort in resuming the survey. To divert the current of his ideas, books were, of course, the readiest resource; and although, like most of us, Nigel had, in his wanderings through large libraries, and even spent long time there without greatly disturbing their learned contents, he was now in a situation where the possession of a volume, even of very inferior merit, becomes a real treasure. The old housewife returned shortly afterwards with fagots, and some pieces of half-burnt wax-candles, the perquisites, probably real or usurped, of some experienced groom of the chambers, two of which she placed in large brass candlesticks, of different shapes and patterns, and laid the others on the table, that Nigel might reach them from time to time as they burnt to the socket. She heard with interest Lord Glenvarloch's request to have a book—any sort of book—to pass away the night withal, and returned for answer, that she knew of no other books in the house than her young mistress's (as she always denominated Mistress Martha Trapbois) Bible, which the owner would not lend; her master's Whetstone of Witte, being the second part of Arithmetic, by Robert Record, with the Case Practice and Rule of Equation; which promise volume Nigel declined to borrow. She offered, however, to bring him some books from Duke Hildred

—“who sometimes, good gentleman, gave a glance at a book when the State affairs of Alsatia left him much leisure.”

Nigel embraced the proposal, and his unwearied Iris rattled away on this second embassy. She returned in a short time with a tattered quarto volume under her arm, and a bottle of sack in her hand; for the duke, judging that mere reading was dry work, had sent the wine by way of sauce to help it down, not forgetting to add the price to the morning's score, which he had already run up against the stranger in the Sanctuary.

Nigel seized on the book, and did not refuse the wine, thinking that a glass or two, as it really proved to be of good quality, would be no bad interlude to his studies. He dismissed with thanks and assurance of reward, the poor old drudge who had been so zealous in his service; trimmed his fire and candles, and placed the easiest of the old arm chairs in a convenient posture betwixt the fire and the table at which he had dined, and which now supported the measure of sack and the lights; and thus accompanying his studies with such luxurious appliances as were in his power, he began to examine the only volume with which the ducal library of Alsatia had been able to supply him.

The contents, though of a kind generally interesting, were not well calculated to dispel the gloom by which he was surrounded. The book was entitled *God's Revenge against Murder*; not, as the biomanical reader may easily conjecture, the work which Reynolds published under that imposing name, but one of a much earlier date, printed and sold by *Id Wolfe*; and which, could a copy now be found, would sell for much more than its weight in gold.*

Nigel had soon enough of the doleful tales which the book contains, and attempted one or two other modes of killing the evening. He looked out at window, but the night was rainy, with gusts of wind; he tried to coax the fire, but the fagots were green, and smoked without burning; and as he was naturally temperate, he felt his blood somewhat heated by the canary sack, which he had already drunk, and had no farther inclination to that pastime. He next attempted to compose a memorial addressed to the King, in which he set forth his case and his grievances; but, speedily stung with the idea that his application would be treated with scorn, he flung the scroll into the fire, and, in a sort of desperation, resumed the book which he had laid aside.

Nigel became more interested in the volume at the second than at the first attempt which he made to rouse it. The narratives, strange and shocking as they were to human feeling, possessed yet the interest of sorcery or of fascination, which rivets the attention by its awakening horrors. Much was told of strange and horrible acts of blood by which men, setting nature and humanity aside in defiance, and, for the thirst of revenge, the lust of gold, or the cravings of irregular ambition, broken into the infernal life. Yet more surprising and mysterious tales were recounted of the mode in which such deeds of blood had come to be discovered and avenged. Animals, irrational animals, had told the secret, and birds of the air had carried the matter. The elements had seemed to betray the deed which had polluted them—earth had ceased to support the murderer's steps, fire to warm his frozen limbs, water to refresh his parched lips, air to relieve his gasping lungs. All, in short, bore evidence to the homicide's guilt. In other circumstances, the criminal's own awakened conscience pursued and brought him to justice; and in some narratives the grave was said to have yawned, that the ghost of the sufferer might avenge.

It was now wearing late in the night, and the book was still in Nigel's hands, when the tapestry which hung behind him flapped against the wall, and the wind produced by its motion waved the flame of

the candles by which he was reading. Nigel started and turned round, in that excited and irritated state of mind which arose from the nature of his studies, especially at a period when a certain degree of superstition was inculcated as a point of religious faith. It was not without emotion that he saw the bloodless countenance, meagre form, and ghastly aspect of old Trapbois, once more in the very act of extending his withered hand towards the table which supported his arms. Convinced by this untimely apparition that something evil was meditated towards him, Nigel sprang up, seized his sword, drew it, and placing it at the old man's breast, demanded of him what he did in his apartment at so untimely an hour. Trapbois showed neither fear nor surprise, and only answered by some imperfect expressions, intimating he would part with his life rather than with his property; and Lord Glenvarloch, strangely embarrassed, knew not what to think of the intruder's motives, and still less how to get rid of him. As he again tried the means of intimidation, he was surprised by a second apparition from behind the tapestry, in the person of the daughter of Trapbois, bearing a lamp in her hand. She also seemed to possess her father's insensibility to danger, for, coming close to Nigel, she pushed aside impetuously his naked sword, and even attempted to take it out of his hand.

“For shame,” she said, “your sword on a man of eighty years and more!—this the honour of a Scottish gentleman!—give it to me to make a spindle of!”

“Stand back,” said Nigel; “I mean your father no injury—but I will know what has caused him to prowl this whole day, and even at this late hour of night, around my arms.”

“Your arms!” repeated she; “alas! young man, the whole arms in the Tower of London are of little value to him, in comparison of this miserable piece of gold which I left this morning on the table of a young spendthrift, too careless to put what belonged to him into his own purse.”

So saying, she showed the piece of gold, which, still remaining on the table, where she left it, had been the bait that attracted old Trapbois so frequently to the spot; and which, even in the silence of the night, had so dwelt on his imagination, that he had made use of a private passage long disused, to enter his guest's apartment, in order to possess himself of the treasure during his slumbers. He now exclaimed, at the highest tones of his cracked and feeble voice—

“It is mine—it is mine!—he gave it to me for a consideration—I will die ere I part with my property!”

“It is indeed his own, mistress,” said Nigel, “and I do entreat you to restore it to the person on whom I have bestowed it, and let me have my apartment in quiet.”

“I will account with you for it, then,”—said the maiden, reluctantly giving to her father the morsel of Manimon, on which he darted as if his bony fingers had been the talons of a hawk seizing its prey; and then making a contented muttering and mumbling like an old dog after he has been fed, and just when he is wheeling himself thrice round for the purpose of lying down, he followed his daughter behind the tapestry, through a little sliding-door, which was perceived when the hangings were drawn apart.

“This shall be properly fastened to-morrow,” said the daughter to Nigel, speaking in such a tone that her father, deaf, and engrossed by his acquisition, could not hear her; “to-night I will continue to watch him closely.—I wish you good repose.”

These few words, pronounced in a tone of more civility than she had yet made use of towards her lodger, contained a wish which was not to be accomplished, although her guest, presently after her departure, retired to bed.

There was a slight fever in Nigel's blood, occasioned by the various events of the evening, which put him, as the phrase is, beside his rest. Perplexing and painful thoughts rolled on his mind like a troubled stream, and the more he laboured to lull himself to slumber, the farther he seemed from attaining his object. He tried all the resources, common in such ca-

* Only three copies are known to exist: one in the library at Maniquahair, and two—one forced and cropped, the other tall and in good condition—both in the possession of an eminent member of the Roxburghe Club.—Note by CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

ses; kept counting from one to a thousand, until his head was giddy—he watched the embers of the wood fire till his eyes were dazzled—he listened to the dull moaning of the wind, the swinging and creaking of signs which projected from the houses, and the baying of hounds and there a homeless dog, till his very ears were weary.

Suddenly, however, amid this monotony, came a sound which startled him at once. It was a female shriek. He sat up in his bed to listen, then remembered he was in Alsatia, where brawls of every sort were current among the unruly inhabitants. But another scream, and another, and another, succeeded so close, that he was certain, though the noise was remote and sounded stifled, it must be in the same house with himself.

Nigel jumped up hastily, put on a part of his clothes, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the door of his chamber. Here he plainly heard the screams redoubled, and, as he thought, the sounds came from the usurer's apartment. All access to the gallery was effectually excluded by the intermediate door, which the brave young lord shook with eager, but vain impatience. But the secret passage occurred suddenly to his recollection. He hastened back to his room, and succeeded with some difficulty in lighting a candle, powerfully agitated by hearing the cries repeated, yet still more afraid lest they should sink into silence.

He rushed along the narrow and winding entrance, guided by the noise, which now burst more wildly on his ear; and, while he descended a narrow staircase which terminated the passage, he heard the stifled voices of men, encouraging, as it seemed, each other.—"D—n her, strike her down—silence her—beat her brains out!"—while the voice of his hostess, though now almost exhausted, was repeating the cry of "murder," and "help." At the bottom of the staircase was a small door, which gave way before Nigel as he precipitated himself upon the scene of action, a cocked pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and his naked sword under his arm.

Two ruffians had, with great difficulty, overpowered, or, rather, were on the point of overpowering, the daughter of Trapbois, whose resistance appeared to have been most desperate, for the floor was covered with fragments of her clothes, and handfuls of her hair. It appeared that her life was about to be the price of her defence, for one villain had drawn a long clasp-knife, when they were surprised by the entrance of Nigel, who, as they turned towards him, shot the fellow with the knife dead on the spot, and when the other advanced to him, hurled the candlestick at his head, and then attacked him with his sword. It was dark, save some pale moonlight from the window; and the ruffian, after firing a pistol without effect, and fighting a traverse or two with his sword, lost heart, made for the window, leaped over it, and escaped. Nigel fired his remaining pistol after him at a venture, and then called for light.

"There is light in the kitchen," answered Martha Trapbois, with more presence of mind than could have been expected. "Stay, you know not the way; I will fetch it myself.—Oh! my father—my poor father!—I knew it would come to this—and all along of the accursed gold!—They have murdered him!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child.
From all our toys and baubles: His rough call
Unlooses all our favorite treasures on earth;
And well if they are such as may be answered
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.—*Old Play.*

It was a ghastly scene which opened, upon Martha Trapbois's return with a light. Her own haggard and austere features were exaggerated by all the desperation of grief, fear, and passion—but the latter was predominant. On the floor lay the body of the robber, who had expired without a groan, while his blood, flowing plentifully, had crimsoned all around. Another body lay also there, on which the unfortunate woman precipitated herself in agony, for it was that of her unhappy father. In the next moment she

started up, and exclaiming—"There may be life yet!" strove to raise the body. Nigel went to her assistance, but not without a glance at the open window, which Martha, as acute as if undisturbed either by passion or terror, failed not to interpret justly.

"Fear not," she cried, "fear not; they are cowards, to whom courage is as much unknown as mercy. If I had had weapons, I could have defended myself against them without assistance or protection.—Oh! my poor father! protection comes too late to this cold and stiff corpse.—He is dead—dead!"

While she spoke, they were attempting to raise the dead body of the old miser; but it was evident, from the feeling of the inactive weight and rigidness that life had forsaken her station. Nigel looked at a wound, but saw none. The daughter of the deceased, with more presence of mind than a dagger could at the time have been supposed capable of displaying, discovered the instrument of his murder—a scarf, which had been drawn so tight round the throat, as to stifle his cries for assistance in the instance, and afterwards to extinguish life.

She undid the fatal noose; and, laying the man's body in the arms of Lord Glenvarloch, ran for water, for spirits, for essences, in the vain hope that life might be only suspended. That hope, indeed, vain. She chafed his temples, raised his loosened his nightgown, (for it seemed as if he had arisen from bed upon hearing the entrance of the ruffians,) and, finally, opened, with difficulty, his and closely-clenched hands, from one of which appeared a key, from the other the very piece of gold on which the unhappy man had been a little less anxious, and which probably, in the impaired state of his mental faculties, he was disposed to defend as desperate energy, as if its amount had been necessary to his actual existence.

"It is in vain—it is in vain," said the daughter, desisting from her fruitless attempts to raise the spirit which had been effectually dislodged from the neck had been twisted by the violence of the murderers; "It is in vain—he is murdered—I always knew it would be thus; and now I witness it!"

She then snatched up the key and the piece of money, but it was only to dash them again on the floor, as she exclaimed, "Accursed be ye both, for the causes of this deed!"

Nigel would have spoken—would have reassured her, that measures should be instantly taken in the pursuit of the murderer who had escaped, as well for her own security against his return; but she interrupted him sharply.

"Be silent," she said, "be silent. Think ye that thoughts of my own heart are not enough to distress me, and with such a sight as this before me? I will be silent," she said again, and in a yet sadder tone—"Can a daughter listen, and her father's murderer lying on her knees?"

Lord Glenvarloch, however overpowered by the energy of her grief, felt not the less the embarrassment of his own situation. He had discharged his pistols—the robber might return—he had probably other assistants besides the man who had fallen, and it seemed to him, indeed, as if he had heard a murmur beneath the windows. He explained hastily to his companion the necessity of procuring ammunition.

"You are right," she said, somewhat contemptuously, "and have ventured already more than I expected of man. Go, and shift for yourself, and that is your purpose—leave me to my fate."

Without stopping for needless expostulation, Nigel hastened to his own room through the secret passage, furnished himself with the ammunition he required, and returned with the same celerity; working himself at the accuracy with which he achieved the dark, all the wanderings of the passage which he had traversed only once, and that in a moment of such violent agitation.

He found, on his return, the unfortunate woman standing like a statue by the body of her father, who she had laid straight on the floor, having covered his face with the skirt of his gown. She testified neither surprise nor pleasure at Nigel's return, but met him calmly—"My moan is made—my sorrow is

the sorrow at least that man shall ever have nothing is gone past; but I will have justice, and the base villain who murdered this poor defenceless old man, then he had not by the course of nature, a twelve-month's life in him, shall not cumber the earth long for him. Stranger, whom heaven has sent to forward the revenge reserved for this action, go to Hildebrod—there they are awake all night in their revels—bid him come hither—he is bound by his duty, and are not, and shall not, refuse his assistance, which I know well I can reward. Why do ye tarry?—go instantly.”

“I would,” said Nigel, “but I am fearful of leaving you alone; the villains may return, and”—

“True, most true,” answered Martha, “he may turn; and, though I care little for his murdering, he may possess himself of what has most tempted him. Keep this key and this piece of gold; they are both of importance—defend your life if assailed, and if you kill the villain I will make you rich. I go myself to call for aid.”

Nigel would have remonstrated with her, but she departed, and in a moment he heard the household clank behind her. For an instant he thought of winging her; but upon recollection that the distance was but short betwixt the tavern of Hildebrod and the house of Trapbois, he concluded that she knew better than he—incurred little danger in passing it, that he would do well in the meanwhile to remain on the watch as she recommended.

It was no pleasant situation for one unused to such a place, to remain in the apartment with two dead bodies, recently those of living and breathing men, who had both, within the space of less than half an hour, suffered violent death; one of them by the hand of an assassin, the other, whose blood still continued to flow from the wound in his throat, and to flood around him, by the spectator's own deed of violence, though of justice. He turned his face from the wretched relics of mortality with a feeling of disgust, mingled with superstition; and he found, that he had done so, that the consciousness of the presence of these ghastly objects, though unseen by him, rendered him more uncomfortable than even when he had his eyes fixed upon, and reflected by, the cold, staring, lifeless eyeballs of the deceased. It also played her usual sport with him. He thought he heard the well-worn damask nightgown of the deceased usurer rustle; anon, that he the slaughtered bravo draw up his leg, the boot clanking the floor as if he was about to rise; and that he deemed he heard the footsteps and the whisper of the returned ruffian under the window from which he had lately escaped. To face the last and the real danger, and to parry the terrors which the class of feelings were like to impress upon him, he went to the window, and was much cheered to perceive the light of several torches illuminating the street, and followed, as the murmur of voices denoted, by a number of persons, armed, it would seem, with firelocks and halberds, and attendant on Hildebrod, who (not in his fantastic office of duke, but in which he really possessed, of bailiff of the liberty sanctuary of Whitefriars) was on his way to inquire into the crime and its circumstances.

It was a strange and melancholy contrast to see the debauchees, disturbed in the very depth of their night revel, on their arrival at such a scene as this. They stared on each other, and on the bloody bodies before them, with lack-lustre eyes; staggered on uncertain steps over boards slippery with blood; and noisy brawling voices sunk into stammering whispers; and, with spirits quelled by what they saw, their brains were still stupefied by the liquor which they had drunk, they seemed like men walking in their sleep.

Hildebrod was an exception to the general situation. That seasoned cask, however full, was at times capable of motion, when there occurred a force sufficiently strong to set him a-rolling. He had much shocked at what he beheld, and his feelings, in consequence, had more in them of clarity and propriety, than he might have been supposed capable of exhibiting upon any occasion

whatever. The daughter was first examined, and stated, with wonderful accuracy and distinctness, the manner in which she had been alarmed with a noise of struggling and violence in her father's apartment, and that the more readily, because she was watching him on account of some alarm concerning his health. On her entrance, she had seen her father sinking under the strength of two men, upon whom she rushed with all the fury she was capable of. As their faces were blackened, and their figures disguised, she could not pretend, in the hurry of a moment so dreadfully agitating, to distinguish either of them as persons whom she had seen before. She remembered little more except the firing of shots, until she found herself alone with her guest, and saw that the ruffians had escaped.

Lord Glenvarloch told his story as we have given it to the reader. The direct evidence thus received, Hildebrod examined the premises. He found that the villains had made their entrance by the window out of which the survivor had made his escape; yet it seemed singular that they should have done so, as it was secured with strong iron bars, which old Trapbois was in the habit of shutting with his own hand at nightfall. He minutely down with great accuracy, the state of every thing in the apartment, and examined carefully the features of the slain robber. He was dressed like a seaman of the lowest order, but his face was known to none present. Hildebrod next sent for an Alsatian surgeon, whose vices, undoing what his skill might have done for him, had consigned him to the wretched practice of this place. He made him examine the dead bodies, and make a proper declaration of the manner in which the sufferers seemed to have come by their end. The circumstance of the sash did not escape the learned judge, and having listened to all that could be heard or conjectured on the subject, and collected all particulars of evidence which appeared to bear on the bloody transaction, he commanded the door of the apartment to be locked until next morning; and carrying the unfortunate daughter of the murdered man into the kitchen, where there was no one in presence but Lord Glenvarloch, he asked her gravely, whether she suspected no one in particular of having committed the deed.

“Do you suspect no one?” answered Martha, looking fixedly on him.

“Perhaps I may, mistress; but it is my part to ask questions, yours to answer them. That's the rule of the game.”

“Then I suspect him who wore yonder sash. Do not you know whom I mean?”

“Why, if you call on me for honours, I must needs say I have seen Captain Peppercull have one of such a fashion, and he was not a man to change his suits often.”

“Send out then,” said Martha, “and have him apprehended.”

“If it is he, he will be far by this time; but I will communicate with the higher powers,” answered the judge.

“You would have him escape,” resumed she, fixing her eyes on him sternly.

“By cock and pie,” replied Hildebrod, “did it depend on me, the murdering cut-throat should hang as high as ever Haman did—but let me take my time. He has friends among us, that you wot well; and all that should assist me are as drunk as fiddlers.”

“I will have revenge—I will have it,” repeated she; “and take heed you trifle not with me.”

“Trifle! I would sooner trifle with a she-bear the minute after they had baited her. I tell you, mistress, be but patient, and we will have him. I know all his haunts, and he cannot forbear them long; and I will have trap-doors open for him. You cannot want justice, mistress, for you have the means to get it.”

“They who help me in my revenge,” said Martha, “shall share those means.”

“Enough said,” replied Hildebrod; “and now I would have you go to my house, and get something hot—you will be but dreary here by yourself.”

“I will send for the old char-woman,” replied Martha, “and we have the stranger gentleman, besides.”

"Umph, umph—the stranger gentleman!" said Hildebrod to Nigel, whom he drew a little apart. "I fancy the captain has made the stranger gentleman's fortune when he was making a bold dash for his own. I can tell your honour—I must not say lordship—that I think my having chanced to give the greasy buff-and-iron scoundrel some hint of what I recommended to you to-day, has put him on this rough game. The better for you—you will get the cash without the father-in-law.—You will keep conditions I trust?"

"I wish you had said nothing to any one of a scheme so absurd," said Nigel.

"Aburd!—Why, think you she will not have thee? Take her with the tear in her eye, man—take her with the tear in her eye. Let me hear from you to-morrow. Good night, good night—a nod is as good as a wink. I trust to my business of sealing and locking up. By the way, this horrid work has put all out of my head—Here is a fellow from Mr. Lowestoffe has been asking to see you. As he said his business was express, the Senate only made him drink a couple of flagons, and he was just coming to beat up your quarters when this breeze blew up.—Ahey, friend! there is Master Nigel Grahame."

A young man, dressed in a green plush jerkin, with a badge on the sleeve, and having the appearance of waterman, approached and took Nigel aside, while Duke Hildebrod went from place to place to exercise his authority, and to see the windows fastened, and the doors of the apartment locked up. The news communicated by Lowestoffe's messenger were not the most pleasant. They were intimated in a courteous whisper to Nigel, to the following effect:—That Master Lowestoffe prayed him to consult his safety by instantly leaving Whitefriars, for that a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice had been issued out for apprehending him, and would be put in force to-morrow, by the assistance of a party of musketeers, a force which the Alsatians neither would nor dared to resist.

"And so, squire," said the aquatic emissary, "my wherry is to wait you at the Temple Stairs yonder, at five this morning, and, if you would give the bloodhounds the slip, why, you may."

"Why did not Master Lowestoffe write to me?" said Nigel.

"Alas! the good gentleman lies up in lavender for it himself, and has as little to do with pen and ink as if he were a parson."

"Did he send any token to me?" said Nigel.

"Token?—ay, marry did he—token enough, an I have not flung it," said the fellow; then, giving a hoist to the waistband of his breeches, he said,—"Ay, I have it—you were to believe me, because your name was written with an O, for Grahame. Ay, that was it, I think.—Well, shall we meet in two hours, when the turns, and go down the river like a twelve-oared barge?"

"Where is the king just now, knowest thou?" answered Lord Glenvarloch.

"The king? why, he went down to Greenwich yesterday by water, like a noble sovereign as he is, who will always float where he can. He was to have hunted this week, but that purpose is broken, they say; and the Prince and the Duke, and all of them at Greenwich, are as merry as minnows."

"Well," replied Nigel, "I will be ready to go at five; do thou come hither to carry my baggage."

"Ay, ay, master," replied the fellow, and left the house, mixing himself with the disorderly attendants of Duke Hildebrod, who were now retiring. That potentate entreated Nigel to make fast the doors behind him, and, pointing to the female who sat by the expiring fire with her limbs outstretched, like one whom the hand of Death had already arrested, he whispered, "Mind your hits, and mind your bargain, or I will cut your bow-string for you before you can draw it."

Feeling deeply the ineffable brutality which could recommend the prosecuting such views over a wretch in such a condition, Lord Glenvarloch yet commanded his temper so far as to receive the advice in silence, and attend to the former part of it, by barring the door carefully behind Duke Hildebrod and his suite,

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me, in all probability, to a dungeon. I might, indeed, transport you from hence with me, if you could afterwards bestow yourself with any friend."

"Friend!" she exclaimed—"I have no friend—they have long since discarded us. A spectre arising from the dead were more welcome than I should be at the doors of those who have disclaimed us; and, if they were willing to restore their friendship to me now, I would despise it, because they withdrew it from him—from him!"—(here she underwent strong but suppressed agitation, and then added firmly)—"from him who lies yonder.—I have no friend." Here she paused; and then suddenly, as if recollecting herself, added, "I have no friend, but I have that will purchase many—I have that which will purchase both friends and avengers.—It is well thought of; I must not leave it for a prey to cheats and ruffians.—Stranger, you must return to yonder room. Pass through it boldly to his—that is, to the sleeping apartment; push the bedstead aside; beneath each of the posts is a brass plate, as if to support the weight, but it is that upon the left, nearest to the wall, which must serve your turn—press the corner of the plate, and it will spring up and show a keyhole, which this key will open. You will then lift a concealed trap-door, and in a cavity of the floor you will discover a small chest. Bring it hither; it shall accompany our journey, and it will be hard if the contents cannot purchase me a place of refuge."

"But the door communicating with the kitchen has been locked by these people," said Nigel.

"True, I had forgot; they had their reasons for that, doubtless," answered she. "But the secret passage from your apartment is open, and you may go that way."

Lord Glenvarloch took the key, and, as he lighted a lamp to show him the way, she read in his countenance some unwillingness to the task imposed.

"You fear?" she said—"there is no cause; the murderer and his victim are both at rest. Take courage, I will go with you myself—you cannot know the trick of the spring, and the chest will be too heavy for you."

"No fear, no fear," answered Lord Glenvarloch, ashamed of the construction she put upon a momentary hesitation, arising from a dislike to look upon what is horrible, often connected with those high-wrought minds which are the last to fear what is merely dangerous—"I will do your errand as you desire; but for you, you must not—cannot go yonder."

"I can—I will," she said. "I am composed. You shall see that I am so." She took from the table a piece of unfinished sewing-work, and, with steadiness and composure, passed a silken thread into the eye of a fine needle.—"Could I have done that," she said, with a smile yet more ghastly than her previous look of fixed despair, "had not my heart and hand been both steady?"

She then led the way rapidly up stairs to Nigel's chamber, and proceeded through the secret passage with the same haste, as if she had feared her resolution might have failed her ere her purpose was executed. At the bottom of the stairs she paused a moment, before entering the fatal apartment, then hurried through with a rapid step to the sleeping chamber beyond, followed closely by Lord Glenvarloch, whose reluctance to approach the scene of butchery was altogether lost in the anxiety which he felt on account of the survivor of the tragedy.

Her first action was to pull aside the curtains of her father's bed. The bed-clothes were thrown aside in confusion, doubtless in the action of his starting from sleep to oppose the entrance of the villains into the next apartment. The hard mattress scarcely showed the slight pressure where the emaciated body of the old miser had been deposited. His daughter sank beside the bed, clasped her hands, and prayed to Heaven, in a short and affecting manner, for support in her affliction, and for vengeance on the villains who had made her fatherless. A low-muttered and still more brief petition recommended to Heaven the soul of the sufferer, and invoked pardon for his sins, in virtue of the great Christian atonement.

This duty of piety performed, she signed to Nigel to

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aid her; and, having pushed aside the heavy bedstead, they saw the brass plate which Martha had described. She pressed the spring, and, at once, the plate starting up, showed the keyhole, and a large iron ring used in lifting the trap-door, which, when raised, displayed the strong-box, or small chest, as had mentioned, and which proved indeed so very weighty, that it might perhaps have been scarce possible for Nigel, though a very strong man, to have raised it without assistance.

Having replaced every thing as they had found it, Nigel, with such help as his companion was able to afford, assumed his load, and made a shift to carry into the next apartment, where lay the miserly owner, insensible to sounds and circumstances, which if any thing could have broken his long last slumber would certainly have done so.

His unfortunate daughter went up to his body, and had even the courage to remove the sheet which has been decently disposed over it. She put her hand on the heart, but there was no throb—held a feather to the lips, but there was no motion—then kissed with deep reverence the starting veins of the pale forehead, and then the emaciated hand.

"I would you could hear me," she said,—"Father, I would you could hear me swear, that, if I now saw what you most valued on earth, it is only to assist me in obtaining vengeance for your death!"

She replaced the covering, and, without a tear, sigh, or an additional word of any kind, renewed her efforts, until they conveyed the strong-box betwixt them into Lord Glenvarloch's sleeping apartment. "It must pass," she said, "as part of your baggage I will be in readiness so soon as the waterman calls."

She retired; and Lord Glenvarloch, who saw the hour of their departure approach, tore down a part of the old hanging to make a covering, which he corded upon the trunk, lest the peculiarity of its shape, and the care with which it was banded and counterbanded with bars of steel, might afford suspicions respecting the treasure which it contained. Having taken this measure of precaution, he changed the rascal disguise, which he had assumed on entering Whitefriars, into a suit becoming his quality, and then, unable to sleep, though exhausted with the events of the night, he threw himself on his bed to await the summons of the waterman.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream—we stun not
Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry;
Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks
With voice of flute and horn—we do but seek
On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom
To glide in silent safety.—*The Double Bride.*

GRAY, of rather yellow light, was beginning to twinkle through the fogs of Whitefriars, when a low tap at the door of the unhappy miser announced to Lord Glenvarloch the summons of the boatman. He found at the door the man whom he had seen the night before, with a companion.

"Come, come, master, let us get afloat," said one of them, in a rough impressive whisper, "time and tide wait for no man."

"They shall not wait for me," said Lord Glenvarloch; "but I have some things to carry with me."

"Ay, ay—no man will take a pair of ours now, Jack, unless he means to load the wherry like a six-horse wagon. When they don't want to shift the whole kit, they take a sculler, and be d—d to them.—Come, come, where be your rattle-traps?"

One of the men was soon sufficiently loaded, in his own estimation at least, with Lord Glenvarloch's mail and its accompaniments, with which burden he began to trudge towards the Temple Stairs. His comrade, who seemed the principal, began to handle the trunk which contained the miser's treasure, he pitched it down again in an instant, declaring, with great oath, that it was as reasonable to expect a man to carry Paul's on his back. The daughter of Traybois, who had by this time joined them, muffled up in a long dark hood and mantle, exclaimed to Lord Glenvarloch—"Let them leave it if they will—"

them leave it all; let us but escape from this horrible place."

We have mentioned elsewhere, that Nigel was a very athletic young man, and, impelled by a strong feeling of compassion and indignation, he showed his bodily strength singularly on this occasion, by seizing on the punkrops strong-box, and, by means of the rope he had cast around it, throwing it on his shoulders, and marching resolutely forward under a weight, which would have sunk to the earth three young gallants, at the least, of our degenerate day. The waterman followed him in amazement, calling out, "Why, master, master, you might as well go me clother end on't!" and anon offered his assistance to support it in some degree behind, which after the first minute or two Nigel was fain to accept. His strength was almost exhausted when he reached the wherry, which was lying at the Temple Stairs according to appointment; and, when he pitched the trunk into it, the weight sank the bow of the boat so low in the water as wellnigh to overset it.

"We shall have us hard a fare of it," said the waterman to his companion, "as if we were ferrying over an honest bankrupt with all his secreted goods—Ho, ho! good woman, what are you stepping in for?—our gunwale lies deep enough in the water without live lumber to boot."

"This person comes with me," said Lord Glenvarloch; "she is for the present under my protection."

"Come, come, master," rejoined the fellow, "that is out of my commission. You must not double my freight on me—she may go by land—and, as for protection, her face will protect her from Berwick to the Land's End."

"You will not except at my doubling the loading, if I double the fare?" said Nigel, determined on no account to relinquish the protection of this unhappy woman, for which he had already devised some sort of plan, likely now to be baffled by the characteristic rudeness of the Thames watermen.

"Ay, by G—, but I will except, though," said the fellow with the green plush jacket; "I will overload my wherry neither for love nor money—I love my boat as well as my wife, and a thought better."

"Nay, nay, comrade," said his mate, "that is speaking no true water language. For double fare we are bound to row a witch in her eggshell if she bid us; and so pull away, Jack, and let us have no more prating."

They got into the stream-way accordingly, and, although heavily laden, began to move down the river with reasonable speed.

The lighter vessels which passed, overtook, or crossed them, in their course, failed not to assail them with the boisterous raillery, which was then called water-wit; for which the extreme plainness of Mistress Martha's features, contrasted with the youth, handsome figure, and good looks of Nigel, furnished the principal topics; while the circumstance of the boat being somewhat overloaded, did not escape their notice. They were hailed successively, as a grocer's wife upon a party of pleasure with her eldest apprentice—as an old woman carrying her grandson to school—and as a young strapping Irishman, conveying an ancient maiden to Dr. Rigmare's at Red-riff, who buckles buggars for a tester and a dram of Geneva. All this abuse was poured in a similar strain of humour by Green-jacket and his companion, who maintained the war of wit with the same alacrity with which they were assailed.

Meanwhile, Lord Glenvarloch asked his desolate companion if she had thought on any place where she could remain in safety with her property. She confessed in more detail than formerly, that her father's character had left her no friends; and that, from the time he had betaken himself to Whitefriars, to escape certain legal consequences of his eager pursuit of gain, she had lived a life of total seclusion; not associating with the society which the place afforded, and, by her residence there, as well as her father's parsimony, effectually cut off from all other company. What she now wished, was, in the first place, to obtain the shelter of a decent lodging, and the countenance of honest people, however low in life, until she

should obtain legal advice as to the mode of obtaining justice on her father's murderer. She had a hesitation to charge the guilt upon Colepepper, (commonly called Peppercull,) whom she knew to be capable of any act of treacherous cruelty, as he was cowardly, where actual manhood was required. He had been strongly suspected of two robberies before one of which was coupled with an atrocious murder. He had, she intimated, made pretensions to her late as the easiest and safest way of obtaining possession of her father's wealth; and, on her refusing his addresses, if they could be termed so, in the most passive terms, he had thrown out such obscure hints of vengeance, as, joined with some imperfect assault upon the house, had kept her in frequent alarm, both on her father's account and her own.

Nigel, but that his feeling of respectful delicacy to the unfortunate woman forbade him to do so, and her having communicated a circumstance corroborative of her suspicions, which had already occurred in his own mind. He recollected the hint that old Eddelrod threw forth on the preceding night, that a communication betwixt himself and Colepepper hastened the catastrophe. As this communication related to the plan which Eddelrod had been pained to form, of promoting a marriage betwixt Nigel himself and the rich heiress of Traplois, the fear of an opportunity not to be regained, together with a mean malignity of a low-bred ruffian disappointed a favorite scheme, was most likely to instigate a bravo to the deed of violence which had been committed. The reflection that his own name was some degree implicated with the causes of this arid tragedy, doubled Lord Glenvarloch's anxiety on behalf of the victim whom he had rescued, while at the same time he formed the tacit resolution, that as soon as his own affairs were put upon some footing he would contribute all in his power towards investigation of this bloody affair.

After ascertaining from his companion that she could form no better plan of her own, he recommended to her to take up her lodging for the time at the house of his old landlord, Christie the ship-dodder, at Paul's Wharf, describing the decency and honesty of that worthy couple, and expressing his hopes that they would receive her into their house, or recommend her at least to that of some person for whom they would be responsible, and who should have time to enter upon other arrangements for herself.

The poor woman received advice so gratefully in her desolate condition, with an expressive thanks, brief indeed, but deeper than any thing she yet extracted from the austerity of her natural disposition.

Lord Glenvarloch then proceeded to inform Martha that certain reasons, connected with his personal safety, called him immediately to Greenwich, and, therefore, it would not be in his power to accompany her to Christie's house, which he would otherwise have done with pleasure; but tearing a leaf from his pocket he wrote on it a few lines, addressed to his landlord as a man of honesty and humanity, in which he described the bearer as a person who stood in some necessity of temporary protection and good advice for which her circumstances enabled her to make ample acknowledgment. He therefore recommended John Christie, as his old and good friend, to give her the shelter of his roof for a short time; or, if that might not be consistent with his convenience, at least to direct her to a proper lodging—and, finally, he imposed on him the additional, and somewhat more difficult commission, to recommend her to the counsel and services of an honest, at least a reputable and skilful attorney, for the transacting some business of importance. This note he submitted with his real name, and, delivering it to his protégé, who received it with another deeply uttered "Thank you," which spoke the sterling feelings of her gratitude better than a thousand combined phrases, he commanded the waterman to pull in for Paul's Wharf, which they were now approaching.

"We have not time," said Green-jacket; "we must be stopping every instant."

But, upon Nigel insisting upon his commands being obeyed, and adding, that it was for the purpose of putting the lady ashore, the waterman declared he would rather have her room than her company, and at the wherry alongside of the wharf accordingly. Here two of the porters, who ply in such places, were easily induced to undertake the charge of the ponderous strong-box, and at the same time to guide the owner to the well-known mansion of John Christie, with whom all who lived in that neighbourhood were perfectly acquainted.

The boat, much lightened of its load, went down the Thames at a rate increased in proportion. But he must forbear to pursue her in her voyage for a few minutes, since we have previously to mention the case of Lord Glenvarloch's recommendation.

Mistress Martha Trapbois reached the shop in perfect safety, and was about to enter it, when a sickening sense of the uncertainty of her situation, and of the singularly painful task of telling her story, came over her so strongly, that she paused a moment at the very threshold of her proposed place of refuge, to sink in what manner she could best second the recommendation of the friend whom Providence had used up to her. Had she possessed that knowledge of the world, from which her habits of life had completely excluded her, she might have known that the large sum of money which she brought along with her, might, judiciously managed, have been a passport to her into the mansions of nobles, and the palaces of princes. But, however conscious of its general power, which assumes so many forms and complexities, she was so inexperienced as to be most unnecessarily afraid that the means by which the wealth had been acquired, might exclude its inheritance from her even in the house of an humble tradesman.

While she thus delayed, a more reasonable cause of hesitation arose, in a considerable noise and altercation within the house, which grew louder and louder; the disputants issued forth upon the street or lane before the door.

The first who entered upon the scene was a tall, w-boned, hard-favoured man, who stalked out of the shop hastily, with a gait like that of a Spaniard in passion, who, disdaining to add speed to his locomotion by running, only condescends, in the utmost extremity of his angry haste, to add length to his stride. He faced about, so soon as he was out of the house, upon his pursuer, a decent-looking, elderly, sin tradesman—no other than John Christie himself, the owner of the shop and tenement, by whom he seemed to be followed, and who was in a state of agitation more than is usually expressed by such a person.

"I'll hear no more on't," said the personage who appeared on the scene.—"Sir, I will hear no more on it. Besides being a most false and impudent fellow, as I can testify—it is *Scandalum Magnanimum*, sir—*Scandalum Magnanimum*," he reiterated with a broad accentuation of the first vowel, well known in the colleges of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which we can only express in print by doubling the first of letters and of vowels, and which would have cheered the cockles of the reigning monarch had he been within hearing,—as he was a severer stickler for what he deemed the genuine pronunciation of the man's tongue, than for any of the royal prerogatives, for which he was at times disposed to insist so *equally* in his speeches to Parliament.

"I care not an ounce of rotten cheese," said John Christie in reply, "what you call it—but it is true; I am a free Englishman, and have right to speak truth in my own concerns; and your master is no better than a villain, and you are no more than a swaggering coxcomb, whose head I will presently break, as I have known it well broken before on a later occasion."

And, so saying, he flourished the paring-shovel which usually made clean the steps of his little shop, with which he had caught up as the readiest weapon for working his foeman damage, and advanced thereupon him. The cautious Scot (for such our clients must already have pronounced him, from his language and pedantry) drew back as the enraged

ship-chandler approached, but in a surly manner, and bearing his hand on his sword-hilt rather in the act of one who was losing habitual forbearance and caution of deportment, than as alarmed by the attack of an antagonist inferior to himself in youth, strength, and weapons.

"Hide back," he said, "Maister Christie—I say bide back, and consult your safety, man. I have evited striking you in your ain house under muckle provocation, because I am ignorant how the laws here may pronounce respecting burglary and hame-sucken, and such matters; and, besides, I would not willingly hurt ye, man, e'en on the causeway, that is free to us baith, because I mind your kindness of lang syne, and partly consider ye as a poor deceived creature. But deil d—n me, sir, and I am not wont to swear, but if you touch my Scotch shoulder with that shule of yours, I will make six inches of my Andrew Ferrara deevilish intimate with your guts, neighbour."

And therewithal, though still retreating from the brandished shovel, he made one third of the basket-hilted broadsword which he wore, visible from the sheath. The wrath of John Christie was abated, either by his natural temperance of disposition, or perhaps in part by the glimmer of cold steel, which flashed on him from his adversary's last action.

"I would do well to cry clubs on thee, and have thee ducked at the wharf," he said grounding his shovel, however, at the same time, "for a paltry swaggerer, that would draw thy bit of iron there on an honest citizen before his own door; but get thee gone, and reckon on a salt eel for thy supper, if thou shouldst ever come near my house again. I wish it had been at the bottom of the Thames when it first gave the use of its roof to smooth-faced, oily-tongued, double-minded Scots thieves!"

"It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," replied his adversary, not perhaps the less bold that he saw matters were taking the turn of a pacific debate; "and a pity it is that a kindly Scot should ever have married in foreign parts, and given life to a purse-proud, pudding-headed, fat-gutted, lean-brained Southron, e'en such as you, Maister Christie. But fare ye well—fare ye well for ever and a day; and, if you quarrel wi'a Scot again, man, say as mickle ill o' himself as ye like, but say nane of his patron or of his countrymen, or it will scarce be your flat cap that will keep your lang lugs from the sharp abridgment of a Highland whinger man."

"And, if you continue your insolence to me before my own door, were it but two minutes longer," retorted John Christie, "I will call the constable, and make your Scottish ankles acquainted with an English pair of stocks!"

So saying, he turned to retire into his shop with some show of victory; for his enemy, whatever might be his innate valour, manifested no desire to drive matters to extremity—conscious, perhaps, that whatever advantage he might gain in single combat with John Christie, would be more than overbalanced by incurring an affair with the constituted authorities of Old England, not at that time apt to be particularly favourable to their new fellow-subjects, in the various successive broils which were then constantly taking place between the individuals of two proud nations, who still retained a stronger sense of their national animosity during centuries, than of their late union for a few years under the government of the same prince.

Mrs. Martha Trapbois had dwelt too long in Alsatia, to be either surprised or terrified at the altercation she had witnessed. Indeed, she only wondered that the debate did not end in some of those acts of violence by which they were usually terminated in the Sanctuary. As the disputants separated from each other, she, who had no idea that the cause of the quarrel was more deeply rooted than in the daily scenes of the same nature which she had heard of or witnessed, did not hesitate to stop Master Christie in his return to his shop, and present to him the letter which Lord Glenvarloch had given to her. Had she been better acquainted with life and its business, she would certainly have waited for a more temperate moment; and

she had reason to repent of her precipitation, when, without saying a single word, or taking the trouble to gather more of the information contained in the letter than was expressed in the subscription, the incensed ship-chandler threw it down on the ground, trampled it in high disdain, and, without addressing a single word to the bearer, except, indeed, something much more like a hearty curse than was perfectly consistent with his own grave appearance, he retired into his shop and shut the hatch-door.

It was with the most inexpressible anguish that the desolate, friendless, and unhappy female, thus beheld her sole hope of succour, countenance, and protection, vanish at once, without being able to conceive a reason; for to do her justice, the idea that her friend, whom she knew by the name of Nigel Grahame, had imposed on her, a solution which might readily have occurred to many in her situation, never once entered her mind. Although it was not her temper easily to bend her mind to entreaty, she could not help exclaiming after the ireful and retreating ship-chandler,—"Good Master, hear me but a moment! for mercy's sake, for honesty's sake!"

"Mercy and honesty from him, mistress!" said the Scot, who, though he essayed not to interrupt the retreat of his antagonist, still kept stout possession of the field of action,—"ye might as weel expect brandy from bean-stalks, or milk from a craig of blue whinstane. The man is mad, horn mad, to boot."

"I must have mistaken the person to whom the letter was addressed, then;" and, as she spoke, Mistress Martha Trapbois was in the act of stooping to lift the paper which had been so uncourtously received. Her companion, with natural civility, anticipated her purpose; but, what was not quite so much in etiquette, he took a sly glance at it as he was about to hand it to her, and his eye having caught the subscription, he said, with surprise, "Glenvarloch—Nigel Olifaunt of Glenvarloch! Do you know the Lord Glenvarloch, mistress?"

"I know not of whom you speak," said Mrs. Martha, peevishly. "I had that paper from one Master Nigel Gram."

"Nigel Grahame!—umph.—O, ay, very true—I had forgot," said the Scotsman. "A tall, well-set young man, about my height; bright blue eyes like a hawk's; a pleasant speech, something leaning to the kindly north-country accentuation, but not much, in respect of his having been resident abroad?"

"All this is true—and what of it all?" said the daughter of the miser.

"Hair of my complexion?"

"Yours is red," replied she.

"I pray you, peace," said the Scotsman. "I was going to say—of my complexion, but with a deeper shade of the chestnut. Weel, mistress, if I have guessed the man aright, he is one with whom I am, and have been, intimate and familiar,—nay, I may truly say I have done him much service in my time, and may live to do him more. I had indeed a sincere goodwill for him, and I doubt he has been much at a loss since we parted; but the fault is not mine. Wherefore, as this letter will not avail you with him to whom it is directed, you may believe that Heaven hath sent it to me, who have a special regard for the writer—I have, besides, as much mercy and honesty within me as man can weel make his bread with, and am willing to aid any distressed creature, that is my friend's friend, with my counsel, and otherwise, so that I am not put to much charges, being in a strange country, like a poor lamb that has wandered from its ain native hirsell, and leaves a tail of its woo' in every d—d Southron bramble that comes across it." While he spoke thus, he read the contents of the letter, without waiting for permission, and then continued,—"And so this is all that you are wanting, my dove? nothing more than safe and honourable lodging, and sustenance, upon your own charges?"

"Nothing more," said she. "If you are a man and a Christian, you will help me to what I need so much."

"A man I am," replied the formal Caledonian, "e'en sic as ye see me; and a Christian I may call myself, though unworthy, and though I have heard little pure doctrine since I came hither—a polluted

with men's devices—ahem! Weel, and if ye honest woman," (here he peeped under her arm "as an honest woman ye seem likely to be—) let me tell you, they are a kind of cattle not in the streets of this city as I would desire it was almost strangled with my own band by twa pallians, who wanted yestreen, nae farther gharle me into a change-house—however, if ye cent honest woman," (here he took another features certainly bearing no beauty which confer suspicion,) "as decent and honest ye seem why, I will advise you to a decent house, wha will get dounce, quiet entertainment, on reasonable terms, and the occasional benefit of my own care and direction—that is, from time to time, as my avocations may permit."

"May I venture to accept of such an offer, stranger?" said Martha, with natural hesitation.

"Troth, I see nothing to hinder you, mistress," replied the bonny Scot; "ye can but see the place do after as ye think best. Besides, we are no strangers, neither; for I know your friend, as it's like, know mine, whilk knowledge, on its hand, is a medium of communication between us as the middle of the string connecteth its two extremities. But I will enlarge on this far we pass along, an ye list to bid your twa lay of porters there lift up your little kist between whilk a true Scotsman might carry under his arm. Let me tell you, mistress, ye will soon make a pock-end of it in London, if you hire twa knaves the work of ane."

So saying, he led the way, followed by Mrs. Martha Trapbois, whose singular destiny, she had heaped her with wealth, had left her, for the moment, no wiser counsellor, or more distinguished selector, than honest Richie Monipplies, a discarded vint-man.

CHAPTER XXVII.

This way he safety and a sure retreat:
Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.
Most welcome danger then—Nay, let me say,
Though spoke with swelling heart—welcome shame!
And welcome punishment—for, call me guilty,
I do but pay the tax that's due to justice;
And call me guiltless, then that punishment
Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.—*The Tempest*

We left Lord Glenvarloch, to whose fortune story chiefly attaches itself, gliding swiftly down the Thames. He was not, as the reader may have served, very affable in his disposition, or apt to enter into conversation with those into whose company he was casually thrown. This was, indeed, an error in his conduct, arising less from pride, though of feeling we do not pretend to exculpate him, than from a sort of bashful reluctance to mix in the conversation of those with whom he was not familiar. A fault only to be cured by experience and knowledge of the world, which soon teaches every sensible acute person the important lesson, that information and, what is of more consequence, that information and increase of knowledge, are to be derived from the conversation of every individual whatever, whom he is thrown into a natural train of communication. For ourselves, we can assure the reader—and perhaps if we have ever been able to do him amusement, it is owing in a great degree to that cause—that we never found ourselves in the company with the stupidest of all possible companions, a post-chaise, or with the most arrant cumberhead that ever occupied a place in the mail-coach, finding, that, in the course of our conversation with him, we had some ideas suggested to us, either by way of, or some information communicated in the course of our journey, which we should have been not to have learned, and which we should have been to have immediately forgotten. But Nigel somewhat immured within the Bastille of his own some philosopher (Tom Paine, we think) has been enough expressed that sort of shyness which dignified situations are apt to be beset with, from not exactly knowing how far, or with whom they ought to be familiar, than from any real

aristocratic pride. Besides, the immediate pressure of his own affairs was such as exclusively to engross his attention.

He sat, therefore, wrapt in his cloak, in the stern of the boat, with his mind entirely bent upon the bable issue of the interview with his Sovereign, which it was his purpose to seek; for which abstraction of mind he may be fully justified, although, perhaps, by questioning the watermen who were transiting him down the river, he might have discovered matters of high concernment to him.

At any rate, Nigel remained silent till the wherry reached the town of Greenwich, when he commanded the men to put in for the nearest landing-place, as it was his purpose to go ashore there, and dismiss them from farther attendance.

"That is not possible," said the fellow with the green jacket, who, as we have already said, seemed to take on himself the charge of pilotage. "We must," he continued, "to Gravesend, where a Scottish sloop, which drops down the river last tide for the purpose, lies with her anchor a-peak, waiting to carry you to your own dear northern country. Your nmack is slung, and all is ready for you, and you are going ashore at Greenwich, as seriously as if it were a thing were possible."

"I see no impossibility," said Nigel, "in your land where I desire to be landed; but very little possibility of your carrying me any where I am not anxious of going."

"Why, whether do you manage the wherry, or we, master?" asked Green-jacket, in a tone betwixt jest and earnest; "I take it she will go the way we row."

"Ay," retorted Nigel, "but I take it you will row on the course I direct you, otherwise your chance of payment is but a poor one."

"Suppose we are content to risk that," said the untutored waterman, "I wish to know how you, who are so big—I mean no offence, master, but you do are big—would help yourself in such a case?"

"Simply thus," answered Lord Glenvarloch—"You are, an hour since, bring down to the boat a trunk of neither of you could lift. If we are to contest destination of our voyage, the same strength which tossed that chest into the wherry, will suffice to bring you out of it; wherefore, before we begin the tale, I pray you to remember, that, whither I would have you go, I will oblige you to carry me."

"Gracious for your kindness," said Green-jacket; "and now mark me in return. My comrade and I are two men—and you, were you as stout as George Green, can pass but for one; and two, you will all are more than a match for one. You mistake our reckoning, my friend."

"It is you who mistake," answered Nigel, who began to grow warm; "it is I who am three to two, and I carry two men's lives at my girdle."

"Saying, he opened his cloak and showed the two pistols which he had disposed of at his girdle. Green-jacket was unmoved at the display.

"I have got," said he, "a pair of barkers that will do you any service," and he showed that he also was armed with pistols; "so you may begin as soon as you list."

"Then," said Lord Glenvarloch, drawing forth and holding a pistol, "the sooner the better. Take notice, and bid you as a ruffian, who have declared you will force on my person; and that I will shoot you through the head if you do not instantly put me ashore at Greenwich."

"The other waterman, alarmed at Nigel's gesture, upon his oar; but Green-jacket replied coolly—"Ok you, master, I should not care a tinker to venture a life with you on this matter; but the truth is, I am employed to do you good, and not to do you harm."

"By whom are you employed?" said the Lord Glenvarloch; "or who dare concern themselves in me, or my affairs, without my authority?"

"As to that," answered the waterman, in the same tone of indifference, "I shall not show my commission."

"For myself, I care not, as I said, whether you are at Greenwich to get yourself hanged, or go down the river aboard the Royal Thistle, to make your escape

to your own country; you will be equally out of my reach either way. But it is fair to put the choice before you."

"My choice is made," said Nigel. "I have told you thrice already it is my pleasure to be landed at Greenwich."

"Write it on a piece of paper," said the waterman, "that such is your positive will; I must have something to show to my employers, that the transgression of their orders lies with yourself, not with me."

"I choose to hold this trinket in my hand for the present," said Nigel, showing his pistol, "and will write you the acquittance when I go ashore."

"I would not go ashore with you for a hundred pieces," said the waterman. "Ill luck has ever attended you, except in small gaming; do me fair justice, and give me the testimony I desire. If you are afraid of foul play while you write it, you may hold my pistols, if you will." He offered the weapons to Nigel accordingly, who, while they were under his control, and all possibility of his being taken at advantage was excluded, no longer hesitated to give the waterman an acknowledgment, in the following terms:—

"Jack in the Green, with his mate, belonging to the wherry called the Jolly Raven, have done their duty faithfully by me, landing me at Greenwich by my express command; and being themselves willing and desirous to carry me on board the Royal Thistle, presently lying at Gravesend." Having finished this acknowledgment, which he signed with the letters, N. O. G. as indicating his name and title, he again requested to know of the waterman, to whom he delivered it, the name of his employers.

"Sir," replied Jack in the Green, "I have respected your secret, do not you seek to pry into mine. It would do you no good to know for whom I am taking this present trouble; and, to be brief, you shall not know it—and, if you will fight in the quarrel, as you said even now, the sooner we begin the better. Only this you may be cock-sure of, that we designed you no harm, and that, if you fall into any, it will be of your own wilful seeking." As he spoke, they approached the landing-place, where Nigel instantly jumped ashore. The waterman placed his small mail-trunk on the stairs, observing that there were plenty of spare hands about, to carry it where he would.

"We part friends, I hope, my lads," said the young nobleman, offering at the same time a piece of money more than double the usual fare, to the boatmen.

"We part as we met," answered Green-jacket; "and, for your money, I am paid sufficiently with this bit of paper. Only, if you owe me any love for the cast I have given you, I pray you not to dive so deep into the pockets of the next apprentice that you find fool enough to play the cavalier.—And you, you greedy swine," said he to his companion, who still had a longing eye fixed on the money which Nigel continued to offer, "push off, or, if I take a stretcher in hand, I'll break the knave's pate of thee." The fellow pushed off, as he was commanded, but still could not help muttering, "This was entirely out of waterman's rules."

Glenvarloch, though without the devotion of the "injured Thales" of the moralist, to the memory of that great princess, had now attained

"The ballow'd soil which gave Eliza birth,"

whose halls were now less respectably occupied by her successor. It was not, as has been well shown by a late author, that James was void either of parts or of good intentions; and his predecessor was at least as arbitrary in effect as he was in theory. But, while Elizabeth possessed a sternness of masculine sense and determination which rendered even her weaknesses, some of which were in themselves sufficiently ridiculous, in a certain degree respectable, James, on the other hand, was so utterly devoid of "firm resolve," so well called by the Scottish bard,

"The stalk of carle-hemp is man,"

that even his virtues and his good meaning became laughable, from the whimsical uncertainty of his conduct; so that the wisest things he ever said, and

the best actions he ever did, were often touched with a strain of the ludicrous and fidgety character of the man. Accordingly, though at different periods of his reign he contrived to acquire with his people a certain degree of temporary popularity, it never long outlived the occasion which produced it; so true it is, that the mass of mankind will respect a monarch stained with actual guilt, more than one whose foibles render him only ridiculous.

To return from this digression, Lord Glenvarloch soon received, as Green-jacket had assured him, the offer of an idle bargeman to transport his baggage where he listed; but that *where* was a question of momentary doubt. At length, recollecting the necessity that his hair and beard should be properly arranged before he attempted to enter the royal presence, and desirous, at the same time, of obtaining some information of the motions of the Sovereign and of the Court, he desired to be guided to the next barber's shop, which we have already mentioned as the place where news of every kind circled and centred. He was speedily shown the way to such an emporium of intelligence, and soon found he was likely to hear all he desired to know, and much more, while his head was subjected to the art of a nimble tonsor, the glibness of whose tongue kept pace with the nimbleness of his fingers, while he ran on, without stint or stop, in the following excursive manner:

"The Court here, master?—yes, master—much to the advantage of trade—good custom stirring. His Majesty loves Greenwich—hunts every morning in the Park—all decent persons admitted that have the entries of the Palace—no rabble—frightened the King's horse with their hallooing, the uncombed slaves.—Yes, sir, the beard more peaked? Yes, master, so it is worn. I know the last cut—dress several of the courtiers—one valet-of-the-chamber, two pages of the body, the clerk of the kitchen, three running footmen, two dog-boys, and an honourable Scottish knight, Sir Munko Malgrowther."

"Malgrowther, I suppose?" said Nigel, thrusting in his conjectural emendation, with infinite difficulty, between two clauses of the barber's text.

"Yes, sir—Malgrowther, sir, as you say, sir—hard names the Scots have, sir, for an English mouth. Sir Munko is a handsome person, sir—perhaps you know him—bating the loss of his fingers, and the lameness of his leg, and the length of his chin. Sir, it takes me one minute, twelve seconds, more time to trim that chin of his, than any chin that I know in the town of Greenwich, sir. But he is a very comely gentleman, for all that; and a pleasant—a very pleasant gentleman, sir—and a good-humoured, saving that he is so deaf he can never hear good of any one, and so wise, that he can never believe it; but he is a very good-natured gentleman for all that, except when one speaks too low, or when a hair turns awry.—Did I graze you, sir? We shall put it to rights in a moment, with one drop of styptic—my styptic, or rather my wife's, sir—She makes the water herself. One drop of the styptic, sir, and a bit of black taffeta patch, just big enough to be the saddle to a flea, sir—Yes, sir, rather improves than otherwise. The Prince had a patch the other day, and so had the Duke; and, if you will believe me, there are seventeen yards three quarters of black taffeta already cut into patches for the courtiers."

"But Sir Mungo Malgrowther?" again interjected Nigel, with difficulty.

"Ay, ay, sir—Sir Munko, as you say; a pleasant, good-humoured gentleman as ever.—To be spoken with, did you say? O ay, easily to be spoken with, that is, as easily as his infirmity will permit. He will presently, unless some one hath asked him forth to breakfast, be taking his bone of broiled beef at my neighbour Ned Kilderkin's yonder, removed from over the way. Ned keeps an eating-house, sir, famous for pork-griskins; but Sir Munko cannot abide pork, no more than the King's most Sacred Majesty."

* The Scots, till within the last generation, disliked swine's flesh as an article of food as much as the Highlanders do at present. It was remarked as extraordinary respect, when the Border depredators condescended to make prey of the accused race, whom the fiend made his habitation. Ben Jonson, in drawing James's character, says, he loved "no part of a swine."

nor my Lord Duke of Lennox, nor Lord!—nay, I am sure, sir, if I touched you it was your fault, not mine.—But a single styptic, another little patch that would doublet for a flea, just under the left maw will become you when you smile, sir, as dimple; and if you would salute your fair! but I beg pardon, you are a grave gentle grave to be so young.—Hope I have given it is my duty to entertain customers—my and my pleasure.—Sir Munko Malgrowther, sir, I dare say he is at this moment in Ned's house, for few folks ask him out, now Lennox is gone to London. You will go again—yes, sir—there you shall find him with single ale, stirred with a sprig of rosemary never drinks strong potations, sir, unless Lord Huntinglen—take heed, sir—or any son who asks him forth to breakfast—but he always drinks at Ned's, with his broiled beef or mutton—or, it may be, lamb at the but not pork, though Ned is famous for his. But the Scots never eat pork—strange folk think they are a sort of Jews. Then semblance, sir.—Do you not think so? I call our most gracious Sovereign the second mon, and Solomon, you know, was king of it so, the thing bears a face, you see. I believe will find yourself trimmed now to your will be judged by the fair mistress of your! Crave pardon—no offence, I trust. Pray, a glass—one touch of the crisping tonga, to a straggler.—Thank your munificence, sir—I custom while you stay in Greenwich. We have a tune on that ghittern, to put you in concord for the day?—Twang, twang, twang, dillo. Something out of tune, sir, hands to touch it—we cannot keep these artists. Let me help you with your clock, sir—You would not play yourself, sir, would you? Way to Sir Munko's eating-house!—Yes, it is Ned's eating-house, not Sir Munko's.—Th to be sure, eats there, and that makes it house in some sense, sir—ha, ha! Yonder moved from over the way, new whitewash and red lattice—fat man in his doublet at Ned himself, sir—worth a thousand pounds—better singing pigs' faces than trimming—but ours is the less mechanical vociferous well, sir; hope your custom." So saying length permitted Nigel to depart, whose ear tormented with his continued babble, single had ceased, as if a bell had been rung close for the same space of time.

Upon his arrival at the eating-house, who posed to meet with Sir Mungo Malgrowther, whom, in despair of better advice, he trusted to give some information as to the best mode of inducing himself into the royal presence, Lord Glenvarloch found, in the host with whom he was the consequential taciturnity of an English to pass in the world. Ned Kilderkin, a banker writes, only touching the necessity asked if Sir Mungo Malgrowther was there, replied, No. Being interrogated whether he expected? he said, Yes. And being again asked when he was expected, he answered, As Lord Glenvarloch next inquired, who self could have any breakfast? the land not even a syllable in reply, but, ushering a neat room where there were several tables, one of them before an arm-chair, and Lord Glenvarloch to take possession, he had him, in a very few minutes, a substantial roast-beef, together with a foaming tankard of refreshment the keen air of the river did notwithstanding his mental embarrassments much honour.

While Nigel was thus engaged in discreet commons, but raising his head at the s whenever he heard the door of the apartment eagerly desiring the arrival of Sir Mungo Malgrowther, (an event which had seldom been seen any one with so much anxious interest,) a

seemed, of at least equal importance with the fat, entered into the apartment, and began to hold a colloquy with the publican, who thought proper to carry on the conference on his side unbanned. The important gentleman's occupation might be guessed from his dress. A milk-white jerkin, and of white kersey; a white apron twisted around his body in the manner of a sash, in which, instead of a milk dagger, was stuck a long-bladed knife, and with buck's horn; a white nightcap on his head, under which his hair was neatly tucked, sufficiently portrayed him as one of those priests of Cook whom the vulgar call cooks; and the air with which he rated the publican for having neglected to provide some provisions to the Palace, showed that he aspired to royalty itself.

This will never answer," he said; "Master Kildarkin—the King twice asked for sweetbreads, and asked coxcombs, which are a favourite dish of his Sacred Majesty, and they were not to be had, and Master Kildarkin had not supplied them to the clerk of the kitchen, as by bargain bound." Here Kildarkin made some apology, brief, according to his nature, and muttered in a lowly tone after the fashion of all who find themselves in a scrape. His superior replied, in a lofty strain of voice, "Do not tell of the carrier and his wain, and of the hen-coops from Norfolk with the poultry; a loyal man should have sent an express—he would have gone upon tumps, like Widdrington. What if the King had his appetite, Master Kildarkin? What if his most Sacred Majesty had lost his dinner? O Master Kildarkin, if you had but the just sense of the dignity of your profession, which is told of by the witty African, for so the King's most excellent Majesty deigns him, Publius Terentius, *Tanquam in speculo patinas inspicere jubet*."

You are learned, Master Linklater," replied the fish publican, compelling, as it were with difficulty, his mouth to utter three or four words consecutively. "A poor smatterer," said Mr. Linklater; "but it is a shame to us, who are his most excellent Majesty's countrymen, not in some sort to have chided those arts wherewith he is so deeply imbued—his ad exemplar, Master Kildarkin, *totus componitur*—which is as much as to say, as the King's cook learns. In brief, Master Kildarkin, you had the luck to be bred where humanities may be had at the matter of an English five groats by the quarter. I, like others, have acquired—ahem—"

"Here, the speaker's eye having fallen upon Glenvarloch, he suddenly stopped in his learned arguement, with such symptoms of embarrassment as Ned Kildarkin to stretch his taciturnity so far as to only to ask him what he ailed, but whether he would take any thing.

"All nothing," replied the learned rival of the philosophical Syrus; "Nothing—and yet I do feel a littleddy. I could taste a glass of your dame's *aqua bilis*."

"I will fetch it," said Ned, giving a nod; and his was no sooner turned, than the cook walked near the table where Lord Glenvarloch was seated, and ringing him with a look of significance, where more meant than met the ear, said—"You are a stranger Greenwich, sir. I advise you to take the opportunity to step into the Park—the western wicket was when I came hither; I think it will be locked presently, so you had better make the best of your way—this is, if you have any curiosity. The venison are going into season just now, sir, and there is a pleasure in looking at a hart of grease. I always think they are bounding so blithely past, what a pleasure would be, to broach their plump haunches on a spit, and to embattle their breasts in a noble fortification of puff-paste, with plenty of black pepper."

"said no more, as Kildarkin re-entered with the ale, but edged off from Nigel without waiting any longer, only repeating the same look of intelligence which he had accosted him.

"The thing makes men's wits so alert as personal conversation," Nigel took the first opportunity which his attention to the yeoman of the royal kitchen

permitted, to discharge his reckoning, and readily obtained a direction to the wicket in question. He found it upon the latch, as he had been taught to expect; and perceived that it admitted him to a narrow footpath, which traversed a close and tangled thicket, designed for the cover of the does and the young fawns. Here he conjectured it would be proper to wait; nor had he been stationary above five minutes, when the cook, scalded as much with heat of motion as ever he had been at his huge fireplace, arrived almost breathless, and with his pass-key hastily locked the wicket behind him.

Fre Lord Glenvarloch had time to speculate upon this action, the man approached with anxiety, and said—"Good lord, my Lord Glenvarloch!—why will you endanger yourself thus?"

"You know me then, my friend?" said Nigel.

"Not much of that, my lord—but I know your honour's noble house well.—My name is Laurie Linklater, my lord."

"Linklater!" repeated Nigel. "I should recollect!"

"Under your lordship's favour," he continued, "I was 'prentice, my lord, to old Mungo Moniplies, the fletcher at the wanton West-Port of Edinburgh, which I wish I saw again before I died. And, your honour's noble father having taken Richie Moniplies into his house to wait on your lordship, there was a sort of connexion, your lordship sees."

"Ah!" said Lord Glenvarloch, "I had almost forgot your name, but not your kind purpose. You tried to put Richie in the way of presenting a supplication to his Majesty?"

"Most true, my lord," replied the King's cook. "I had like to have come by mischief in the job; for Richie, who was always wilful, 'wadna be guided by me, as the sang says. But nobody amongst these brave English cooks can kittle up his Majesty's most sacred palate with our own gusty Scottish dishes. So I've betook myself to my craft, and concocted a mess of friar's chicken for the soup, and a savoury hachis, that made the whole cabal coup the crans; and, instead of disgrace, I came by preferment. I am one of the clerks of the kitchen now, make me thankful—with a finger in the purveyor's office, and may get my whole hand in by and by."

"I am truly glad," said Nigel, "to hear that you have not suffered on my account,—still more so at your good fortune."

"You bear a kind heart, my lord," said Linklater, "and do not forget poor people; and, troth, I see not why they should be forgotten, since the King's errand may sometimes fall in the cadger's gate. I have followed your lordship in the street, just to look at such a stately shoot of the old oak-tree; and my heart jumped into my throat, when I saw you sitting openly in the eating-house yonder, and knew there was such danger to your person."

"What! there are warrants against me, then?" said Nigel.

"It is even true, my lord; and there are those are willing to blacken you as much as they can.—God forgive them, that would sacrifice an honourable house for their own base ends!"

"Amen," said Nigel.

"For, say your lordship may have been a little wild, like other young gentlemen."

"We have little time to talk of it, my friend," said Nigel. "The point in question is, how am I to get speech of the King?"

"The King, my lord!" said Linklater, in astonishment; "why, will not that be rushing wilfully into danger—scalding yourself, as I may say, with your own ladle?"

"My good friend," answered Nigel, "my experience of the Court, and my knowledge of the circumstances in which I stand, tell me, that the manifold and most direct road is, in my case, the surest and the safest. The king has both a head to apprehend what is just, and a heart to do what is kind."

"It is even true, my lord, and so we, his old servants, know," added Linklater; "but, wo's me, if you knew how many folks make it their daily and nightly purpose to set their head against his heart, and his

heart against his head—to make him do hard things because they are called just, and unjust things because they are represented as kind. Wo's me! it is with his Sacred Majesty, and the favourites who work upon him, even according to the homely proverb that men taunt my calling with,—“God sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks.”

“It signifies not talking of it, my good friend,” said Nigel, “I must take my risk—my honour pre-emptorily demands it. They may main me, or beggar me, but they shall not say I fled from my accusers. My peers shall hear my vindication.”

“Your peers?” exclaimed the cook—“Alack-a-day, my lord, we are not in Scotland, where the nobles can bang it out bravely, were it even with the King himself now and then. This mess must be cooked in the Star-Chamber, and that is an oven seven times heated, my lord;—and yet, if you are determined to see the King, I will not say but you may find some favour, for he likes well any thing that is appealed directly to his own wisdom, and sometimes, in the like cases, I have known him stick by his own opinion, which is always a fair one. Only mind, if you will forgive me, my lord—mind to spice high with Latin; a curm or two of Greek would not be amiss; and, if you can bring in any thing about the judgment of Solomon, in the original Hebrew, and season with a merry jest or so, the dish will be the more palatable.—Truly, I think, that, besides my skill in art, I owe much to the stripes of the Rector of the High School, who imprinted on my mind that cooking scene in the *Heautontimorumenos*.”

“Leaving that aside, my friend,” said Lord Glenvarloch, “can you inform me which way I shall most readily get to the sight and speech of the King?”

“To the sight of him readily enough,” said Linklater; “he is galloping about these alleys, to see them strike the hart, to get him an appetite for a nooning—and that reminds me I should be in the kitchen. To the speech of the King you will not come so easily, unless you could either meet him alone, which rarely chances, or wait for him among the crowd that go to see him alight. And now, farewell, my lord, and God speed!—if I could do more for you, I would offer it.”

“You have done enough, perhaps, to endanger yourself,” said Lord Glenvarloch, “I pray you to be gone, and leave me to my fate.”

The honest cook lingered, but a nearer burst of the horns apprized him that there was no time to lose; and, acquainting Nigel that he would leave the postern-door on the latch to secure his retreat in that direction, he bade God bless him, and farewell.

In the kindness of this humble countryman, flowing partly from national partiality, partly from a sense of long-remembered benefits, which had been scarce thought on by those who had bestowed them, Lord Glenvarloch though he saw the last touch of sympathy which he was to receive in this cold and courtly region, and felt that he must now be sufficient to himself, or be utterly lost.

He traversed more than one alley guided by the sounds of the chase, and met several of the inferior attendants upon the King's sport, who regarded him only as one of the spectators who were sometimes permitted to enter the Park by the concurrence of the officers about the Court. Still there was no appearance of James, or any of his principal courtiers, and Nigel began to think whether, at the risk of incurring disgrace similar to that which had attended the rash exploit of Richie Monipplies, he should not repair to the Palace-gate, in order to address the King on his return, when Fortune presented him the opportunity of doing so, in her own way.

He was in one of those long walks by which the Park was traversed, when he heard, first a distant rustling, then the rapid approach of hoofs shaking the firm earth on which he stood; then a distant halloo, warned by which he stood up by the side of the avenue, leaving free room for the passage of the chase. The stag, reeling, covered with foam, and blackened with sweat, his nostrils expanded as he gasped for breath, made a shift to come up as far as where Nigel stood, and, without turning to bay, was there pulled

down by two tall greyhounds of the breed of the hardy deer-stalkers of the Scottish Borders, but which has been long unknown in England. The dog struck at the buck's throat, another at sharp nose and fangs, I might almost say animal's bowels. It would have been a Lord Glenvarloch, himself persecuted as if he had thought upon the occasion like the choly Jacques; but habit is a strange master, and fear that his feelings on the occasion were those of the practised huntsman, than of the He had no time, however, to indulge them, what befell.

A single horseman followed the chase, up so thoroughly subjected to the rein, that it touched of the bridle as if it had been a meek pulse operating on the nicest piece of machinery, seated deep in his demi-pique saddle, and ed up there as to make falling almost in the rider, without either fear or hesitation, cease or diminish the speed at which he rode even on the most animating occasions of a seldom exceeded three fourths of a gallop, keeping his haunches under him, and newing forward beyond the managed pace of my. The security with which he chose to even this favourite, and, in the ordinary of what dangerous amusement, as well as the equipage, marked King James. No atom within sight; indeed, it was often a necessity to permit the Sovereign to suppose himself hidden and distanced all the rest of the chase.

“Weel dune, Bash—weel dune, Battie claimed, as he came up. “By the honour ye are a credit to the Braes of Balwhither—horse, man,” he called out to Nigel, willing to see to whom he had addressed. “Haud my naig, and help me down out o’—deil ding your saul, sirrah, canna ye make fore these lazy smaiks come up?—haudde—dinna let him swerve—now, haud the st will do, man, and now we are on terra firm saying, without casting an eye on his anointed King Jamie, unsheathing the short, shab (*couteau de chasse*), which was the only prancing to a sword that he could wield the sight of, drew the blade with great across the throat of the buck, and put an end to its struggles and its agonies.

Lord Glenvarloch, who knew well the which the occasion demanded, hung the King's palfrey on the branch of a tree, and duteously down, turned the slaughtered deer back, and kept the *quarrel* in that position, King, too intent upon his sport to observe else, drew his *couteau* down the breast of the *secundum artem*; and, having made a cut as to ascertain the depth of the fat upon exclaimed, in a sort of rapture, “Three white fat on the brisket!—prime—prime—crowned sinner—and deil ane o’ the lazy lo myself! Seven—eight—eight times on the By G—d, a hart of eight times, and the season! Bash and Battie, blessings on the root of ye! Buss me, my bairns, buss me.”

Accordingly fawned upon him, licked him w jaws, and soon put him in such a state that have seemed treason had been doing it upon his anointed body. “Hide down, with to ye—Bide down, with a wanie,” cried the most overturned by the obstreperous careless stag-hounds. “But ye are just like a gie ye an inch and ye take an ell.—And wi be, friend?” he said, now finding leisure nearer view of Nigel, and observing what emotion of sylvan delight had escaped him, name of our train, man. In the name of the devil are ye?”

“An unfortunate man, sire,” replied Nigel. “I dare say that,” answered the King, “or I had have seen naething of you. My! a’ their happiness to themselves; but let I wrang wi’ them, and I am sure to hear of it.” And to whom else can we carry our

t to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicergerent over T?" answered Nigel.

"Right, man, right—very weel spoken," said the ng; "but you should leave Heaven's vicergerent me quiet on earth, too."

"If your Majesty will look on me," (for hitherto the ng had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then the mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, tting up the deer, that he had scarce given his astant above a transient glance,) "you will see whom cessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur."

King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though continued stained with that of the animal which at his feet, he dropped the knife from his hand, st behind him a faltering eye, as if he either meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—"Glenvarlochides! as sure as I was christen-James Stewart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and alone, and on foot too!" he added, bustling to get on his horse.

"Forgive me that I interrupted you, my liege," id Nigel, placing himself between the King and steed; "hear me but a moment!"

"I'll hear ye best on horseback," said the King. "I canna hear a word on foot, man, not a word; and s not seemly to stand cheek-for-chowl confronting that gate. Bide out of our gate, sir, we charge u on your allegiance.—The deil's in them a', what n they be doing?"

"By the crown which you wear, my liege," said gel, "and for which my ancestors have worthily ight, I conjure you to be composed, and to hear but a moment!"

That which he asked was entirely out of the monarch's power to grant. The timidity which he showed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, e a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and icht can excite little but pity or contempt, but a ch more ludicrous, as well as more mingled senion. The poor King was frightened at once and gry, desirous of securing his safety, and at the me time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so t without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch deavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, d repeating, "We are a free King, man—we are a e King—we will not be controlled by a subject.—In a name of God what keeps Steenie? And, praised his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho—here, here Steenie, Steenie!"

The Duke of Buckingham galloped up, followed by veral courtiers and attendants of the royal chase, d commenced with his usual familiarity,—"I see rtune has graced our dear dad, as usual.—But at's this?"

"What is it? It is treason for what I ken," said e King? "and a' your wyte, Steenie. Your dear d and gossip might have been murdered, for what u care."

"Murdered? Secure the villain!" exclaimed the uke. "By Heaven, it is Olifaunt himself!" A don of the hunters dismounted at once, letting their ooses run wild through the park. Some seized ughly on Lord Glenvarloch, who thought it folly to fer resistance, while others busied themselves with e King. "Are you wounded, my liege—are you ounded?"

"Not that I ken of," said the King, in the paxysm of his apprehension, (which, by the way, ight be pardoned in one of so timorous a temper, d who, in his time, had been exposed to so many range attempts.)—"Not that I ken of—but search m—search him. I am sure I saw fire-arms under e cloak. I am sure I smelled powder—I am dooms re of that."

Lord Glenvarloch's cloak being stripped off, and e pistols discovered, a shout of wonder and of exatation on the supposed criminal purpose, arose from e crowd now thickening every moment. Not that lebrated pistol, which, though resting on a bosom e gallant and as loyal as Nigel's, spread such causee alarm among knights and dames at a late high lemnity—not that very pistol caused more tempoory consternation than was so groundlessly excited

by the arms which were taken from Lord Glenvarloch's person; and not Mhic-Allastair-More* himself could repel with greater scorn and indignation, the insinuations that they were worn for any sinister purposes.

"Away with the wretch—the parricide—the bloody-minded villain!" was echoed on all hands; and the King, who naturally enough set the same value on his own life at which it was, or seemed to be, rated by others, cried out, louder than all the rest, "Ay, ay—away with him. I have had enough of him, and so has the country. But do him no bodily harm—and, for God's sake, sirs, if ye are sure that ye have thoroughly disarmed him, put up your swords, dirks, and skenes, for you will certainly do each other a mischief!"

There was a speedy sheathing of weapons at the King's command; for those who had hitherto been brandishing them in loyal bravado, began thereby to call to mind the extreme dislike which his Majesty nourished against naked steel, a foible which seemed to be as constitutional as his timidity, and was usually ascribed to the brutal murder of Rizzio having been perpetrated in his unfortunate mother's presence before he yet saw the light.

At this moment, the Prince, who had been hunting in a different part of the then extensive Park, and had received some hasty and confused information of what was going forward, came rapidly up, with one or two noblemen in his train, and amongst others Lord Dalgarno. He sprung from his horse, and asked eagerly if his father were wounded.

"Not that I am sensible of, Baby Charles—but a wee matter exhausted, with struggling single-handed with the assassin.—Steenie, fill us a cup of wine—the leathern bottle is hanging at our pommel.—Buss me, then, Baby Charles," continued the monarch, after he had taken this cup of comfort;—"O man, the Commonwealth and you have had a fair escape from the heavy and bloody loss of a dear father; for we are *pater patriæ*, as well as *pater familias*.—*Quis desiderio il pudor aut modus tam cari capitis*!—Wo is me, black cloth would have been dear in England, and dryen scarce!"

And, at the very idea of the general grief which must have attended his death, the good natured monarch cried heartily himself.

"Is this possible?" said Charles, sternly; for his pride was hurt at his father's demeanour on the one

* This is the Highland patronymic of the late gallant Chief of Glengarry. The allusion in the text is to an unnecessary alarm taken by some lady, at the ceremonial of the coronation of George IV., at the sight of the pistols which the Chief wore as a part of his Highland dress. The circumstance produced some confusion, which was talked of at the time. All who knew Glengarry (and the author knew him well) were aware that his principles were of devoted loyalty to the person of his sovereign.

* *King James's Hunting Bottle*.—Roger Coke, in his detection of the Court and State of England, London, 1697, p. 70, observes of James I., "The king was excessively addicted to hunting, and drinking, not ordinary French and Spanish wines, but strong Greek wine, and thought he would compound his hunting with these wines; and to that purpose, he was attended by a special officer, who was, as much as he could be, always at hand to fill the King's cup in hunting when he called for it. I have heard my father say, that, hunting with the King, after the King had drank of the wine, he also drank of it; and though he was young, and of a healthful disposition, it so deranged his head that it spoiled his pleasure and disordered him for three days after. Whether it was from drinking these wines, or from some other cause, the king became so lazy and so unwieldy, that he was trussed on horseback, and as he was set, so would he ride, without stirring himself in the saddle; nay, when his hat was set upon his head he would not take the trouble to alter it, but it sat as it was put on."

The trussing, for which the demi-pique saddle of the day afforded particular facility, is alluded to in the text; and the author, among other necknacks of antiquity possesses a leathern flask, like those carried by sportsmen, which is labelled, "King James's Hunting Bottle," with what authenticity is uncertain.—Coke seems to have exaggerated the King's taste for the bottle, Weildon says James was not intemperate in his drinking; "However, in his old age, Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the next day remember, and repent with tears. It is true he drank very often, which was rather out of a custom than any delight; and his drinks were of that kind for strength, as Frontinack, Cahary, high country wine, tent wine, and Scotch ale, that had be not had a very strong brain, he might have been daily overtaken, though he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two."—*Secret History of King James*, vol. II., p. 2. Edin. 1811.

hand, while, on the other, he felt the resentment of a son and a subject, at the supposed attempt on the King's life. "Let some one speak who has seen what happened—My Lord of Buckingham!"

"I cannot say, my lord," replied the Duke, "that I saw any actual violence offered to his Majesty, else I should have avenged him on the spot."

"You would have done wrong, then, in your zeal, George," answered the Prince; "such offenders were better left to be dealt with by the laws. But was the villain not struggling with his Majesty?"

"I cannot term it so, my lord," said the Duke, who, with many faults, would have disdained an untruth; "he seemed to desire to detain his Majesty, who, on the contrary, appeared to wish to mount his horse; but they have found pistols on his person, contrary to the proclamation, and, as it proves to be Nigel Olifaunt, of whose ungoverned disposition your Royal Highness has seen some samples, we seem to be justified in apprehending the worst."

"Nigel Olifaunt!" said the Prince; "can that unhappy man so soon have engaged in a new trespass? Let me see those pistols."

"Ye are not so unwise as to meddle with such snap-haunces, Baby Charles?" said James—"Do not give him them, Steenie—I command you on your allegiance! They may go off of their own accord, whilst often befalls.—You will do it, then?—Saw ever man sic wilful bairns as we are cumbered with!—Havena we guardsmen and soldiers enow, but you must unload the weapons yourself—you, the heir of our body and dignities, and see mony men around that are paid for venturing life in our cause."

But without regarding his father's exclamations, Prince Charles, with the obstinacy which characterised him in trifles, as well as matters of consequence, persisted in unloading the pistols with his own hand, of the double bullets with which each was charged. The hands of all around were held up in astonishment at the horror of the crime supposed to have been intended, and the escape which was presumed so narrow.

Nigel had not yet spoken a word—he now calmly desired to be heard.

"To what purpose?" answered the Prince coldly. "You knew yourself accused of a heavy offence, and, instead of rendering yourself up to justice, in terms of the proclamation, you are here found intruding yourself on his Majesty's presence, and armed with unlawful weapons."

"May it please you, sir," answered Nigel, "I wore these unhappy weapons for my own defence; and not very many hours since they were necessary to protect the lives of others."

"Doubtless, my lord," answered the Prince, still calm and unmoved,—"your late mode of life, and the associates with whom you have lived, have made you familiar with scenes and weapons of violence. But it is not to me you are to plead your cause."

"Hear me—hear me, noble Prince!" said Nigel, eagerly. "Hear me! You—even you yourself—may one day ask to be heard, and in vain."

"How, sir," said the Prince, haughtily—"how am I to construe that, my lord?"

"If not on earth, sir," replied the prisoner, "yet to Heaven we must all pray for patient and favourable audience."

"True, my lord," said the Prince, bending his head with haughty acquiescence; "nor would I now refuse such audience to you, could it avail you. But you shall suffer no wrong. We will ourselves look into your case."

"Ay, ay," answered the King, "he hath made *appellatio ad Cæsarem*—we will interrogate Glenvarlochides ourselves, time and place fitting; and, in the meanwhile, have him and his weapons away, for I am weary of the sight of them."

In consequence of directions hastily given, Nigel was accordingly removed from the presence, where, however, his words had not altogether fallen to the ground. "This is a most strange matter, George," said the Prince to the favourite; "this gentleman hath

"I cannot here omit mentioning, that a painting of the old school is in existence, having a remarkable resemblance to the

a good countenance, a happy presence, and much calm firmness in his look and speech. I cannot but he would attempt a crime so desperate and unwise."

"I profess neither love nor favour to the young man," answered Buckingham, whose high ambition bore always an open character; "but cannot but agree with your Highness, that our cross-hath been something hasty in apprehending personal danger from him."

"By my soul, Steenie, ye are not blate to say," said the King. "Do I not ken the smell of powder? Who else nosed out the Fifth of November, save our royal selves? Cecil, and Suffolk, and all of them, were at fault, like sae many mony tikes, when I puzzled it out; and trow ye that I not smell pouther? Why, 'sblood, man, James Barclamus thought my ingine was in some want of inspiration, and trow his history of the plot, *Sed pat-facti dirinitus parriedit*; and Spondanus, like manner, saith of us, *dirinitus erant*."

"The land was happy in your Majesty's escape," said the Duke of Buckingham, "and not less so quick wit which tracked that labyrinth of treason so fine and almost invisible a clew."

"Saul, man, Steenie, ye are right! There are youths have sic true judgment as you, respecting wisdom of their elders; and, as for this fause, monous smaik, I doubt he is a hawk of the same ilk. Saw ye not something papistical about him? Let them look that he bears not a crucifix, or some Roman trinket, about him."

scene described in the foregoing chapter, although it is needless true that the similarity is in all respects casual, as the author knew not of the existence of the painting till he sold, amongst others, with the following description, which it is a well-drawn-up catalogue.

"FREDERIGO ZECCHERO.

"Scene as represented in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by Pauline, where the King's painter."

This extraordinary picture, which, independent of its moral merit, has been esteemed a great literary curiosity, represents most faithfully the meeting, in Greenwich Park, between King James and Nigel Olifaunt, as described in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, showing that the author must have taken pains to ascertain from authenticated facts. In the centre of the picture, Nigel Olifaunt, on horseback, very erect and stately. Behind him, and Prince Charles, who is on the left of the picture, leaning eagerly towards the culprit, Nigel Olifaunt, who is on the right side of the picture. He grasps with his right hand a gun, or cross-bow, and looks angrily towards the King, who seems somewhat confused and alarmed. Behind Nigel Olifaunt, a servant wearing two dogs, which are barking fiercely. The King and his servant are both clothed in seven of the latest fashions of the time, in which, to this day, the town of London are clothed, there being an old charter, granting to the Olifaunt family, the privilege of dressing the public about Perth in their livery. The Duke of Buckingham is a figure of equal magnitude, dressed in robes to the King or the Prince. The only difference that is marked between him and the King, is that his head is uncovered. The King and the Prince are in their lute. In Letitia Aikin's *Memoirs of the Reign of James*, will be found a letter from Sir Thomas Howard to Lord Harrington, in which he recommends the latter to the court, mentioning that his Majesty has spoken favourably of him. He then proceeds to give him some advice, by which it is likely to find favour in the King's eyes. He tells him that a bushy ruff, well starched; and after various other details as to his dress, he concludes, "but above all things, to praise the room pennet whereon the King doth daily sit." In this picture King James is represented on the identical room. In the back ground of the picture are seen two of the suspicious looking figures, as if watching the successful plot. These may have been put in by the painter, to show the King, by making it be supposed that he had actually been or successfully combated, some serious plot. The King is attended by a numerous band of courtiers and attendants, whom seem moving forward to arrest the defaulter. The drawing of this picture is extremely good, but the drawing is Gothic, and there is no attempt at the keeping of perspective. The picture is very dark and obscure, which considerably to the interest of the scene.

The fears of James for his personal safety were often calmed without serious grounds. On one occasion, having been taken to visit a coal pit on the coast of Fife, he was conducted to a way under the sea, and brought to daylight again on a small island, or what was such at full tide, down which a strait had been sunk. James, who conceived his life or liberty would be when he found himself on an islet surrounded by the sea, and of admiring, as his cicerone hoped, the unexpected escape, cried *Traxen* with all his might, and could not be pulled till he was rowed ashore. At Lochmaben he took to flight, causing a great alarm from a still slighter circumstance. Some *disses*, a fish peculiar to the Loch, were presented to the King, who, as a delicacy; but the King, who was not familiar with their appearance, concluded they were poisoned, and broke the banquet "with most admired disorder."

"It would ill become me to attempt the exculpation of this unhappy man," said Lord Dalgarno, "considering the height of his present attempt, which has made all true men's blood curdle in their veins. Yet cannot avoid intimating, with all due submission to His Majesty's infallible judgment, in justice to one who showed himself formerly only my enemy, though he now displays himself in much blacker colours, that this Olfaut always appeared to me more as a Puritan than as a Papist."

"Ah, Dalgarno, art thou there, man?" said the King. "And ye behooved to keep back, too, and leave us to our own natural strength and the care of Providence, when we were in grips with the villain!"

"Providence, may it please your most Gracious Majesty, would not fail to aid, in such a strait, the arms of three weeping kingdoms," said Lord Dalgarno.

"Surely, man—surely," replied the King—"but a gift of your father, with his long whinyard, would have been a blithe matter a short while syne; and in future we will aid the ends of Providence in our favour, by keeping near us two stout beef-eaters of the guard. And so this Olfaut is a Puritan?—not the less likely to be a Papist, for all that—for extremities meet, as is scholastic proveth. There are, as I have proved in my book, Puritans of papistical principles—it is just a ew tout on an auld horn."

Here the King was reminded by the Prince, who readed perhaps that he was going to recite the whole *basilicon Doron*, that it would be best to move towards the Palace, and consider what was to be done or satisfying the public mind, in whom the morning's adventure was likely to excite much speculation. As they entered the gate of the Palace, a female bowed and presented a paper, which the King received, and with a sort of groan, thrust it into his side pocket. The Prince expressed some curiosity to know its contents. "The valet in waiting will tell you them," said the King, "when I strip off my cassock. D'ye think, my boy, that I can read all that is thrust into my hands? No, to me, man,"—(he pointed to the pockets of his neat trunk breeches, which were stuffed with papers)

"We are like an ass—that we should so speak—loping betwixt two burdens. Ay, ay, *Astinus fortis cubans inter terminos*, as the Vulgate hath it—y, ay, *Vidi terram quod esset optima, et supposui cinerum ad portandum, et factus sum tribulis servens*—I saw this land of England, and became an overburdened thief thereof."

"You are indeed well loaded, my dear dad and gosp," said the Duke of Buckingham, receiving the papers which King James emptied out of his pockets.

"Ay, ay," continued the monarch; "take them to you *per acersionem*, bairns—the one pouch stuffed with petitions, t'other with pasquinadoes; a fine time we have on't. On my conscience, I believe the tale Cadmus was hieroglyphical, and that the dragon's teeth which he sowed were the letters he invented. We are laughing, Baby Charles?—Mind what I say—when I came here first frae our ain country, where men are as rude as the weather, by my conscience, England was a bieldy bit; one would have thought the King had little to do but to walk by quiet waters, *et aquam refectiois*. But, I kenna how or why, the scene is sair changed—read that libel upon us and on our regimen. The dragon's teeth are sown, Baby Charles; I pray God they bearna their armed harvest your day, if I suld not live to see it. God forbid I could, for there will be an awful day's kemping at the shearing of them."

"I shall know how to stifle the crop in the blade—George?" said the Prince, turning to the favourite with a look expressive of some contempt for his father's apprehensions, and full of confidence in the superior firmness and decision of his own counsels.

While this discourse was passing, Nigel, in charge of a pursuivant-at-arms, was pushed and dragged through the small town, all the inhabitants of which, having been alarmed by the report of an attack on the King's life, now pressed forward to see the supposed raptor. Amid the confusion of the moment, he could not cry the face of the victualer, arrested into a stare of solid wonder, and that of the barber grinning beneath horror and eager curiosity. He thought that he

also had a glimpse of his waterman in the green jacket.

He had no time for remarks, being placed in a boat with the pursuivant and two yeomen of the guard, and rowed up the river as fast as the arms of six stout watermen could pull against the tide. They passed the groves of masts which even then astonished the stranger with the extended commerce of London, and now approached those low and blackened walls of curtain and bastion, which exhibit here and there a piece of ordnance, and here and there a solitary sentinel under arms, but have otherwise so little of the military terrors of a citadel. A projecting low-browed arch, which had lowered over many an innocent, and many a guilty head, in similar circumstances, now spread its dark frowns over that of Nigel.* The boat was put close up to the broad steps against which the tide was lapping its lazy wave. The warder on duty looked from the wicket, and spoke to the pursuivant in whispers. In a few minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared, received, and granted an acknowledgment for the body of Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame;
With many a foul and midnight murder fed I—GRAY.

SUCH is the exclamation of Gray. Bandello, long before him, has said something like it; and the same sentiment must, in some shape or other, have frequently occurred to those, who, remembering the fate of other captives in that memorable state-prison, may have had but too much reason to anticipate their own. The dark and low arch, which seemed, like the entrance to Dante's Hell, to forbid hope of release—the muttered sounds of the warders, and petty formalities observed in opening and shutting the grated wicket—the cold and constrained salutation of the Lieutenant of the fortress, who showed his prisoner that distant and measured respect which authority pays as a tax to decorum, all struck upon Nigel's heart, impressing on him the cruel consciousness of captivity.

"I am a prisoner," he said, the words escaping from him almost unawares; "I am a prisoner, and in the Tower!"

The Lieutenant bowed—"And it is my duty," he said, "to show your Lordship your chamber, where, I am compelled to say, my orders are to place you under some restraint. I will make it as easy as my duty permits."

Nigel only bowed in return to this compliment, and followed the Lieutenant to the ancient buildings on the western side of the parade, and adjoining to the chapel, used in those days as a state-prison, but in ours as the mess-room of the officers of the guard upon duty at the fortress. The double doors were unlocked, the prisoner ascended a few steps, followed by the Lieutenant, and a warder of the higher class. They entered a large, but irregular, low-roofed, and dark apartment, exhibiting a very scanty proportion of furniture. The warder had orders to light a fire, and attend to Lord Glenvarloch's commands in all things consistent with his duty; and the Lieutenant, having made his reverence with the customary compliment, that he trusted his lordship would not long remain under his guardianship, took his leave.

Nigel would have asked some questions of the warder, who remained to put the apartment into order, but the man had caught the spirit of his office. He seemed not to hear some of the prisoner's questions, though of the most ordinary kind, did not reply to others, and when he did speak, it was in a short and sullen tone, which, though not positively disrespectful, was such as at least to encourage no farther communication.

Nigel left him, therefore, to do his work in silence, and proceeded to amuse himself with the melancholy

* Traitor's Gate, which opens from the Tower of London to the Thames, was, as its name implies, that by which persons accused of state offences were conveyed to their prison. When the tide is making, and the ancient gate is baled from within the buildings, it used to be a most striking part of the old fortress; but it is now much injured in appearance, being half built up with masonry to support a steam-engine, or something of that sort.

task of deciphering the names, mottoes, verses, and hieroglyphics, with which his predecessors in captivity had covered the walls of their prison-house. There he saw the names of many a forgotten sufferer mingled with others which will continue in remembrance until English history shall perish. There were the pious effusions of the devout Catholic, poured forth on the eve of his sealing his profession at Tyburn, mingled with those of the firm Protestant, about to feed the fires of Smithfield. There the slender hand of the unfortunate Jane Grey, whose fate was to draw tears from future generations, might be contrasted with the bolder touch which impressed deep on the walls the Bear and Ragged Staff, the proud emblem of the proud Dudleys. It was like the roll of the prophet, a record of lamentation and mourning, and yet not unmixed with brief interjections of resignation, and sentences expressive of the firmest resolution.*

In the sad task of examining the miseries of his predecessors in captivity, Lord Glenvarloch was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door of his prison-room. It was the warder, who came to inform him, that, by order of the Lieutenant of the Tower, his lordship was to have the society and attendance of a fellow-prisoner in his place of confinement. Nigel replied hastily, that he wished no attendance, and would rather be left alone; but the warder gave him to understand, with a kind of grumbling civility, that the Lieutenant was the best judge how his prisoners should be accommodated, and that he would have no trouble with the boy, who was such a slip of a thing as was scarce worth turning a key upon.—“There, Giles,” he said, “bring the child in.”

Another warder put the “lad before him” into the room, and, both withdrawing, bolt crashed and chain clanged, as they replaced these ponderous obstacles to freedom. The boy was clad in a gray suit of the finest cloth, laid down with silver lace, with a buff-coloured cloak of the same pattern. His cap, which was a Montre of black velvet, was pulled over his brows, and, with the profusion of his long ringlets, almost concealed his face. He stood on the very spot where the warder had quitted his collar, about two steps from the door of the apartment, his eyes fixed on the ground, and every joint trembling with confusion and terror. Nigel could well have dispensed with his society, but it was not in his nature to behold distress, whether of body or mind, without endeavouring to relieve it.

“Cheer up,” he said, “my pretty lad. We are to be companions, it seems, for a little time—at least I trust your confinement will be short, since you are too young to have done ought to deserve long restraint. Come, come—do not be discouraged. Your hand is cold and trembles? the air is warm too—but it may be the damp of this darksome room. Place you by the fire.—What! weeping ripe, my little man? I pray you, do not be a child. You have no beard yet, to be dishonoured by your tears, but yet you should not cry like a girl. Think you are only shut up for playing truant, and you can pass a day without weeping, surely.”

The boy suffered himself to be led and seated by the fire, but, after retaining for a long time the very posture which he assumed in sitting down, he suddenly changed it in order to wring his hands with an air of the bitterest distress, and then, spreading them before his face, wept so plentifully, that the tears found their way in floods through his slender fingers.

Nigel was in some degree rendered insensible to his own situation, by his feelings for the intense agony by which so young and beautiful a creature seemed to be utterly overwhelmed; and, sitting down close beside the boy, he applied the most soothing terms which occurred, to endeavour to alleviate his distress; and with an action which the difference of their age rendered natural, drew his hand kindly along the long hair of the disconsolate child. The lad appeared so

* These memorials of illustrious criminals, or of innocent persons who had the fate of such, are still preserved, though at one time, in the course of repairing the rooms, they were in some danger of being whitewashed. They are preserved at present with becoming respect, and have most of them been engraved.—*See BAYLEY'S History and Antiquities of the Tower of London.*

shy as even to shrink from this slight approach of familiarity—yet, when Lord Glenvarloch, perceiving and allowing for his timidity, sat down on the further side of the fire, he appeared to be more at his ease, and to hearken with some apparent interest to the arguments which from time to time Nigel used to induce him to moderate, at least, the violence of his grief. As the boy listened, his tears, though they continued to flow freely, seemed to escape from his source more easily, his sobs were less convulsive, and became gradually changed into low sighs, which succeeded each other, indicating as much sorrow, perhaps, but less alarm, than his first transports shown.

“Tell me who and what you are, my pretty boy,” said Nigel.—“Consider me, child, as a companion who wishes to be kind to you, would you but let him how he can be so.”

“Sir—my lord, I mean,” answered the boy, timidly, and in a voice which could scarce be even across the brief distance which divided them, “you are very good—and I am very unhappy.”

A second fit of tears interrupted what else he intended to say, and it required a renewal of Lord Glenvarloch’s good-natured expostulations and encouragements, to bring him once more to such a posture as rendered the lad capable of expressing himself intelligibly. At length, however, he was enabled to say—“I am sensible of your goodness, my lord—I am grateful for it—but I am a poor unhappy creature, and, what is worse, have myself only to thank my misfortunes.”

“We are seldom absolutely miserable, my acquaintance,” said Nigel, “without being somewhat more or less responsible for it—I may well say otherwise I had not been here to-day—but not very young, and can have but little to answer for.”

“O sir! I wish I could say so—I have been so willed and obstinate—and rash and ungovernable—and now—now, how dearly do I pay the price of it!”

“Pshaw, my boy,” replied Nigel; “this is but some childish frolic—some breaking out of some truant trick—And yet how should any one have brought you to the Tower?—There is something mysterious about you, young man, which I must inquire into.”

“Indeed, indeed, my lord, there is no harm about me,” said the boy, more moved it would seem to confession by the last words, by which he seemed considerably alarmed, than by all the kind expostulations and arguments which Nigel had previously used. “I am innocent—that is, I have done wrong, but not to deserve being in this frightful place.”

“Tell me the truth, then,” said Nigel, in a tone which command mingled with encouragement; “I have nothing to fear from me, and as little to hope perhaps—yet, placed as I am, I would know whom I speak.”

“With an unhappy—boy, sir—and idle and truantly disposed, as your lordship said,” answered the boy, looking up, and showing a countenance in which paleness and blushes succeeded each other, as if he and shamefacedness alternately had influence. “I left my father’s house without leave, to see the King hunt in the Park at Greenwich; there came a treason, and all the gates were shut—I was frightened, and hid myself in a thicket, and I was found by some of the rangers and examined—and they would give no good account of myself—and so I was sent hither.”

“I am an unhappy, a most unhappy being,” said Lord Glenvarloch, rising and walking through the apartment; “nothing approaches me but shame and my own bad fate! Death and imprisonment dog my steps, and involve all who are found near me. Is this boy’s story sounds strangely.—You say you were examined, my young friend—Let me pray you to tell whether you told your name, and your means of gaining admission into the Park—if so, they surely would not have detained you?”

“O my lord,” said the boy, “I took care not to tell them the name of the friend that let me in; and I said to my father—I would not he knew where I now was for all the wealth in London!”

"But you do not expect," said Nigel, "that they'll dismiss you till you let them know who and what you are?"

"What good will it do them to keep so useless a satire as myself?" said the boy; "they must let me go, were it but out of shame."

"Do not trust to that—tell me your name and station—I will communicate them to the Lieutenant—he is a man of quality and honour, and will not only be willing to procure your liberation, but also, I have no doubt, will intercede with your father. I am partly swerable for such poor aid as I can afford, to get you out of this embarrassment, since I occasioned the arm owing to which you were arrested; so tell me your name, and your father's name."

"My name to you? O never, never!" answered the boy, in a tone of deep emotion, the cause of which Nigel could not comprehend.

"Are you so much afraid of me, young man," he replied, "because I am here accused and a prisoner? Consider, a man may be both, and deserve neither suspicion nor restraint. Why should you distrust me? You seem friendly, and I am myself so much in the same circumstances, that I cannot but pity your situation when I reflect on my own. Be wise; I have spoken kindly to you—I mean as kindly as I speak."

"O, I doubt it not, I doubt it not, my lord," said the boy, "and I could tell you all—that is, almost all."

"Tell me nothing, my young friend, excepting what may assist me in being useful to you," said Nigel.

"You are generous, my lord," said the boy; "and am sure—O sure, I might safely trust to your honour—But yet—but yet—I am so sore beset—I have been so rash, so unguarded—I can never tell you of myself. Besides, I have already told too much to the wretched heart I thought I had moved—yet I find myself here."

"To whom did you make this disclosure?" said Nigel.

"I dare not tell," replied the youth.

"There is something singular about you, my young friend," said Lord Glenvarloch, withdrawing with a gentle degree of compulsion the hand with which the youth had again covered his eyes; "do not pain yourself with thinking on your situation just at present—your pulse is high, and your hand feverish—lay yourself on yonder pallet, and try to compose yourself to sleep. It is the readiest and best remedy for the faintness with which you are worrying yourself."

"I thank you for your considerate kindness, my lord," said the boy; "with your leave I will remain a little space quiet in this chair—I am better thus than on the couch. I can think undisturbedly on what I have done, and have still to do; and if God sends slumber to a creature so exhausted, it shall be most welcome."

So saying, the boy drew his hand from Lord Nigel's, and, drawing around him and partly over his face the folds of his ample cloak, he resigned himself to sleep in meditation, while his companion, notwithstanding the exhausting scenes of this and the preceding day, continued his pensive walk up and down the apartment.

Every reader has experienced, that times occur, when, far from being lords of external circumstances, man is unable to rule even the wayward realm of his own thoughts. It was Nigel's natural wish to consider his own situation coolly, and fix on the course which it became him as a man of sense and courage to adopt; and yet, in spite of himself, and notwithstanding the deep interest of the critical state in which he was placed, it did so happen that his fellow-prisoner's situation occupied more of his thoughts than his own. There was no accounting for this underling of the imagination, but also there was no living with it. The pleading tones of one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard, still rung in his ears, though it seemed that sleep had now fettered the tongue of the speaker. He drew near on tiptoe to satisfy himself whether it were so. The folds of the cloak hid the lower part of his face entirely; but the countenance, which had fallen a little aside, permitted him to see the forehead streaked with blue veins, the closed eyes, and the long silken eyelashes.

"Poor child," said Nigel to himself, as he looked on him, nestled up as it were in the folds of his mantle, "the dew is yet on thy eyelashes, and thou hast fairly wept thyself asleep. Sorrow is a rough nurse to one so young and delicate as thou art. Peace be to thy slumbers, I will not disturb them. My own misfortunes require my attention, and it is to their contemplation that I must resign myself."

He attempted to do so, but was crossed at every turn by conjectures which intruded themselves as before, and which all regarded the sleeper rather than himself. He was angry and vexed, and expostulated with himself concerning the overweening interest which he took in the concerns of one of whom he knew nothing, saying that the boy was forced into his company, perhaps as a spy, by those to whose custody he was committed—but the spell could not be broken, and the thoughts which he struggled to dismiss, continued to haunt him.

Thus passed half an hour, or more; at the conclusion of which, the harsh sound of the revolving bolts was again heard, and the voice of the warder announced that a man desired to speak with Lord Glenvarloch. "A man to speak with me, under my present circumstances!—Who can it be?" And John Christie, his landlord of Paul's Wharf, resolved his doubts, by entering the apartment. "Welcome—most welcome, mine honest landlord!" said Lord Glenvarloch. "How could I have dreamt of seeing you in my present close lodgings?" And at the same time, with the frankness of old kindness, he walked up to Christie and offered his hand; but John started back as from the look of a basilisk.

"Keep your courtesies to yourself, my lord," said he, gruffly; "I have had as many of them already as may serve me for my life."

"Why, Master Christie," said Nigel, "what means this? I trust I have not offended you?"

"Ask me no questions, my lord," said Christie, bluntly. "I am a man of peace—I came not hither to wrangle with you at this place and season. Just suppose that I am well informed of all the obligations from your honour's nobleness, and then acquaint me, in as few words as may be, where is the unhappy woman—What have you done with her?"

"What have I done with her!" said Lord Glenvarloch—"Done with whom? I know not what you are speaking of."

"Oh, yes, my lord," said Christie; "play surprise as well as you will, you must have some guess that I am speaking of the poor fool that was my wife, till she became your lordship's light-o-love."

"Your wife! Has your wife left you? and, if she has, do you come to ask her of me?"

"Yes, my lord, singular as it may seem," returned Christie, in a tone of bitter irony, and with a sort of grin widely discordant from the discomposure of his features, the gleam of his eye, and the froth which stood on his lip, "I do come to make that demand of your lordship. Doubtless, you are surprised I should take the trouble; but, I cannot tell, great men and little men think differently. She has lain in my bosom, and drunk of my cup; and, such as she is, I cannot forget that—though I will never see her again—she must not starve, my lord, or do worse, to gain bread, though I reckon your lordship may think I am robbing the public in trying to change her courses."

"By my faith as a Christian, by my honour as a gentleman," said Lord Glenvarloch, "if aught amiss has chanced with your wife, I know nothing of it. I trust in Heaven you are as much mistaken in imputing guilt to her, as in supposing me her partner in it."

"Fie! fie! my lord," said Christie, "why will you make it so tough? She is but the wife of a clod-pated old chandler, who was idiot enough to marry a wench twenty years younger than himself. Your lordship cannot have more glory by it than you have had already; and, as for advantage and solace, I take it Dame Nelly is now unnecessary to your gratification. I should be sorry to interrupt the course of your pleasure; an old wittol should have more consideration of his condition. But, your precious lordship being mewed up here among other choice birds

you weep in the manner you do in your sleep, they taken them to see what ails them."

"It signifies little to any one what ails me," said the boy.

"True," replied Lord Glenvarloch; "but you know where you went to sleep how little I could assist you in your difficulties, and you seemed disposed, notwithstanding, to put some confidence in me."

"If I did, I have changed my mind," said the lad.

"And what may have occasioned this change of mind, I trow?" said Lord Glenvarloch.—"Some men talk through their sleep—perhaps you have the gift hearing in it?"

"No, but the Patriarch Joseph never dreamt truer dreams than I do."

"Indeed!" said Lord Glenvarloch. "And, pray, at dream have you had that has deprived me of my good opinion; for that, I think, seems the moral of the matter?"

"You shall judge yourself," answered the boy. "I dreamed I was in a wild forest, where there was a cry of hounds, and winding of horns, exactly as I heard Greenwich Park."

"That was because you were in the Park this morning, you simple child," said Nigel.

"Stay, my lord," said the youth. "I went on in my dream, till, at the top of a broad green alley, I saw a noble stag which had fallen into the toils; and I thought I knew that he was the very stag which the noble party were hunting, and that if the chase came to the dogs would tear him to pieces, or the hunters would cut his throat; and I had pity on the gallant stag, and though I was of a different kind from him, I thought I was somewhat afraid of him, I thought I could venture something to free so stately a creature; and I pulled out my knife, and just as I was about to cut the meshes of the net, the animal started up in my face in the likeness of a tiger, much fiercer and fiercer than any you may have seen in the road of the wild beasts yonder, and was just about to tear me limb from limb, when you awakened me."

"Methinks," said Nigel, "I deserve more thanks than I have got, for rescuing you from such a dangerous waking you. But, my pretty master, methinks all the tale of a tiger and a stag has little to do with it, change of temper towards me."

"I know not whether it has or no," said the lad; "but I will not tell you who I am."

"You will keep your secret to yourself then, pceevish," said Nigel, turning from him, and resuming his walk through the room; then stopping suddenly, he

—"And yet you shall not escape from me without knowing that I penetrate your mystery."

"My mystery!" said the youth, at once alarmed and irritated,—"what mean you, my lord?"

"Only that I can read your dream without the assistance of a Chaldean interpreter, and my exposition is that my fair companion does not wear the dress of a sex."

"And if I do not, my lord," said his companion, "I am starting up, and folding her cloak tight around me, my dress, such as it is, covers one who will not see it."

"Many would call that speech a fair challenge,"

Lord Glenvarloch, looking on her fixedly; "men do not masquerade in men's clothes, to make use of men's weapons."

"I have no such purpose," said the seeming boy; "I have other means of protection, and powerful—"

"would first know what is your purpose."

"An honourable and a most respectful one," said

Lord Glenvarloch; "whatever you are—whatever you may have brought you into this ambiguous position, I am sensible—every look, word, and action of yours, makes me sensible, that you are no proper object of importunity, far less of ill usage. What instances can have forced you into so doubtful a position, I know not; but I feel assured there is, and be, nothing in them of premeditated wrong, which would expose you to cold-blooded insult. From you I have nothing to dread."

"I expected nothing less from your nobleness, my lord," answered the female; "my adventure, though it was both desperate and foolish, is not so

very foolish, nor my safety here so utterly unprotected, as at first sight—and in this strange dress, it may appear to be. I have suffered enough, and more than enough, by the degradation of having been seen in this unfeminine attire, and the comments you must necessarily have made on my conduct—but I thank God that I am so far protected, that I could not have been subjected to insult unavenged."

When this extraordinary explanation had proceeded thus far, the warder appeared, to place before Lord Glenvarloch a meal, which, for his present situation, might be called comfortable, and which, if not equal to the cookery of the celebrated Chevalier Beaujeu, was much superior in neatness and cleanliness to that of Alsatia. A warder attended to do the honours of the table, and made a sign to the disguised female to rise and assist him in his functions. But Nigel declaring that he knew the youth's parents, interfered, and caused his companion to eat along with him. She consented with a sort of embarrassment, which rendered her pretty features yet more interesting. Yet she maintained with a natural grace that sort of good-breeding which belongs to the table; and it seemed to Nigel, whether already prejudiced in her favour by the extraordinary circumstances of their meeting, or whether really judging from what was actually the fact, that he had seldom seen a young person comport herself with more decorous propriety, mixed with ingenuous simplicity; while the consciousness of the peculiarity of her situation threw a singular colouring over her whole demeanour, which could be neither said to be formal, nor easy, nor embarrassed, but was compounded of, and shaded with, an interchange of all these three characteristics. Wine was placed on the table, of which she could not be prevailed on to taste a glass. Their conversation was, of course, limited by the presence of the warder to the business of the table; but Nigel had, long ere the cloth was removed, formed the resolution, if possible, of making himself master of this young person's history, the more especially as he now began to think that the tones of her voice and her features were not so strange to him as he had originally supposed. This, however, was a conviction which he adopted slowly, and only as it dawned upon him from particular circumstances during the course of the repast.

At length the prison-meal was finished, and Lord Glenvarloch began to think how he might most easily enter upon the topic he meditated, when the warder announced a visitor.

"Soh!" said Nigel, something displeased, "I find even a prison does not save one from importunate visitations."

He prepared to receive his guest, however, while his alarmed companion flew to the large cradle-shaped chair, which had first served her as a place of refuge, drew her cloak around her, and disposed herself as much as she could to avoid observation. She had scarce made her arrangements for that purpose, when the door opened, and the worthy citizen, George Heriot, entered the prison-chamber.

He cast around the apartment his usual sharp, quick glance of observation, and, advancing to Nigel, said—"My lord, I wish I could say I was happy to see you."

"The sight of those who are unhappy themselves, Master Heriot, seldom produces happiness to their friends—I, however, am glad to see you."

He extended his hand, but Heriot bowed with much formal complaisance, instead of accepting the courtesy, which in those times, when the distinction of ranks was much guarded by etiquette and ceremony, was considered as a distinguished favour.

"You are displeased with me, Master Heriot," said Lord Glenvarloch, reddening, for he was not deceived by the worthy citizen's affectation of extreme reverence and respect.

"By no means, my lord," replied Heriot; "but I have been in France, and have thought it as well to import, along with other more substantial articles, a small sample of that good-breeding which the French are so renowned for."

"It is not kind of you," said Nigel, "to bestow the first use of it on an old and obliged friend."

Heriot only answered to this observation with a short dry cough, and then proceeded.

"Hem! hem! I say, ahem! My lord, as my French politeness may not carry me far, I would willingly know whether I am to speak as a friend, since your lordship is pleased to term me such; or whether I am, as befits my condition, to confine myself to the needful business which must be treated of between us."

"Speak as a friend by all means, Master Heriot," said Nigel; "I perceive you have adopted some of the numerous prejudices against me, if not all of them. Speak out, and frankly—what I cannot deny I will at least confess."

"And I trust, my lord, redress," said Heriot.

"So far as is in my power, certainly," answered Nigel.

"Ah! my lord," continued Heriot, "that is a melancholy though a necessary restriction; for how lightly may any one do an hundred times more than the degree of evil which it may be within his power to repair to the sufferers and to society! But we are not alone here," he said, stopping, and darting his shrewd eye towards the muffled figure of the disguised maiden, whose utmost efforts had not enabled her so to adjust her position as altogether to escape observation. More anxious to prevent her being discovered than to keep his own affairs private, Nigel hastily answered—

"'Tis a page of mine; you may speak freely before him. He is of France, and knows no English."

"I am then to speak freely," said Heriot, after a second glance at the chair; "perhaps my words may be more free than welcome."

"Go on, sir," said Nigel, "I have told you I can bear reproof."

"In one word, then, my lord—why do I find you in this place, and whelmed with charges which must blacken a name rendered famous by ages of virtue?"

"Simply then, you find me here," said Nigel, "because, to begin from my original error, I would be wiser than my father."

"It was a difficult task, my lord," replied Heriot; "your father was voiced generally as the wisest and one of the bravest men of Scotland."

"He commanded me," continued Nigel, "to avoid all gambling; and I took upon me to modify this injunction into regulating my play according to my skill, means, and the course of my luck."

"Ay, self opinion, acting on a desire of acquisition, my lord—you hoped to touch pitch and not to be defiled," answered Heriot. "Well, my lord, you need not say, for I have heard with much regret, how far this conduct diminished your reputation. Your next error I may without scruple remind you of—My lord, in whatever degree Lord Dalgarno may have failed towards you, the son of his father should have been sacred from your violence."

"You speak in cold blood, Master Heriot, and I was smarting under a thousand wrongs inflicted on me under the mask of friendship."

"That is, he gave your lordship bad advice, and you," said Heriot—

"Was fool enough to follow his counsel," answered Nigel—"But we will pass this, Master Heriot, if you please. Old men and young men, men of the sword and men of peaceful occupation, always have thought, always will think, differently, on such subjects."

"I grant," answered Heriot, "the distinction between the old goldsmith and the young nobleman—still you should have had patience for Lord Huntington's sake, and prudence for your own. Supposing your quarrel just?"

"I pray you to pass on to some other charge," said Lord Glenvarloch.

"I am not your accuser, my lord; but I trust in Heaven, that your own heart has already accused you bitterly on the inhospitable wrong which your late landlord has sustained at your hand."

"Had I been guilty of what you allude to," said Lord Glenvarloch,—"had a moment of temptation hurried me away, I had long ere now most bitterly repented it. But whoever may have wronged the

unhappy woman, it was not I—I never laid my folly until within this hour."

"Come, my lord," said Heriot, with some sadness, "this sounds too much like affectation. I know it is among our modern youth a new creed respecting adultery as well as homicide—I would rather you speak of a revision of the Decalogue, with the penal penalties in favour of the privileged classes, than would rather hear you do this, than deny a fact which you have been known to glory."

"Glory!—I never did, never would, have thanked myself from such a cause," said Lord Glenvarloch. "I could not prevent other idle men and idle brains, from making false inferences."

"You would have known well enough how to turn their mouths, my lord," replied Heriot, "had it spoke of you what was unpleasant to your ears, what the truth did not warrant.—Come, my lord, remember your promise to confess; and, indeed, confess it, in this case, in some slight sort of manner. I will grant you are young—the woman handsome, and, as I myself have observed, light-headed—Let me know where she is. Her foolish husband has still some compassion for her—will not send from infamy—perhaps, in time, receive her back—we are a good-natured generation we trust, but not, my lord, emulate those who work maliciously for the pleasure of doing so—it is the way to the worst quality."

"Your grave remonstrances will drive me mad," said Nigel. "There is a show of sense and sense in what you say; and yet, it is positively untrue, my telling the retreat of a fugitive of whom I know nothing earthly."

"It is well, my lord," answered Heriot, "but you have a right, such as it is, to keep your secrets; but, since my discourse on these points has so totally unavailing, we had better proceed to business. Yet your father's image rises before me, seems to plead that I should go on."

"Be it as you will, sir," said Glenvarloch, "who doubts my word shall have no additional reality for it."

"Well, my lord.—In the Sanctuary at Whitchurch—a place of refuge so unsuitable to a young man of quality and character—I am told a murder was committed."

"And you believe that I did the deed, I repeat," said Heriot. "God forbid, my lord!" said Heriot. "The younger's inquest hath sat, and it appeared that your lordship, under your assumed name of Graham, had been with the utmost bravery."

"No compliment, I pray you," said Nigel; "I am only too happy to find, that I did not murder, and not believed to have murdered, the old man."

"True, my lord," said Heriot; "but even to affirm there lacks explanation. Your lordship barked this morning in a wherry with a family, and it is said, an immense sum of money, in jewels and other valuables—but the woman has not been heard of."

"I parted with her at Paul's Wharf," said Nigel; "where she went ashore with her charge, I sent her a letter to that very man, John Christie."

"Ay, that is the waterman's story; but John Christie denies that he remembers any thing of the matter."

"I am sorry to hear this," said the young man; "I hope in Heaven she has not been murdered, for the treasure she had with her."

"I hope not, my lord," replied Heriot; "but your minds are much disturbed about it. Our country character suffers on all hands. Men remember the fatal case of Lord Sanquhar, hanged for the murder of a fencing-master; and exclaim, they will not let their wives whored, and their property stolen, the nobility of Scotland."

"And all this is laid to my door!" said Nigel. "My exculpation is easy."

"I trust so, my lord," said Heriot,—"and, in particular, I do not doubt it.—But why did you Whitefriars under such circumstances?"

"Master Reginald Lowestoffe sent a hint to me, with intimation to provide for my safety."

y to say," replied Heriot, "that he de-
 ledge of your lordship's motions, after
 tched a messenger to you with some

rmen told me they were employed by

n!" said Heriot; "one of these proves
 apprentice, an old acquaintance of mine
 has escaped; but the fellow who is in
 sts in saying he was employed by your
 you only."

said Lord Glenvarloch, hastily;—"He
 ter Lowestoffe had sent him.—I hope
 rted gentleman is at liberty?"

answered Heriot; "and has escaped with
 the benchers, for interfering in such a
 ir lordship's. The Court desire to keep
 young Templars in these times of com-
 had not come off so well."

he only word of comfort I have heard
 plied Nigel. "But this poor woman,—
 trunk were committed to the charge of

ie pretended waterman; but none of the
 ply at the wharf will acknowledge the
 —I see the idea makes you uneasy, my
 ry effort is made to discover the poor
 of retreat—if, indeed, she yet lives.—
 lord, my errand is spoken, so far as it
 sively to your lordship; what remains,
 business of a more formal kind."

ceeded to it without delay," said Lord
 "I would hear of the affairs of any
 an of my own."

not have forgotten, my lord," said He-
 insaction which took place some weeks
 d Huntinglen's—by which a large sum
 s advanced for the redemption of your
 ate?"

er it perfectly," said Nigel; "and your
 rity cannot make me forget your kind-
 occasion."

ed gravely, and went on.—"That mo-
 anced under the expectation and hope
 be replaced by the contents of a grant
 ip, under the royal sign-manual, in pay-
 ments due by the crown to your fa-
 your lordship understood the transac-
 tion—I trust you now understand my re-
 its import, and hold it to be correct?"

ly correct," answered Lord Glenvarloch.
 contained in the warrant cannot be reco-
 rds become the property of those who
 iginal holders of the mortgage, and now
 right."

my lord," said Heriot. "And your lord-
 y circumstances having, it would seem,
 e creditors, they are now, I am sorry
 ng for one or other of these alternatives
 of the land, or payment of their debt."

e a right to one or other," answered
 roloch; "and as I cannot do the last in
 ondition, I suppose they must enter on

lord," replied Heriot; "if you have
 me a friend to your person, at least you
 in willing to be such to your father's
 t but for the sake of your father's memo-
 rill trust me with the warrant under the
 I believe circumstances do now so stand
 t I may be able to recover the money

so gladly," said Lord Glenvarloch, "but
 hich contains it is not in my possession.
 when I was arrested at Greenwich."

re no longer withheld from you," said
 r I understand, my Master's natural
 nd some information which he has pro-
 not how, has induced him to contradict
 arge of the attempt on his person. It is
 ed up; and you will only be proceeded
 ur violence on Lord Dalgarno, commit-
 e verge of the Palace—and that you will
 ough to answer."

"I will not shrink under the weight," said Lord
 Glenvarloch. "But that is not the present point.—
 If I had that casket?"

"Your baggage stood in the little anteroom, as I
 passed," said the citizen; "the casket caught my eye.
 I think you had it of me.—It was my old friend Sir
 Faithful Frugal's. Ay; he, too, had a son!"

Here he stopped short.
 "A son who, like Lord Glenvarloch's, did no cred-
 it to his father.—Was it not so you would have end-
 ed the sentence, Master Heriot?" asked the young
 nobleman.

"My lord, it was a word spoken rashly," answered
 Heriot. "God may mend all in his own good time;
 this, however, I will say, that I have sometimes envied
 my friends their fair and flourishing families; and yet
 have I seen such changes when death has removed
 the head, so many rich men's sons penniless, the heirs
 of so many knights and nobles acreless, that I think
 mine own estate and memory, as I shall order it, has
 a fair chance of outliving those of greater men,
 though God has given me no heir of my name. But
 this is from the purpose.—Ho! warder, bring in Lord
 Glenvarloch's baggage." The officer obeyed. Seals
 had been placed upon the trunk and casket, but were
 now removed, the warder said, in consequence of the
 subsequent orders from Court, and the whole was
 placed at the prisoner's free disposal.

Desirous to bring this painful visit to a conclusion,
 Lord Glenvarloch opened the casket, and looked
 through the papers which it contained, first hastily,
 and then more slowly and accurately; but it was all
 in vain. The Sovereign's signed warrant had disap-
 peared.

"I thought and expected nothing better," said
 George Heriot, bitterly. "The beginning of evil is
 the letting out of water. Here is a fair heritage lost,
 I dare say, on a foul cast at dice, or a conjuring trick
 at cards.—My lord, your surprise is well played. I
 give you full joy of your accomplishments. I have
 seen many as young brawlers and spendthrifts, but
 never so young and accomplished a dissembler.—
 Nay, man, never bend your angry brows on me. I
 speak in bitterness of heart, from what I remember
 of your worthy father; and if his son hears of his de-
 generacy from no one else, he shall hear of it from the
 old goldsmith."

This new suspicion drove Nigel to the very extre-
 mity of his patience; yet the motives and zeal of the
 good old man, as well as the circumstances of sus-
 picion which created his displeasure, were so excellent
 an excuse for it, that they formed an absolute curb on
 the resentment of Lord Glenvarloch, and constrained
 him, after two or three hasty exclamations, to observe
 a proud and sullen silence. At length, Master Heri-
 ot resumed his lecture.

"Hark you, my lord," he said, "it is scarce pos-
 sible that this most important paper can be absolutely
 assigned away. Let me know in what obscure cor-
 ner, and for what petty sum, it lies pledged—some-
 thing may yet be done."

"Your efforts in my favour are the more generous,"
 said Lord Glenvarloch, "as you offer them to one
 whom you believe you have cause to think hardly of
 —but they are altogether unavailing. Fortune has
 taken the field against me at every point. Even let
 her win the battle."

"Zouns!" exclaimed Heriot, impatiently,—"you
 would make a saint swear! Why, I tell you, if this
 paper, the loss of which seems to sit so light on you,
 be not found, farewell to the fair lordship of Glen-
 varloch—firth and forest—lea and furrow—lake and
 stream—all that has been in the house of Olifaunt
 since the days of William the Lion!"

"Farewell to them, then," said Nigel,—"and that
 moan is soon made."

"Sdeath! my lord, you will make more moan for
 it ere you die," said Heriot, in the same tone of angry
 impatience.

"Not I, my old friend," said Nigel. "If I mourn,
 Master Heriot, it will be for having lost the good opi-
 nion of a worthy man, and lost it, as I must say, most
 undeservedly."

"Ay, ay, young man," said Heriot, shaking his

head, "make me believe that if you can.—To sum the matter up," he said, rising from his seat, and walking towards that occupied by the disguised female; "for our matters are now drawn into small compass, you shall as soon make me believe that this marquee-rading mummer, on whom I now lay the hand of paternal authority, is a French page, who understands no English."

So saying, he took hold of the supposed page's cloak, and, not without some gentle degree of violence, led into the middle of the apartment the disguised fair one, who in vain attempted to cover her face, first with her mantle, and afterwards with her hands; both which impediments Master Heriot removed, something unceremoniously, and gave to view the detected daughter of the old horologist, his own fair god-daughter, Margaret Ramsay.

"Here is goodly gear!" he said; and as he spoke, he could not prevent himself from giving her a slight shake, for we have elsewhere noticed that he was a severe disciplinarian.—"How comes it, minion, that I find you in so shameless a dress, and so unworthy a situation? Nay, your modesty is now mistimed—it should have come sooner. Speak, or I will!"

"Master Heriot," said Lord Glenvarloch, "whatever right you may have over this maiden elsewhere, while in my apartment she is under my protection."

"Your protection, my lord!—a proper protector!—And how long, mistress, have you been under my lord's protection? Speak out, forsooth!"

"For the matter of two hours, godfather," answered the maiden, with a countenance bent to the ground, and covered with blushes, "but it was against my will."

"Two hours!" repeated Heriot,—"space enough for mischief.—My lord, this is, I suppose, another victim offered to your character of gallantry—another adventure to be boasted of at Beaujeu's ordinary? Methinks the roof under which you first met this silly maiden should have secured her, at least, from such a fate."

"On my honour, Master Heriot," said Lord Glenvarloch, "you remind me now, for the first time, that I saw this young lady in your family. Her features are not easily forgotten, and yet I was trying in vain to recollect where I had last looked on them. For your suspicions, they are as false as they are injurious both to her and me. I had but discovered her disguise as you entered. I am satisfied, from her whole behaviour, that her presence here in this dress was involuntary; and God forbid that I had been capable of taking advantage of it to her prejudice."

"It is well mouthed, my lord," said Master Heriot; "but a cunning clerk can read the Apocrypha as loud as the Scripture. Frankly, my lord, you are come to that pass, where your words will not be received without a warrant."

"I should not speak, perhaps," said Margaret, the natural vivacity of whose temper could never be long suppressed by any situation, however disadvantageous, "but I cannot be silent. Godfather, you do me wrong—and no less wrong to this young nobleman. You say his words want a warrant. I know where to find a warrant for some of them, and the rest I deeply and devoutly believe without one."

"And I thank you, maiden," replied Nigel, "for the good opinion you have expressed. I am at that point, it seems, though how I have been driven to it I know not, where every fair construction of my actions and motives is refused me. I am the more obliged to her who grants me that right which the world denies me. For you, lady, were I at liberty, I have a sword and arm should know how to guard your reputation."

"Upon my word, a perfect Amadis and Oriana!" said George Heriot. "I should soon get my throat cut betwixt the knight and the princess, I suppose, but that the beef-eaters are happily within halloo.—Come, come, Lady Light-o'-Love—if you mean to make your way with me, it must be by plain facts, not by speeches from romances and play-books. How, in Heaven's name, came you here?"

"Sir," answered Margaret, "since I must speak, I want to Greenwich this morning with Monna Paula,

to present a petition to the King on the Lady Hermione."

"Mercy-a-gad!" exclaimed Heriot, "dance, too? Could she not have waited stir in her affairs! But I suppose the sent her had rendered her restless. Ah! man—he that goes partner with you, by double share of patience, for you will bribe the common stock.—Well, but what of this embassy of Monna Paula's to do a surd disguise? Speak out."

"Monna Paula was frightened," answered, "and did not know how to set about for you know she scarce ever goes out so—and so—I agreed to go with her to a rage; and, for the dress, I am sure you wore it at a Christmas mummung, and it not unbecoming."

"Yes, for a Christmas parlour," said not to go a-masking through the country member it, minion, and I knew it even in your little shoe there, linked with a hint morning from a friend, or one who is such, led to your detection."—Here Lord could not help giving a glance at the which even the staid citizen thought wrong—it was but a glance, for he saw the least degree of observation added to Margaret's confusion. "And tell me, continued Master Heriot, for what we have was by-play,—did the Lady Hermione fair work?"

"I dared not have told her for the Margaret—" she thought one of our app with Monna Paula."

It may be here noticed, that the word prentices," seemed to have in them some charm to break the fascination with Glenvarloch had hitherto listened to the interesting details of Margaret's history.

"And wherefore went he not?—he had companion for Monna Paula than you, I the citizen."

"He was otherwise employed," said a voice scarce audible.

Master George darted a hasty glance at when he saw his features betoken no more he muttered to himself—"It must be feared.—And so this cursed Spaniard, full as they all have, of disguises, trap-ladders, and masks, was jade and fool enough with her on this wildgoose errand?—sped you, I pray?"

"Just as we reached the gate of the Palace Margaret," the cry of treason was raised not what became of Monna, but I ran till the arms of a very decent serving-man, a later; and I was fain to tell him I was daughter, and so he kept the rest of the and got me to speech of his Majesty, as him to do."

"It is the only sign you showed in the better that common sense had not utterly de little skull," said Heriot.

"His Majesty," continued the dame, gracious as to receive me alone, though it cried out against the danger to his person, have scathed me for arms, God help me, forbade it. I fancy he had a hint from Lin the truth stood with me."

"Well, maiden, I ask not what passed," as "it becomes not me to pry into my Master Had you been closeted with his grandfather Tod of Saint Andrews, as David Lindsay him, by my faith, I should have had my own of the matter; but our Master, God be dounce and temperate, and Solomon in a save in the chapter of wives and concubins."

"I know not what you mean, sir," answered Margaret. "His Majesty was most kind and courteous, but said I must be sent hither, and the tenant's lady, the Lady Mansel, would have of me, and see that I sustained no wrong King promised to send me in a tilted barge

person well known to you; and thus I in the Tower."

"or, why, in this apartment, nymph?" Heriot—"Expound that to me, for I dle needs reading."

explain it, sir, farther, than that the Lady me here, in spite of my earnest prayers, treaties. I was not afraid of any thing, should be protected. But I could have ould die now—for very shame and con-

ll, if your tears are genuine," said Heriot, he sooner wash out the memory of your vs your father aught of this escape of

not for the world he did," replied she; me with the Lady Hermione." st Davy can regulate his horologes better nly.—Come, damsel, now I will escort the Lady Mansel, and pray her, of her it when she is again trusted with a goose, give it to the fox to keep.—The warders ss to my lady's lodgings, I trust."

one moment," said Lord Glenvarloch. hard opinion you may have formed of you, for time will show that you do me you yourself, I think, will be the first to justice you have done me. But involve suspicions this young person, for whose ight angels themselves should be vouch- marked every look, every gesture; and I draw breath, I shall ever think of her

at all of her, my lord," answered George rupting him; "it is, I have a notion, the you can do her;—or think of her as the Davy Ramsay, the clock-maker, no pro- fine speeches, romantic adventures, or treacian compliments. I give you god- . I think not altogether so harshly as ay have spoken. If I can help—that is, ay clearly through this labyrinth—but it king now. I give your lordship god-den- ler! Permit us to pass to the Lady Man- nt."

r said he must have orders from the Lieu- as he retired to procure them, the parties nding near each other, but without speak- ce looking at each other save by stealth, vich, in two of the party at least, was mbarrassing. The difference of rank, at age a consideration so serious, could ord Glenvarloch from seeing that Mar- y was one of the prettiest young women cheld—from suspecting, he could scarce t he himself was not indifferent to her—

assured that he had been the cause of present distress—admiration, self-love, ty, acting in favour of the same object; e yeoman returned with permission to his ddraw, Nigel's obeisance to the beautiful he mechanic was marked with an ex- ich called up in her cheeks as much co- ncident of the eventful day had hitherto e returned the courtesy timidly and ir- ring to her godfather's arm, and left the vich, dark as it was, had never yet ap- sure to Nigel, as when the door closed

CHAPTER XXX.

ugh thou shouldst be dragg'd in scorn
nder ignominious tree,
halt not want one faithful friend
are the cruel fates' decree.

Ballad of Jenny Dawson.

GEORGE HERIOT and his ward, as she be termed, for his affection to Margaret him all the cares of a guardian, were e yeoman of the guard to the lodging of nt, where they found him seated with his were received by both with that decorous Master Heriot's character and supposed

influence demanded, even at the hand of a punctilious old soldier and courtier like Sir Edward Mansel. Lady Mansel received Margaret with like courtesy, and informed Master George that she was now only her guest, and no longer her prisoner.

"She is at liberty," she said, "to return to her friends under your charge—such is his Majesty's pleasure."

"I am glad of it, madam," answered Heriot, "but only I could have wished her freedom had taken place before her foolish interview with that singular young man; and I marvel your ladyship permitted it."

"My good Master Heriot," said Sir Edward, "we act according to the commands of one better and wiser than ourselves—our orders from his Majesty must be strictly and literally obeyed; and I need not say that the wisdom of his Majesty doth more than ensure"—

"I know his Majesty's wisdom well," said Heriot; "yet there is an old proverb about fire and flax—well, let it pass."

"I see Sir Mungo Malagrowth stalking towards the door of the lodging," said the Lady Mansel, "with the gait of a lame crane—it is his second visit this morning."

"He brought the warrant for discharging Lord Glenvarloch of the charge of treason," said Sir Edward.

"And from him," said Heriot, "I heard much of what had befallen; for I came from France only late last evening, and somewhat unexpectedly."

As they spoke, Sir Mungo entered the apartment—saluted the Lieutenant of the Tower and his lady with ceremonious civility—honoured George Heriot with a patronizing nod of acknowledgment, and accosted Margaret with—"Hey! my young charge, you have not doffed your masculine attire yet?"

"She does not mean to lay it aside, Sir Mungo," said Heriot, speaking loud, "until she has had satisfaction from you, for betraying her disguise to me, like a false knight—and in very deed, Sir Mungo, I think when you told me she was rambling about in so strange a dress, you might have said also that she was under Lady Mansel's protection."

"That was the King's secret, Master Heriot," said Sir Mungo, throwing himself into a chair with an air of atrabilarious importance; "the other was a well-meaning hint to yourself, as the girl's friend."

"Yes," replied Heriot, "it was done like yourself—enough told to make me unhappy about her—not a word which could relieve my uneasiness."

"Sir Mungo will not hear that remark," said the lady; "we must change the subject.—Is there any news from Court, Sir Mungo? you have been to Greenwich?"

"You might as well ask me, madam," answered the Knight, "whether there is any news from hell."

"How, Sir Mungo, how!" said Sir Edward, "measure your words something better—You speak of the Court of King James."

"Sir Edward, if I spoke of the court of the twelve Kaisers, I would say it is as confused for the present as the infernal regions. Courtiers of forty years' standing, and such I may write myself, are as far to seek in the matter as a minnow in the Maelstrom. Some folk say the King has frowned on the Prince—some that the Prince has looked grave on the Duke—some that Lord Glenvarloch will be hanged for high treason—and some that there is matter against Lord Dalgarno that may cost him as much as his head's worth."

"And what do you, that are a courtier of forty years' standing, think of it all?" said Sir Edward Mansel.

"Nay, nay, do not ask him, Sir Edward," said the lady, with an ex-ressive look to her husband.

"Sir Mungo is too witty," added Master Heriot, "to remember that he who says aught that may be repeated to his own prejudice, does but load a piece for any of the company to shoot him dead with, at their pleasure and convenience."

"What!" said the bold Knight, "you think I am afraid of the trepan? Why now, what if I should be

that Dalgarno has more wit than honesty,—the Duke more sail than ballast,—the prince more pride than prudence,—and that the King!" The Lady Mansel held up her finger in a warning manner—"that the King is my very good master, who has given me, for forty years and more, dog's wages, videlicet, bones and beating.—Why now, all this is said, and Archie Armstrong* says worse than this of the best of them every day."

"The more fool he," said George Heriot; "yet he is not so utterly wrong, for folly is his best wisdom. But do not you, Sir Mungo, set your wit against a fool's, though he be a court fool."

"A fool, said you?" replied Sir Mungo, not having fully heard what Master Heriot said, or not choosing to have it thought so.—"I have been a fool indeed, to hang on at a close-fisted Court here, when men of understanding and men of action have been making fortunes in every other place of Europe. But here a man comes indifferently off unless he gets a great key to turn, (looking at Sir Edward,) or can beat tattoo with a hammer on a pewter plate.—Well, sirs, I must make as much haste back on mine errand as if I were a feed messenger.—Sir Edward and my lady, I leave my commendations with you—and my good-will with you, Master Heriot—and for this breaker of bounds, if you will act by my counsel, some maceration by fasting, and a gentle use of the rod, is the best cure for her giddy fits."

"If you propose for Greenwich, Sir Mungo," said the Lieutenant, "I can spare you the labour—the King comes immediately to Whitehall."

"And that must be the reason the council are summoned to meet in such hurry," said Sir Mungo. "Well—I will, with your permission, go to the poor lad Glenvarloch, and bestow some comfort on him."

The Lieutenant seemed to look up, and pause for a moment as if in doubt.

"The lad will want a pleasant companion, who can tell him the nature of the punishment which he is to suffer, and other matters of concernment. I will not leave him until I show him how absolutely he hath ruined himself from feather to spur, how deplorable is his present state, and how small his chance of mending it."

"Well, Sir Mungo," replied the Lieutenant, "if you really think all this likely to be very consolatory to the party concerned, I will send a warder to conduct you."

"And I," said George Heriot, "will humbly pray of Lady Mansel, that she will lend some of her hand-maiden's apparel to this giddy-brained girl; for I shall forfeit my reputation if I walk up Tower-hill with her in that mad guise—and yet the silly lassie looks not so ill in it neither."

"I will send my coach with you instantly," said the obliging lady.

"Faith, madam, and if you will honour us by such courtesy, I will gladly accept it at your hands," said the citizen, "for business presses hard on me, and the forenoon is already lost, to little purpose."

The coach being ordered accordingly, transported the worthy citizen and his charge to his mansion in Lombard Street. There he found his presence was anxiously expected by the Lady Hermione, who had just received an order to be in readiness to attend upon the Royal Privy Council in the course of an hour; and upon whom, in her inexperience of business, and long retirement from society and the world, the intimation had made as deep an impression as if it had not been the necessary consequence of the petition which she had presented to the King by Monna Paula. George Heriot gently blamed her for taking any steps in an affair so important until his return from France, especially as he had requested her to remain quiet, in a letter which accompanied the evidence he had transmitted to her from Paris. She could only plead in answer the influence which her immediately stirring in the matter was likely to have on the affair of her kinsman Lord Glenvarloch, for she was ashamed to acknowledge how much she had been gained on by the eager importunity of her youthful companion. The motive of Margaret's eagerness was, of course, the safety of Nigel; but we must leave it to time to

* The celebrated Court Jester.

show in what particulars that came to be with the petition of the Lady Hermione. I we return to the visit with which Sir Mungo growther favoured the afflicted young man his place of captivity.

The Knight, after the usual salutations, prefaced his discourse with a great deal of regret for Nigel's situation, sat down beside composing his grotesque features into lugubrious despondence, began his ravellings:—

"I bless God, my lord, that I was the one who had the pleasure to bring his Majesty's sage to the Lieutenant, discharging the high mission against ye, for any thing meditated by Majesty's sacred person; for, admit you be on the lesser offence, or breach of privilege and its precincts, *usque ad multifidum* to dismemberment, as it is most likely the loss of a member is nothing to being drawn quick, after the fashion of a traitor."

"I should feel the shame of having de a punishment," answered Nigel, "more than of undergoing it."

"Doubtless, my lord, the having, as you served it, must be an excruciation to you; replied his tormentor; "a kind of mental physical hanging, drawing, and quartering may be in some measure equippotent with the application of hemp, iron, fire, and the outer man."

"I say, Sir Mungo," repeated Nigel, "I to understand my words, that I am once any error, save that of having arms on soon when I chanced to approach that of reign."

"Ye are right, my lord, to acknowledge said Sir Mungo. "We have an old profess, and—so forth. And indeed, as to this his Majesty has a special ill-will at all a soever, and more especially pistols; but, there is an end of that matter.* I wish through the next, which is altogether until

"Surely, Sir Mungo," answered Nigel, "self might say something in my favour of the affair in the Park. None knows better that I was at that moment urged by very most heinous nature, offered to me by Lord many of which were reported to me by you to the inflammation of my passion."

"Alack-a-day!—Alack-a-day!" replied go, "I remember but too well how much you was inflamed, in spite of the various remedy which I made to you respecting the sacred the place. Alas! alas! you cannot say I into the mire for want of warning."

"I see, Sir Mungo, you are determined to ber nothing which can do me service," said "Blithely would I do ye service," said he "and the best which I can think of is, to the process of the punishment to the which ye indubitably subjected, I having had the good to behold it performed in the Queen's shield that had written a pasquinado. I was my Lord Gray's train, who lay laager hereing always covetous of pleasing and profit I could not dispense with being present on sion."

"I should be surprised indeed," said Lord varloch, "if you had so far put restraint on benevolence, as to stay away from such a tion."

"Hey! was your lordship praying me to be

* Wilson informs us that when Colonel Grey, a Scot affected the buff dress even in the time of peace, that military curb at Court, the King, seeing him with pistols at his girdle, which he never greatly liked, merrily, "he was now so fortified, that if he were but tualled, he would be impenetrable."—Wilson's *Life of James VI.* apud KENNET'S *History of England*, 289. In 1612, the tenth year of James's reign, there was abroad that a shipload of pocket-pistols had been sent to Spain, with a view to a general massacre of the Protestants. Proclamations were of consequence sent forth, forbidding persons from carrying pistols under a foot long in the *Did.* p. 630.

"your own execution?" answered the Knight. Troth, my lord, it will be a painful sight to a friend, it I will rather punish myself than baulk you. It is pretty pageant, in the main—a very pretty pageant. he fallow came on with such a bold face, it was a easure to look on him. He was dressed all in white, signify harmlessness and innocence. The thing as done on a scaffold at Westminster—most likely ours will be at Charing. There were the Sheriff's id the Marshal's men, and what not—the executioner, with his cleaver and mallet, and his man, with a in of hot charcoal, and the irons for cautery. He was dexterous fallow that Derrick. This man Gregory not fit to jipper a joint with him; it might be worth our lordship's while to have the loon sent to a barber-geon's, to learn some needful scantling of anatomy—it may be for the benefit of yourself and other happy sufferers, and also a kindness to Gregory."

"I will not take the trouble," said Nigel.—"If the ws will demand my hand, the executioner may get off as he best can. If the King leaves it where it may chance to do him better service."

"Vera noble—vera grand, indeed, my lord," said r Mungo; "it is pleasant to see a brave man suffer. is fallow whom I spoke of—this Tubbs, or Stubbs, whatever the plebeian was called, came forward bold as an emperor, and said to the people, 'Good ands, I come to leave here the hand of a true Eng-man,' and clapped it on the dressing-block with much ease as if he had laid it on his sweetheart's soulder; whereupon Derrick the hangman, adjust-; d'ye mind me, the edge of his cleaver on the very at, hit it with the mallet with such force, that the rid flew off as far from the owner as a gauntlet ick the challenger casts down in the tilt-yard. ill, sir, Stubbs, or Tubbs, lost no whit of count-ace, until the fallow clapped the hissing-hot iron his raw stump. My lord, it fizzed like a rasher Bacon, and the fallow set up an elritch screech, ich made some think his courage was abated; but a whit, for he plucked off his hat with his left ad, and waved it, crying, 'God save the Queen, confound all evil counsellors!' The people gave a three cheers, which he deserved for his stout rt; and, truly, I hope to see your lordship suffer to the same magnanimity."*

"I thank you, Sir Mungo," said Nigel, who had been able to forbear some natural feelings of a pleasant nature during this lively detail.—"I have doubt the exhibition will be a very engaging one you and the other spectators, whatever it may e to the party principally concerned."

"Vera engaging," answered Sir Mungo, "vera in-isting—vera interesting indeed, though not alto-er so much so as an execution for high treason. w Digby, the Winters, Fawkes, and the rest of gunpowder gang, suffer for that treason, whilk a vera grand spectacle, as well in regard to their ings, as to their constancy in enduring."

"I am the more obliged to your goodness, Sir ngo," replied Nigel, "that has induced you, al-ugh you have lost the sight, to congratulate me on escape from the hazard of making the same ed- appearance."

"his execution, which so captivated the imagination of Sir ngo Malagrowther, was really a striking one. The criminal, and his brother Burton, had published a book in very rit terms against the match of Elizabeth with the Duke of on, which he termed an union of a daughter of God with t of antichrist. Queen Elizabeth was greatly incensed at eedom assumed in this work, and caused the author Stubbs, Page the publisher, and one Singleton the printer, to be on an act passed by Philip and Mary against the writers tipers of seditious publications. They were convicted, t though there was an opinion strongly entertained by law- that the act was only temporary, and expired with Queen t Stubbs and Page received sentence to have their right s struck off. They accordingly suffered the punishment, the being divided by a cleaver driven through the joint by of a mallet. The printer was pardoned. "I remember,"

the historian Camden, "being then present, that Stubbs, t his right hand was cut off, plucked off his hat with the a and said, with a loud voice, 'God save the Queen!' The uide standing about was deeply silent, either out of horror a a new and unwanted kind of punishment, or out of com- ation towards the man, as being of an honest and unblame- eputile, or else out of hatred to the marriage, which most t were aged would be the overthrow of religion."—CAMDEN'S 2d for the year 1551.

"As you say, my lord," answered Sir Mungo, "the loss is chiefly in appearance. Nature has been very bountiful to us, and has given duplicates of some organs, that we may endure the loss of one of them, should some such circumstance chance in our pil-grimage. See my poor dexter, abridged to one thumb, one finger, and a stump,—by the blow of my adversary's weapon, however, and not by any carnifical knife. Well, sir, this poor maimed hand doth me, in some sort, as much service as ever; and, ad-mut yours to be taken off by the wrist, you have still your left hand for your service, and are better off than the little Dutch dwarf here about town, who threads a needle, limns, writes, and tosses a pike, merely by means of his feet, without ever a hand to help him."

"Well, Sir Mungo," said Lord Glenvarloch, "this is all no doubt very consolatory; but I hope the King will spare my hand to fight for him in battle, where, notwithstanding all your kind encouragement, I could spend my blood much more cheerfully than on a scaffold."

"It is even a sad truth," replied Sir Mungo, "that your lordship was but too like to have died on a scaffold—not a soul to speak for you but that deluded lassie, Maggie Ramsay."

"Whom mean you?" said Nigel, with more interest than he had hitherto shown in the Knight's communications.

"Nay, who should I mean, but that travestied lassie whom we dined with when we honoured He-riot the goldsmith? Ye ken best how you have made interest with her, but I saw her on her knees to the King for you. She was committed to my charge, to bring her up hither in honour and safety. Had I had my own will, I would have had her to Bridewell, to flog the wild blood out of her—a cutty quean, to think of wearing the breeches, and not so much as married yet!"

"Hark ye, Sir Mungo Malagrowther," answered Nigel, "I would have you talk of that young person with fitting respect."

"With all the respect that befits your lordship's paramour, and Davy Ramsay's daughter, I shall certainly speak of her, my lord," said Sir Mungo, assuming a dry tone of irony.

Nigel was greatly disposed to have made a serious quarrel of it, but with Sir Mungo such an affair would have been ridiculous; he smothered his resentment, therefore, and conjured him to tell what he had heard and seen respecting this young person.

"Simply, that I was in the anteroom when she had audience, and heard the King say, to my great perplexity, '*Pulchra sane puella*,' and Maxwell, who hath but indifferent Latin ears, thought that his Ma-jesty called on him by his own name of Sawney, and thrust into the presence, and there I saw our Sovereign James, with his own hand, raising up the lassie, who, as I said heretofore, was travestied in man's attire. I should have had my own thoughts of it, but our gracious Master is auld, and was nae great gillraver among the queans even in his youth; and he was comforting her in his own way, and saying, 'Ye needna greet about it, my bonnie woman, Glenvarlochides shall have fair play; and, indeed, when the hurry was off our spirits, we could not be-lieve that he had any design on our person. And touching his other offences, we will look wisely and closely into the matter.' So I got charge to take the young fence-louper to the Tower here, and deliver her to the charge of Lady Mansel; and his Majesty charged me to say not a word to her about your of-fences, for, said he, the poor thing is breaking her heart for him."

"And on this you have charitably founded the opinion to the prejudice of this young lady, which you have now thought proper to express?" said Lord Glenvarloch.

"In honest truth, my lord," replied Sir Mungo, "what opinion would you have me form of a wench who gets into male habiliments, and goes on her knees to the King for a wild young nobleman? I wot not what the fashionable word may be, for the phrase changes, though the custom abides. But truly I must needs think this young laddy—if you

call Watchie Ramsay's daughter a young leddy—deems herself more like a leddy of pleasure than a leddy of honour."

"You do her egregious wrong, Sir Mungo," said Nigel; "or rather you have been misled by appearances."

"So will all the world be misled, my lord," replied the satirist, "unless you were doing that to disabuse them which your father's son will hardly judge it fit to do."

"And what may that be, I pray you?"

"Even marry the lass—make her Laddy Glenvarloch.—Ay, ay, ye may start—but it's the course you are driving on. Rather marry than do worse, if the worst be not done already."

"Sir Mungo," said Nigel, "I pray you to forbear this subject, and rather return to that of the mutilation, upon which it pleased you to enlarge a short while since."

"I have not time at present," said Sir Mungo, hearing the clock strike four; "but so soon as you shall have received sentence, my lord, you may rely on my giving you the fullest detail of the whole solemnity; and I give you my word as a knight and gentleman, that I will myself attend you on the scaffold, whoever may cast sour looks on me for doing so. I bear a heart, to stand by a friend in the worst of times."

So saying, he wished Lord Glenvarloch farewell; who felt as heartily rejoiced at his departure, though it may be a bold word, as any person who had ever undergone his society.

But, when left to his own reflections, Nigel could not help feeling solitude nearly as irksome as the company of Sir Mungo Malagrowthier. The total wreck of his fortune,—which seemed now to be rendered unavoidable by the loss of the royal warrant, that had afforded him the means of redeeming his paternal estate,—was an unexpected and additional blow. When he had seen the warrant he could not precisely remember; but was inclined to think, it was in the casket when he took out money to pay the miser for his lodgings at Whitefrans. Since then, the casket had been almost constantly under his own eye, except during the short time he was separated from his baggage by the arrest in Greenwich Park. It might, indeed, have been taken out at that time, for he had no reason to think either his person or his property was in the hands of those who wished him well; but, on the other hand, the locks of the strong-box had sustained no violence that he could observe, and, being of a particular and complicated construction, he thought they could scarce be opened without an instrument made on purpose, adapted to their peculiarities, and for this there had been no time. But, speculate as he would on the matter, it was clear that this important document was gone, and probable that it had passed into no friendly hands. "Let it be so," said Nigel to himself; "I am scarcely worse off respecting my prospects of fortune, than when I first reached this accursed city. But to be hampered with cruel accusations, and stained with foul suspicions—to be the object of pity of the most degrading kind to yonder honest citizen, and of the malignity of that envious and atrabilious courtier, who can endure the good fortune and good qualities of another no more than the mole can brook sunshine—this is indeed a deplorable reflection; and the consequences must stick to my future life, and impede whatever my head, or my hand, if it is left me, might be able to execute in my favour."

The feeling, that he is the object of general dislike and dereliction, seems to be one of the most unendurably painful to which a human being can be subjected. The most atrocious criminals, whose nerves have not shrunk from perpetrating the most horrid cruelty, endure more from the consciousness that no man will sympathize with their sufferings, than from apprehension of the personal agony of their impending punishment; and are known often to attempt to palliate their enormities, and sometimes altogether to deny what is established by the clearest proof, rather than to leave life under the general ban of humanity. It was no wonder that Nigel, labouring under the

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high in their own opinion, was very apt, when he could have no other auditor, to hold conversation with one who was sure to be a willing listener—I mean with himself. He was now brushing and arranging Lord Glenvarloch's clothes, with as much composure and quiet assiduity as if he had never been out of his service, and grumbling betwixt whiles to be following purpose:—"Humph—ay, time clock and jerkin were through my hands—I question if orchair has been passed over them since they and last parted. The embroidery finely frayed too—and 16 gold buttons of the cloak—By my conscience, and as I am an honest man, there is a round dozen of them gone! This comes of Alsatian frolics—God keep us with his grace, and not give us over to our own devices!—I see no sword—but that will be in respect of present circumstances."

Nigel for some time could not help believing that he was still in a dream, so improbable did it seem that his domestic, whom he supposed to be in Scotland, should have found him out, and obtained access to him, in his present circumstances. Looking through the curtains, however, he became well assured of the fact, when he beheld the stiff and bony length of Richie, with a visage charged with nearly double its ordinary degree of importance, employed industriously in brushing his master's cloak, and refreshing himself with whistling or humming from interval to interval, some snatch of an old melancholy Scottish ballad-tune. Although sufficiently convinced of the identity of the party, Lord Glenvarloch could not help expressing his surprise in the superlative question—"In the name of Heaven, Richie, is this you?"

"And wha else suld it be, my lord?" answered Richie; "I dreamna that your lordship's levee in this place is like to be attended by ony that are not bounden thereto by duty."

"I am rather surprised," answered Nigel, "that it should be attended by any one at all—especially by you, Richie; for you know that we parted, and I thought you had reached Scotland long since."

"I crave your lordship's pardon, but we have not parted yet, nor are soon likely so to do; for there rang twa folk's votes to the unmaking of a bargain, as to the making of ane. Though it was your lordship's pleasure so to conduct yourself that we were like to have parted, yet it was not, on reflection, my will to be gone. To be plain, if your lordship does not ken when you have a good servant, I ken when I have a kind master; and to say truth, you will be master served now than ever, for there is not much chance of your getting out of bounds."

"I am indeed bound over to good behaviour," said Lord Glenvarloch, with a smile; "but I hope you will not take advantage of my situation to be too severe on my follies, Richie?"

"God forbid, my lord—God forbid!" replied Richie, with an expression betwixt a conceited consciousness of superior wisdom and real feeling—"especially in consideration of your lordship's having a due sense of them. I did indeed remonstrate, as was my humble duty, but I scorn to cast that up to your lordship now—Na, na, I am myself an erring creature—very conscious of some small weaknesses—there is no perfection in man."

"But Richie," said Lord Glenvarloch, "although I am much obliged to you for your proffered service, it can be of little use to me here, and may be of prejudice to yourself."

"Your lordship shall pardon me again," said Richie, "whom the relative situation of the parties had interested with ten times his ordinary dogmatism; "but as I will manage the matter, your lordship shall be greatly benefited by my service, and I myself no whit prejudiced."

"I see not how that can be, my friend," said Lord Glenvarloch, "since even as to your pecuniary affairs—"

"Touching my pecuniaries, my lord," replied Richie, "I am indifferently well provided; and, as it chances, my living here will be no burden to your lordship, or distress to myself. Only I crave permission to annex certain conditions to my servitude with your lordship."

"Annex what you will," said Lord Glenvarloch, "for you are pretty sure to take your own way, whether you make any conditions or not. Since you will not leave me, which were, I think, your wisest course, you must, and I suppose will, serve me only on such terms as you like yourself."

"All that I ask, my lord," said Richie, gravely, and with a tone of great moderation, "is to have the uninterrupted command of my own motions, for certain important purposes which I have now in hand, always giving your lordship the solace of my company and attendance at such times as may be at once convenient for me, and necessary for your service."

"Of which, I suppose, you constitute yourself sole judge," replied Nigel, smiling.

"Unquestionably, my lord," answered Richie, gravely; "for your lordship can only know what yourself want; whereas I, who see both sides of the picture, ken both what is the best for your affairs, and what is the most needful for my own."

"Richie, my good friend," said Nigel, "I fear this arrangement, which places the master much under the disposal of the servant, would scarce suit us if we were both at large; but a prisoner as I am, I may be as well at your disposal as I am at that of so many other persons; and so you may come and go as you list, for I suppose you will not take my advice, to return to your own country, and leave me to my fate."

"The deil be in my feet if I do," said Monipie,—"I am not the lad to leave your lordship in foul weather, when I followed you and fed upon you through the whole summer day. And besides, there may be brave days behind, for a' that has come and gone yet; for

"It's hame, and it's hame, and it's hame we fain would be,
Though the cloud is in the lift, and the wind is on the lee;
For the sun through the mirk blink blithe on mine ee,
Says,—'I'll shine on ye yet in our ain country!'"

Having sung this stanza in the manner of a ballad-singer, whose voice has been cracked by matching his windpipe against the bugle of the north blast, Richie Monipie aided Lord Glenvarloch to rise, attended his toilet with every possible mark of the most solemn and deferential respect, then waited upon him at breakfast, and finally withdrew, pleading that he had business of importance, which would detain him for some hours.

Although Lord Glenvarloch necessarily expected to be occasionally annoyed by the self-conceit and dogmatism of Richie Monipie's character, yet he could not but feel the greatest pleasure from the firm and devoted attachment which this faithful follower had displayed in the present instance, and indeed promised himself an alleviation of the ennui of his imprisonment, in having the advantage of his services. It was, therefore, with pleasure that he learned from the warder, that his servant's attendance would be allowed at all times when the general rules of the fortress permitted the entrance of strangers.

In the meanwhile, the magnanimous Richie Monipie had already reached Tower Wharf. Here, after looking with contempt on several scullers by whom he was plied, and whose services he rejected with a wave of his hand, he called with dignity, "First oars!" and stirred into activity several lounging Tritons of the higher order, who had not, on his first appearance, thought it worth while to accost him with proffers of service. He now took possession of a wherry, folded his arms within his ample cloak, and sitting down in the stern with an air of importance, commanded them to row to Whitehall stairs. Having reached the palace in safety, he demanded to see Master Linklater, the under-clerk of his Majesty's kitchen. The reply was, that he was not to be spoken withal, being then employed in cooking a mess of cock-a-leekie for the King's own mouth.

"Tell him," said Monipie, "that it is a dear countryman of his, who seeks to converse with him on matter of high import."

"A dear countryman?" said Linklater, when this pressing message was delivered to him. "Well, let him come in! and be d—d, that I should say so! This now is some red-headed, long-legged, gill-

white-foot frae the West Port, that, hearing of my promotion, is come up to be a turn-broche, or deputy scullion, through my interest. It is a great hindrance to any man who would rise in the world, to have such friends to hang by his skirts, in hope of being towed up along with him.—Ha! Richie Monipplies, man, is it thou? And what has brought ye here? If they should ken thee for the loon that scared the horse the other day!”

“No more o’ that, neighbour,” said Richie, —“I am just here on the auld errand—I maun speak with the King.”

“The King? Ye are red wud,” said Linklater; then shouted to his assistants in the kitchen, “Look to the broches, ye knaves—*pieces purga—Salsamenta fac macerentur pulchre*—I will make ye understand Latin, ye knaves, as becomes the scullions of King James.” Then in a cautious tone, to Richie’s private ear, he continued, “Know ye not how ill your master came off the other day?—I can tell you that job made some folk shake for their office.”

“Weel, but, Laurie, ye maun befriend me this time, and get this wee bit siffication slipped into his Majesty’s ain most gracious hand. I promise you the contents will be most grateful to him.”

“Richie,” answered Linklater, “you have certainly sworn to say your prayers in the porter’s lodge, with your back bare; and twa groomis, with dog-whips, to cry amen to you.”

“Na, na, Laurie, lad,” said Richie, “I ken better what belongs to siffications than I did yon day; and ye will say that yourself, if ye will but get that bit note to the King’s hand.”

“I will have neither hand nor foot in the matter,” said the cautious Clerk of the Kitchen; “but there is his Majesty’s mess of cock-a-leekie just going to be served to him in his closet—I cannot prevent you from putting the letter between the gilt bowl and the platter; his sacred Majesty will see it when he lifts the bowl, for he aye drinks out the broth.”

“Enough said,” replied Richie, and deposited the paper accordingly, just before a page entered to carry away the mess to his Majesty.

“Awel, awel, neighbour,” said Laurence, when the mess was taken away, “if ye have done any thing to bring yourself to the withy, or the scourging post, it is your ain wilful deed.”

“I will blame no other for it,” said Richie; and with that undismayed pertinacity of conceit, which made a fundamental part of his character, he abode the issue, which was not long of arriving.

In a few minutes Maxwell himself arrived in the apartment, and demanded hastily who had placed a writing on the King’s trencher. Linklater denied all knowledge of it; but Richie Monipplies, stepping boldly forth, pronounced the emphatical confession, “I am the man.”

“Follow me, then,” said Maxwell, after regarding him with a look of great curiosity.

They went up a private staircase,—even that private staircase, the privilege of which at Court is accounted a nearer road to power than the *grandes entrees* themselves. Arriving in what Richie described as an “ill redd-up” anteroom, the usher made a sign to him to stop, while he went into the King’s closet. Their conference was short, and as Maxwell opened the door to retire, Richie heard the conclusion of it.

“Ye are sure he is not dangerous?—I was caught once.—Bide within call, but not nearer the door than within three geometrical cubits. If I speak loud, start to me like a falcon.—If I speak loun, keep your lang lugs out of ear-shot—and now let him come in.”

Richie passed forward at Maxwell’s mute signal, and in a moment found himself in the presence of the King. Most men of Richie’s birth and breeding, and many others, would have been abashed at finding themselves alone with their sovereign. But Richie Monipplies had an opinion of himself too high to be controlled by any such ideas; and having made his stiff reverence, he arose once more into his perpendicular height, and stood before James as stiff as a hedge-stake.

“Have ye gotten them, man? have ye gotten them?” said the King, in a fluttered state, betwixt

hope and eagerness, and some touch of his fear. “Gie me them—gie me them—before a word, I charge you, on your allegiance.”

Richie took a box from his bosom, and, on one knee, presented it to his Majesty, who opened it, and having ascertained that it contained a carcanet of rubies, with which the formerly made acquainted, he could not resist into a sort of rapture, kissing the gems, as had been capable of feeling, and repeating again with childish delight, “*Onyx cum prole—Onyx cum prole!* Ah, my bright and sparklers, my heart loupes light to see you. He then turned to Richie, upon whose stoical

nance his Majesty’s demeanour had excited a like a grim smile, which James interrupted by saying to reprehend, saying, “Take heed, ear, you to laugh at us—we are your anointed Sovereign. God forbid that I should laugh!” said composing his countenance into its natural.

“I did but smile, to bring my visage into com and conformity with your Majesty’s physiognomy. Ye speak as a dutiful subject, and a man,” said the King; “but what deil’s you man?”

“Even Richie Monipplies, the son of auld Monipplies, at the West Port of Edinburgh, with the honour to supply your Majesty’s mother’s table, as well as your Majesty’s, with flesh and viVERS, when time was.”

“Aha!” said the King, laughing,—for he was as a useful attribute of his situation, a memory, which recollected every one with whom he was brought into casual contact,—“Ye are the same traitor who had weel-nigh coupit us on the causey of our ain court-yard? but we are our mare. *Equum memento rebus in ardeantibus* Weel, be not dismayed, Richie; for, as now, have turned traitors, it is but fair that a traitor, and then, suld prove to be, *contra expectationem* man. How cam ye by our jewels, man?—was the part of George Heriot?”

“In no sort,” said Richie. “May it please Majesty, I come as Harry Wynd fought, and by my own hand, and on no man’s errand; as I call no one master, save Him that made me, most gracious Majesty who governs me, and noble Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, who tamed me as lang as he could maintain himself, nobleman!”

“Glenvarlochides again!” exclaimed the King, “by my honour he lies in ambush for us at every ner!—Maxwell knocks at the door. It is George Heriot come to tell us he cannot find these jewels. Get thee behind the arras, Richie—stand close. Do not sneeze not—cough not—breathe not!—Jingling! die is so damnably ready with his gold-ends of dom, and sae accursedly backward with his gold-ends of siller, that, by our royal saul, we are glad of his hair in his neck.”

Richie got behind the arras, in obedience to commands of the good-natured King, while the monarch, who never allowed his dignity to stand in way of a frolic, having adjusted, with his own hand, the tapestry, so as to complete the ambush, commanded Maxwell to tell him what was the matter without. Maxwell’s reply was so low as to be heard by Richie Monipplies, the peculiarity of whose situation no means abated his curiosity and desire to gratify to the uttermost.

“Let Georgie Heriot come in,” said the King; as Richie could observe through a slit in the tapestry the honest citizen, if not actually agitated, was at least, discomposed. The King, whose talent for or humour, was precisely of a kind to be gratified by such a scene as ensued, received his homage with coldness, and began to talk to him with an air of serious dignity, very different from the usual levity of his behaviour. “Master Heriot,” said, “if we might remember, we opignorated the hands certain jewels of the Crown, for a certain of money—Did we, or did we not?”

“My most gracious Sovereign,” said Heriot, disputably your Majesty was pleased to do so.

"The property of which jewels and *cimelia* remain with us," continued the King, in the same solemn tone, "subject only to your claim of advance thereon; which advance being repaid, gives us right to possession of the thing opignorated, or pledged, or d in wad. Voetius, Vinnus, Groenwigenus, Pannestechnus,—all who have treated de *Contractu pignorationis*,—*consentiant in eundem*,—agree on the same point. The Roman law, the English common law, and the municipal law of our ancient kingdom of Scotland, though they split in many particulars than I could desire, unite as strictly in this as the three strands of a twisted rope."

"May it please your Majesty," replied Heriot, "it requires not so many learned authorities to prove to a honest man, that his interest in a pledge is determined when the money lent is restored."

"Weel, sir, I proffer restoration of the sum lent, and I demand to be repossessed of the jewels pledged with you. I gave ye a hint, brief while since, that it would be essential to my service, for, as approaching events are like to call us into public, it would seem strange if we did not appear with those ornaments, which are heirlooms of the Crown, and the sense whereof is like to place us in contempt and suspicion with our liege subjects."

Master George Heriot seemed much moved by the address of his Sovereign, and replied with emotion, "I call Heaven to witness, that I am totally remorseless in this matter, and that I would willingly see the sum advanced, so that I could restore those jewels, the absence of which your Majesty so justly renews. Had the jewels remained with me, the account of them would be easily rendered; but your Majesty will do me the justice to remember, that, by your express order, I transferred them to another person, who advanced a large sum, just about the time of my departure for Paris. The money was assiduously wanted, and no other means to come by it occurred to me. I told your Majesty, when I brought this needful supply, that the man from whom the means were obtained, was of no good repute; and my most princely answer was, smelling to the gold *Non olet*, it smells not of the means that have gotten it."

"Weel, man," said the King, "but what needs a' sin? If ye gave my jewels in pledge to such a man, ye are not, as a liege subject, have taken care that the redemption was in our power? And are ye to suffer the loss of our *cimelia* by your neglect, besides being exposed to the scorn and censure of our peers, and of the foreign ambassadors?"

"My Lord and liege King," said Heriot, "God knows, if my bearing blame or shame in this matter could keep it from your Majesty, it were my duty to incur both, as a servant grateful for many benefits; when your Majesty considers the violent death of a man himself, the disappearance of his daughter, and of his wealth, I trust you will remember that I owed your Majesty, in humble duty, of the possibility of such casualties, and prayed you not to leave me to deal with him on your behalf."

"But you brought me nae better means," said the King. "Geordie, ye brought me nae better means. As like a deserted man; what could I do but grip the first siller that offered, as a drowning man seizes on the willow-wand that comes readiest?—Now, man, what for have ye not brought back jewels? they are surely above ground, if ye wad do strict search."

"All strict search has been made, may it please your Majesty," replied the citizen; "hue and cry has been sent out everywhere, and it has been found impossible to recover them."

"Difficult, ye mean, Geordie, not impossible," replied the King; "for that whilk is impossible, is naturally so, *exempli gratia*, to make two into one; or morally so, as to make what is truth false; but what is only difficult may come to pass, with assistance of wisdom and patience; as, for example, Jingling Geordie, look here!" And he displayed the recovered treasure to the eyes of the astonished Heriot, exclaiming, with great triumph, "What say ye that, Jingler?—By my sceptre and crown, the man

stares as if he took his native prince for a warlock! us that are the very *mallicus maleficarum*, the confounding and contritulating hammer of all witches, sorcerers, magicians, and the like; he thinks we are taking a touch of the black art ourselves!—But gang thy way, honest Geordie; thou art a good plain man, but none of the seven sages of Greece; gang thy way, and mind the southlast word which you spoke, small time syne, that there is one in this land that comes near to Solomon, King of Israel, in all his gifts, except in his love to strange women, forby the daughter of Pharaoh."

If Heriot was surprised at seeing the jewels so unexpectedly produced at the moment the King was upbraiding him for the loss of them, this allusion to the reflection which had escaped him while conversing with Lord Glenvarloch, altogether completed his astonishment; and the King was so delighted with the superiority which it gave him at the moment, that he rubbed his hands, cluckled, and, finally, his sense of dignity giving way to the full feeling of triumph, he threw himself into his easy-chair, and laughed with unconstrained violence till he lost his breath, and the tears ran plentifully down his cheeks as he strove to recover it. Meanwhile, the royal cachinnation was echoed out by a discordant and portentous laugh from behind the arras, like that of one who, little accustomed to give way to such emotions, feels himself at some particular impulse unable either to control or to modify his obstreperous mirth. Heriot turned his head with new surprise towards the place, from which sounds so unfitting the presence of a monarch seemed to burst with such emphatic clamour.

The King, too, somewhat sensible of the indecorum, rose up, wiped his eyes, and calling,—“Tudlowrie, come out o’ your den,” he produced from behind the arras the length of Richie Monipies, still laughing with as unrestrained mirth as ever did go up at a country christening. “Whisht, man, whisht, man,” said the King; “ye needna nichter that gait, like a cusser at a caup o’ corn, e’en though it was a pleasing jest, and our ain framing. And yet to see Jingling Geordie, that hauds himself so much the wiser than other folk—to see him, ha! ha! ha!—in the vein of Euclio apud Plautum, distressing himself to recover what was lying at his elbow—

“The practical jest of Richie Monipies going behind the arras to get an opportunity of teasing Heriot, was a pleasantry such as James might be supposed to approve of. It was customary for those who knew his humour to contrive jests of this kind for his amusement. The celebrated Archie Armstrong, and another jester called Drummond, mounted on other people’s backs, used to charge each other like knights in the tilt yard, to the monarch’s great amusement.

“The following is an instance of the same kind, taken from Webster upon Witchcraft. The author is speaking of the faculty called ventriloquism.

“But to make this more plain and certain, we shall add a story of a notable impostor, or ventriloquist, from the testimony of Mr. Ads, which we have had confirmed from the mouth of some courtiers, that both saw and knew him, and is this:—It hath been (and he) credibly reported, that there was a man in the court in King James his days, that could act this imposture so lively, that he could call the king by name, and cause the king to look round about him, wondering who it was that called him, whereas he that called him stood before him in his presence, with his face towards him. But after this imposture was known, the king, in his merriment, would sometimes take occasionally this impostor to make sport upon some of his courtiers, as, for instance:—

“There was a knight belonging to the court, whom the king caused to come before him in his private room, (where no man was but the king, and this knight and the impostor,) and feigned some occasion of serious discourse with the knight; but when the king began to speak, and the knight bending his attention to the king, suddenly there came a voice as out of another room, calling the knight by name. ‘Sir John, Sir John, come away, Sir John!’ at which the knight began to frown that any man should be so unmanly as to molest the king and him; and still listening to the king’s discourse, the voice came again, ‘Sir John, Sir John, come away and drink off your sick.’ At that Sir John began to swell with anger, and looked into the next room to see who it was that dared to call him so importunately, and could not find out who it was, and having chid with whomsoever he found, he returned again to the king. The king had no sooner begun to speak as formerly, but the voice came again, ‘Sir John, come away, your sack steyth for you.’ At that Sir John began to stamp with madness, and looked out and returned several times to the king, but could not be quiet in his discourse with the king, because of the voice that so often troubled him, till the king had sported enough.”—*WEBSTER ON WITCHCRAFT*, p. 194.

* Peril, interi, ocedi—quo curram? quo non curram—
Tene, tene—quem? quis? nescio—nihil video.*

Ah! Geordie, your een are sharp enough to look after gowd and silver, gens, rubies, and the like of that, and yet ye kenna how to come by them when they are lost.—Ay, ay—look at them, man—look at them—they are a' right and tight, sound and round, not a doubt crept in amongst them."

George Heriot, when his first surprise was over, was too old a courtier to interrupt the King's imaginary triumph, although he darted a look of some displeasure at honest Richie, who still continued on what is usually termed the broad grin. He quietly examined the stones, and finding them all perfect, he honestly and sincerely congratulated his Majesty on the recovery of a treasure which could not have been lost without some dishonour to the crown; and asked to whom he himself was to pay the sums for which they had been pledged, observing, that he had the money by him in readiness.

"Ye are in a deevil of a hurry, when there is paying in the case, Geordie," said the King.—"What's a the haste, man? The jewels were restored by an honest, kindly countryman of ours. There he stands, and wha kens if he wants the money on the nail, or if he might not be as weel pleased wi' a bit rescript on our treasury some six months hence? Ye ken that our Exchequer is even at a low ebb just now, and ye cry pay, pay, pay, as if we had all the mines of Ophir."

"Please your Majesty," said Heriot, "if this man has the real right to these moneys, it is doubtless at his will to grant forbearance, if he will. But when I remember the guise in which I first saw him, with a tattered cloak and a broken head, I can hardly conceive it.—Are not you Richie Moniplies, with the King's favour?"

"Even sae, Master Heriot—of the ancient and honourable ho'ise of Castle Collop, near to the West Port of Edinburgh," answered Richie.

"Why, please your Majesty, he is a poor serving-man," said Heriot. "This money can never be honestly at his disposal."

"What for no?" said the King. "Wad ye have na body sprackle up the brne but yoursell, Geordie? Your ain cloak was thin enough when ye cam here, though ye have lined it gay and weel. And for serving-men, there has mony a red-shank come over the Tweed wi' his master's wallet on his shoulders, that now rustles it wi' his six followers behind him. There stands the man himsell; speer at him, Geordie."

"His may not be the best authority in the case," answered the cautious citizen.

"Tut, tut, man," said the King, "ye are over scrupulous. The knave deer-stealers have an apt phrase, *Non est inquirendum unde venit veniens*. He that brings the gudes hath surely a right to dispose of the gear.—Hark ye, friend, speak the truth and shame the deil. Have ye plenary powers to dispose on the redemption-money as to delay of payments, or the like, ay or no?"

"Full power, an it like your gracious Majesty," answered Richie Moniplies; "and I am maist willing to subscribe to whatsoever may in any wise accommodate your Majesty anent the redemption-money, trusting your Majesty's grace will be kind to me in one amae favour."

"Ey, man," said the king, "come ye to me there? I thought ye wad e'en be like the rest of them.—One would think our subjects' lives and goods were all our ain, and holden of us at our free will; but when we stand in need of any matter of siller from them, which chances more frequently than we would it did, deil a boddle is to be had, save on the auld terms of gill-waff. It is just niffer for niffer.—Awel, neighbour, what is it that ye want—some monopoly, I reckon? Or it may be a grant of kirk-lands and teinds, or a knight-hood, or the like? Ye maun be reasonable, unless ye propose to advance more money for our present occasions."

"My liege," answered Richie Moniplies, "the owner of these moneys places them at your Majesty's command, free of all pledge or usage as long as it is your pleasure, providing your Majesty will condescend to

show some favour to the noble Lord G presently prisoner in your royal Tower of

"How, man—how, man—how, man?" the King, reddening and stammering, but tons more noble than those by which he times agitated—"What is that you dare to—Sell our justice!—sell our mercy!—and a ed King, sworn to do justice to our subgate, and responsible for our stewardship is over all kings!"—Here he reverently touched his bonnet, and continued, with a ness,—"We dare not traffic in such comm and, but that ye are a poor ignorant cre have done us this day some not unpleas we wad have a red iron driven through y in terrorem of others.—Awa with him, Ge him, plack and bawbee, out of our mone hands, and let them care that come ahint

Richie, who had counted with the utmost upon the success of this master-stroke of like an architect whose whole scaffolding gives way under him. He caught, however he thought might break his fall. "Not on for which the jewels were pledged," he said double of it, if required, should be placed; jesty's command, and even without hope o of repayment, if only—"

But the King did not allow him to co sentence, crying out with greater vehem before, as if he dreaded the stability of his resolutions.—"Awa wi' him—swift awa s is time he were gane, if he doubts his bode And, for your life, letna Strenie, or any of a word from his mouth; for wha kens w that might bring me into! *Ne inducas ink —Vade retro, Satanas! Amen.*"

In obedience to the royal mandate, Geor hurried the abashed petitioner out of the p out of the Palace; and, when they were a lace-yard, the citizen, remembering w: amment the airs of equality which Richie h towards him in the commencement of i which had just taken place, could not forb late, by congratulating him with an ironi his favour at Court, and his improved gra senting a supplication.

"Never fash your beard about that, Mast Heriot," said Richie, totally undismayed; me when and where I am to suffocate you hundred pounds sterling, for which these ju engaged?"

"The instant that you bring with you the of the money," replied Heriot; "whom it is that I should see on more accounts than o "Then will I back to his Majesty," said Moniplies, stoutly, "and get either the mon pledge back again. I am fully commissioned in that matter."

"It may be so, Richie," said the citizen. "I chance it may not be so neither, for your tale all gospel; and, therefore, be assured I will it is so, ere I pay you that large sum of m shall give you an acknowledgment for it, as keep it prestable at a moment's warning. I good Richard Moniplies, of Castle Collop, a West Port of Edinburgh, in the meantime I an to return to his Majesty on matters of weight speaking, and mounting the stair to re-ent lace, he added, by way of summing up the "George Heriot is over old a cock to be caught."

Richie stood petrified when he beheld him the Palace, and found himself, as he supposed the lurch.—"Now, plague on ye," he muttered a cunning auld skinflint! that, because ye are nest man yourself, forsooth, must needs deal the world as if they were knaves. But deil be if ye beat me yet!—Gude guide us! yonder Laurie Linklater next, and he will be on me ab sification.—I winna stand him, by Saint An

So saying, and changing the haughty st which he had that morning entered the p the Palace, into a skulking shamble, he retu his wherry, which was in attendance, with

high, to use the approved phrase on such occasions, readily resembled a flight.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Benedict. This looks not like a nuptial.
Much ado about Nothing.

MASTER GEORGE HERIOT had no sooner returned to the King's apartment, than Janice inquired of Maxwell if the Earl of Huntinglen was in attendance, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, desired that he should be admitted. The old Scottish Lord having made his reverence in the usual manner, the King extended his hand to be kissed, and then began to address him in a tone of great sympathy.

"We told your lordship in our secret epistle of this morning, written with our ain hand, in testimony we have neither pretermitted nor forgotten your faithful advice, that we had that to communicate to you that could require both patience and fortitude to endure, and therefore exhorted you to peruse some of the most thy passages of Seneca, and of Boethius *de Consolatione*, that the back may be, as we say, fitted for the burden—This we commend to you from our ain experience.

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco," sayeth Dido, and I might say in my own person, *non narus*; but to change the gender would affect the melody, whereof our southern subjects are tenacious. O, my lord of Huntinglen, I trust you have acted by my advice, and studied patience before ye need it—*re-enti occurrere morbo*—mix the medicament when e disease is coming on."

"May it please your Majesty," answered Lord Huntinglen, "I am more of an old soldier than a scholar, and if my own rough nature will not bear me out in my calamity, I hope I shall have grace to try a text of Scripture to boot."

"Ay, man, are you there with your bears?" said the King; "the Bible, man," (touching his cap,) "is indeed *principium et fons*—but it is pity your lordship should not peruse it in the original. For although we ourselves promote that work of translation,—as ye may read, at the beginning of every Bible, at when some palpable clouds of darkness were ought like to have overshadowed the land, after the setting of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth; yet our appearance, like that of the sun in his strength, instantly dispelled these surmised mists,—I say, that although, as therein mentioned, we countenanced the preaching of the gospel, and especially the translation of the Scriptures out of the original Hebrew tongues; yet nevertheless, we ourselves consented to have found a comfort in consulting them in the original Hebrew, whilk we do not perceive even the Latin version of the Septuagint, much less in the English traduction."

"Please your Majesty," said Lord Huntinglen, "if your Majesty delays communicating the bad news to which your honoured letter threatens me, until I am capable to read Hebrew like your Majesty, I fear I shall die in ignorance of the misfortune which hath fallen, or is about to befall, my house."

"You will learn it but too soon, my lord," replied the King. "I grieve to say it, but your son Dalgarno whom I thought a very saint, as he was so much like Steenie and Baby Charles, hath turned out a villain."

"Villain!" repeated Lord Huntinglen; and though instantly checked himself, and added, "but it is your Majesty speaks the word," the effect of his first remark made the King step back as if he had received a blow. He also recovered himself again, and said in a pettish way which usually indicated his displeasure—"Yes, my lord, it was we that said it—*non sursum*—we are not deaf—we pray you not to raise your voice in speech with us—there is the bonny memorial—read, and judge for yourself."

The King then thrust into the old nobleman's hand a paper, containing the story of the Lady Hermione, in the evidence by which it was supported, detailed briefly and clearly, that the infamy of Lord Dalgarno, the lover by whom she had been so shameful-

ly deceived, seemed undeniable. But a father yields not up so easily the cause of his son.

"May it please your Majesty," he said, "why was this tale not sooner told? This woman hath been here for years—wherefore was the claim on my son not made the instant she touched English ground?"

"Tell him how that came about, Gordie," said the King, addressing Heriot.

"I grieve to distress my Lord Huntinglen," said Heriot; "but I must speak the truth. For a long time the Lady Hermione could not brook the idea of making her situation public; and when her mind became changed in that particular, it was necessary to recover the evidence of the false marriage, and letters and papers connected with it, which, when she came to Paris, and just before I saw her, she had deposited with a correspondent of her father in that city. He became afterwards bankrupt, and in consequence of that misfortune, the lady's papers passed into other hands, and it was only a few days since I traced and recovered them. Without these documents of evidence, it would have been imprudent for her to have preferred her complaint, favoured as Lord Dalgarno is by powerful friends."

"Ye are saucy to say sae," said the King; "I ken what ye mean weel enough, ye think Steenie wad hae putten the weight of his foot into the scales of justice, and garr'd them whome the bucket—ye forget, Gordie, wha it is whose hand uphauds them. And ye do poor Steenie the mair wrang, for he confessed it ance before us and our privy council, that Dalgarno would have put the quean aff on him, the poor simple bairn, making him trow that she was a light-o'-love; in whilk mind he remained assured even when he parted from her, albeit Steenie might hae weel thought ane of thae cattle wadna hae resisted the like of him."

"The Lady Hermione," said George Heriot, "has always done the utmost justice to the conduct of the Duke, who, although strongly possessed with prejudice against her character, yet scorned to avail himself of her distress, and on the contrary supplied her with the means of extricating herself from her difficulties."

"It was e'en like himsell—blessings on his bonny face!" said the King; "and I believed this lady's tale the mair readily, my lord Huntinglen, that she spak nae ill of Steenie—and to make a lang tale short, my lord, it is the opinion of our council and ourself, as weel as of Baby Charles and Steenie, that your son maun amend his wrong by wedding this lady, or undergo such disgrace and discountenance as we can bestow."

The person to whom he spoke was incapable of answering him. He stood before the King motionless, and glaring with eyes of which even the lids seemed immovable, as if suddenly converted into an ancient statue of the times of chivalry, so instantly had his hard features and strong limbs been arrested into rigidity by the blow he had received—And in a second afterwards, like the same statue when the lightning breaks upon it, he sunk at once to the ground with a heavy groan. The King was in the utmost alarm, called upon Heriot and Maxwell for help, and, presence of mind not being his *forte*, ran to and fro in his cabinet, exclaiming—"My ancient and beloved servant—who saved our anointed self! *Vae atque dolor!* My Lord of Huntinglen, look up—look up, man, and your son may marry the Queen of Sheba if he will."

By this time Maxwell and Heriot had raised the old nobleman, and placed him on a chair; while the King, observing that he began to recover himself, continued his consolations more methodically.

"Haud up your head—haud up your head, and listen to your ain kind native Prince. If there is shame, man, it comes an empty-handed—there is siller to gild it—a gude tocher, and no that bad a pedigree;—if she has been a loon, it was your son made her sae, and he can make her an honest woman again."

These suggestions, however reasonable in the common case, gave no comfort to Lord Huntinglen, if indeed he fully comprehended them; but the blubbing of his good-natured old master, which began to accompany and interrupt his royal speech, pro-

duced more rapid effect. The large tear gushed reluctantly from his eye, as he kissed the withered hands, which the King, weeping with less dignity and restraint, abandoned to him, first alternately and then both together, until the feelings of the man getting entirely the better of the Sovereign's sense of dignity, he grasped and shook Lord Huntinglen's hands with the sympathy of an equal and a familiar friend.

"*Compone lachrymas*," said the monarch; "be patient, man, be patient;—the council, and Baby Charles, and Steenie, may a' gang to the devil—he shall not marry her since it moves you so deeply."

"He shall marry her, by God!" answered the Earl, drawing himself up, dashing the tear from his eyes, and endeavouring to recover his composure.

"I pray your Majesty's pardon, but he shall marry her, with her dishonour for her dowry, were she the veriest courtesan in all Spain—if he gave his word, he shall make his word good, were it to the meanest creature that haunts the streets—he shall do it, or my own dagger shall take the life that I gave him. If he could stoop to use so base a fraud, though to deceive infamy, let him wed infamy."

"No, no!" the Monarch continued to insinuate, "things are not so bad as that—Steenie himself never thought of her being a street-walker, even when he thought the worst of her."

"If it can at all console my Lord of Huntinglen," said the citizen, "I can assure him of this lady's good birth, and most fair and unspotted fame."

"I am sorry for it," said Lord Huntinglen—then interrupting himself, he said—"Heaven forgive me for being ungrateful for such comfort!—but I am well-nigh sorry she should be as you represent her, so much better than the villain deserves. To be condemned to wed beauty and innocence and honest birth—"

"Ay, and wealth, my lord—wealth," insinuated the King, "is a better sentence than his perfidy has deserved."

"It is long," said the embittered father, "since I saw he was selfish and hardhearted; but to be a perjured liar—I never dreaded that such a blot would have fallen on my race! I will never look on him again."

"Hoot ay, my lord, hoot ay," said the King; "ye maun tak him to task roundly. I grant you should speak more in the vein of Demetrius than Titio, *et nempet via perculgata patrum*; but as for not seeing him again, and he your only son, that is altogether out of reason. I tell ye, man, (but I would not for a boddle that Baby Charles heard me,) that he might gie the glaiks to half the lasses of Lonnun, ere I could find in my heart to speak such harsh words as you have said of this deil of a Dalgarno of yours."

"May it please your Majesty to permit me to retire," said Lord Huntinglen, "and dispose of the case according to your own royal sense of justice, for I desire no favour for him."

"Aweel, my lord, so be it; and if your lordship can think," added the Monarch, "of any thing in our power which might comfort you"—

"Your Majesty's gracious sympathy," said Lord Huntinglen, "has already comforted me as far as earth can; the rest must be from the King of Kings."

"To Him I commend you, my auld and faithful servant," said James with emotion, as the Earl withdrew from his presence. The King remained fixed in thought for some time, and then said to Heriot, "Jingling Geordie, ye ken all the privy doings of our Court, and have done so these thirty years, though, like a wise man, ye hear, and see, and say nothing. Now, there is a thing I fain wald ken, in the way of philosophical inquiry—Did you ever hear of the umquille Lady Huntinglen, the departed Countess of this noble Earl, ganging a wee bit gleed in her walk through the world; I mean in the way of slipping a foot, casting a leggin-girth,* or the like, ye understand me?"

* A leggin-girth is the lowest hoop upon a *leggin*, or milk-pail. Allan Ramsay applies the phrase in the same metaphorical sense.

"Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,
I learn'd this frae my mammy,
And cast a leggin girth myself,
Lang ere I married Tammy."

Christie's Kirk on the Green.

"On my word as an honest man," said Heriot, somewhat surprised at the question, never heard her wronged by the slightest suspicion. She was a worthy lady, very respect in her walk, and lived in great concord with her husband, save that the good Countess something of a puritan, and kept more a with ministers than was altogether agreeable to a man of the old rough world, that will do swear."

"O Geordie!" exclaimed the King, "th' auld-world frailties, of which we dare not put even ourselves absolutely free. But the war's worse from day to day, Geordie. The juve this age may weel say with the poet—

*'Etas parentum, pejor avis, talis
Nos nequiores—'*

This Dalgarno does not drink so much, or so much as his father; but he wenches. Geordie breaks his word and oath baith. As to w' say of the leddy and the ministers, we are a' creatures, Geordie, priests and kings, as a' others; and wha kens but what that may say for the difference between this Dalgarno and ther? The Earl is the vera soul of honour, an nae mair for world's gear than a noble bound quest of a foulmart; but as for his son, he's to brazen us a' out—ourselves, Steenie, Baby O and our council—till he heard of the tocher, as by my kingly crown, he lap like a cock at a p't. These are discrepancies betwixt parent and a' to be accounted for naturally, according to the Porta, Michael Scott *de secretis*, and others. Jingling Geordie, if your clouting the rascal jingling on pots, pans, and vessels of all metal, hadna jingled a' your grammar, a' d' head, I could have touched on that matter a' nair length."

Heriot was too plain-spoken to express much concern for the loss of his grammar learning as an excusation; but after modestly hinting that he had many men who could not fill their father's shoes, though no one had been suspected of wearing father's nightcap, he inquired "whether Lord Dalgarno had consented to do the Lady Heriot's piece."

"Troth, man, I have small doubt that he quoth the King; "I leave him the schedule of worldly substance, which you delivered to the council, and we allowed him half an hour to the cud upon that. It is rare reading for him to read his duty before him; and if he can read what they desire him—why, I wish he would me the gate of it. O Geordie, Jingling Geordie was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on turpitude of incontinence!"

"I am afraid," said George Heriot, more than prudently, "I might have thought of a proverb of Satan reproving sin."

"Deil hae our saul, neighbour," said the King dening, "but ye are not blate! I gie ye less speak freely, and, by our saul, ye do not let the lege become lost *non utendo*—it will suffer no tive prescription in your hands. Is it fit, that Baby Charles should let his thoughts be seen?—No—no—princes' thoughts are *arcani perii*—*Qui necesse dissimulare necesse regnare*. I liege subject is bound to speak the whole truth. King, but there is nae reciprocity of obligation for Steenie having been whiles a dike-looper time, is it for you, who are his goldsmith, to whom, I doubt, he awes an uncomarable cast that up to him?"

Heriot did not feel himself called on to part of Zeno, and sacrifice himself for upholding cause of moral truth; he did not desert it, however by disavowing his words, but simply expressed sorrow for having offended his Majesty, with which placable King was sufficiently satisfied.

"And now, Geordie, man," quoth he, "we

his culprit, and hear what he has to say for himself, or I will see the job cleared this blessed day. Ye saun come wi' me, for your evidence may be wanted."

The King led the way, accordingly, into a larger apartment, where the Prince, the Duke of Buckingham, and one or two privy counsellors, were seated at a table, before which stood Lord Dalgarno, in an attitude of as much elegant ease and indifference as could be expressed, considering the stiff dress and tanners of the times.

All rose and bowed reverently, while the King, to see a north country word, expressive of his mode of locomotion, *toddled* to his chair or throne, making sign to Heriot to stand behind him.

"We hope," said his Majesty, "that Lord Dalgarno stands prepared to do justice to this unfortunate lady, and to his own character and honour?"

"May I humbly inquire the penalty," said Lord Dalgarno, "in case I should unhappily find compliance with your Majesty's demands impossible?"

"Banishment frae our Court, my lord," said the King; "frae our Court and our countenance."

"Unhappy exile that I may be!" said Lord Dalgarno, in a tone of subdued irony—"I will at least arry your Majesty's picture with me, for I shall never see such another King."

"And banishment, my lord," said the Prince, sternly, "from these our dominions."

"That must be by form of law, please your Royal Highness," said Dalgarno, with an affectation of deep respect; "and I have not heard that there is a statute, compelling us, under such penalty, to marry very woman we may play the fool with. Perhaps is Grace of Buckingham can tell me?"

"You are a villain, Dalgarno," said the haughty and vehement favourite.

"Fie, my lord, fie!—to a prisoner, and in presence of your royal and paternal gossip!" said Lord Dalgarno. "But I will cut this deliberation short. I have looked over this schedule of the goods and tectis of Erminia Pauletti, daughter of the late noble yes, he is called the noble, or I read wrong, Giovanni Pauletti, of the House of Sansovino, in Genoa, and of the no less noble Lady Maud Olifaunt, of the House of Glenvarloch—Well, I declare that I as pre-contracted in Spain to this noble lady, and here has passed betwixt us some certain *prælibatio matrimonii*; and now, what more does this grave assembly require of me?"

"That you should repair the gross and infamous wrong you have done the lady, by marrying her within this hour," said the Prince.

"O, may it please your Royal Highness," answered Dalgarno, "I have a trifling relationship with an old aunt, who calls himself my father, who may claim some vote in the matter. Alas! every son is not blessed with an obedient parent!" He hazarded a slight glance towards the throne, to give meaning to his last words.

"We have spoken ourselves with Lord Huntingten," said the King, "and are authorized to consent his name."

"I could never have expected this intervention of a *coramata*, which the vulgar translate blackfoot, of such eminent dignity," said Dalgarno, scarce concealing a sneer. "And my father hath consented? He was ont to say, ere we left Scotland, that the blood of Untinglen and of Glenvarloch would not mingle, ere they poured into the same basin. Perhaps he has a mind to try the experiment."

"My lord," said James, "we will not be longer tripped with—Will you instantly, and *sine mora*, take this dy to your dy, in our chapel?"

"*Statim atque instantèr*," answered Lord Dalgarno; "for I perceive by doing so, I shall obtain power to render great services to the commonwealth—I shall have acquired wealth to supply the wants of your Majesty, and a fair wife to be at the command of his Grace Buckingham."

The Duke rose, passed to the end of the table where Lord Dalgarno was standing, and whispered in his ear. "You have placed a fair sister at my command now."

"This taunt cut deep through Lord Dalgarno's as-

sumed composure. He started as if an adder had stung him, but instantly composed himself, and, fixing on the Duke's still smiling countenance an eye which spoke unutterable hatred, he pointed the forefinger of his left hand to the hilt of his sword, but in a manner which could scarce be observed by any one save Buckingham. The Duke gave him another smile of bitter scorn, and returned to his seat, in obedience to the commands of the King, who continued calling out, "Sit down, Steenie, sit down, I command ye—we will hae nae barns-breaking here."

"Your Majesty needs not fear my patience," said Lord Dalgarno; "and that I may keep it the better, I will not utter another word in this presence, save those enjoined to me in that happy portion of the Prayer-Book, which begins with *Dearly Beloved*, and ends with *amazement*."

"You are a hardened villain, Dalgarno," said the King; "and were I the lass, by my father's saul, I would rather brook the stain of having been your concubine, than run the risk of becoming your wife. But she shall be under our special protection.—Come, my lords, we will ourselves see this blithesome bridal." He gave the signal by rising, and moved towards the door, followed by the train. Lord Dalgarno attended, speaking to none, and spoken to by no one, yet seeming as easy and unembarrassed in his gait and manner as if in reality a happy bridegroom.

They reached the Chapel by a private entrance, which communicated from the royal apartment. The Bishop of Winchester, in his pontifical dress, stood beside the altar; on the other side, supported by Monna Paula, the colourless, faded, half-lifeless form of the Lady Hermione, or Erminia Pauletti. Lord Dalgarno bowed profoundly to her, and the Prince, observing the horror with which she regarded him, walked up, and said to her, with much dignity,—"Madam, ere you put yourself under the authority of this man, let me inform you, he hath in the fullest degree vindicated your honour, so far as concerns your former intercourse. It is for you to consider whether you will put your fortune and happiness into the hands of one, who has shown himself unworthy of all trust."

The lady, with much difficulty, found words to make reply. "I owe to his Majesty's goodness," she said, the care of providing me some reservation out of my own fortune, for my decent sustenance. The rest cannot be better disposed than in buying back the fair fame of which I am deprived, and the liberty of ending my life in peace and seclusion."

"The contract has been drawn up," said the King, "under our own eye, specially discharging the *potestas maritalis*, and agreeing they shall live separate. So buckle them, my Lord Bishop, as fast as you can, that they may sunder again the sooner."

The Bishop accordingly opened his book and commenced the marriage-ceremony, under circumstances so novel and so inauspicious. The responses of the bride were only expressed by inclinations of the head and body; while those of the bridegroom were spoken boldly and distinctly, with a tone resembling levity, if not scorn. When it was concluded, Lord Dalgarno advanced as if to salute the bride, but seeing that she drew back in fear and abhorrence, he contented himself with making her a low bow. He then drew up his form to its height, and stretched himself as if examining the power of his limbs, but elegantly, and without any forcible change of attitude. "I could caper yet," he said, "though I am in fetters—but they are of gold and lightly worn.—Well, I see all eyes look cold on me, and it is time I should withdraw. The sun shines elsewhere than in England! But first I must ask how this fair Lady Dalgarno is to be bestowed. Methinks it is but decent I should know. Is she to be sent to the harem of my Lord Duke? Or is this worthy citizen, as before?"

"Hold thy base ribald tongue!" said his father, Lord Huntingten, who had kept in the background during the ceremony, and now stepping suddenly forward, caught the lady by the arm, and confronted her unworthy husband.—"The Lady Dalgarno," he continued, "shall remain as a widow in my house. A widow I esteem her, as much as if the grave had closed over her dishonoured husband."

Lord Dalgarno exhibited momentary symptoms of extreme confusion, and said, in a submissive tone, "If you, my lord, can wish me dead, I cannot, though your heir, return the compliment. Few of the first-born of Israel," he added, recovering himself from the single touch of emotion he had displayed, "can say so much with truth. But I will convince you ere I go, that I am a true descendant of a house famed for its memory of injuries."

"I marvel your Majesty will listen to him longer," said Prince Charles. "Methinks we have heard enough of his daring insolence."

But James, who took the interest of a true gossip in such a scene as was now passing, could not bear to cut the controversy short, but imposed silence on his son, with "Whisht, Baby Charles—there is a good bairn, whisht!—I want to hear what the frontless loon can say."

"Only, sir," said Dalgarno, "that but for one single line in this schedule, all else that it contains could not have bribed me to take that woman's hand into mine."

"That line maun have been the *summa totalis*," said the King.

"Not so, sire," replied Dalgarno. "The sum total might indeed have been an object for consideration even to a Scottish king, at no very distant period; but it would have had little charms for me, save that I see here an entry which gives me the power of vengeance over the family of Glenvarloch; and learn from it that yonder pale bride, when she put the wedding torch into my hand, gave me the power of burning her mother's house to ashes!"

"How is that?" said the King. "What is he speaking about, Jingling Geordie?"

"This friendly citizen, my liege," said Lord Dalgarno, "hath expended a sum belonging to my lady, and now I thank heaven, to me, in acquiring a certain mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch, which, if it be not redeemed before to-morrow at noon, will put me in possession of the fair demesnes of those who once called themselves our house's rivals."

"Can this be true?" said the King.

"It is even but too true, please your Majesty," answered the citizen. "The Lady Hermione having advanced the money for the original creditor, I was obliged, in honour and honesty, to take the rights to her; and, doubtless, they pass to her husband."

"But the warrant, man," said the King—"the warrant on our Exchequer—Couldna that supply the lady wi' the means of redemption?"

"Unhappily, my liege, he has lost it, or disposed of it—it is not to be found. He is the most unlucky youth!"

"This is a proper spot of work!" said the King, beginning to amble about and play with the points of his doublet and hose, in expression of dismay. "We cannot aid him without paying our debts twice over, and we have, in the present state of our Exchequer, scarce the means of paying them once."

"You have told me news," said Lord Dalgarno, "but I will take no advantage."

"Do not," said his father. "Be a bold villain, since thou must be one, and seek revenge with arms, and not with the usurer's weapons."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Lord Dalgarno. "Pen and ink are now my surest means of vengeance; and more land is won by the lawyer with the run-skin than by the Andrea Ferrara with his sheephead handle. But, as I said before, I will take no advantages. I will await in town to-morrow, near Covent-Garden; if any one will pay the redemption-money to my scrivener, with whom the deeds lie, the better for Lord Glenvarloch; if not, I will go forward on the next day, and travel with all despatch to the north, to take possession."

"Take a father's malison with you, unhappy wretch!" said Lord Huntinglen.

"And a King's, who is *pater patriæ*," said James.

"I trust to bear both lightly," said Lord Dalgarno; and bowing around him, he withdrew; while all present, oppressed, and, as it were, overawed by his determined effrontery, found they could draw breath more freely, when he at length relieved them

of his society. Lord Huntinglen, applying him comfort his new daughter-in-law, withdrew also; and the King, with his privy-council, who had not dismissed, again returned to his chamber, though the hour was unusually late. His attendance was still commanded, but for reason was not explained to him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

—I'll play the eavesdropper.

Richard III., Act V., 8.

JAMES had no sooner resumed his seat at the council-board, than he began to hitch in his chair, use his handkerchief, and make other signs that he meditated a long speech. The council posed themselves to the becoming degree of tedium. Charles, as strict in his notions of decorum as his father was indifferent to it, fixed himself in attitude of rigid and respectful attention, with haughty favourite, conscious of his power over father and son, stretched himself more easily seated, and, in assuming an appearance of listlessness, seemed to pay a debt to ceremonial rather than to duty.

"I doubt not, my lords," said the Monarch, "some of you may be thinking the hour of repose is past, and that it is time to ask with the slave comedy—*Quid de symbolo?*—Nevertheless, to discuss and exercise judgment is our meat and drink, and now we are to pray your wisdom to consider the case of this unhappy youth, Lord Glenvarloch, whether, consistently with our honour, any can be done in his favour."

"I am surprised at your Majesty's wisdom in the inquiry," said the Duke; "it is plain that the Duke hath proved one of the most insolent villains in the land, and it must therefore be clear, that if Lord Glenvarloch had run him through the body, there would have been out of the world a knave who had done it too long. I think Lord Glenvarloch hath been wrong; and I regret that, by the persuasion of a false fellow, I have myself had some hand in it."

"Ye speak like a child, Steenie—I mean my Lord of Buckingham," answered the King, "and that does not understand the logic of the deed for an action may be inconsequential or even trivial, *quoad hominem*, that is, as touching him whom it is acted; and yet most criminal, *quoad* considering the place wherein it is done; as may lawfully dance Christy Beattie or any dance in a tavern, but not *inter parietes cœli* that, though it may have been a good deed, stuck Lord Dalgarno, being such as he has himself, anywhere else, yet it fell under the plume, when violence was offered within the walls of the Court. For, let me tell you, my lords, the against striking would be of small use in our if it could be eluded by justifying the person to be a knave. It is much to be lamented that the Court in Christendom where knaves are to be found; and if men are to break the pretence of beating them, why, it will rain staves in our very antechamber."

"What your Majesty says," replied Prince Charles, "is marked with your usual wisdom—the prepalaces must be sacred as well as the persons, which are respected even in the most rous nations, as being one step only beneath divinities. But your Majesty's will can sever of this and every other law, and it is power, on consideration of his case, to grant the young man a free pardon."

"*Rem acu tetigisti, Carole, mi puerule*," said the King; "and know, my lords, that we have shrewd device and gift of our own, already in the very depth of this Lord Glenvarloch's dilemma, I trow there be among you some that remember handling in the curious case of my Lady Lauchlin how I triumphed them about the story of her

* The old-fashioned weapon called the Jeddard, a species of battle-axe. Of a very great tempest, it is said south of Scotland, that it rains Jeddard staffs, as in the common people talk of its raining cats and dogs.

behind the arras.* Now this put me to cogitation, and I remembered me of having read that Dionysius, King of Syracuse, whom historians call *Tigarrus*, which signifieth not in the Greek tongue, as in ours, a truculent usurper, but a royal king who governs, it may be, something more strictly than we and other awful monarchs, whom the ancients termed *Basilis*.—Now this Dionysius of Syracuse caused cunning workmen to build for himself a *lugg*—D'y'e ken what that is, my Lord Bishop?"

"A cathedral, I presume to guess," answered the Bishop.

"What the deil, man—I crave your lordship's pardon for swearing—but it was no cathedral—only a lurking-place called the king's *lugg*, or *ear*, where he could sit undescried, and hear the converse of his prisoners. Now, sirs, in imitation of this Dionysius, whom I took for my pattern, the rather that he was a great linguist and grammarian, and taught a school with good applause after his abdication, (either he or his successor of the same name, it matters not whilk)—I have caused them to make a *lugg* up at the state-prison of the Tower yonder, more like a pulpit than a cathedral, my Lord Bishop—and communicating with the arras behind the Lieutenant's chamber, where we may sit and privily hear the discourse of such prisoners as are pent up there for state-offences, and so creep into the very secrets of our enemies."

The Prince cast a glance towards the Duke, expressive of great vexation and disgust. Buckingham shrugged his shoulders, but the motion was so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

"Weel, my lords, ye ken the fray at the hunting this morning—I shall not get out of the trembling anxieties until I have a sound night's sleep—just after that, they bring ye in a pretty page that had been found in the Park. We were warned against examining him ourselves by the anxious care of those around us; nevertheless, holding our life ever at the service of these kingdoms, we commanded all to avoid the room, the rather that we suspected this boy to be a girl. What think ye, my lords?—few of you would have thought I had a hawk's eye for sic gen'rs; but we thank God, that though we are old, we know so much of such toys as may besem a man of decent gravity. Weel, my lords, we questioned this maiden in male attire ourselves, and I profess it was a very pretty interrogatory, and well followed. For though she at first professed that she assumed this disguise in order to countenance the woman who should present us with the Lady Hermione's petition, for whom she professed entire affection; yet when we, suspecting

* Whether out of a meddling propensity common to all who have a gossiping disposition, or from the love of justice, which ought to make part of a prince's character, James was very fond of inquiring personally into the cases *clibers* which occurred during his reign. In the impudency of the Boy of Bilson, who pretended to be possessed, and of one Richard Haydock, a poor scholar, who pretended to preach during his sleep, the King, to the historian Wilson's credit, took delight in sounding with the line of his understanding, the depth of these British impostures, and in doing so, shewed the naughtiness with which he was endowed by Nature. Lady Lake's story consisted in a clamorous complaint against the Countess of Exeter, whom she accused of a purpose to put to death Lady Lake herself, and her daughter, Lady Ros, the wife of the Countess's own son-in-law, Lord Ross; and a forged letter was produced, in which Lady Exeter was made to acknowledge such a purpose. The account given of the occasion of obtaining this letter, was, that it had been written by the Countess at Wimbledon, in presence of Lady Lake and her daughter, Lady Ros, being designed to procure their forgiveness for her mischievous intention. The King remained still unsatisfied, the writing, in his opinion, bearing strong marks of forgery. Lady Lake and her daughter then alleged, that, besides their own attestation, and that of a confidential domestic, named Diego, in whose presence Lady Exeter had written the confession, their story might also be supported by the oath of their waiting maid, who had been placed behind the hangings at the time the letter was written, and heard the Countess of Exeter read over the confession after she had signed it. Determined to be at the bottom of this accusation, James, while hunting one day near Wimbledon, the scene of the alleged confession, suddenly left his sport, and, calling hastily to Wimbledon, in order to examine personally the room, discovered, from the size of the apartment, that the alleged conversation could not have taken place in the manner sworn to; and that the tapestry of the chamber, which had remained in the same state for thirty years, was too short by two feet, and, therefore could not have concealed any one behind it. This matter was accounted an exclusive discovery of the King by his own spirit of astute investigation. The parties were punished in the Star Chamber by fine and imprisonment.

anguis in herba, did put her to the very question, she was compelled to own a virtuous attachment for Glenvarlochides, in such a pretty passion of shame and fear, that we had much ado to keep our own eyes from keeping company with hers in weeping. Also, she laid before us the false practices of this Dalgarno towards Glenvarlochides, inveigling him into houses of ill resort, and giving him evil counsel under pretext of sincere friendship, whereby the inexperienced lad was led to do what was prejudicial to himself, and offensive to us. But, however prettily she told her tale, we determined not altogether to trust to her narration, but rather to try the experiment whilk we had devised for such occasions. And having ourselves speedily passed from Greenwich to the Tower, we constituted ourselves eavesdropper, as it is called, to observe what should pass between Glenvarlochides and this page, whom we caused to be admitted to his apartment, well judging that if they were of counsel together to deceive us, it could not be but something of it would spunk out—And what think ye we saw, my lords?—Naething for you to sniggle and laugh at, Steenie—for I question if you could have played the temperate and Christian-like part of this poor lad Glenvarloch. He might be a Father of the Church in comparison of you, man.—And then, to try his patience yet farther, we loosed on him a courtier and a citizen, that is Sir Mungo Malagrowth and our servant George Heriot here, who dang the poor lad about, and didna greatly spare our royal selves.—You mind, Geordie, what you said about the wives and concubines? but I forgive ye, man—nae need of kneeling, I forgive ye—the reader that it regards a certain particular, whilk, as it added not much to Solomon's credit, the lack of it cannot be said to impinge on ours. Aweel, my lords, for all temptation of sore distress and evil example, this poor lad never loosed his tongue on us to say one unbecoming word—which inclines us the rather, acting always by your wise advice, to treat this affair of the Park as a thing done in the heat of blood, and under strong provocation, and therefore to confer our free pardon on Lord Glenvarloch."

"I am happy your gracious Majesty," said the Duke of Buckingham, "has arrived at that conclusion, though I could never have guessed at the road by which you attained it."

"I trust," said Prince Charles, "that it is not a path which your Majesty will think it consistent with your high dignity to tread frequently."

"Never while I live again. Baby Charles, that I give you my royal word on. They say that hearkeners hear ill tales of themselves—by my soul, my very ears are tingling wi' that auld sorrow Sir Mungo's sarcasms. He called us close-fisted, Steenie—I am sure you can contradict that. But it is mere envy in the auld mutilated sinner, because he himself has neither a noble to hold in his loof, nor fingers to close on it if he had." Here the King lost recollection of Sir Mungo's irreverence in chuckling over his own wit, and only farther alluded to it by saying—"We must give the old maenderer *bos in linguam*—something to stop his mouth, or he will rail at us from Dan to Beersheba.—And now, my lords, let our warrant of mercy to Lord Glenvarloch be presently expedited, and he put to his freedom; and as his estate is likely to go so slaveless a gate, we will consider what means of favour we can show him.—My lords, I wish you an appetite to an early supper—for our labours have approached that term.—Baby Charles and Steenie, you will remain till our couchee.—My Lord Bishop, you will be pleased to stay to bless our meat.—Geordie Heriot, a word with you apart."

His Majesty then drew the citizen into a corner, while the counsellors, those excepted who had been commanded to remain, made their obeisance, and withdrew. "Geordie," said the King, "my good and trusty servant"—Here he busied his fingers much with the points and ribands of his dress.—"Ye see that we have granted, from our own natural sense of right and justice, that which you long-backed fallow, Monplies I think they ca' him, proffered to purchase from us with a mighty bribe; whilk we refused, as being a crowned King, who wad neither sell our jus-

tice nor our mercy for pecuniar consideration. Now, what think ye should be the upshot of this?"

"My Lord Glenvarloch's freedom, and his restoration to your Majesty's favour," said Heriot.

"I ken that," said the King, "easily. Ye are very dull to-day. I mean, what do you think this fellow Monplies should think about the matter?"

"Surely that your Majesty is a most good and gracious sovereign," answered Heriot.

"We had need to be good and gracious houth," said the King, still more pertly, "that have idiots about us that cannot understand what we want at unless we speak it out in braud Lowlands. See this chield Monplies, sir, and tell him what we have done for Lord Glenvarloch, in whom he takes such part, out of our own gracious motion, though we refused to do it on any proffer of private advantage. Now, you may put it till him, as if of your own mind, whether it will be a gracious or a dutiful part in him, to press us for present payment of the two or three hundred miserable pounds for which we were obliged to opignorate our jewels? Indeed, many men may think ye had do the part of a good citizen, if you took it on yourself to refuse him payment, seeing he hath had what he professed to esteem full satisfaction, and considering, moreover, that it is evident he hath no pressing need of the money, wherof we have much necessity."

George Heriot sighed internally. "O my Master," thought he—"my dear Master, is it then fated you are never to indulge any kindly or noble sentiment, without its being sullied by some afterthought of interested selfishness?"

The King troubled himself not about what he thought, but taking him by the collar, said, "Ye ken my meaning now, Jingle-awa-wee. You are a wise man—manage it your ain gate. But forget not our present straits." The citizen made his obeisance, and withdrew.

"And now, bairns," said the King, "what do you look upon each other for—and what have you got to ask of your dear dad and gawp?"

"Only," said the Prince, "that it would please your Majesty to command the looking-place at the prison to be presently built up—the grons of a captive should not be brought in evidence against him."

"What! build up my lugg, Baby Charles? And yet, better deaf than hear ill tales of oneself. So let them build it up, hard and fast, without delay, the rather that my back is sair with sitting in it for a whole hour.—And now let us see what the cooks have been doing for us, bonny bairns."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

To this brave man the bright repairs
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him mounted on his pew
With books and money placed for show.
Like nest eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.—*Edwards.*

Our readers may recollect a certain smooth-tongued, hawk-haired, buckram-suited, Scottish scrivener, who, in the first part of this history, appeared in the character of a protégé of George Heriot. It is to his house we are about to remove, but times have changed with him. The petty booth hath become a chamber of importance—the buckram suit is changed into black velvet; and although the wearer retains his puritanical humility and politeness to clients of consequence, he can now look others broad in the face, and treat them with a full allowance of superior opulence, and the insolence arising from it. It was but a short period that had achieved these alterations, nor was the party himself as yet entirely accustomed to them, but the change was becoming less embarrassing to him with every day's practice. Among other acquisitions of wealth, you may see one of Davy Ramsay's best timepieces on the table, and his eye is frequently observing its revolutions, while a boy, whom he employs as a scribe, is occasionally sent out to compare its progress with the clock of Saint Dunstan.

The scrivener himself seemed considerably agita-

ted. He took from a strong-box a bundle of parchment, and read passages of them with great attention; then began to soliloquize—"There is no one will so few can suggest—no back-door of evasion—none of the lands of Glenvarloch are not redeemed before it rings noon. Lord Dalgarno has them as pennyworth. Strange, that he should have been last able to get his patron at defiance, and afterwards himself the fair estate, with the prospect of what so long flattered the powerful Buckingham.—Ye no Andrew Skurlewittier nick him as neatly. He hath been my patron—true—not more than Buckingham was his; and he can be so no more, for he has presently for Scotland. I am glad of it—I hate him and I fear him. He knows too many of my secrets—I know too many of his. But, no—no—I will never attempt it, there are no means of over-reaching him. Well, Willie, what o'clock?"

"Eleven hours just chappit, sir," said the scrivener. "Go to your desk without, child," said the scrivener. "What to do next? I shall lose the old fair business, and, what is worse, his son's future one. Old Heriot looks too close into business, permit me more than the paltry and ordinary. The Whitefriars business was profitable, but it has become unsafe ever since—pah!—what brought it in my head just now? I can hardly hold my tongue if men should see me in this way!—Willie, (said aloud to the boy,) "a cup of distilled water—now I could face the devil."

He spoke the last words aloud, and close to the door of the apartment, which was suddenly opened by Richie Monplies, followed by two gentlemen attended by two porters bearing money-bags. "Ye can face the devil, Maister Skurlewittier," said Richie, "ye will be the less likely to turn pale on a sack or two of siller, which I have a freedom to bring you. Nathanas and Maister near skin." The porters, at the same time, threw their load on the floor.

"I—I," stammered the surprised scrivener, "cannot guess what you mean, sir."

"Only that I have brought you the redemption money on the part of Lord Glenvarloch, in payment of a certain mortgage over his family inheritance. And here, in good time, comes Maister Reginald Lowestoffe, and another honourable gentleman, the Tangle, to be witnesses to the transaction."

"I—I incline to think," said the scrivener, "the term is expired."

"You will pardon us, Maister Scrivener," said Lowestoffe. "You will not baffle us—it was the quarters of noon by every clock in the city."

"I must have time, gentlemen," said Andrew, "examine the gold by tale and weight."

"Do so at your leisure, Maister Scrivener," replied Lowestoffe again. "We have already seen the contents of each sack told and weighed, and we have put our seals on them. There they stand in a row, twenty in number, each containing three hundred yellow-hammers—we are witnesses to the tender."

"Gentlemen," said the scrivener, "this sack now belongs to a mighty lord. I pray you show your haste, and let me send for Lord Dalgarno, rather I will run for him myself."

So saying, he took up his hat; but Lowestoffe called out, "Friend Monplies, keep the door fast, thou be'st a man! he seeks but to put off the time. In plain terms, Andrew, you may send for the gold if you will, who is the mightiest lord of my acquaintance, but from hence you stir not till you have answered our proposition, by rejecting or accepting the redemption-money fairly tendered—there it lies, or it or leave it as you will. I have skill enough to know that the law is mightier than any lord in Britain, have learned so much at the Temple, if I have learned nothing else. And see that you trifle not with Skurlewittier."

"Nay, gentlemen, if you threaten me," said the scrivener, "I cannot resist compulsion."

"No threats—no threats at all, my little Andrew," said Lowestoffe; "a little friendly advice"

forget not, honest Andrew, I have seen you in Alitia."

Without answering a single word, the scrivener sat down, and drew in proper form a full receipt for the money proffered.

"I take it on your report, Master Lowestoffe," he said; "I hope you will remember I have insisted either upon weight nor tale—I have been civil—if there is deficiency, I shall come to loss."

"Fillip his nose with a gold piece, Richie," quoth the templar. "Take up the papers, and now wend merrily to dine thou wot'st where."

"If I might choose," said Richie, "it should not be at yonder roguish ordinary; but as it is your pleasure, gentlemen, the treat shall be given wheresoever you will have it."

"At the ordinary," said the one Templar.

"At Beaujeu's," said the other; "it is the only house in London for neat wines, nimble drawers, choice dishes, and"—

"And high charges," quoth Richie Moniplies. "But, as I said before, gentlemen, ye have a right command me in this thing, having so frankly rendered me your service in this small matter of business, without other stipulation than that of a slight inquet."

The latter part of this discourse passed in the street here immediately afterwards, they met Lord Dalgarno. He appeared in haste, touched his hat slightly.

Master Lowestoffe, who returned his reverence with the same negligence, and walked slowly on with his companion, while Lord Dalgarno stopped chief Moniplies with a commanding sign, which the strict of education compelled Moniplies, though inquisant, to obey.

"Whom do you now follow, sirrah?" demanded a noble.

"Whomsoever goeth before me, my lord," answered Moniplies.

"No sauciness, you knave—I desire to know if you still serve Nigel Olifaunt?" said Dalgarno.

"I am friend to the noble Lord Glenvarloch," answered Moniplies, with dignity.

"True," replied Lord Dalgarno, "that noble lord is sunk to seek friends among lacqueys—Nevertheless—hark thee hither—nevertheless, if he be of the me mind as when we last met, thou mayst show me that, on to-morrow at four afternoon, I shall be northward by Enfield Chase—I will be slender-attended, as I design to send my train through forest, and to linger awhile by Camlet Moat—he owes the place; and if he be sought but an Alsatian, will think it fitter for some purposes than the rank. He is, I understand, at liberty, or shortly to so. If he fail me at the place nominated, he must seek me in Scotland, where he will find me possessors of his father's estate and lands."

"Humph!" muttered Richie; "there go two words that bargain."

He even meditated a joke on the means which he is conscious he possessed of baffling Lord Dalgarno's expectations; but there was something of keen and dangerous excitement in the eyes of the young blemen, which prompted his discretion for once to let his wit, and he only answered—

"God grant your lordship may well brook your conquest—when you get it. I shall do your errand to my lord—whilst is to say," he added internally, "he shall never hear a word of it from Richie. I am not the lad to put him in such hazard."

Lord Dalgarno looked at him sharply for a moment, as if to penetrate the meaning of the dry ironical tone, which, in spite of Richie's awe, mingled with his answer, and then waved his hand, in signal should pass on. He himself walked slowly till the two were out of sight, then turned back with hasty steps to the door of the scrivener, which he had passed in his progress, knocked, and was admitted.

Lord Dalgarno found the man of law with the money-bags still standing before him; and it escaped his penetrating glance, that Skurlewhitter was concerned and alarmed at his approach.

"How now, man," he said; "what! hast thou not

a word of oily compliment to me on my happy marriage?—not a word of most philosophical consolation on my disgrace at Court?—Or has my mien, as a wittol and discarded favourite, the properties of the Gorgon's head, the *turbata Paladis arma*, as Majesty might say?"

"My lord, I am glad—my lord, I am sorry"—answered the trembling scrivener, who, aware of the vivacity of Lord Dalgarno's temper, dreaded the consequence of the communication he had to make to him.

"Glad and sorry!" answered Lord Dalgarno.—"That is blowing hot and cold with a witness. Hark ye, you picture of petty larceny personified—if you are sorry I am a cuckold, remember I am only mine own, you knave—there is too little blood in her cheeks to have sent her astray elsewhere. Well, I will bear mine antlered honours as I may—gold shall gild them; and for my disgrace, revenge shall sweeten it. Ay, revenge—and there strikes the happy hour!"

The hour of noon was accordingly heard to peal from Saint Dunstan's. "Well banged, brave hammer!" said Lord Dalgarno in triumph. "The estate and lands of Glenvarloch are crushed beneath these clanging blows. If my steel to-morrow prove but as true as your iron maces to-day, the poor landless lord will little miss what your peal hath cut him out from.—The papers—the papers, thou varlet! I am to-morrow Northward, ho! At four afternoon, I am bound to be at Camlet Moat, in the Enfield Chase. To-night most of my retinue set forward. The papers!—Come, dispatch."

"My lord, the—the papers of the Glenvarloch mortgage—I—I have them not."

"Have them not!" echoed Lord Dalgarno—"Hast thou sent them to my lodging, thou varlet? Did I not say I was coming hither?—What mean you by pointing to that money? What villany have you done for it? It is too large to be come honestly by."

"Your lordship knows best," answered the scrivener, in great perturbation. "The gold is your own. It is—it is!"

"Not the redemption money of the Glenvarloch estate!" said Dalgarno. "Dare not say it is, or I will, upon the spot, divorce your pettifoggish soul from your carrion carcass!" So saying, he seized the scrivener by the collar and shook him so vehemently, that he tore it from the cassock.

"My lord, I must call for help," said the trembling caiff, who felt at that moment all the bitterness of the mortal agony—"It was the law's act, not mine. What could I do?"

"Dost ask?—why, thou snivelling dribblet of damnation, were all thy oaths, tricks, and lies spent? or do you hold yourself too good to utter them in my service? Thou shouldst have lied, cozened, out-sworn truth itself, rather than stood betwixt me and my revenge! But mark me," he continued; "I know more of your pranks than would hang thee. A line from me to the Attorney-General, and thou art sped."

"What would you have me to do, my lord?" said the scrivener. "All that art and law can accomplish, I will try."

"Ah, are you converted? do so, or pity of your life!" said the lord; "and remember I never fail my word.—Then keep that accursed gold," he continued. "Or, stay, I will not trust you—send me this gold home presently to my lodging. I will still forward to Scotland, and it shall go hard but that I hold out Glenvarloch Castle against the owner, by means of the ammunition he has himself furnished. Thou art ready to serve me?" The scrivener professed the most implicit obedience.

"Then remember, the hour was passed ere payment was tendered—and see thou hast witnesses of trusty memory to prove that point."

"Tush, my lord, I will do more," said Andrew, reviving—"I will prove that Lord Glenvarloch's friends threatened, swaggered, and drew swords on me.—Did your lordship think I was ungrateful enough to have suffered them to prejudice your lordship, save that they had bare swords at my throat?"

"Enough said," replied Dalgarno; "you are per-

fact—mind that you continue so, as you would avoid my fury. I leave my page below—get porters, and let them follow me instantly with the gold."

So saying, Lord Dalgarno left the scrivener's habitation.

Skurlewittier, having despatched his boy to get porters of trust for transporting the money, remained alone and in dismay, meditating by what means he could shake himself free of the vindictive and ferocious nobleman, who possessed at once a dangerous knowledge of his character, and the power of exposing him, where exposure would be ruin. He had indeed acquiesced in the plan, rapidly sketched, for obtaining possession of the ransomed estate, but his experience foresaw that this would be impossible; while, on the other hand, he could not anticipate the various consequences of Lord Dalgarno's resentment, without fears, from which his sordid soul recoiled. To be in the power, and subject both to the humours and the extortions of a spendthrift young lord, just when his industry had shaped out the means of fortune,—it was the most cruel trick which fate could have played the incipient usurer.

While the scrivener was in this fit of anxious anticipation, one knocked at the door of the apartment; and, being desired to enter, appeared in the coarse riding-cloak of uncut Wiltshire cloth, fastened by a broad leather belt and brass buckle, which was then generally worn by graziers and countrymen. Skurlewittier, believing he saw in his visitor a country client who might prove profitable, had opened his mouth to request him to be seated, when the stranger, throwing back his frieze hood which he had drawn over his face, showed the scrivener features well imprinted in his recollection, but which he never saw without a disposition to swoon.

"Is it you?" he said, faintly, as the stranger replaced the hood which concealed his features.

"Who else should it be?" said his visitor.

"Then son of parchment, got betwixt the inkhorn
And the staff'd process-bag—that mayest call
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,
The wax thy brother, and the seal thy sister,
And the good pillory thy cousin allied—
Kiss, and do reverence unto me, thy better!"

"Not yet down to the country," said the scrivener, "after every warning? Do not think your grazier's cloak will bear you out, captain—no, nor your scraps of stage-plays."

"Why, what would you have me to do?" said the captain—"Would you have me starve? If I am to fly, you must eke my wings with a few feathers. You can spare them, I think."

"You had means already—you have had ten pieces—What is become of them?"

"Gone," answered Captain Colepepper—"Gone, no matter where—I had a mind to bite, and I was bitten, that's all—I think my hand shook at the thought of tother night's work, for I trowled the doctors like a very baby."

"And you have lost all, then?—Well, take this and be gone," said the scrivener.

"What, two pockermelts! Marry, plague of your bounty!—But remember, you are as deep in as I."

"Not so, by Heaven!" answered the scrivener; "I only thought of easing the old man of some papers and a trifle of his gold, and you took his life."

"Were he living," answered Colepepper, "he would rather have lost it than his money.—But that is not the question, Master Skurlewittier—you undid the private bolts of the window when you visited him about some affairs on the day ere he died—so satisfy yourself, that, if I am taken, I will not swing alone. Pity Jack Hempstead is dead, it spoils the old catch,

"And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men are we,
As ever did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree."

"For God's sake, speak lower," said the scrivener; "is this a place or time to make your midnight catches heard?—But how much will serve your turn? I tell you I am but ill provided."

"You tell me a lie, then," said the bully—"a most palpable and gross lie.—How much, d'ye say, will

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id his companion were not indisposed to a little merriment at the expense of the raw and pedantic Scotsman; besides the chance of easing him of a few pence, of which he appeared to have acquired considerable command. But not even a succession of measures of sparkling sack, in which the little brilliant ones circulated like motes in the sun's rays, had the least effect on Richie's sense of decorum. He retained the gravity of a judge, even while he drank like a lion, partly from his own natural inclination to good cheer, partly in the way of good fellowship towards his guests. When the wine began to make some impression on their heads, Master Lowestoffe, tired, perhaps, of the humours of Richie, who began to become more stoically contradictory and dogmatical than even in the earlier part of the entertainment, proposed his friend to break up their debauch and join the merrymen.

The drawer was called accordingly, and Richie discharged the reckoning of the party, with a generous muneration to the attendants, which was received with cap and knee, and many assurances of—"Kind-welcome, gentlemen."

"I grieve we should part so soon, gentlemen," said Richie to his companions,—"and I would you had asked another quart ere you went, or stayed to take me slight matter of supper, and a glass of Rhenish. Thank you, however, for having graced my poor collection thus far; and I commend you to fortune, in your own courses, for the ordinary neither was, is, nor shall be, an element of mine."

"Fare thee well, then," said Lowestoffe, "most pient and sententious Master Monipies. May you have another mortgage to redeem, and may I there to witness it; and may you play the good fellow as heartily as you have done this day."

"Nay, gentlemen, it is merely of your grace to say so—but, if you would but hear me speak a few words of admonition respecting this wicked ordinary."

"Reserve the lesson, most honourable Richie," said Lowestoffe, "until I have lost all my money," owing, at the same time, a purse indifferently well oiled, "and then the lecture is likely to have some effect."

"And keep my share of it, Richie," said the other exemplar, showing an almost empty purse, in his turn, "ill this be full again, and then I will promise to hear you with some patience."

"Ay, ay, gallants," said Richie, "the full and the empty gang a' ne gate, and that is a gray one—but the ne will come."

"Nay, it is come already," said Lowestoffe; "they've set out the hazard table. Since you will tempt me not to go with us, why, farewell, Richie."

"And farewell, gentlemen," said Richie, and left the house, into which they had returned.

Monipies was not many steps from the door, when person, whom, lost in his reflections on gaming, ornaments, and the manners of the age, he had not observed, and who had been as negligent on his part, in full against him; and, when Richie desired to know whether he meant "any incivility," replied by a curse on Scotland, and all that belonged to it. A less und reflection on his country would, at any time, have provoked Richie, but more especially when he had a double quart of Canary and better in his pate. He was about to give a very rough answer, and to second his word by action, when a closer view of his antagonist changed his purpose.

"You are the vera lad in the world," said Richie, whom I most wished to meet."

"And you," answered the stranger, "or any of our beggarly countrymen, are the last sight I should ever wish to see. You Scots are ever fair and false, and an honest man cannot thrive within eyeshot of you."

"As to our poverty, friend," replied Richie, "that is a Heaven pleases; but touching our falsehood, I'll prove to you that a Scotsman bears as leal and true a heart to his friend as ever beat in English doublet."

"I care not whether he does or not," said the galloway. "Let me go—why keep you hold of my cloak? Let me go, or I will thrust you into the kennel."

"I believe I could forgive ye, for you did me a good turn once, in plucking me out of it," said the Scot.

"Beshrew my fingers, then, if they did so," replied the stranger. "I would your whole country lay there, along with you; and Heaven's curse blight the hand that helped to raise them!—Why do you stop my way?" he added fiercely.

"Because it is a bad one, Master Jenkin," said Richie. "Nay, never start about it, man—you see you are known. Alack-a-day! that an honest man's son should live to start at hearing himself called by his own name!" Jenkin struck his brow violently with his clenched fist.

"Come, come," said Richie, "this passion availeth nothing. Tell me what gate go you?"

"To the devil!" answered Jin Vin.

"That is a black gate, if you speak according to the letter," answered Richie; "but if metaphorically, there are worse places in this great city than the Devil Tavern; and I care not if I go thither with you, and bestow a pottle of burnt sack on you—it will correct the crudities of my stomach, and form a gentle preparative for the leg of a cold pullet."

"I pray, you, in good fashion, to let me go," said Jenkin. "You may mean me kindly, and I wish you to have no wrong at my hand; but I am in the humour to be dangerous to myself, or any one."

"I will abide the risk," said the Scot, "if you will but come with me; and here is a place convenient, a howff nearer than the Devil, whilk is but an ill-omened drouthy name for a tavern. This other of the Saint Andrew is a quiet place, where I have ta'en my whether now and then when I lodg'd in the neighbourhood of the Temple with Lord Glenvarloch. —What the devil's the matter wi' the man, garr'd him gie sic a spang as that, and almaist brought himself and me on the causeway?"

"Do not name that false Scot's name to me," said Jin Vin. "If you would not have me go mad—I was happy before I saw him—he has been the cause of all the ill that has befallen me—he has made a knave and a madman of me!"

"If you are a knave," said Richie, "you have met an officer—if you are daft, you have met a keeper; but a gentle officer and a kind keeper. Look you, my gude friend, there has been twenty things said about this same lord, in which there is no more truth than in the leasings of Mahound. The worst they can say of him is, that he is not always so amenable to good advice as I would pray him, you, and every young man, to be. Come wi' me—just come ye wi' me; and, if a little spell of siller and a great deal of excellent counsel can relieve your occasions, all I can say is, you have had the luck to meet one capable of giving you both, and maist willing to bestow them."

The pertinacity of the Scot prevailed over the sullenness of Vincent, who was indeed in a state of agitation and incapacity to think for himself, which led him to yield the more readily to the suggestions of another. He suffered himself to be dragged into the small tavern which Richie recommended, and where they soon found themselves seated in a snug niche, with a reeking pottle of burnt sack, and a paper of sugar betwixt them. Pipes and tobacco were also provided, but were only used by Richie, who had adopted the custom of late, as adding considerably to the gravity and importance of his manner, and affording, as it were, a bland and pleasant accompaniment to the words of wisdom which flowed from his tongue. After they had filled their glasses and drunk them in silence, Richie repeated the question, whether his guest was going when they met so fortunately.

"I told you," said Jenkin, "I was going to destruction—I mean to the gaming-house. I am resolved to hazard these two or three pieces, to get as much as will pay for a passage with Captain Sharkie, whose ship lies at Gravesend, bound for America—whose ship lies at Gravesend, bound for America—and so Eastward, ho!—I met one devil in the way already, who would have tempted me from my purpose, but I spurned him from me—you may be another for what I know.—What degree of damnation do you propose for me," he added wildly, "and what is the price of it?"

"I would have you to know," answered Richie "that I deal in no such commodities, whether as buyer or seller. But if you will tell me honestly the cause of your distress, I will do what is in my power to help you out of it,—not being, however, prodigal of promises, until I know the case; as a learned physician only gives advice when he has observed the diagnostics."

"No one has any thing to do with my affairs," said the poor lad; and folding his arms on the table, he laid his head upon them, with the sullen dejection of the overburdened lama, when it throws itself down to die in desperation.

Richie Monipplies, like most folk who have a good opinion of themselves, was fond of the task of consolation, which at once displayed his superiority, (for the consoler is necessarily, for the time at least, superior to the afflicted person,) and indulged his love of talking. He inflicted on the poor penitent a harangue of pitiless length, stuffed full of the usual topics of the mutability of human affairs—the eminent advantages of patience under affliction—the folly of grieving for what hath no remedy—the necessity of taking more care for the future, and some gentle rebukes on account of the past, which acid he threw in to assist in subduing the patient's obstinacy, as Hannibal used vinegar in cutting his way through rocks. It was not in human nature to endure this flood of commonplace eloquence in silence; and Jin Vin, whether desirous of stopping the flow of words crammed thus into his ear, "against the stomach of his sense," or whether confiding in Richie's protestations of friendship, which the wretched, says Fielding, are ever so ready to believe, or whether merely to give his sorrows vent in words, raised his head, and turning his red and swollen eyes to Richie—

"Cocksbones, man, only hold thy tongue, and thou shalt know all about it,—and then all I ask of thee is to shake hands and part.—This Margaret Ramsay,—you have seen her, man?"

"Once," said Richie, "once, at Master George Heriot's, in Lombard Street—I was in the room when they dined."

"Ay, you helped to shift their trenchers, I remember," said Jin Vin. "Well, that same pretty girl—and I will uphold her the prettiest betwixt Paul's and the Bar—she is to be wedded to your Lord Glenvarloch, with a pestilence on him!"

"That is impossible," said Richie; "it is raving nonsense, man—they make April ghouls of you cocksneys every month in the year.—The Lord Glenvarloch marry the daughter of a Lonnnon mechanic! I would as soon believe the great Prester John would marry the daughter of a Jew packman."

"Hark ye, brother," said Jin Vin, "I will allow no one to speak disregardingly of the city, for all I am in trouble."

"I crave your pardon, man—I meant no offence," said Richie; "but as to the marriage, it is a thing simply impossible."

"It is a thing that will take place, though, for the Duke and the Prince, and all of them, have a finger in it; and especially the old fool of a King, that makes her out to be some great woman in her own country, as all the Scots pretend to be, you know."

"Master Vincent, but that you are under affliction," said the consoler, offended, on his part, "I would hear no national reflections."

The afflicted youth apologized in his turn, but asserted, "it was true that the King said Peg-a-Ramsay was some far-off sort of noblewoman; and that he had taken a great interest in the match, and had run about like an old gander, cackling about Peggie ever since he had seen her in hose and doublet—and no wonder," added poor Vin, with a deep sigh.

"This may be all true," said Richie, "though it sounds strange in my ears; but, man, you should not speak evil of dignities.—Curse not the King, Jenkin; not even in thy bedchamber—stone walls have ears—no one has a right to know that better than I."

"I do not curse the foolish old man," said Jenkin; "but I would have them carry things a peg lower.—If they were to see on a plain field, thirty thousand such pikes as I have seen in the artillery gardens, it

would not be their long-haired courtiers we them, I trow."

"Hout tout, man," said Richie, "mind ye Stewarts come frae, and never think the want spears or claymores either; but let matters, whilk are perilous to speak on, I more, what is your concern in all this matter?"

"What is it?" said Jenkin; "why, have I on Peg-a-Ramsay to be my true love, from I came to her old father's shop? and have I ried her pattens and her chopines for three; borne her prayer-book to church, and bric cushion for her to kneel down upon, and dis say me nay?"

"I see no cause she had," said Richie, "of such small services were all that ye profess man! there are few—very few, either of wise men, ken how to guide a woman."

"Why, did I not serve her at the risk of dom, and very nigh at the risk of my neck? not—no, it was not her neither, but that beldam whom she caused to work upon suade me like a fool to turn myself into a v to help my lord, and a plague to him, down land? and instead of going peaceably down ship at Gravesend, did not he rant and b show his pistols, and make me land him's wich, where he played some swaggering pr helped both him and me into the Tower?"

"Aha!" said Richie, throwing more than wisdom into his looks; "so you were the gret ed waterman that rowed Lord Glenvarloch the river?"

"The more fool I, that did not souse his Thames," said Jenkin; "and I was the I would not confess one word of who or wha though they threatened to make me hug the Exeter's daughter."

"Wha is she, man?" said Richie; "she's an ill-fashioned piece, if you're so much afool and she come of such high kin."

"I mean the rack—the rack, man," said Jenkin. "Where were you bred that never heard Duke of Exeter's daughter? But all the duchesses in England could have got nothin me—so the truth came out some other way was set free.—Home I ran, thinking myself the cleverest and happiest fellows in the war she—she—she wanted to pay me with money my true service! and she spoke so sweetly coldly at the same time, I wished myself in t east dungeon of the Tower—I wished they had me to death before I heard this Scottishman chouse me out of my sweetheart!"

"But are ye sure ye have lost her?" said Richie. "It sounds strange in my ears that my Lord varloch should marry the daughter of a though there are uncouth marriages made in I'll allow that."

"Why, I tell you this lord was no sooner the Tower, than he and Master George Heriot to make proposals for her, with the King's favour for this lord, for he hath not an land."

"Well, and what said the auld watch-said Richie; "was he not, as might weel be ready to loup out of his skin-case for very jo"

"He multiplied six figures progressively, ported the product—then gave his consent."

"And what did you do?"

"I rushed into the streets," said the ; "with a burning heart and a blood-shot ; where did I first find myself, but with that Mother Suddlechop—and what did she propo but to take the road?"

* Clarendon remarks, that the importance of the exercise of the citizens was severely felt by the cavaliers civil war, notwithstanding the ridicule that had been upon it by the dramatic poets of the day. Nothing habitual practice could, at the battle of Newbury and have enabled the Londoners to keep their ranks as spite of the repeated charge of the fiery Prince Rupert's gallant cavaliers.

† A particular species of rack, used at the Tower was so called.

ke the road, man? in what sense?" said

en as a clerk to Saint Nicholas—as a high-n, like Pains and Peto, and the good fellows slay—and who think you was to be my cap-for she had the whole out ere I could speak to ancy she took silence for consent, and thought nned to unutterably to have one thought t savoured of redemption—who was to be my , but the knave that you saw me cudgel at inary when you waited on Lord Glenvarloch, rdly, sharking, thievish bully about town here, they call Colepepper."

pepper—umph—I know somewhat of that ' said Richie; "ken ye by any chance where be heard of, Master Jenkin?—ye wad do me e service to tell me."

y, he lives something obscurely," answered rentice, "on account of suspicion of some vil-believe that horrid murder in Whitefriars, or ich matter. But I might have heard all about in Daine Suddelchop, for she spoke of my ; him at Enfield Chase, with some other good to do a robbery on one that goes northward store of treasure."

l you did not agree to this fine project?" said es.

rsed her for a hag, and came away about my s," answered Jenkin.

and what said she to that, man? That startle her," said Richie.

t a whit. She laughed, and said she was in ntered Jenkin; "but I know the she-devil's n her earnest too well to be taken in that way. : knows I would never betray her."

ray her! No," replied Richie; "but are ye in pe bound to this birkie Peppercul, or Cole-or whatever they call him, that ye suld let a robbery on the honest gentleman that is tra-to the north, and may be a kindly Scot, for e know?"

—going home with a load of English money," skin. "But be he who he will, they may roble world an her list, for I am robbed and

e filled up his friend's cup to the brim, and in-hat he should drink what he called "clean t." "This love," he said, "is but a bairnly for a brisk young fellow like yourself, Master

And if ye must needs have a whimsy, I think it would be safer to venture on a staid ly body, why, here be as bonny lasses in Lon-this Peg-a-Ramsay. Ye need not sigh see for it is very true—there is as good fish in the ever came out of it. Now wherefore should o are as brisk and trig a young fellow of your is the sun needs to shine on—wherefore need noping this way, and not try some bold way r your fortune?"

l you, Master Moniplies," said Jenkin, "I am as any Scot among you—I have broke my re, and I think of running my country."

ell-a-day!" said Richie; "but that maunna —I ken weel, by sad experience, that poortith way pith, and the man sits full still that has a his breeks.* But courage, man; you have ne heretofore, and I will serve you now. If but bring me to speech of this same Captain, be the best day's work you ever did."

uess where you are, Master Richard—you ave your countryman's long purse," said Jen- l cannot see how that should advantage me, ck not if I should bear a hand. I hate that t, that bloody-minded, cowardly bully. If you me mounted, I care not if I show you where e told me I should meet him—but you must o the risk, for though he is a coward himself, he will have more than one stout fellow with

"We'll have a warrant, man," said Richie, "and the hue and cry, to boot."

"We will have no such thing," said Jenkin, "if I am to go with you. I am not the lad to betraying any one to the harman-beck. You must do it by manhood if I am to go with you. I am sworn to cutter's law, and will sell no man's blood."

"Aweel," said Richie, "a wilful man must have his way; ye must think that I was born and bred where cracked crowns were plentier than whole ones. Besides, I have two noble friends here, Master Lowestoffe of the Temple, and his cousin Master Ringwood, that will blithely be of so gallant a party."

"Lowestoffe and Ringwood!" said Jenkin; "they are both brave gallants—they will be sure company. Know you where they are to be found?"

"Ay, marry do I," replied Richie. "They are fast at the cards and dice, till the sma' hours, I warrant them."

"They are gentlemen of trust and honour," said Jenkin, "and if they advise it, I will try the adventure. Go, try if you can bring them hither, since you have so much to say with them. We must not be seen abroad together.—I know not how it is, Master Moniplies," continued he, as his countenance brightened up, and while, in his turn, he filled the cups, "but I feel my heart something lighter since I have thought of this matter."

"Thus it is to have counsellors, Master Jenkin," said Richie; "and truly I hope to hear you say that your heart is as light as a layflock's, and that before you are many days aulder. Never smile and shake your head, but mind what I tell you—and bide here in the meanwhile, till I go to seek these gallants. I warrant you, cart-ropes would not hold them back from such a ploy as I shall propose to them."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The thieves have bound the true men—Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London.

Henry IV., Part I.

THE sun was high upon the glades of Enfield Chase, and the deer, with which it then abounded, were seen sporting in picturesque groups among the ancient oaks of the forest, when a cavalier and a lady, on foot, although in riding apparel, sauntered slowly up one of the long alleys which were cut through the park for the convenience of the hunters. Their only attendant was a page, who, riding a Spanish jennet, which seemed to bear a heavy cloak-bag, followed them at a respectful distance. The female, attired in all the fantastic finery of the period, with more than the usual quantity of bugles, flounces, and trimmings, and holding her fan of ostrich feathers in one hand, and her riding-mask of black velvet in the other, seemed anxious, by all the little coquetry practised on such occasions, to secure the notice of her companion, who sometimes heard her prattle without seeming to attend to it, and at other times interrupted his train of graver reflections, to reply to her.

"Nay, but, my lord—my lord, you walk so fast, you will leave me behind you.—Nay, I will have hold of your arm, but how to manage with my mask and my fan? Why would you not let me bring my waiting-gentlewoman to follow us, and hold my things? But see, I will put my fan in my girdle, so!—and now that I have a hand to hold you with, you shall not run away from me."

"Come on, then," answered the gallant, "and let us walk apace, since you would not be persuaded to stay with your gentlewoman, as you call her, and with the rest of the baggage.—You may perhaps see that, though, you will not like to see."

She took hold of his arm accordingly; but as he continued to walk at the same pace, she shortly let go her hold, exclaiming that he had hurt her hand. The cavalier stopped, and looked at the pretty hand and arm which she showed him, with exclamations against his cruelty. "I dare say," she said, baring her wrist and a part of her arm, "it is all black and blue to the very elbow."

"I dare say you are a silly little fool," said the cavalier carelessly kissing the aggrieved arm; "it

elegant speech was made by the Earl of Douglas, called after being wounded and made prisoner at the battle of Flodden, where

* His well labouring sword d three times slain the semblance of the King."

it only a pretty incarnate which sets off the blue veins."

"Nay, my lord, now it is you are silly," answered the dame; "but I am glad I can make you speak and laugh on any terms this morning. I am sure, if I did insist on following you into the forest, it was all for the sake of diverting you. I am better company than your page, I trow.—And now, tell me, these pretty things with horns, be they not deer?"

"Even such they be, Nelly," answered her neglectful attendant.

"And what can the great folk do with so many of them, forsooth?"

"They send them to the city, Nell, where wise men make venison pasties of their flesh, and wear their horns for trophies," answered Lord Dalgarno, whom our reader has already recognised.

"Nay, now you laugh at me, my lord," answered his companion; "but I know all about venison, whatever you may think. I always tasted it once a year when we dined with Mr. Deputy," she continued, sadly, as a sense of her degradation stole across a mind bewildered with vanity and folly, "though he would not speak to me now, if we met together in the narrowest lane in the Ward!"

"I warrant he would not," said Lord Dalgarno, "because thou, Nell, wouldst dash him with a single look; for I trust thou hast more spirit than to throw away words on such a fellow as he?"

"Who, I!" said Dame Nelly. "Nay, I scorn the proud prince too much for that. Do you know, he made all the folk in the Ward stand cap in hand to him, my poor old John Christie and all?" Here her recollection began to overflow at her eyes.

"A plague on your whimpering," said Dalgarno, somewhat harshly.—"Nay, never look pale for the matter, Nell. I am not angry with you, you simple fool. But what would you have me think, when you are eternally looking back upon your dungeon yonder by the river, which smelt of pitch and old cheese worse than a Welshman does of onions, and all this when I am taking you down to a castle as fine as is in Fairy Land!"

"Shall we be there to-night, my lord?" said Nelly, drying her tears.

"To-night, Nelly?—no, nor this night fortnight."

"Now, the Lord be with us, and keep us!—But shall we not go by sea, my lord?"—I thought everybody came from Scotland by sea. I am sure Lord Glenvarloch and Richie Monipies came up by sea."

"There is a wide difference between coming up and going down, Nelly," answered Lord Dalgarno.

"And so there is, for certain," said his simple companion. "But yet I think I heard people speaking of going down to Scotland by sea, as well as coming up. Are you well advised of the way?—Do you think it possible we can go by land, my sweet lord?"

"It is but trying, my sweet lady," said Lord Dalgarno. "Men say England and Scotland are in the same island, so one would hope there may be some road betwixt them by land."

"I shall never be able to ride so far," said the lady.

"We will have your saddle stuffed softer," said the lord. "I tell you that you shall mow your city slough, and change from the caterpillar of a paltry lane into the butterfly of a prince's garden. You shall have as many tires as there are hours in the day—as many handmaidens as there are days in the week—as many menials as there are weeks in the year—and you shall ride a hunting and hawking with a lord, instead of waiting upon an old ship-chandler, who could do nothing but hawk and spit."

"Ay, but you will make me your lady?" said Dame Nelly.

"Ay, surely—what else?" replied the lord—"My lady-love."

"Ay, but I mean your lady-wife," said Nelly.

"Truly, Nell, in that I cannot promise to oblige you. A lady-wife," continued Dalgarno, "is a very different thing from a lady-love."

"I heard from Mrs. Suddlechop, whom you lodged here since I left poor old John Christie, that Lord Glenvarloch is to marry David Ramsay the clock-maker's daughter?"

"There is much betwixt the cup and the sword. I wear something about me may break that hopeful alliance, before the day is!" answered Lord Dalgarno.

"Well, but my father was as good a Davy Ramsay, and as well to pass in the land; and, therefore, why should you me? You have done me harm enough, I trow, should you not do me this justice?"

"For two good reasons, Nelly. First, band on you, and the King passed a wile answered Lord Dalgarno.

"Ay, my lord," said Nelly, "but thence, England, and we go to Scotland."

"Thy argument is better than thou hast said Lord Dalgarno. "I have heard Iyers say the matrimonial tie may be one happy country by the gentle hand of course of law, whereas in England it burst by an act of Parliament. Well, I look into that matter; and whether we again or no, we will at least do our best to mend."

"Shall we indeed, my honey-sweet? I will think less about John Christie, for I am, I warrant you, for he is well to be glad to think he had somebod of him as I used to do, poor loving old a kind man, though he was a score of years I; and I hope and pray he will never let cross his honest threshold again!"

Here the dame was once more much in way to a passion of tears; but Lord Dalgarno jured down the emotion, by saying, with a sigh—"I am weary of these April passions, mistress, and I think you will do well to tears for some more pressing occasion. What turn of fortune may in a few months more of them than you can render?"

"Goodness, my lord! what mean your pressions? John Christie (the kind he keep no secrets from me, and I hope will not hide your counsel from me?"

"Sit down beside me on this bank, my bleman; "I am bound to remain her space, and if you can be but silent, I will spend a part of it in considering how far present occasion, follow the respect which you recommend to me."

The place at which he stopped was a little more than a mound, partly surrounded from which it derived the name of Cass few hewn stones there were, which had been the fate of many others that had been in different lodges in the forest for the time. These vestiges, just sufficient to show former times the hand of man had been ruins of the abode of a once illustrious gotten family, the Mandevilles, Earls whom Enfield Chase and the extensive adjacent had belonged in elder days. A prospect led the eye at various points, and seemingly interminable alleys, which this point as at a common centre, diverged other as they receded, and had, therefore, by Lord Dalgarno as the rendezvous bat, which, through the medium of Richard, he had offered to his injured friend, I loch.

"He will surely come?" he said to his ardice was not wont to be his fault—a bold enough in the Park.—"Perhaps you not have carried my message? But no—knave—one of those would prize their life above their life.—Look to the palifrey, I thou let him not loose, and cast thy down every avenue to mark if any one in Ingham has undergone my challenge, minion pleads the King's paltry commission to answer me. If I can baffle this or slay him—if I can spoil him of his life, I shall go down to Scotland with a gild over past mischances. I know trymen—they never quarrel with any e

home either gold or martial glory, much more if both gold and laurels."

He thus reflected, and called to mind the disgrace he had suffered, as well as the causes he imagined for hating Lord Glenvarloch, his countenance under the influence of his contending emotions, terror of Nelly, who, sitting unnoticed at his side looking anxiously in his face, beheld the kindly, the whole become compressed, the eye fixed, and the whole countenance express the desperate and deadly resolution of one who awaits an instant and decisive encounter with a mortal enemy. The loneliness of the place, the scenery so different from that to which alone she had been accustomed, the dark and sombre air which crept so suddenly over her, the uncertainty of her seducer, his command and impotence upon her, and the apparent strangeness of conduct in idling away so much time without any obvious cause, when a journey of such length lay before them, brought strange thoughts into her weak mind.

She had read of women, seduced from their moral duties by sorcerers allied to the hellish powers, nay, by the Father of Evil himself, who, after turning his victim into some desert remote from the world, exchanged the pleasing shape in which he had won her affections, for all his natural horrors. She raised this wild idea away as it crowded itself upon her weak and bewildered imagination; yet she had never lived to see it realized allegorically, if not actually, but for the accident which presently followed. The page, whose eyes were remarkably acute, at called out to his master, pointing with his hand at the same time down one of the alleys, that the ruffians were advancing in that direction. Lord Dalgarno started up, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed eagerly down the alley; when, at the instant, he received a shot, which, grazing his forehead, passed right through his brain, and laid him a corpse at the feet, or rather across the lap, of the unfortunate victim of his profligacy. The countenance, whose varied expression she had been watching for the last five minutes, was convulsed for an instant, and then stiffened into rigidity for ever. The ruffians rushed from the brake from which they had been fired, ere the smoke was dispersed. With many imprecations, seized on the page; and on the female, upon whose cries he strove by the most violent threats to impose silence; whilst the others began to undo the burden from the page's horse. An instant rescue prevented their availing themselves of the advantage they had obtained.

It may easily be supposed that Richie Moniplies, having secured the assistance of the two Templars, was enough to join in any thing which promised a reward. With Jin Vin to act as their guide, had set off, fully mounted and well armed, under the belief that they would reach Camelot Moat before the robbers could apprehend them in the fact. They had not waited that, according to the custom of robbers in these countries, but contrary to that of the English waymen of those days, they meant to ensure safety by previous murder. An accident also happened to delay them a little while on the road. In going through one of the glades of the forest, they found a man dismounted and sitting under a tree, nursing with such bitterness of spirit, that Lowestoffe could not forbear asking if he was hurt. In answer, he said he was an unhappy man in pursuit of a wife, who had been carried off by a villain; and he raised his countenance, the eyes of Richie, to great astonishment, encountered the visage of Lord Dalgarno.

"For the Almighty's sake, help me, Master Moniplies!" he said; "I have learned my wife is but a short while before, with that black villain Lord Dalgarno." "Have him forward by all means," said Lowestoffe; "a second Orpheus seeking his Eurydice!" "I will have him forward—we will save Lord Dalgarno's wife, and ease him of his mistress—Have him with me, and I will be for the variety of the adventure. I have a lordship a grudge for rooking me. We have minutes good."

It is dangerous to calculate closely in matters of life and death. In all probability the minute or two

which was lost in mounting John Christie behind one of their party, might have saved Lord Dalgarno from his fate. Thus his criminal amour became the indirect cause of his losing his life; and thus "our pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us."

The riders arrived on the field at full gallop the moment after the shot was fired; and Richie, who had his own reasons for attaching himself to Colepepper, who was bustling to untie the portmanteau from the page's saddle, pushed against him with such violence as to overthrow him, his own horse at the same time stumbling and dismounting his rider, who was none of the first equestrians. The undaunted Richie immediately arose, however, and grappled with the ruffian with such good-will, that, though a strong fellow, and though a coward now rendered desperate, Moniplies got him under, wrenched a long knife from his hand, dealt him a desperate stab with his own weapon, and leaped on his feet; and, as the wounded man struggled to follow his example, he struck him upon the head with the butt-end of a musketoon, which last blow proved fatal.

"Bravo, Richie!" cried Lowestoffe, who had himself engaged at sword-point with one of the ruffians, and soon put him to flight. "Bravo! why, man, there lies Sin, struck down like an ox, and Iniquity's throat cut like a calf."

"I know not why you should upbraid me with my up-bringing, Master Lowestoffe," answered Richie, with great composure; "but I can tell you, the shamblers is not a bad place for training one to this work."

The other Templar now shouted loudly to them,—"If ye be men, come hither—here lies Lord Dalgarno, murdered!"

Lowestoffe and Richie ran to the spot, and the page took the opportunity, finding himself now neglected on all hands, to ride off in a different direction; and neither he, nor the considerable sum with which his horse was burdened, were ever heard of from that moment.

The third ruffian had not waited the attack of the Templar and Jin Vin, the latter of whom had put down old Christie from behind him that he might ride the lighter; and the whole five now stood gazing with horror on the bloody corpse of the young nobleman, and the wild sorrow of the female, who tore her hair and shrieked in the most disconsolate manner, until her agony was at once checked, or rather received a new direction, by the sudden and unexpected appearance of her husband, who, fixing on her a cold and severe look, said, in a tone suited to his manner—"Ay, woman! thou takest on sadly for the loss of thy paramour."—Then, looking on the bloody corpse of him from whom he had received so deep an injury, he repeated the solemn words of Scripture,—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it."—"I, whom thou hast injured, will be first to render thee the decent offices due to the dead."

So saying, he covered the dead body with his cloak, and then looking on it for a moment, seemed to reflect on what he had next to perform. As the eye of the injured man slowly passed from the body of the seducer to the partner and victim of his crime, who had sunk down to his feet, which she clasped without venturing to look up, his features, naturally coarse and saturnine, assumed a dignity of expression which overawed the young Templars, and repulsed the officious forwardness of Richie Moniplies, who was at first eager to leave thrust in his advice and opinion. "Kneel not to me, woman," he said, "but kneel to the God thou hast offended, more than thou couldst offend such another worm as thyself. How often have I told thee, when thou wert at the gayest and the lightest, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall? Vanity brought folly, and folly brought sin, and sin hath brought death, his original companion. Thou must needs leave duty, and decency, and domestic love, to revel it gaily with the wild and with the wicked; and there thou liest, like a crushed worm, writhing beside the lifeless body of thy paramour. Thou hast done me much wrong—dishonoured me among friends—driven credit from my house, and peace from my friends—But thou wert my first and only love, and I will not see thee an un-

ter castaway, if it lies with me to prevent it.—Gentlemen, I render ye such thanks as a broken-hearted man can give.—Richard, commend me to your honourable master. I added gall to the bitterness of his affliction, but I was deluded.—Rise up, woman, and follow me.”

He raised her up by the arm, while, with streaming eyes, and bitter sobs, she endeavoured to express her penitence. She kept her hands spread over her face, yet suffered him to lead her away; and it was only as they turned around a brake which concealed the scene they had left, that she turned back, and casting one wild and hurried glance towards the corpse of Dalgarno, uttered a shriek, and, clinging to her husband's arm, exclaimed wildly,—“Save me—save me! They have murdered him.”

Lowestoffe was much moved by what he had witnessed; but he was ashamed, as a town-gallant, of his own unfashionable emotion, and did a force to his feelings when he exclaimed,—“Ay, let them go—the kind-hearted, believing, forgiving husband—the liberal, accommodating spouse. O what a generous creature is your true London husband!—Horns hath he, but, tame as a fatted ox, he goeth not. I should like to see her when she hath exchanged her mask and riding-beaver for her peaked hat and muffler. We will visit them at Paul's Wharf, coz—it will be a convenient acquaintance.”

“You had better think of catching the gipsy thief, Lutin,” said Richie Monipplies; “for, by my faith, he is off with his master's baggage and the siller.”

A keeper, with his assistants, and several other persons, had now come to the spot, and made hue and cry after Lutin, but in vain. To their custody the Templars surrendered the dead bodies, and after going through some formal investigation, they returned, with Richard and Vincent, to London, where they received great applause for their gallantry.—Vincent's errors were easily expiated, in consideration of his having been the means of breaking up this band of villains; and there is some reason to think, that what would have diminished the credit of the action in other instances, rather added to it in the actual circumstances, namely, that they came too late to save Lord Dalgarno.

George Heriot, who suspected how matters stood with Vincent, requested and obtained permission from his master to send the poor young fellow on an important piece of business to Paris. We are unable to trace his fate farther, but believe it was prosperous, and that he entered into an advantageous partnership with his fellow-apprentice, upon old David Ramsay retiring from business, in consequence of his daughter's marriage. That eminent antiquarian, Dr. Dryadust, is possessed of an antique watch, with a silver dial-plate, the mainpring being a piece of catgut instead of a chain, which bears the names of Vincent and Tunstall, Memory-Monitors.

Master Lowestoffe failed not to vindicate his character as a man of gayety, by inquiring after Jolin Christie and Dame Nelly; but greatly to his surprise, (indeed to his loss, for he had wagered ten pieces that he would domesticate himself in the family,) he found the good-will, as it was called, of the shop, was sold, the stock auctioned, and the late proprietor and his wife gone, no one knew whither. The prevailing belief was, that they had emigrated to one of the new settlements in America.

Lady Dalgarno received the news of her unworthy husband's death with a variety of emotions, among which, horror that he should have been cut off in the middle career of his profligacy, was the most prominent. The incident greatly deepened her melancholy, and injured her health, already shaken by previous circumstances. Repossessed of her own fortune by her husband's death, she was anxious to do justice to Lord Glenvarloch, by treating for the recovery of the mortgage. But the scrivener, having taken fright at the late events, had left the city and absconded, so that it was impossible to discover into whose hands the papers had now passed. Richard Monipplies was silent, for his own reasons; the Templars, who had witnessed the transaction, kept the secret at his request, and it was universally believed

that the scrivener had carried off the writing with him. We may here observe, that false to those of Skurlewittier freed London for the presence of Dame Suddlechop, who as career in the *Rasp-haus*, (viz. Bridewell,) of dam.

The stout old Lord Huntinglen, with a carriage and unmoistened eye, accompanied a funeral procession of his only son to its last abode, perhaps the single tear which fell at length from his coffin, was given less to the fate of the than to the extinction of the last male of his race.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Jacques. There is, sure, another Good toward, I couples are coming to the ark!—Here comes a pair strange beasts.—*As You Like It.*

The fashion of such narratives as these changes like other earthly things. Time is the tale-teller was obliged to wind up his circumstantial description of the wedding, both throwing the stocking, as the grand cause which, through so many circumstances of difficulty he had at length happily conducted and heroine. Not a circumstance was there from the manly ardour of the bridegroom, a modest blushes of the bride, to the parson's sly plice, and the silk tabinet mantua of the bride. But such descriptions are now discarded, for this reason, I suppose, that public marriages are not fashionable, and that, instead of calling together friends to a feast and a dance, the happy couple in a solitary post-chaise, as secretly as if they to go to Gretna-Green, or to do worse. I am ungrateful for a change which saves an author trouble of attempting in vain to give a new and the common-place description of such matters; notwithstanding, I find myself forced upon it in present instance, as circumstances sometimes make a stranger to make use of an old road which has been for some time shut up. The experienced may have already remarked, that the last of was employed in sweeping out of the way all the necessary and less interesting characters, that might clear the floor for a blithe bridal.

In truth, it would be unpardonable to pass slightly what so deeply interested our practical sonage, King James. That learned and profound monarch made no great figure in the eyes of Europe; but then, to make amends, he was indigiously busy, when he could find a fair opportunity of intermeddling with the private affairs of his subjects, and the approaching marriage of Lord varloch was matter of great interest to him. He been much struck (that is, for him, who was not accessible to such emotions) with the beauty and embarrassment of the pretty Peg-a-Ramsay, as he called her, when he first saw her, and he gloried greatly on the acuteness which he had displayed in detecting her disguise, and in carrying through the whole inquiry which took place in consequence.

He laboured for several weeks, while the countess was in progress, with his own royal eyes, so high to wear out, he declared, a pair of his best barnacles, in searching through old books and documents, for the purpose of establishing his pretensions to a noble, though remote descent, thereby remove the only objection which any could conceive against the match. In his own opinion, at least, he was eminently successful; for, when Mungo Malagrowther one day, in the presence of her, took upon him to grieve bitterly for the lack of pedigree, the monarch cut him short. “Ye may save your grief for your ain next occasion,” said Sir Mungo; for, by our royal seal, we will give her father, Davy Ramsay, to be a gentleman of descent, whose great gudester came of the royal stock of the House of Dalwolsay, than which no men never did, and better never will, draw for King and country. Heard ye never of Sir Iam Ramsay of Dalwolsay, man, of whom Fordoun saith,—“He was bellicosest man, and

le stands to witness for itself, not Dalkeith, man, and within a mile of ivy Ramsay came of that auld and and I trust he hath not derogated ors by his present craft. They all, man; only the auld knights drilled rds in their enemies' corslets, and his brass wheels. And I hope it is give eyes to the blind as to slash ead of those that see, and to show us time as it passes, as to fling it away wing, spear-splintering, and such- loings. And you maun understand, say is no mechanic, but follows a approacheth almost to the act of being, seeing it may be said of a as saith of the sphere of Archimedes,

*arrit-famulatur spiritus astris,
certis motibus urget opus.*"

had best give auld Davy a coat-of- a pedigree," said Sir Mungo.

re bade, Sir Mungo," said the King; who are the fountain of all earthly to spirt a few drops of it on one so without offence to the Knight of Cash- have already spoken with the learn- lerald's College, and we propose to mented coat-of-arms, being his par- ed with the crown-wheel of a watch rency; and we propose to add Time supporters, as soon as the Garter all be able to devise how Eternity is l."

him twice as nuckle as Time."* strong, the Court fool, who chanced en the King stated this dilemma. ye shall be whippet," said the King, hint; "and you, my liege subjects of el take a hint from what we have n such a hurry to laugh at our Scot- ough they be somewhat long deri- to be deduced. Ye see that a man of I may, for a season, lay by his gentry, re to find it, when he has occasion for as unseemly for a packman, or ped- ravelling-merchant, whilk is a trade ive subjects of Scotland are special- blazing his genealogy in the faces of e sells a bawbee's worth of riband, um to have a beaver on his head, and de, when the pack was on his shoul- he hings his sword on the cleek, n the shelf, puts his pedigree into his es as doulcely and cannily about his This blood was nae better than ditch- ur pedler be transformed, as I have nair than ance, into a bein thriving ye shall have a transformation, my

animus mutatus dicere formas—

pedigree, on he buckles his sword, a brush, and cocks it in the face of e mention these things at the mair we would have you all to know, that due consideration of the circumstan- that we design, in a small and pri- our with our own royal presence the l Glenvarloch with Margaret Ram- theiress of David Ramsay, our horo- let only thrice removed from the an- alowsely. We are grieved we cannot e of the noble Chief of that House at ut where there is honour to be won l Dalwolsy is seldom to be found at, *et crit.*—Jingling Geordie, as ye st of the marriage-feast, we look for

as in duty bound. In fact, the King, politician about trifles, had mancu- this occasion, and had contrived to

here is nothing new but what it has been here the original of an anecdote which has on a Scottish Chief of our own time.

get the Prince and Buckingham despatched on an expedition to Newmarket, in order that he might find an opportunity in their absence of indulging himself in his own gossiping, *coohering* habits, which were distasteful to Charles, whose temper inclined to for mality, and with which even the favourite, of late had not thought it worth while to seem to sympathize. When the levee was dismissed, Sir Mungo Malagrowthier seized upon the worthy citizen in the court-yard of the Palace, and detained him, in spite of all his efforts, for the purpose of subjecting him to the following scrutiny:—

"This is a sair job on you, Master George—the King must have had little consideration—this will cost you a bonny penny, this wedding-dinner?"

"It will not break me, Sir Mungo," answered Heriot; "the King hath a right to see the table which his bounty hath supplied for years, well covered for a single day."

"Vera true, vera true—we'll have a' to pay, I doubt, less or mair—a sort of penny-wedding it will prove, where all men contribute to the young folk's maintenance, that they may not have just four bare legs in a bed together. What do you purpose to give, Master George?—we begin with the city when money is in question."†

"Only a trifle, Sir Mungo—I give my god-daughter the marriage-ring; it is a curious jewel—I bought it in Italy; it belonged to Cosmo de Medici. The bride will not need my help—she has an estate which belonged to her maternal grandfather."

"The auld soap-boiler," said Sir Mungo; "it will need some of his suds to scour the blot out of the Glenvarloch shield—I have heard that estate was no great things."

"It is as good as some posts at Court, Sir Mungo, which are coveted by persons of high quality," replied George Heriot.

"Court favour, said ye? Court favour, Master Heriot?" replied Sir Mungo, choosing then to use his malady of misapprehension; "Moonshine in water, poor thing, if that is all she is to be tochered with—I am truly solicitous about them."

"I will let you into a secret," said the citizen, "which will relieve your tender anxiety. The dowager Lady Dalgarno gives a competent fortune to the bride, and settles the rest of her estate upon her nephew the bridegroom."

"Ay, say ye sae?" said Sir Mungo, "just to show her regard to her husband that is in the tomb—lucky that her nephew did not send him there; it was a strange story that death of poor Lord Dalgarno—some folk think the poor gentleman had much wrong. Little good comes of marrying the daughter of the house you are at feud with; indeed, it was less poor Dalgarno's fault, than theirs that forced the match on him; but I am glad the young folk are to have something to live on, come how it like, whether by charity or inheritance. But if the Lady Dalgarno were to sell all she has, even to her very wylie-coat, she canna gie them back the fair Castle of Glenvarloch—that is lost and gane—lost and gane."

"It is but too true," said George Heriot; "we cannot discover what has become of the villain Andrew Skurlewihitter, or what Lord Dalgarno has done with the mortgage."

"Assigned it away to some one, that his wife might not get it after he was gane; it would have disturbed him in his grave, to think Glenvarloch should get that land back again," said Sir Mungo; "depend on it, he will have ta'en sure measures to keep that noble lordship out of her grips or her nevy's either."

"Indeed it is but too probable, Sir Mungo," said Master Heriot; "but as I am obliged to go and look after many things in consequence of this ceremony, I must leave you to comfort yourself with the reflection."

"The bride-day, you say, is to be on the thirtieth of the instant month?" said Sir Mungo, hollaing

† The penny-wedding of the Scots, now disused even among the lowest ranks, was a peculiar species of merry-making, at which, if the wedded pair were popular, the guests who convened, contributed considerable sums under pretence of paying for the bridal festivity, but in reality to set the married folk afloat in the world.

after the citizen; "I will be with you in the hour of cause."

"The King invites the guests," said George Heriot, without turning back.

"The base-born, ill-bred mechanic!" soliloquized Sir Mungo, "if it were not the odd score of pounds he lent me last week, I would teach him how to beat himself to a man of quality! But I will be at the bridal banquet in spite of him."

Sir Mungo contrived to get invited, or commanded, to attend on the bridal accordingly, at which there were but few persons present; for James, on such occasions, preferred a snug privacy, which gave him liberty to lay aside the encumbrance, as he felt it to be, of his regal dignity. The company was very small, and indeed there were at least two persons absent whose presence might have been expected. The first of these was the Lady Dalgarney, the state of whose health, as well as the recent death of her husband, precluded her attendance on the ceremony. The other absentee was Richie Monplais, whose conduct for some time past had been extremely mysterious. Regulating his attendance on Lord Glenvarloch entirely according to his own will and pleasure, he had, ever since the rencounter in Enfield Chase, appeared regularly at his bed-side in the morning, to assist him to dress, and at his wardrobe in the evening. The rest of the day he disposed of at his own pleasure, without control from his lord, who had now a complete establishment of attendants. Yet he was somewhat curious to know how the fellow disposed of so much of his time; but on this subject Richie showed no desire to be communicative.

On the morning of the bridal-day, Richie was particularly attentive in doing all a valet-de-chambre could, so as to set off to advantage the very handsome figure of his master; and when he had arranged his dress with the utmost exactness, and put to his long curled locks what he called "the finishing touch of the redding-kam," he gravely knelt down, kissed his hand, and bade him fare-well, saying that he humbly craved leave to discharge himself of his lordship's service.

"Why, what humour is this?" said Lord Glenvarloch; "if you mean to discharge yourself of my service, Richie, I suppose you intend to enter my wife's?"

"I wish her good ladyship that shall soon be, and your good lordship, the blessings of as good a servant as myself, in heaven's good time," said Richie; "but fate hath so ordained it, that I can henceforth only be your servant in the way of friendly courtesy."

"Well, Richie," said the young lord, "if you are tired of service, we will seek some better provision for you; but you will wait on me to the church, and partake of the bridal dinner."

"Under favour, my lord," answered Richie, "I must remind you of our covenant, having presently some pressing business of mine own, which will detain me during the ceremony; but I will not fail to pay Master George's good cheer, in respect he has made very costly fare, which it would be unthankful not to partake of."

"Do as you list," answered Lord Glenvarloch; and having bestowed a passing thought on the whimsical and impractical disposition of his follower, he dismissed the subject for others better suited to the day.

The reader must fancy the scattered flowers which strewed the path of the happy couple to a grain—the loud music which accompanied the procession—the marriage service performed by a bishop—the King, who met them at Saint Paul's, giving away the bride—to the great relief of her father, who had then time, during the ceremony, to calculate the most propitious to be laid on the pinion of a roppit in a man-of-war which he was then putting together.

When the ceremony was finished, the company were transported in the royal carriages to George Heriot's, where a splendid collation was provided for the marriage-guests in the Foliambie apartments. The King no sooner found himself in this snug retreat, than, casting from him his sword and belt with such haste as if they burnt his fingers, and flinging his plumed hat on the table, as who should say, Lie

there, authority! he swallowed a hearty cup of wine to the happiness of the married couple, and began to amble about the room, muttering, laughing, and cracking jests, neither the wittiest nor the most heart, but accompanied and applauded by about his own mirth, in order to encourage that of the company. Whilst his Majesty was in the midst of gay humour, and a call to the banquet was being expected, a servant whispered Master Heriot into the apartment. When he re-entered, he walked to the King, and, in his turn, whispered something at which James started.

"He is not wanting his siller?" said the King shortly and sharply.

"By no means, my liege," answered Heriot, "is a subject he states himself as quite satisfied about, so long as it can please your Majesty."

"Body of us, man!" said the King, "the speech of a true man and a loving subject will grace him accordingly—what though he be a carle—a twopenny cent may look at a king's man! have him—*pandite fores*.—Monplais! he should have called the child Monypennies and said warrant your English think we have no name in Scotland."

"It is an ancient and honourable stock, my liege," said Sir Mungo Malagrowth; "the loss is, there are few of the name."

"The family seems to increase among your brethren, Sir Mungo," said Master Lowestoffe; "Lord Glenvarloch had invited to be present at his Majesty's happy accession brought so many of you here."

"Right, sir, right," said Sir Mungo, nodding at George Heriot; "there have seen themselves been the better of that great blessing of English nation."

As he spoke, the door flew open, and in came the astonished Lord Glenvarloch, by the side of a young man, Richie Monplais, now sumptuously and gorgeously attired in a superb brocade, and leading in his hand the tall, thin, withered, and distorted form of Martha Trapbois, arrayed in a ple to dress of black velvet, which suited a face with the pallid and severe melancholy of so sad a nature, that the King himself exclaimed, in amazement, "What the devil has the fellow brought here? Body of our royal selves! it is a corpse has run off with the mort cloth!"

"May I subvert your Majesty to be gracious to her," said Richie, "being that she is in need of this morning's work, my ain wedded wife, Martha Monplais by name."

"Said of our body, man! but she looks worse than grim," answered King James. "Art thou art has not been in her time maid of honour to the Mary, our kins-woman, of red hot memory?"

"I am sure, as it like your Majesty, that she brought me fifty thousand pounds of good silver better; and that has enabled me to please your Majesty, and other folk."

"Ye need have said nothing about that," said the King; "we ken our obligations in the matter, and we are glad this rudas spouse of yours bestowed her treasure on one who knew it to the profit of his King and country.—But she did not ye come by her, man?"

"In the mild Scottish fashion, my liege. She the carry, of my low and my spear," answered Richie. "There was a convention that she should wear when I avenged her father's name—show, and took possession."

"It is the daughter of Old Trapbois, who has not well a long," said Lowestoffe. "When can't you now be up so closely, friend Richie?"

"Master Richard, if it be your will," said Richie; "for Master Richard Monplais, if you better. For mowing of her up, I found her a man in all honour and safety, under the roof of a countryman of my own—and for secrecy, a point of prudence, when wantons like ye abused, Master Lowestoffe."

"There was a laugh at Richie's magnanimous on the part of every one but his bride, who sat

in a signal of impatience, and said, with her usual severity and sternness,—"Peace—peace. I pray you, cease. Let us do that which we came for." So saying, she took out a bundle of parchments, and shoving them to Lord Glenvarloch, she said aloud,—"I take this royal presence, and all here, to wit-ness, that I restore the ransomed lordship of Glenvarloch to the right owner, as free as ever it was held by any of his ancestors."

"I witnessed the redemption of the mortgage," said Lowestoffe; "but I little dreamt by whom it had been redeemed."

"No need ye should," said Richie; "there would have been small wisdom in crying roast-meat."

"Peace," said his bride, "once more.—This paper," she continued, delivering another to Lord Glenvarloch, "is also your property—take it, but spare me the question how it came into my custody."

The King had bustled forward beside Lord Glenvarloch, and fixing an eager eye on the writing, exclaimed—"Body of ourselves, it is our royal sign-manual for the money which was so long out of sight!—How came you by it, Mistress Bride?"

"It is a secret," said Martha, dryly.

"A secret which my tongue shall never utter," said Richie, resolutely,—"unless the King commands me to my allegiance."

"I do—I do command you," said James, trembling and stammering with the impatient curiosity of gossip; while Sir Mungo, with more malicious anxiety to get at the bottom of the mystery, stooped as long thin form forward like a bent fishing-rod, raised his thin gray locks from his ear, and curved his hand behind it to collect every vibration of the expected intelligence. Martha in the meantime frowned most ominously on Richie who went on undauntedly to inform the King, "that his deceased father-in-law, a good careful man in the main, had a touch of worldly wisdom about him, that at times marred the uprightness of his walk; he liked to dabble among his neighbour's gear, and some of it would at times stick to his fingers in the handling."

"For shame, man, for shame!" said Martha; "since the infamy of the deed must be told, be it at least briefly.—Yes, my lord," she added, addressing Glenvarloch, "the piece of gold was not the sole thing which brought the miserable old man to your chamber that dreadful night—his object, and he accomplished it, was to purloin this paper. The wretched scrivener was with him that morning, and I doubt not, urged the doting old man to this, in any, to offer another bar to the ransom of your estate. If there was a yet more powerful agent at the bottom of the conspiracy, God forgive it to him at this moment, for he is now where the crime must be answered!"

"Amen!" said Lord Glenvarloch, and it was ended by all present.

"For my father," continued she, with her stern features twitched by an involuntary and convulsive movement, "his guilt and folly cost him his life; my belief is constant, that the wretch, who betrayed him that morning to purloin the paper, opened the window for the entrance of the murderer."

Every body was silent for an instant; the King was first to speak, commanding search instantly to be made for the guilty scrivener. "I, licitor," he con-

cluded, "*colliga manus—caput obnubilo—in felici suspende arbore!*"

Lowestoffe answered, with due respect, that the scrivener had absconded at the time of Lord Dalgarno's murder, and had not been heard of since.

"Let him be sought for," said the King. "And now let us change the discourse—these stories make one's very blood grow,* and are altogether unfit for bridal festivity. Hymen, O Hymenee!" added he, snapping his fingers. "Lord Glenvarloch, what say you to Mistress Moniplies, this bonny bride, that has brought you back your father's estate on your bridal day?"

"Let him say nothing, my liege," said Martha; "that will best suit his feelings and mine."

"There is redemption-money, at the least, to be repaid," said Lord Glenvarloch; "in that I cannot remain debtor."

"We will speak of it hereafter," said Martha; "my debtor you cannot be." And she shut her mouth as if determined to say nothing more on the subject.

Sir Mungo, however, resolved not to part with the topic, and availing himself of the freedom of the moment, said to Richie—"A queer story that of your father-in-law, honest man; methinks your bride thanked you little for ripping it up."

"I make it a rule, Sir Mungo," replied Richie, "always to speak any evil I know about my family myself, having observed, that if I do not, it is sure to be told by other folks."

"But, Richie," said Sir Mungo, "it seems to me that this bride of yours is like to be master and mair in the conjugal state."

"If she abides by words, Sir Mungo," answered Richie; "I thank Heaven I can be as deaf as any one; and if she comes to dunts, I have two hands to paik her with."

"Weel said Richie, again," said the King; "you have gotten it on baith haffits, Sir Mungo.—Troth, Mistress Bride, for a fule, your Goodman has a pretty turn of wit."

"There are fools, sire," replied she, "who have wit, and fools who have courage—aye, and fools who have learning, and are great fools notwithstanding. I chose this man because he was my protector when I was desolate, and neither for his wit nor his wisdom. He is truly honest, and has a heart and hand that make amends for some folly. Since I was condemned to seek a protector through the world, which is to me a wilderness, I may thank God that I have come by no worse."

"And that is sae sensibly said," replied the King, "that, by my saul, I'll try whether I canna make him better. Kneel down, Richie—somebody lend me a rapier—yours, Mr. Langstaff; (that's a brave name for a lawyer,)—ye need not flash it out that gate, Templar fashion, as if ye were about to pink a bailiff!"

He took the drawn sword, and with averted eyes, for it was a sight he loved not to look on, endeavoured to lay it on Richie's shoulder, but nearly stuck it into his eye. Richie starting back, attempted to rise, but was held down by Lowestoffe, while Sir Mungo, guiding the royal weapon, the honour-bestowing blow was given and received; "Surge, carnt'er—Rise up, Sir Richard Moniplies, of Castle-Collop!—And my lords and lieges, let us all to our dinner, for the cock-a-leekie is cooling."

* Thrill, or cardle.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

—If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a sign under it."—*British Essayist*.

REDUCTION TO PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

[illegible]

the polite and gentlemanlike manner in which he stated feelings concerning his ancestry, to which a Scotsman can hardly be supposed to be indifferent.

And another religious Christian with justice complains, that Edward Christian, described in the romance as the brother of the gentleman executed in consequence of the Countess's arbitrary act of authority, is portrayed as a wretch of unbounded depravity, having only ingenuity and courage to rescue him from intolerance, as well as hatred. Any personal allusion was entirely unnecessary to the author, and the portrait of the Countess of the tower is a mere creature of the imagination. Commentators have naturally enough identified him with a brother of William Chitton, named Edward, who died in prison after being confined seven or eight years in Peck Castle, in the year 1650. Of him I find no access to know any thing; and as I was not acquainted with the Countess, I could hardly be said to have traced his character and motives for his justification, that there lived at the period of my story a person named Edward Christian, "with whom connected or by whom begot," I am a perfect stranger, but who we know to have been engaged in such actions as may imply his having been guilty of any thing of the sort, is, that upon the 5th June, 1680, Thomas Blood, (the famous thief) was executed, and that the same day, and the same place, were found guilty of being concerned in a conspiracy for taking away the life and character of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham; but that this Edward was the same with the brother of William Chitton, is impossible, since that brother died in 1650; nor would I have used his christened name of Edward, had he not been a name of the same character, and connected with any existing family. The genealogical matters are fully illustrated in the notes to the Appendix.

I ought to have mentioned in the former editions of this romance, that Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, represented as a Catholic, was, in fact, a French Protestant. For the representing that she was a French Protestant, I have already explained, and excuse me according to the same. In every where the greater part is avowedly fiction, the author is at liberty to introduce such variations from actual fact as his plot requires, or which are calculated to enhance it; in which predicament the Countess of Derby is not less involved than the Countess appeared to fall. If I have over-estimated a romancer's privileges and immunities, I am afraid this is not the only, nor most important, case in which I have done so. To speak big words, the heroic Countess has far less grounds for an action of scandal, than the Countess of Derby might be liable to for his posthumous example of Dido.

The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarities made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre*, a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a being. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing any thing, from the same source. Fenella is a native of her own country, and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom it must be urged to own an obligation.

Family tradition supplied me with two circumstances, which are somewhat analogous to that in question. The first is an account of a lawsuit, taken from a Scottish report of adjudged cases, noted in note to Chapter V, p. 23.

The other—of which the editor has no reason to doubt, having often heard it from those who were witnesses of the fact—relates to the power of a female in keeping a secret, (sarcastically said to be impossible,) even when that secret refers to the exercise of her tongue.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a female wanderer came to the door of Mr. Robert Scott, grandfather of the present author, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night, which, according to the custom of the times, was readily granted. The next day the country was covered with snow, and the departure of the wanderer was rendered impracticable. She was a married woman, her maintenance, adding little to the expense of a considerable household; and by the time that the weather grew milder, she had learned to hold intercourse by signs with the household around her, and could intimate to them that she was desirous of staying where she was, and working at the wheel and other employment, to compensate for her confinement. This was a most extraordinary instance of the power of signs, and the dumb woman entered upon her thirtieth, and proved a useful member of the patriarchal household. She was a good spinner, knitter, carder, and so forth, but her excellence lay in attending to the feeding and bringing up the domestic poultry. Her mode of whispering to call them together was so peculiarly efficacious, that though she called them by signs, those who heard it, more like that of a fairy than a human being.

In this manner she lived three or four years, nor was there the slightest idea entertained in the family that she was other than the mute and deprived person she had always appeared. But in a moment of surprise, she dropped the mask which she had worn so long.

It chanced upon a Sunday that the whole inhabitants of the household were at church except dumb Lizzie, whose infirmity was supposed to render her incapable of profiting by divine service, and who therefore stayed at home to take charge of the house. It happened that, as she was sitting in the kitchen a mischievous

re abilities enough to do me service. I was told he had good fortune in the Indies; that he was a Mankose. "He is excellent good company; as rude as a should be; but refused as one that had civilized a year at Court, where he served the Duke of . . . While he governed here some few years a very well," &c. &c. "But such is the condition most will have some fault or other to blurr all virtues; and his was of that condition which is drunkenness, viz. *covertousness*, both marked with me and grow in man." "When a Prince has the favourite can desire no more, they both grow another." "

of the Earl's successive public meetings, short, is of our sketch, is extracted in a note from the chapters (apparently composed by Peck.) In these meetings it appears that Edward Christian did close to recapitulate the business of the day: he did not agree thus and thus," mentioning some he Earl) "he had instructed the people to take; y they had forgot." The Earl accordingly rose in a short speech, "bade the court to rise, and ask more." "Some," he adds, "were committed these abuses, until, upon submission and assurance good and great, they were released, and others were . . . rooms. . . . *He said that he desired them to be deeply* his they all come in most submissive and loving pretty efficient means of producing quiet, if the ing enough, and with it such love as suits a des. Among the prisoners were Edward Christian and William of Knockruehen; the latter was released living bond, among other conditions, *not to depart out license.*"

the Earl says, "I will return unto Captain Christian-ness must be heard next week" (either in 1644 45.) "He is still in prison, and I believe many at, as avouring of injustice, and that his trial forced so long." "Also he says it is of that it concerns not himself alone." "If a Jurin of the upon him, (being he had so calojed them to for for their sakes,) it is likely they should quit might he laugh at us, whom I had rather he had I remember one said it was much safer to take than their estates, for their children will suffer the death of their father than the loss of their . . . Edward died in custody in Peel Castle in 1650, a sonment of between seven and eight years; and t, no ground can be discovered for that gratitude wards said to have been violated by this family, we translate ourselves to those countries where on to flag a public officer one day, and replace ity the next.

records detail with minuteness the complaints of lative to the exactions of the church, and their y sort of public arbitration in October, 1643. lar, that neither in these records, nor the Earl's narrative of the modes of discussion, the offences 'ments, is one word to be found regarding the nt points actually at issue between himself and The fact, however, is fully developed, as if by one of the chapters (xvi.) of this very desultory performance. "The comes this very instanc me to acquaint you with a special matter, which of these troublesome and dangerous times, I can- nase my intents therein, you may in your better therof, and make some use hereafter of my- rs, in the matter of a certain holding in this coun- ; tenure of the straw;† whereby some think their

I. There is apparently some error in Hutchinson's genealogy in his History of Cumberland: 4th brother, John, died young; 3d, William, born 1608; 4th, Edward, of the Isle of Man, 1620, (according to Bacherell), p. 1. Edward's birth cannot be placed earlier than 1609, and I have made a fortune in the Indies, have frequented Charles I., and be selected as a fit person to be a governor, or 20. The person mentioned in the text was obviously and Edward the governor appears to have been the . . . of William Christian, a branch of the same family, state of Knockruehen, near Castle Ruohen, who, as well imprisoned in Peel Castle in 1643.

et seq. Chap. viii. The Earl appoints a meeting of the nan to give in his grievances; upon which some think to nish he winks at, being not ready for them, therefore des them; on the appointed day he appears with a good le give in their complaints quietly and retire. Chap. ix. g appointed, where, he says, appears with a good stand- in speak only Mankes, which a more designing person an Christian, a late governor) would hinder, but the advice about it appearing in public; the Mankesmen nd wrongdoers; the Earl's spies get in . . . Chap. x. The night before the meeting the Earl con- officers what to answer; but tells them nothing of his a both reports, and keeps back his own opinion; sends teers, who he knew would be troublesome, out of the et matters; the (present) governor is much commended; is the properest. Chap. xi. The Earl's carriage to the at going over; his carriage at the meeting to modest pre- sident, to the most confident, and to the most dangerous, stood behind and prompted others. All things being Christian cunningly begins disturbances the Earl's re- to the people; Christian a stroke blank; several people ison and died, which quietes them."

Four, p. 161, places this event, (while a prisoner in Peel authority of a tombstone, in 1680, "John Greenhalgh." Now John Greenhalgh ceased to be governor in 1651; ably an error in the press for 1660.

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dwellings are their own ancient inheritances, and that they may pass the same to any, and dispose thereof without license from the Lord, but paying him a bare small rent like unto a fee-farm in England: wherein they are much deceived."

William the Conqueror, among his plans for the benefit of his English subjects, adopted that of inducing or compelling them to surrender their allodial lands, and receive them back to hold by feudal tenure. The Earl of Derby projected the surrender of a similar right, in order to create tenures more profitable to himself—a simple lease for three lives, or twenty-one years. The measure was entirely novel, although the attempt to prevent alienation without license from the lord, for purposes of a less profitable exaction, may be traced, together with the scenes of violence it produced, through many passages in the ancient records, which would be inexplicable without this clue.

The Earl proceeded, certainly with sufficient energy and considerable skill, to the accomplishment of his object. In the very year of his arrival, Dec. 1643, he appointed commissioners† to compound for leases, consisting of some of his principal officers, (members of council,) who had themselves been prevailed on by adequate considerations to surrender their estates, and are by general tradition accused of having conspired to delude their simple countrymen into the persuasion, that having no title-deeds, their estates were insecure; that leases were title-deeds; and although nominally for limited terms, declared the lands to be descendible to their eldest sons. It is remarkable that the names of Eneas and William Christian, two of the council, are alone excluded from this commission.

We have already seen two of the names committed to prison. The following notices, which abundantly unfold the ground of the Earl's hostility to the name of Christian, relate to Ewan Christian, the father of William Dhone, and one of the Deemsters excluded from the commission. "One presented me a petition against Deemster† Christian, on the behalf of an infant who is conceived to have a right unto his Farms Rainway, (Ronaldway,) one of the principal holdings in this country, who, by reason of his emincence here, and that he holdeth much of the same tenure of the straw in other places, he is so observed, that certainly as I temper the matter with him in this, soe shall I prevail with others." "By policie"† they (the Christians) are crept into the principal places of power, and they are seated round about the country, and in the heart of it; they are nincth with the best families," &c.

The prayer of the petitioner† formerly mentioned was to this effect, that there might be a fair trial, and when the right was recovered, that I would grant them a lease thereof, this being in the tenure of the straw." . . . "Upon some conference with the petitioner, I find a motion heretofore was made by my commis- sioners, that the Deemster should give this fellow a summe of money. But he would part with none, nevertheless say it may be he will, and I hope he so wise as to assure unto himself his holding, by compounding with me for the lease of the same, to which, if they two agree, I shall grant it him on easy terms. For if he break the ice, I may happily catch some fish." "†

The issue of this piteous project was but too successful. Ewan Christian, the *reign of terror*, and gave up Ronaldway to his son William, who accepted the lease, and named his own descendants for the lives. Still the objects attained were unsubstantial, as being contrary to all law, written or oral; and the system was incomplete, until sanctioned by the semblance of legislative confirmation.

We have seen that the Earl had in the island a considerable military force, and we know from other sources† that they lived in a great measure at free quarters. We have his own testimony for stating, that he achieved his objects by imprisoning until his prisoners "promised to be good," and successively filling their places with others, until they also conformed to the theory of public virgins. And the reader will be prepared to hear, without surprise, that the same man, who had him, in 1645, to arrange a legislature† capable of yielding a law court, and the grantor, in the face of the court, transferred his title the purchaser by the delivery of a straw: which being recorded, was his title. The same practice prevailed in the transfer of personal property. Sir Edward Coke, iv. 69, when speaking of the Isle of Man, says, "upon the sale of a horse, or any contract for any other thing, they make the stipulation perfect per traditionem stipule" (by the delivery of a straw.) Perhaps a more feasible etymology of stipulation, than the usual derivation from stipes, (a stake or land-mark), or stips, (a piece of money or wages).

"Among those instances in which "the commands of the lord proprietor have" (in the emphatic words of the commissioners of 1791, p. 67.) "been obtruded on the people as laws," we find, in 1583, the prohibition to dispose of lands without license of the lord, is prefaced by the broad admission, that, "contrary to good and laudable order, and divers and sundry general restraints made, the inhabitants have, and daily do, notwithstanding the said restraints, buy, sell, give, grant, chop and exchange their farms, lands, tenements, &c., at their liberties and pleasures." Alienation fees were first exacted in 1613. Report of Commissioners of 1791. App. A, No. 71, Rep. of Law Officers.

† The governor-comptroller, receiver, and John Cane, the Deemster. ‡ Deemster, evidently Anglicized, the person who deems the law; a designation anciently unknown among the natives, who continue to call this officer *Brehan*, identical with the name of those judges and laws so often mentioned in the Histories of Ireland.

§ Peck 447.

¶ Ib. 448.

†† I have ascertained the date of this petition to be 1643.

††† Covertousness is not attributed to the head of this family; but the Earl makes himself infamous with his gallantry—natural children, it seems took the name of their father, and not of their mother, as elsewhere, and "the deemster did not get soe many for lust's sake, as to make the name of Christian flourish." Of him, or a successor of the same name, it is related, that he was worth 5000. at play from the Bishop of Eborac, Man, with which he purchased the manor of *Bowenly* in Cumberland, and possessed by that family."

††† Evidence on the mock trial of William Dhone.

††† We shall see, by and by, a very simple method of packing a judicial and legislative body, by removing and replacing even individuals by one and the same mandate.

forced assent to this notable system of submission and loving kindness.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for stating, that, in the subsequent surrender of the Island to the troops of the Parliament, the only stipulation made for the Islanders was, "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had." In what manner this stipulation was performed, my notes do not enable me to state. The restoration of Charles II., propitious in other respects, inflicted on the Isle of Man the revival of its feudal government; and the affair of the tenures continued to be a theme of perpetual contest and unvarying complaint, until finally adjusted in 1705, through the mediation of the excellent Bishop Wilson, in a legislative compromise known by the name of the Act of Settlement, whereby the people obtained a full recognition of their ancient rights, on condition of doubling the actual quit rents, and consenting to alienation fines, first exacted by the Earl James in 1618.

In 1648, William Dine was appointed Receiver General; and in the same year we find his elder brother, John, (assistant Deemster to his father Ewan), committed to Peel Castle on one of these occasions, which strongly marks the character of the person and the times, and affords also a glimpse at the feeling of the people, and at the condition of the devoted family of Christian. The inquisitive will find it in a note. * Other readers will pass on.

The circumstances are familiarly known, to the reader of English history, of the march of the Earl of Derby, in 1651, with a corps from the Isle of Man for the service of the King; his joining the royal army on the eve of the battle of Worcester; his flight and imprisonment at Chester, after that signal defeat; and his trial and execution at Bolton in Lancashire by the officers of the Parliament, on the 13th October of that year.

Immediately afterwards, Colonel Du Kenefeld, who commanded at Chester on behalf of the Parliament, proceeded with an armament of ten ships, and a considerable military force, for the reduction of the Isle of Man.

William Christian was condemned and executed in 1662, for acts connected with its surrender, twelve years before, which are still involved in obscurity, and it will be most acceptable to the general reader that we should pass over the intermediate period, and leave the facts regarding this individual, all of them extraordinary, and some of peculiar interest, to be developed by the record of the trial, and documents derived from other sources.

A mandate by Charles, 2d Earl of Derby, dated at Latham, in September, 1662, after dissenting on the Lemoins act of rebellion, "aggravated by its being instrumental, in the death of the Lord; and stating that he is himself concerned to revenge a father's blood," directed William Christian to be executed against forthwith, for all his illegal actions, at, before, or after, the year 1651, (a pretty sweeping range). The indictment charges him with "being the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, assuming the power unto himself, and depriving her Ladyship, his Lordship, and heirs, thereof."

A series of depositions appear on record from the 3d to the 13th October, and a reference by the previous depositories of justice of that day, to the twenty four Keys. "Whether upon the examination taken in writ before you find Mr W. Christian, of Ronallidway, within compass of the statute of the year 1422, that is, to receive a sentence *ad mortem*, or to be tried in the ordinary course of law." The body despatched on the record "so many of the Keys as were then present," were in number seventeen; but not being yet sufficiently select to approve of

* Report of 1791. App. A. No. 71.

1 A person named Charles Vaughan is thought to have an information, that being in England, he fell into company with a young man named Christian, who said he had lately left the Isle of Man, and was in search of a brother, who was clerk to a Parliament Officer; that in answer to some questions, he said, "The Earl used the substantial vote of that Isle very hardly; had estranged great fires from the initial state; had changed the ancient tenures, and forced them to take leases. That he had taken away one hundred pounds a year from his father, and had kept his uncle in prison four or five years. But if ever the Earl came to England, he had used the inhabitants so badly, that he was sure they would never allow him to land in that island again." An order is given to imprison John Christian (probably the reputed head of the family, his father being advanced in years) in Peel Castle, until he entered into bonds to be of good behavior, and not to depart the Isle without leave. (Insular Records). The young man in question is said to have been the son of William Christian of Knockraheen.

2 Some readers may desire an outline of this period. The lordship of the Island was given to Lord Fairfax, who deposited commissioners to regulate its affairs: one of them (Chalmers) published an account of the Island in 1658. He puts down William Christian as Receiver General in 1651. In which year he was succeeded by Chalmers himself. Among the anomalies of administration would seem that he had retained the office of Receiver while officiating as Governor; and episcopacy having been abolished, and the receipts of the ecclesiastical to those of the exchequer, he had large accounts to settle, for which Chalmers secured his estates in his absence, and imprisoned and held to bail his son John, for aiding what he calls his father, his son George returned from England, by permission of Lord Fairfax, to settle his father's accounts. Chalmers informs us, that the revenues of the suppressed were not appropriated in the private use of Lord Fairfax, who, for the better encouragement and support of the ministers of the Isle, and for the promoting of learning, hath conferred all this revenue upon the ministers, and also for maintaining free schools, i. e. at Castletown, Peel, Douglas, and Ramsey. Chalmers pays a liberal tribute to the talents of the clergy, and the learning and piety of the Isle's bishops. 3 See the remarks in Christian's dying speech, that the late Earl had been executed eight days before the insurrection.

4 The court for criminal trials was composed of the governor and council (including the deemsters) and the keys, who also, with the lord, and for the promoting of learning, hath conferred all this revenue upon the ministers, and also for maintaining free schools, i. e. at Castletown, Peel, Douglas, and Ramsey. Chalmers pays a liberal tribute to the talents of the clergy, and the learning and piety of the Isle's bishops. 5 See the remarks in Christian's dying speech, that the late Earl had been executed eight days before the insurrection.

sentence without trial, made their return. To be tried by law.

On the 26th November, it is recorded, that the Comm Attorney General having proceeded to the jail "with a soldier," he secured him (Christian) to the bar to stand trial, he refused, and desired to continue to receive his admirable courtesy to invite, instead of bringing his law. Whereupon the Governor demanded the law of Sir Norris, who then sat in judgment. Deemster John having not appeared and Mr. Edward Christian, 71 and assistant, having also *forborne to sit* in this Court, said Deemster Norris moved the adjournment and assigned twenty-four Keys; and the said Deemster and Keys the law therein, to wit, that he is at the mercy of the law for life and goods.

It will be observed, that seven of the Keys were absent, on what account we shall presently see. All very cleverly arranged by the following recorded on December 1. "Two of the twenty-four Keys are round, (legally, in reference to my Honourable Lord's order) enumerating seven names, not of the seven mentioned, and naming seven others who 'are seven' places." The indictment as further improved by twenty-eight individuals of the first seven taken to the council, as his place with another proper person, whose facts and facts with some minuteness of detail for two reasons: though nearly equalled by some of the subsequent ones they would not be credited on common authority. They render all comment unnecessary, and prepare us for any judgment, however extraordinary, to be exacted such a trial.

Then came the proceedings of the 20th December—2 points, as they are named, to the Deemsters, "and two Keys now assembled, to be answered in point of law. Any malefactor, &c. being indicted, &c. and deny the law of his country in that course, (notwithstanding) he may offer he may offer for himself, and thereupon to forfeit body and goods, &c. whether he may obtain the same benefit, &c. &c. to which, on the 21 they answered in the negative. It was found *propter hoc*, to break the prisoner to the bar, to hear his being *ad mortem*, that thereupon his life was *ad mortem*," which sentence was executed on the 2d of 1662.

That he made "an excellent speech," at the parliament, is recorded, where we should little expect to find the Parochial Register; the accuracy of that which preserved as such in the family of a clergyman, and up has been printed on or before 1778, 22) rests chiefly on its evidence, and on its concordance in some matters, and facts supposed or distorted in the Records, but about the proceedings of the Privy Council. It is *thence* without abbreviation, and the material points of voluminous depositions on both trials are extracted in one in a note.

* The grandeur of Essex. It appears by the proceedings in 1662, that, *as it did, when the court refused to take down the Essex's death sentence*, the Act of indemnity, *which then passed then passed proceedings, and did not* and, and came to King and to collect his Majesty, and not to the Commissioners of 1791 are in doubt regarding the in the moment in which the keys were first elected, and collected, perhaps not taken under the observation.

11 High Council was now acted as a second Deemster. 12 One of the copies in my possession is stated to be "transcribed from the printed speech, the other as stated in the text," 13 It is the first for the same purposes as the Earlbury, with the most special distribution of evidence, *the prisoner*, and it thus becomes what it is frequently called, the second, if the indictment be found, is in all respect by petty jury in England.

This too many will of course be received, with due consideration, with the only defence known, that of his desire to establish that Christian had placed himself at the association, and by a secret vote, "I withstand the Lord of his dominions, and she had yielded or consented to their appointment, which grievances, during the Earl's residence, we find any notion, the troop that was in the Isle and their free claim that he had represented her Ladyship to have deceived his, by his association with the Parliament, contrary to her promise, and by him in such a case, that Christian and his associates that he was not to sit with them for the offence or trespass that he had committed, that he had entered into correspondence with the Parliament, and received their authority, and that in consequence of this insurrection her Ladyship consents to treat with them on the part of the articles of agreement were concluded (see the whole in support) at on the appearance of Duckenfield's sign for Ramsey Day, one of the insurgents boarded him on the ground, and the confusion of the country, the dispute turned under the governor, Sir Philip Musgrave, when the shipping had anchored, a deputation of three per John Christian, Ewan Curphey, and William Stanish, per 1662, to negotiate for the surrender of the Island (where we find the records regarding the relative strength of the sides without the means of determining the degree of merit or disreputable to these negotiators, or the precise authority under which acted, but the prisoners to be withdrawn are cleared from the jury by the alibi of the testimony of the terms, demanded victors, "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they had; and it was demanded whether they asked any of the Lord Fairfax, was demanded that this man had heard of of Lord Fairfax, and of Peel Castle, appear on record, he was made prisoner, and of Peel Castle, appear on record, he could be found regarding the surrender of Castle Rushmore, Countess of Derby's subsequent imprisonment. Had the Earl of William Christian having "treacherously seized upon practice in case of doubt to refer points of customary law to the deemsters and keys.

14 (Roll's History of the Isle of Man, published in 17

The last speech of William Christian, Esq., who was executed Jan. 29, 1662-3:

"Gentlemen, and rest of you who have accompanied me a day to the gate of death, I know you expect I should say nothing at my departure; and indeed I am in some measure obliged to satisfy you, having not had the least liberty since my imprisonment, to acquaint any with the address of my sufferings, which flesh and blood could not have endured, without power and assistance of my most gracious and good God, or whose hands I do now commit my poor soul, not doubting that I shall very quickly be in the arms of his mercy."

"I am, as you now are hurried hither by the power of a pretended court of justice, the members whereof, or at least the most part of them, are by no means qualified, but very ill fitted for their new places. The reasons you may give yourselves."

"The cause for which I am brought hither, as the prompted a threefold jury has delivered, is high treason against the untow Dower of Derby, for that I did, as they say, in the year fifty-one, raise a force against her for the suppressing and striking out that family. How unjust the accusation is, very few of you that hear me this day but can witness; and that the rising of the people, in which afterwards I came to be engaged, did not at all, or in the least degree, intend the prejudice or ruin of that family; the chief whereof being, as yet well remembered, *drad elcht days, or thereabout, before that action happened*. But the true cause of that rising, as the jury did twice say, was to present grievances to our Honourable Lady; which was done by me, and afterwards approved by her Ladyship, under the hand of her then secretary, M. Trevach, who is living, which agreement hath since, by my own ruin and my poor family's endless sorrow, been forced from me. The Lord God give them the injustice of their dealings with me, and I wish in my heart it may not be laid to their charge another day!"

"You now see me here a sacrifice ready to be offered up for it which was the preservation of *our lives and fortunes which were then in hazard, but that I stood to lose my end upon their appearance utter ruin*. I wish you still may, as hitherto, enjoy sweet benefit and blessing of peace, though from that time until now I have still been persecuted and persecuted, nor have I ever since found a place to rest myself in. But my God for ever blessed and praised, who hath given me so large a measure of patience."

"What services I have done for that Noble Family, by whose favour I am now to take my latest breath, I dare appeal to themselves, whether I have not deserved better thanks from some of them, than the sentence of my bodily destruction, and seizure of a poor estate my son ought to enjoy, being purchased and flim by his grandfather. It might have been much better had not spent it in the service of my Honourable Lady, than in the ruin of his family: these things I need not mention to you, for at most of you are witnesses to it. I shall now beg your patience while I tell you here, in the presence of God, that I never in all my life acted any thing with intention to prejudice or overthrow Lord the King, nor the late Earl of Derby, nor now Earl, yet notwithstanding being in the power of the late of his sacred Majesty's happy restoration, I went to London, with many others, to have a sight of my gracious King, whom God preserve, and whom until then I never had seen. But was not long there when I was arrested upon an action of forty thousand pounds, and clapped up in the Fleet; to undo this action, I being a stranger, could give no aid, and was kept nearly a whole year. How I suffered God knows; at last, having gained my liberty, I thought good to advise the several gentlemen concerning his Majesty's gracious Act of Indemnity that was then set forth, in which I thought myself concerned; unto which they told me, there was no doubt be made but that all actions committed in the Isle of Man, at any time in any kind to this war, were pardoned by the Act of Indemnity, and all other places within his Majesty's dominions and countries. Whereupon, and having been forced to absent myself from my poor wife and children near three years, being all that time under persecution, I did with great content and satisfaction return into this island, hoping then to receive the comfort and sweet enjoyment of my friends and poor family. But as I have fallen into the snare of the Fowler; but my God all ever be praised,—though he kill me, yet will I trust in him. I may justly say no man in this island knows better than myself the power the Lord Derby hath in this island, subverting to his sacred Majesty, of which I have given a full account my declaration presented to my judges, which I must fear will never see light, which is no small trouble to me."

"It was his Majesty's most gracious Act of Indemnity gave the confidence and assurance of my safety; on which, and appeal I made to his sacred Majesty and Privy Council, upon the unjustness of the proceedings had against me, I did rely, being his Majesty's subject here, and a citizen of England both by birth and fortune. And for as much as I had used the power of my Lord Derby's Act of Indemnity, which you acted on the slightest semblance of truth, we should inevitably have had an attempt to prove it in the proceedings on this most trait. In absence of authentic details, the tradition may be adverted to, that a ladyship, on learning the proceedings at Ramsey, hastened to make in a vessel she had prepared, but was intercepted before she could reach it. The same uncertainty exists with regard to my resolution, on her part, with the officers of the Parliament, as affirmed by the minutes; the Earl's first letter, after his capture and before his trial, says, 'Truly, as matters go, it will be best for you to make conditions for yourself, children, and friends, in the manner as we have proposed, or you can farther agree with Col. Duckfield; who being so much a gentleman born, will do these, for his own honour, dead fairly with us.' He seems also to have hoped at that time that it might influence his fate; and the eloquent and affecting letter written immediately before his execution, repeats the same admonitions to treat. Roll, pp. 104 and 84."

"This fact, as might be expected, is not to be traced on the record of a trial."

"The apprehension was but too correct."

now look upon, and his Majesty's Act cast out as being of no force. I have with greater violence been persecuted: yet nevertheless I do declare, that no subject whatever can or ought to take upon them acts of indemnity but his sacred Majesty only, with the confirmation of Parliament."

"It is very fit I should say something as to my education and religion. I think I need not inform you, for you all know, I was brought up a son of the Church of England, which was at that time in her splendour and glory; and to my endless comfort I have ever since continued a faithful member, witness several of my actions in the late times of liberty. And as for government, I have been against monarchy, which now, as your soul's great satisfaction, I have lived to see settled and established. I am well assured that men of upright life and conversation may have the favourable countenance of our gracious King, under whose happy government, God of his infinite mercy long continue these his kingdoms and dominions. And now I do most heartily thank my good God that I have had so much liberty and time to disburden myself of several things that have laid heavy upon me all the time of my imprisonment, in which I have not had time or liberty to speak or write any of my thoughts; and from my soul I wish all animosity may after my death be quite laid aside, and my death by none be called in question, for I do freely forgive all that have had any hand in my persecution; and may our good God preserve you all in peace and quiet the remainder of your days."

"Be ye all of you his Majesty's liege people, loyal and faithful to his sacred Majesty; and, according to your oath of faith and fealty to my Honourable Lord of Derby, do you likewise, in all just and lawful ways, observe his commands; and know that you must one day give an account of all your deeds. And now the blessing of Almighty God be with you all, and preserve you from violent death, and keep you in peace of conscience all your days."

"I will now hasten, for my flesh is willing to be dissolved, and my spirit to be with God, who hath given me full assurance of his merciful pardon for all my sins, of which his unspeakable goodness and loving kindness my poor soul is exceedingly satisfied."

Note: Here he fell upon his knees, and passed some time in prayer; then rising exceedingly cheerful, he addressed the soldiers appointed for his execution, saying: "Now for you, who are appointed to be my executioners, I do freely forgive you, and absolve you from all blood that may be charged upon me. He requested them and all present to pray for him, adding, "There is but a thin veil betwixt me and death; once more I request your prayers, for now I take my last farewell."

The soldiers wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood. He said "Trouble not yourselves or me: for I had dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start at your fire and bullets, nor will I ever put my hands down to any man's yoke." At his desire a piece of white paper was given him, which with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, to direct them where to aim; and after a short prayer addressed the soldiers thus—"Hit this, and you do your own and my work. And presently after, stretching forth his arms, which he held in the signal he gave them, he was shot through the heart and fell."

Edward Christian, the nephew, and George, the son of the deceased, lost no time in appealing to his Majesty in Council against this judicial murder; and George was furnished with an order "to pass and release," &c. and bring with him such records and reasons as he should desire, to make out the truth of his complaint. Edward returned to the Isle of Man, for that purpose; for we find him, in April 1663, compelled, in the true spirit of the day, to give bond "that he would at all times appear and answer to such charges as might be preferred against him, and not depart the Isle without licence." George was prevented by various contrivances, from serving the King's order; but on presenting a second petition to the King, the Deputies and Members of Council, were brought up to London by a sergeant-at-arms; and these six persons, together with the Earl of Derby, being compelled to appear, a full hearing took place before the King in person, the Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron, and other Members of Council; judgment was extended on the 5th of August, and that judgment was on the 11th of the same month ordered "to be printed in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's Arms prefixed."

"This authentic document designates the persons brought up as 'Members of the pretended Court of Justice;' declares "that the general Act of Pardon and Amnesty, did extend to the Isle of Man, and ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in that island, although it had not been pleaded; that the Court refused to admit the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity," &c. "Full restitution is ordered to be made to his heirs of all his estates, real and personal." Three other persons, who were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and their estates seized and confiscated, were by the same order, ordered, together with the Christians, "to be restored to all their estates, real and personal, and to be fully repaired in all the charges and expenses, which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, as in their journey hither, or in any other way thereunto relating." The mode of raising funds for the purposes of this restitution is equally peculiar and instructive; these "sums of money are ordered to be furnished by the Deputies, Members, and Assistants of the said Court of Justice," who are directed "to raise and make due payment thereof to the parties."

And to the end that the blood that has been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated, &c. the Deputies are ordered to be committed to the King's Bench to be proceeded against, &c. &c. and receive condign punishment. [It is believed that this part of the order was afterwards relaxed or rendered nugatory.] The three Members of Council were released on giving

This note is annexed to all the copies of the speech of Edward Christian, Samuel Kitchell, and John Caesar, men of considerable landed property.

security to appear, if required, and to make the restitution ordered. "And in regard that Edward Christian, being one of the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Man, did, when the Court refused to admit of the deceased W. Christian's plea of the act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come to England to seek his Majesty and implore his justice, it is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, &c., restore and appoint him as Deemster, so to remain and continue, &c. [which order was disobeyed.] And lastly, that Henry Newell, Deputy Governor, whose fault hath been, *the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the order of his Majesty and this Board sent unto the Island.* [O most lame and impotent conclusion!] be permitted to return to the Isle, and enforce the present Order of the King in Council."

Of the Earl of Derby, no farther mention occurs in this document. The sacrifices made by this noble family in support of the royal cause, drew a large share of indulgence over the exceptionable parts of their conduct; but the mortification necessarily consequent on this appeal, the incessant complaints of the people, and the difficulty subsequently experienced by them in obtaining access to a superior tribunal, receive a curious illustration in an order of the King in council, dated 20th August, 1679, on a petition of the Earl of Derby, "that the clerk of the council in waiting receive no petition, appeal, or complaint, *against the lord or government of the Isle of Man*, without having first good security from the complainant to answer costs, damages, and charges."

The historical notices of this kingdom of Lilliput are curious and instructive with reference to other times and different circumstances, and they have seemed to require little comment or antiquarian remark; but to condense what may be collected with regard to Edward Christian, the accomplished villain of *Feveril*, the insinuations of his accusers constitute in themselves an abundant defence. When so little can be imputed by such an adversary, the character must indeed be invulnerable. Tradition ascribes to him nothing but what is amiable, patriotic, honourable, and good, in all the relations of public and private life. He died, after an imprisonment of seven or eight years, the victim of incorrigible obstinacy, according to one, of ruthless tyranny, according to another vocabulary; but resembling the character of the *Novel* in nothing but unconquerable courage.

Treachery and ingratitude have been heaped on the memory of William Christian with sufficient profusion. Regarding the first of these crimes, if all that has been affirmed or insinuated in the mock trial, read on a less questionable basis, posterity would scarcely pronounce an unanimous verdict of moral and political guilt, against an association to subvert such a government as is described by its own author. The *peculiar* favours for which he or his family were ungrateful, are not to be discovered in these proceedings; except, indeed, in the form of "chastisements of the Almighty—blessings in disguise." But if credit be given to the dying words of William Christian, his efforts were strictly limited to a redress of grievances,—a purpose always criminal in the eyes of the oppressor. If he had lived and died on a larger scene, his memory would probably have survived among the patriots and the heroes. In some of the manuscript narratives he is designated as a martyr for the rights and liberties of his countrymen; who add, in their homely manner, that he was condemned without trial, and murdered without remorse.

We have purposely abstained from all attempt to enlist the passions in favour of the sufferers of a people, or in detestation of oppressions, which ought, perhaps, to be ascribed as much to the character of the times as to that of individuals. The naked facts of the case (unaided by the wild and plaintive notes in which the maidens of the Isle were wont to bewail of themselves to awaken the sympathy of every generous mind; and it were a more worthy exercise of that despotic power over the imagination, so eminently possessed by the Great Unknown, to emblazon the remembrance of two such men in his immortal pages, than to load their memories with crimes, such as no human being ever committed.

I AM enabled to add the translation of the lament over the fair-haired William Christian. It is originally composed in the Manx language, and consists of a series of imprecations of evil upon the enemies of Christian, and prophecies to the same purpose:—

On the Death and Murder of Rectior-General William Christian of Ronaldsway, who was shot near Hango Hill, January 2, 1682.

1.
In so shifting a scene, who would confidence place
In family power, youth, or in personal grace?
No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul.

2.
You are Derby's receiver of patriot zeal,
Replete with good sense, and reputed to steal;
Your justice applauded by the young and the old;
And thy fate, &c.

* Tradition, in accordance with the dirge of William Dhône, says that the order to stop proceedings and suspend the sentence arrived on the day preceding that of his execution.

† Earl James, although stoutly of kingcraft, assigns good reasons for having acted as he pretended to assume that rank, and among others, "Nor doth it please a king that any of his subjects should too much love that name, were it but to act in a play."—Peck, 428.

‡ Peck, *passim*.

§ The literal translation given to me by a young lady

3.
A kind, able patron both to church and to state—
What roused their resentment, but talents so great?
No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, &c.

4.
Thy pardon, 'tis rumour'd, came over the seas.
Nor late, but conceal'd by a villain in gins;
'Twas fear forced the jury to a sentence so foul.
And thy fate, &c.

5.
Triumphant stood Calcott, he wish'd to see men
When the pride of the Christians lay waiting in pain
To malice a victim, though steady and bold;
And thy fate, &c.

6.
With adultery stain'd, and polluted with gore,
He Ronaldsway eyed, as Loghnessly before;
'Twas the land sought the culprit, as Abah before;
And thy fate, &c.

7.
Proceed to the once famed abode of the Man,
Call the Calcotts aloud, till you torture your brain;
Their short triumph's ended, extinct in the vein.
And thy fate, &c.

8.
For years could Robert lay crippled in bed,
Nor knew the world peace while he held up his head.
The neighbourhood's scourge in iniquity bold;
And thy fate, &c.

9.
Not one's heard to grieve, seek the country all dead,
Nor lament for the name that Bonmacus once had
The poor rather load it with curses untold;
And thy fate, &c.

10.
Ballaclogh and the Criggans mark strongly their sin
Not a soul of the name's there to welcome you in;
In the power of the strangers is centred the sin;
And thy fate, &c.

11.
The opulent Scarlett on which the sea flows
The piecemeal disposed of to whom the Lord knows;
It is here without bread or defence from the soil;
And thy fate, &c.

12.
They assert then in vain, that the law sought thy head,
For all aiding the massacre never did good;
Like the rooted-up golding deprived of its gold,
They languish'd, were blasted, grew wither'd and old.

13.
When the shoots of a tree so corrupted remain,
Like the briar or thistle, they goad us with pain;
Deep, dark, undermining, they mimic the soil;
And thy fate, &c.

14.
Round the infamous wretches who spilt Cavan's blood
Dead spectres and conscience in sad array stood;
Not a man of the gang reach'd life's utmost goal;
And thy fate, &c.

15.
Perdition, too, seized them who caused thee to die
To decay fell their houses, their lands and their life;
Disappear'd like the vapour when morn's tinged us;
And thy fate, &c.

16.
From grief all corroding, to hope I'll repair,
That a branch of the Christians will soon grace the air;
With royal instructions his foes to console;
And thy fate, &c.

17.
With a book for my pillow, I dreamt as I lay,
That a branch of the Christians would hold fast
His conquests his topic with friends o'er a bowl;
And thy fate, &c.

18.
And now for a wish in concluding my song,—
May th' Almighty withhold me from doing what wrong
Protect every mortal from enmity foul,
For thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul!†

† A person named in the next stanza is said to have interposed sent from England for William Christian, found, it is said, out of an old woman's stockings. The tradition is highly improbable, it would not have failed to be charged as a high aggravation subsequent proceedings of the Privy Council.

‡ It may be recollected, that these verses are given through the medium of a meagre translation, and are deprived of the aid of the wise we should certainly think the memory of William D. honoured by his native bard.

No. II.

Court at Whitehall, the 5th August, 1683.
son and heir of William Christian, de-
clares his complaint to his Majesty in Coun-
cil at a house of his in his Majesty's Isle

of certain persons of that island, pre-
sented a Court of Justice; that he was by
treason, pretended to be committed
prisoner of Derby, in the year 1651; and
ceded to judgment, and caused him to
obtain the act of General Pardon
of his Majesty; and he and his ap-
plicants humbly imploring his Majesty's grace
the distressed widow and seven father-
less children: His Majesty was graciously
of his Council, to order that Thomas
dell, the two judges, (by them in that
) and Richard Stevenson, Robert Cal-
sley, three of the members of the pre-
sented, and Henry Howell, deputy of the said
with sent for, and brought up by a ser-
vant his Majesty in Council, to appear
as should be exhibited against
persons being accordingly brought hither
last, appointed for a full hearing of the
of Derby then also summoned to ap-
pear before the King's Bench, and the
Majesty's Exchequer, with the King's
laws, required to be present, and all the
their counsel and witnesses, after full
both sides, and the parties withdrawn,
desired to deliver their opinion, did, in
Council, learned in the laws, declare
Pardon and Indemnity did, and ought
end to the Isle of Mann, as well as into
y's dominions and plantations beyond
a publique General Act of Parliament,
ken notice of by the Judges in the Isle
d not been pleaded, and although there
made thereof. His Majesty being there-
his violation of his Act of General Par-
ty hath always been very tender, and
that all his subjects in all his domi-
nions enjoy the full benefit and advantage
of this day taken the business into fur-
ther parties called in and heard, did, by
the Council, order, and it is hereby or-
dained, that any way concerned in the seizure of the
said Christian, deceased, or instrumental
widow and children out of their houses
and that entire restitution is to be made
well real or personal, as also all dama-
ges and satisfaction for all profits by them re-
ceived hath been in their hands; and that,
said Christian, deceased, was one of the
estates in Lancashire, that the detri-
mentally death of the said William Chris-
tian, deceased, and in like
That in regard of the great trouble and
as have been at in pursuit of this busi-
ness exhibit to this Board a true account,
of the damages by them sustained in
this business, and of all other their
of this business.
Curger, Samuel Radcliffe, and John
of Court of Justice imprisoned, and had
confiscated, without any legal trial, it is
was Curger, Samuel Radcliffe, and
reinstated to all their estates, real and
served in all the charges and expenses
since their first imprisonment, as well
business, as in their journey thither,
over thereto relating. The which
and all the sums of money to be raised
are to be furnished by the Deemsters,
of the said Court of Justice, who are
all such the said sums, and thereof to
give full satisfaction unto the parties
intended to receive it.
dilett of blood which hath been unjustly
be expiated, and his Majesty receive

some kind of satisfaction for the untimely loss of a subject, it
is ordered, that the said Thomas Norris and Hugh Cannel, who
deceased this violent death, be committed and remain prisoners
in the King's Bench, to be proceeded against in the ordinary
course of justice, so to receive condign punishment according
to the merit of so heinous a fact.

That Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcott, and Richard Ty-
desley, be discharged from farther restraint, giving good secu-
rity to appear at this Board whenever summoned, and not de-
part this city until full satisfaction be given, and all orders of
this Board whatsoever relating to this business fully executed
in the island. And in regard, that upon the examination of this
business, it doth appear, that Edward Christian, being one of
the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Man, did, when the Court
refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of
the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their ille-
gal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come into
England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice, it is
ordered, that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission,
in due and accustomed manner, restore, constitute, and appoint
the said Edward Christian, one of the Deemsters or Judges of
the said island, so to remain and continue in the due execution
of the said place.

And lastly, it is ordered that the said Henry Howell, Deputy-
Governor, whose charge hath been the not complying with, and
yielding due obedience to, the orders of his Majesty, and this
Board, sent into this island, giving good security to appear at
this Board whenever summoned, be forthwith discharged
from all further restraint, and permitted to return into the is-
land; and he is hereby strictly commanded to employ the power
and authority he hath, which by virtue of his commission
he hath in that island, in performance of, and obedience to, all
commands and orders of his Majesty and this Board in this
whole business, or any way relating thereto.

(Signed by)

Lord Chancellor.
Lord Treasurer.
Lord Privy Seal.
Duke of Albemarle.
Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Berkshire.
Earl of St. Alban.
Earl of Anglesey.
Earl of Sandwich.
Earl of Bath.
Earl of Middleton.

Earl of Carberry.
Lord Bishop of London.
Lord Wentworth.
Lord Berkeley.
Lord Ashley.
Sir William Crompton.
Mr. Treasurer.
Mr. Vice Chamberlain.
Mr. Secretary Morice.
Mr. Secretary Bennett.

Richard Browne,

Clerk of the Council.

No. III.

At the Court at Whitehall, August 11th, 1688.

Present,

The King's Most Excellent Majesty.

Lord Chancellor.
Lord Treasurer.
Lord Privy Seal.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Albemarle.
Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Berkshire.
Earl of St. Alban.
Earl of Sandwich.
Earl of Anglesey.
Earl of Bath.

Earl of Middleton.
Earl of Carberry.
Lord Bishop of London.
Lord Wentworth.
Lord Berkeley.
Lord Ashley.
Sir William Crompton.
Mr. Treasurer.
Mr. Vice Chamberlain.
Mr. Secretary Morice.
Mr. Secretary Bennett.

To the end the world may the better take notice of his Ma-
jesty's royal intention, to observe the Act of Indemnity and
General Pardon inviolably for the publique good and satisfac-
tion of his subjects—it was this day ordered, that a copy of the
order of this Board of the 5th inst., touching the illegal pro-
ceedings in the Isle of Mann against William Christian, and
putting him to death contrary to the said act of General Pardon,
be sent unto his Majesty's printer, who is commanded forth-
with to print the same in the English letters, in folio, in such
manner as acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Ma-
jesty's Arms prefixed.

RICHARD BROWNE.

PREFATORY LETTER,

FROM THE

REVEREND DOCTOR DRYASDUST OF YORK,

TO

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK, RESIDING AT FAIRY-LODGE, NEAR KENNAQUHAR.

VERY WORTHY AND DEAR SIR,

To your last letter I might have answered, with the classic, "*Hand optima facies, miror magis*." For though my converse, from infancy, has been with things of antiquity, yet I love not ghosts or spectres to be commentators thereon; and truly your account of the conversation you held with our great parent, in the crypt, or most intimate recess of the publishers at Edinburgh, had upon me much the effect of the apparition of Hector's phantom on the hero of the *Æneid*—

"*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ*."

And, as I said above, I repeat that I wondered at the Vision, without envying you the pleasure of seeing our great progenitor. But it seems that he is now permitted to show himself to his family more freely than formerly; or that the old gentleman is turned somewhat garrulous in these latter days; or, in short, not to exhaust your patience with conjectures of the cause, I also have seen the Vision of the Author of Waverley. I do not mean to take any undue state on myself, when I observe, that this interview was marked with circumstances in some degree more formally complaisant than those which attended your meeting with him in our worthy publisher's; for yours had the appearance of a fortuitous rencontre, whereas mine was preceded by the communication of a large roll of papers, containing a new history, called *PEVERIL OF THE PEAK*.

I no sooner found that this manuscript consisted of a narrative, running to the length of perhaps three hundred and thirty pages in each volume, or thereabouts, than it instantly occurred to me from whom this boon came; and having set myself to peruse the written sheets, I began to entertain strong expectations that I might, peradventure, next see the author himself.

Again, it seems to me a marked circumstance, that, whereas an inner apartment of Mr. Constable's shop was thought a place of sufficient solemnity for your audience, our venerable senior was pleased to afford mine in the recesses of my own lodgings, *intra parietes*, as it were, and without the chance of interruption. I must also remark, that the features, form, and dress of the *Eldon*, as you well term the apparition of our parent, seemed to me more precisely distinct than was vouchsafed to you on the former occasion. Of this hereafter; but Heaven forbid I should glory in setting up any claim of superiority over the other descendants of our common parent, from such decided marks of his preference—*Laus propria sordet*. I am well satisfied that the honour was bestowed not on my person, but my cloth—that the preference did not elevate Jonas Dryasdust over Clutterbuck, but the Doctor of Divinity over the Captain. *Cedant arma togæ*—a maxim never to be forgotten at any time, but especially to be remembered when the soldier is upon half-pay.

But I think me that I am keeping you all this while in the porch, and wearying you with long inductions, when you would have me *propere in medium veni*. As you will, it shall be done; for, as his Grace is wont to say of me wittily, "No man tells a story so well as Dr. Dryasdust, when he has once got up to the starting-post."—*Jocose hoc*. But to continue.

I had skimmed the cream of the narrative which I had received about a week before, and that with no small cost and pain; for the hand of our parent is become so small and so crabbed, that I was obliged to use strong magnifiers. Feeling my eyes a little exhausted towards the close of the second volume, I leaned back in my easy-chair, and began to consider whether several of the objections which have been particularly urged against our father and patron, might not be considered as applying, in an especial manner, to the papers I had just perused. Here are fragments enough," said I to myself, "to confuse the march of a whole history, with the towers of a cathedral in the background; moreover, I recollect gazing for a certain time on the comely countenance of Dr. Whitrose, my uncle by the mother's side—the same who is mentioned in THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN—whose portrait, graceful in wig and canonical, hangs above my mantel-piece. Farther, I remember marking the flowers in the frame of carved oak, and casting my eye on the pistols which hang beneath, being the fire-arms

with which, in the eventful year 1746, my uncle must have espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward; for, and little did he esteem personal safety, in company of his high church principle, that he waited but the passing of the venture's reaching London to hasten to join his cause.

Such a doze as I then enjoyed, I find compatible with the best and deepest cogitations which at any time entered my mind. I chewed the cud of sweet and bitter food, and between sleeping and waking, which I consider as favourable to philosophy, that I have no doubt several distinguished systems have been composed under a nap. My servant is, therefore, instructed to tread as if upon my door-hinges are carefully oiled—and all appliances to prevent me from being prematurely and harshly roused the broad waking-day of a laborious world. My mind, in this particular, is so well known, that the very sound of the alley on tiptoe, between the hours of four and five, is the very dwelling of Morpheus. There is indeed the knave of a broom-man, *quem ego*—But this is now a Quarter-Day.

As my head sunk back upon the easy-chair, a singular mood which I have just described, and thereon my body began to close, in order, doubtless, that the day's demanding might be the more widely covered, I perceived a knock at the door, of a kind more authoritative than is given at that hour by any visitor acquainted with my habits. I started up in my seat, and heard the step of a servant hurrying along the passage, followed by a woman, measured pace, which shook the long floored panels in a manner, as forcibly to arrest my attention. "A gentleman just arrived from Edinburgh by the North Mail, and speak with your Reverence." Such were the words which Jacob threw the door to the wall; and the sound of which he pronounced them, although there was something peculiar in the enunciation itself, prepared me for the prospect of a visitor of uncommon dignity and importance.

The Author of Waverley entered, a bulky and ill-favoured travelling great-coat, which covered a suit of middle age, in imitation of that worn by the great Rambler. He hat—for he disdained the modern frivolities of a wig—was bound over his head with a large silk handkerchief, as to protect his ears from cold at once, and from the of his pleasant companions in the public coach from cold had just alighted. There was somewhat of a sarcasm in the dress and sense, which sat on the heavy penthouse of his gray eyebrow—his features were in other respects slumped, and rather heavy, than promising wit or genius; but he had a notable projection of the nose, similar to that of Latin poet.

"—inmodicum surgit pro cuspidate rostrum."

A stout walking-stick stayed his hand—a double brocade teased his neck—his belly was something prominent, that's not much,"—his breeches were substantial cloth, and a pair of top-boots, which were slipped down as he sturdily calved, did not conceal his comfortable travelling trunks of linen's wool, wrought, not on the loom, but after the vernal ancient fashion, known in Scotland name of *ridge and furrow*. His age seemed to be about above fifty, but could not amount to threescore, when served with pleasure, trusting there may be a good deal of him yet; especially as a general haleness of a sneeze—the compass and strength of his voice—the steady his step—the roundness of his calf—the depth of his line the sonorous emphasis of his sneeze, were all signs of a constitution built for permanence.

It struck me forcibly, as I gazed on this portly person he retired, in my imagination, the Stout Gentleman, who afforded such a subject of varying speculation to an amusing and elegant Utopian traveller, Master Goodley! Indeed, but for one little trait in the conduct of the Gentleman—I mean the gallantry towards his landlady, which would greatly derogate from our Father's claim should be disposed to conclude that Master Crayn, in that memorable occasion, actually passed his time in the company of the Author of Waverley. But our worthy poet it spoken to his praise, far from cultivating the social fair sex, seems, in avoiding the company of woman, to imitate the humour of our friend and relation, Master Oldbuck, as I was led to conjecture, from a circumstance which occurred immediately after his entrance.

g acknowledged his presence with fitting thanks and
lions, I proposed to my venerated visitor, as the refresh-
ment suited to the hour of the day, to summon my cousin
seeker, Miss Catharine Whitmore, with the tea-
equipped to be rejected my proposal with disdain, worthy of the
"Monk-barn." "No scandal-broth," he exclaimed: "no
woman's chatter for me. Fill the frothed tankard—
s fatted rum—I desire no society but yours, and no
sent but what the cask and the gridiron can supply."
cefeatek, and toast, and tankard, were speedily got
and whether an apparition, or a bodily presentation, my
implied dexterity as a trencherman, which might have
d the envy of a hungry hunter, after a fox-chase of
les. Neither did he fail to make some deep and solemn
not only to the tankard aforesaid, but to two decanters
an particular Madeira and old Port: the first of which
fracted from its ripening place of depositation, within
the genial warmth of the oven; the other, from a deep
mine own ancient cellar, which whilom may have held
ages of the victors of the world, the arch being com-
f Roman Brick. I could not help admiring and com-
ing the old gentleman upon the vigorous appetite which
ayed for the genial cheer of old England. "Sir," was
t, "I must eat and drink like a fishman, to qualify myself
my place at one of the most select companies of right
spirits, which ever circled in, and hewed asunder, a
mous skirlon, and a generous plum pudding."
ared, but with all deference and modesty, whether he
ed, and to what distinguished Society he applied a
son so general. I shall proceed in humble imitation of
ample, to give the subsequent dialogue in a dramatic
lens when description becomes necessary.

of Waverley. To whom should I apply such a descrip-
o to the only Society to whom it can be thoroughly ap-
—those unerring judges of old books and old wine—the
h Club of London? Have you not heard that I have
een a member of that Society of select Bibliomaniacs?
fast. (*Rummaging in his pocket.*) I did hear something
in Captain Clutterbuck, who wrote to me—ay, here is
—that such a report was current among the Scottish
les, who were much alarmed lest you should be seduced
heresy of preferring English beef to seven-year-old
red mutton, Mareschall-whiskey, and turbot soup to
sekie; in which case, they must needs renounce you as a
n—"But," adds our friend, looking at the letter—his
ard of a military description, better used to handle
rd than the pen—"Our friend is so much upon the
the shes, I think it is—"that it must be no light
on which will withdraw him from his inequity."

No light temptation, unquestionably; but this is a
one, to hob-or-nob with the lords of the literary
of Althorpe and Hodnet, in Madeira nequa, browed by
eal Dildun—to share those profound debates which
curately on each small volume, dark with tarnished
s collar, not of S. S., but of R. R. So to lose the immortal
of Caston, Valdar, Prinson, and the other fathers of
it art which has made all, and each of us, what we are.
y dear son, are temptations, to which you see me now
act of resigning that quiet chimney corner of life in
in unknown and unknown—save by means of the hope-
y to which I have given birth—I proposed to wear out
of life's evening ray.

ing, our venerated friend took another emphatic touch
inkard, as if the very expression had suggested that
remedy against the evils of life, recommended in the
response of Johnson's anchorite—
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."
i he had placed on the table the silver tankard, and
a deep sigh to collect the respiration which the long
had interrupted, I could not help echoing it, in a note
etically compassionate, that he fixed his eyes on me
inquire. "How is this?" said he, somewhat angrily;
u, the creature of my will, grudge me my preferment?
dedicated to you, and your fellows, the best hours of my
these seven years past; and do you presume to grumble
me, because, in those which are to come, I seek for
joyment of life in society so congenial to my pursuits?
led myself before the offended senior, and professed my
rec in all that could possibly give him displeasure. He
partly appeared, but still bent on mean eye of suspicion,
re questioned me in the words of old Norton, in the bal-
ho "Rising in the North Country."

Author. What wouldst thou have, Francis Norton?
Thou art my youngest son and heir;
Something less brooding at thy heart—
Whatever it be, to me declare.

Just. Craving, then, your paternal forgiveness for my
ption, I only sighed at the possibility of your venturing
amongst a body of critics, to whom, in the capacity of
antiquaries, the investigation of truth is an especial duty,
I may therefore visit with the more severe censure those
ons, which it is so often your pleasure to make from the
true history.

r. I understand you. You mean to say these learned
will have but little toleration for a romance, or a ficti-
tative, founded upon history?

Just. Why, sir, I do rather apprehend, that their respect
foundation will be such, that they may be apt to quar-
the inconsistent nature of the superstructure; just as
lascial traveller pours forth expressions of sorrow and

author has pride in recording, that he had the honour to elect-
of this distinguished association, merely as the Author of
r, without any other designation; and it was an additional in-
t to throw off the mask of an anonymous author, that it gives
ht to occupy the vacant chair at that festive board.

indignation, when, in travelling through Greece, he chanced to
see a Turkish kiosk rising on the ruins of an ancient temple.

Author. But since we cannot rebuild the temple, a kiosk may
be a pretty thing, may it not? Not quite correct in architec-
ture, strictly and classically criticised; but, presenting some-
thing unbecomingly to the eye, and something fanciful to the
agination, on which the spectator gazes with pleasure of the
same description which arises from the perusal of an Eastern
tale.

Dryasdust. I am unable to dispute with you in metaphor, sir; but
I must say, in discharge of my conscience, that you stand much
constantly for adulterating the pure sources of history.
ledge. You approach them, when say, like the drunken yeoman,
who, once upon a time, polluted the crystal spring which sup-
plied the thirst of his family, with a scum of sugar leaves and a
hoghead of rum: and thereby converted a simple and whole-
some beverage into a stupefying, brutifying, and intoxicating
fluid: sweeter, indeed, to the taste, than the natural lymph,
but, for that very reason, more seductively dangerous.

Author. I allow your metaphor, Doctor: but yet, though good
punch cannot supply the want of spring-water, it is, when mo-
destly used, no *malum fa se*: and I should have thought it a
slightly thing of the parson of the parish; had he helped to drink
out the well-water, and preached against the honest
hospitable yeoman on Sunday morning. I should have answered
him, that the very flavour of the liquor should have put him at
once upon his guard; and that, if he had taken a drop over
much, he ought to blame his own imprudence more than the
hospitality of his entertainer.

Dryasdust. I profess I do not exactly see how this applies.

Author. No; you are one of those numerous disputants, who
will never follow their metaphor a step further than it goes
their own way. I will explain. A poor fellow, like myself,
weary with ransacking his own barren and bounded imagina-
tion, looks out for some general subject in the huge and bound-
less old of history, which holds forth examples of every kind
—lights on some striking or some combination of circum-
stances, or some striking trait of manness, which he thinks
may be advantageously used as the basis of a fictitious narrative
—bedizens it with such colouring as his skill suggests—orna-
ments it with such romantic circumstances as may heighten the
general effect—mixes it with such shades of character, as will
best contrast with each other—and thinks, perhaps, he has
done some service to the public, if he can present to them a
lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or cir-
cumstance which he made free to press into his service, only
furnished a slight sketch. Now I cannot perceive any harm in
this. The stores of history are accessible to every one; and
are no more exhausted or impoverished by the limits thus bor-
rowed from them, than the fountain is drained by the waste
which we substract for domestic purposes. And in reply to the
saber charge of falsehood, against a narrative announced posi-
tively to be fictitious, one can only answer, by Prior's excla-
mation,

"O'looko, must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Dryasdust. Nay; but I fear me that you are here eluding the
charge. Men do not seriously accuse you of misrepresenting
history; although I assure you I have seen some grave treatises,
in which it was thought necessary to contradict your assertions.

Author. That certainly was to point a discharge of artillery
against a wreath of morning mist.

Dryasdust. But besides, and especially, it is said that you are
in danger of causing history to be neglected—readers being con-
tented with such frothy and superficial knowledge as they ac-
quire from such sources, to the effect of increasing the neglect
the severer and more accurate sources of information.

Author. I deny the consequence. On the contrary, I rather
hope that I have turned the attention of the public on various
points, which have received elucidation from writers of more
learning and research, in consequence of my novels having at-
tracted some converts to them. I might give instances, but I hate
vanity—I hate vanity. The history of the divining rod is well
known—it is a slight valueless twig in itself, but indicates, by
its motion, where veins of precious metal are concealed below
the earth, which afterwards enrich the adventurers by whom
they are laboriously and carefully wrought. I claim no more
merit for my historical hints; but this is some grand hint.

Dryasdust. We severer antiquaries, sir, may grant that this is
true: to wit, that your works may occasionally have put men
of solid judgment upon researches which they would not per-
haps have otherwise thought of undertaking. But this will leave
you still accountable for misleading the young, the indolent,
and the giddy, by thrusting into their hands, works, which,
while they have so much the appearance of conveying infor-
mation, as may prove perhaps a salve to their consciences for
employing their leisure in the perusal, yet leave their giddy
brains contented with the crude, uncertain, and often false
statements, which your novels abound with.

Author. It would be very unbecoming in me, reverend sir, to
accuse a gentleman of your cloth of cant; but, pray, is there
not something like it in the pathos with which you enforce
these dangers? I aver, on the contrary, that by introducing the
busy and the youthful to "truths severe in fairy fiction dress-
ed," I am doing a real service to the more ingenious and the
more apt among them; for the love of knowledge was but a
beaming—the least spark will give fire when the train is pro-
perly prepared; and having been interested in fictitious ad-
ventures, ascribed to an historical period and characters, the

* The Doctor has denied the author's title to shelter himself under
this pretension: but the author continues to think himself entitled to all
the shelter, which, thrush-like as it is, it may yet be able to afford him.
The truth severe applies not to the narrative itself, but to the moral it
conveys, in which the author has not been thought deficient. The
"fairy fiction" is the conduct of the story which the tale is invested to
elucidate.

PREFATORY LETTER.

reader begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were, and how far the novelist has justly represented them.

But even where the mind of the more careless reader remains satisfied with the light personæ he has afforded to a tale of fiction, he will still lay down the book with a degree of knowledge, not perhaps of the most accurate kind, but such as he might not otherwise have acquired. Nor is this limited to minds of a low and incurious description; but, on the contrary, comprehends many persons otherwise of high talents, who, nevertheless, either from lack of time, or of perseverance, are willing to sit down contented with the slight information which is acquired in such a manner. The great Duke of Marlborough, for example, having quoted, in conversation, some fact of English history rather inaccurately, was requested to name his authority. "Shakspeare's Historical Plays," answered the conqueror of Blenheim; "the only English history I ever read in my life." And a hasty recollection will convince any of us how much better we are acquainted with those parts of English history which that immortal bard has dramatised, than with any other portion of British story.

Dryadus. And you, worthy sir, are ambitious to render a similar service to posterity?

Author. May the saints forefend I should be guilty of such unfounded vanity! I only show what has been done when there were giants in the land. We pigmies of the present day, may at least, however, do something; and it is well to keep a pattern before our eyes, though that pattern be inimitable.

Dryadus. Well, sir, with me you must have your own course; and for reasons well known to you, it is impossible for me to reply to you in argument. But I doubt if all you have said will reconcile the public to the anachronisms of your present volumes. Here you have a Countess of Derby fetched out of her cold grave, and saddled with a set of adventures dated twenty years after her death, besides being given up as a Catholic, when she was in fact a zealous Huguenot.

Author. She may sue me for damages, as in the case Dido versus Virgil.

Dryadus. A worse fault is, that your manner is more incorrect than usual. Your Puritan is faintly used, in comparison to your Cameronian.

Author. I agree to the charge; but although I still am hypocritism and enthusiasm as fit food for ridicule, yet I am sensible of the difficulty of holding fast to laughter or abhorrence, without using coloring, and give offence to the sincerely worthy and religious. But are lawful which we are taught are not convenient; and are many tones of feeling which are too respectable to sully, though we do not altogether sympathize with them.

Dryadus. Not to mention, my worthy sir, that you may think the subject exhausted.

Author. The devil take the men of this generation, for their worst construction on their neighbor's motives.

So saying, and flinging a testy sort of adieu towards his hand, he opened the door, and ran hastily down stairs. I started on my feet, and rang for my servant, who came. I demanded what had become of the stranger, and that any such had been admitted—I pointed out the door, and he—he had the assurance to repeat such vacancies were sometimes made when I had no company than my own. I do not know what to make of this doubtful matter, but will certainly imitate you in placing this dialogue, with my present letter, at the PERVEIL OF THIS FRANK. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Very much your faithful and
obedient servant,

JOSIAS BROWN

Michaelmas-day, 1823,
YORK.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

CHAPTER I.

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When foul words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folk together by the ears—

BUTLER.

LIAM, the Conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William I, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, ere distinguished himself. The liberal-minded ch, who assumed in his charters the veritable of Guilielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his favour, when the laws of England were issued in the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. Wileveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lands in Derbyshire, and became the erector of a stately fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, he named Castleton to the adjacent village.

In this feudal Baron, who chose his nest upon principles on which an eagle selects her eyry, and in such a fashion as if he had intended it, as Chaucer said of the Martello towers, for the sole end of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived to be, descended (for their pedigree was hypothetical) an opulent family of knightly name in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and the wonders which they contain, had been in King John's stormy days, by one William I, and had been granted anew to the Lord Ferris that day. Yet this William's descendants, no longer possessed of what they alleged to be their original property, were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, served to mark their high descent, and lofty sions.

In Charles the Second's time, the representative of the ancient family was Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a man who had many of the ordinary attributes of an old-country gentleman, and very few individual qualities to distinguish him from the general portrait of a worthy class of mankind. He was proud of advantages, angry at small disappointments, capable of forming any resolution or opinion independent of his own prejudices—he was proud of his rank, lavish in his housekeeping, convivial with friends and acquaintances, who would allow him superiority in rank—contentious and quarrelsome in all that crossed his pretensions—kind to the except when they plundered his game—a royalist in his political opinions, and one who detested the Roundhead, a poacher, and a Presbyterian. Sir Geoffrey was a high-churchman, of so strong a strain that many thought he still nourished the Roman Catholic tenets, which his father had only renounced in his father's time, and he had a dispensation for conforming in outwardances to the Protestant faith. There was at such a scandal amongst the Puritans, and the ecclesiastical Sir Geoffrey Peveril certainly appeared to possess amongst the Catholic gentlemen of the shire and Cheshire, seemed to give countenance to the rumour.

It was Sir Geoffrey, who might have passed to the grave without farther distinction than a brass in the chancel, had he not lived in times which called forth the most inactive spirits into exertion, as a result of the influences the sluggish waters of the deadest stagnation. When the Civil Wars broke out, Peveril of the Peak, proud of pedigree, and brave by constitution, raised a regiment for the King, and showed upon

several occasions more capacity for command than men had heretofore given him credit for.

Even in the midst of the civil turmoil, he fell in love with, and married, a beautiful and amiable young lady of the noble house of Stanley; and from that time had the more merit in his loyalty, as it divorced him from her society, unless at very brief intervals, when his duty permitted an occasional visit to his home. Scorning to be allured from his military duty by domestic inducements, Peveril of the Peak fought on for several rough years of civil war, and performed his part with sufficient gallantry, until his regiment was surprised and cut to pieces by Poyntz, Cromwell's enterprising and successful general of cavalry. The defeated Cavalier escaped from the field of battle, and, like a true descendant of William the Conqueror, disdaining submission, threw himself into his own castellated mansion, which was attacked and defended in a siege of that irregular kind which caused the destruction of so many baronial residences during the course of those unhappy wars. Martindale Castle, after having suffered severely from the cannon which Cromwell himself brought against it, was at length surrendered when in the last extremity. Sir Geoffrey himself became a prisoner, and while his liberty was only restored upon a promise of remaining a peaceful subject to the Commonwealth in future, his former delinquencies, as they were termed by the ruling party, were severely punished by fine and sequestration.

But neither his forced promise, nor the fear of farther unpleasant consequences to his person or property, could prevent Peveril of the Peak from joining the gallant Earl of Derby the night before the fatal engagement in Wiggan-lane, where the Earl's forces were dispersed. Sir Geoffrey having had his share in that action, escaped with the relics of the royalists after the defeat, to join Charles II. He witnessed also the final defeat of Worcester, where he was a second time made prisoner; and, as in the opinion of Cromwell and the language of the times, he was regarded as an obstinate malignant, he was in great danger of having shared with the Earl of Derby his execution at Bolton-le-Moor, having partaken with him the dangers of two actions. But Sir Geoffrey's life was preserved by the interest of a friend, who possessed influence in the councils of Oliver. This was a Mr. Bridgenorth, a gentleman of middling quality, whose father had been successful in some commercial adventure during the peaceful reign of James I.; and who had bequeathed his son a considerable sum of money, in addition to the moderate patrimony which he inherited from his father.

The substantial, though small-sized brick building of Moultrassie Hall, was but two miles distant from Martindale Castle, and the young Bridgenorth attended the same school with the heir of the Peverils. A sort of companionship, if not intimacy, took place between them, which continued during their youthful sports—the rather that Bridgenorth, though he did not at heart admit Sir Geoffrey's claims of superiority to the extent which the other's vanity would have exacted, paid deference in a reasonable degree to the representative of a family so much more ancient and important than his own, without conceiving that he in any respect degraded himself by doing so.

Mr. Bridgenorth did not, however, carry his complaisance so far as to embrace Sir Geoffrey's side during the Civil War. On the contrary, as an active Justice of the Peace, he rendered much assistance in arming the militia in the cause of the Parliament, and for some time held a military commission in that

service. This was partly owing to his religious principles, for he was a zealous Presbyterian, partly to his political ideas, which, without being absolutely democratical, favoured the popular side of the great national question. Besides, he was a moneyed man, and to a certain extent had a shrewd eye to his worldly interest. He understood how to improve the opportunities which civil war afforded, of advancing his fortune, by a dexterous use of his capital; and he was not at a loss to perceive that these were likely to be obtained by joining the Parliament; while the King's cause, as it was managed, held out nothing to the wealthy but a course of exaction and compulsory loans. For these reasons, Bridgenorth became a decided Roundhead, and all friendly communication betwixt his neighbour and him was abruptly broken asunder. This was done with the less acrimony, that during the Civil War, Sir Geoffrey was almost constantly in the field, following the vacillating and unhappy fortunes of his master; while Major Bridgenorth, who soon renounced active military service, resided chiefly in London, and only occasionally visited the Hall.

Upon these visits, it was with great pleasure he received the intelligence, that Lady Peveril had shown much kindness to Mrs. Bridgenorth, and had actually given her and her family shelter in Martindale Castle, when Moultrasie Hall was threatened with pillage by a body of Prince Rupert's ill-disciplined Cavaliers. This acquaintance had been matured by frequent walks together, which the vicinity of their places of residence suffered the Lady Peveril to have with Mrs. Bridgenorth, who deemed herself much honoured in being thus admitted into the society of so distinguished a lady. Major Bridgenorth heard of this growing intimacy with great pleasure, and he determined to repay the obligation, as far as he could without much hurt to himself, by interfering with all his influence, in behalf of her unfortunate husband. It was chiefly owing to Major Bridgenorth's mediation, that Sir Geoffrey's life was saved after the battle of Worcester. He obtained him permission to compound for his estate on easier terms than many who had been less obstinate in malignancy; and, finally, when, in order to raise the money to the composition, the Knight was obliged to sell a considerable portion of his patrimony, Major Bridgenorth became the purchaser, and that at a larger price than had been paid to any Cavalier under such circumstances, by a member of the Committee for Sequestrations. It is true, the prudent committeeman did not, by any means, lose sight of his own interest in the transaction, for the price was, after all, very moderate, and the property lay adjacent to Moultrasie Hall, the value of which was at least trebled by the acquisition. But then it was also true, that the unfortunate owner must have submitted to much worse conditions, had the committeeman used, as others did, the full advantages which his situation gave him; and Bridgenorth took credit to himself, and received it from others, for having, on this occasion, fairly sacrificed his interest to his liberality.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril was of the same opinion, and the rather that Mr. Bridgenorth seemed to bear his exaltation with great moderation, and was disposed to show him personally the same deference in his present sunshine of prosperity, which he had exhibited formerly in their early acquaintance. It is but justice to Major Bridgenorth to observe, that in this conduct he paid respect as much to the misfortunes as to the pretensions of his far-descended neighbour, and that, with the frank generosity of a blunt Englishman, he conceded points of ceremony, about which he himself was indifferent, merely because he saw that his doing so gave pleasure to Sir Geoffrey.

Peveril of the Peak did justice to his neighbour's delicacy, in consideration of which he forgot many things. He forgot that Major Bridgenorth was already in possession of a fair third of his estate, and had various pecuniary claims affecting the remainder, to the extent of one-third more. He endeavoured even to forget, what it was still more difficult not to remember, the altered situation in which they and their mansions now stood to each other.

Before the Civil War, the superb battlemented turrets of Martindale Castle looked down on a brick-built Hall, as it stole out from the green turrets, just as an oak in Martindale Chase have looked beside one of the stunted and young beech-trees with which Bridgenorth hedged his avenue; but after the siege which was commemorated, the enlarged and augmented was as much predominant in the landscape of shattered and blackened ruins of the Castle, of only one wing was left habitable, as the yew beech, in all its vigour of shoot and bud, would to the same aged oak stripped of its boughs rifted by lightning, one half laid in shivers on ground, and the other remaining a blackened ungraceful trunk, rent and splintered, and with either life or leaves. Sir Geoffrey could not but see that the situation and prospects of the two hours were exchanged as disadvantageously for itself as the appearance of their manions; and though the authority of the man in office and Parliament, the sequester, and the committee had been only exerted for the protection of the latter and the malignant, they would have been as fatal if applied to procure his utter ruin; and it was become a client, while his neighbour was a patron.

There were two considerations, besides the equity of the case and the constant advice of his wife, which enabled Peveril of the Peak to endure some patience, this state of degradation. It was, that the politics of Major Bridgenorth, on many points, to assimilate themselves to his. As a Presbyterian, he was not an utter enemy to monarchy, and had been considerably shocked at the unexpected trial and execution of the King; a civilian and a man of property, he feared the diminution of the military; and though he wished to see Charles restored by force of arms, yet he arrived at the conclusion, that to bring back the royal family on such terms of composition might ensure the protection of those popular liberties and privileges for which the Long Parliament had at first contended, would be the surest and most desirable termination to the mutations in state which had agitated Britain. Indeed, the ideas on this point approached so nearly those of his neighbour, that he had well-nigh suffered Sir Geoffrey to have a finger in almost all the conspiracies the Royalists, to involve him in the unlawful rising of Penruddock and Groves in the year 1655, which many of the Presbyterian interest, as well as the Cavalier party, were engaged. And though habitual prudence eventually kept him out of the fray, and other dangers, Major Bridgenorth was content during the last years of Cromwell's dominion, the interregnum which succeeded, as a disinterested person to the Commonwealth, and a favourer of Charles Stewart.

But besides this approximation to the same political opinions, another bond of intimacy united the families of the Castle and the Hall. Major Bridgenorth, fortunate, and eminently so, in all his transactions, was visited by severe and repeated misfortunes in his family, and became, in this particular, an object of compassion to his poorer more decayed neighbour. Betwixt the two, out of the Civil War and the Restoration, he successively a family of no less than six children, apparently through a delicacy of constitution, cut off the little prattlers at the early age when most wind themselves around the heart of a parent.

In the beginning of the year 1653, Major Bridgenorth was childless; ere it ended, he had a daughter, indeed, but her birth was purchased by the death of an affectionate wife, whose constitution had been exhausted by maternal grief, and by the anxious harrowing reflection, that from her the children had lost derived that delicacy of health, which rendered her unable to undergo the tear and wear of child-bearing. The same voice which told Bridgenorth that he was the father of a living child, (it was the friendly wife of Lady Peveril,) communicated to him the mortal

e that he was no longer a husband. The Major Bridgenorth were strong and deep, hasty and vehement; and his grief assumed a sullen stupor, from which neither the monstrosities of Sir Geoffrey, who did not wish his neighbour at this distressing convention though he knew he must meet the an pastor, nor the ghostly exhortations of person, were able to rouse the unfortunate

h Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of harpended by the sight of distress and the sympathy, tried on the sufferer one of riments by which grief is often awakened ndency into tears. She placed in Bridgenorth the infant whose birth had cost him so conjured him to remember that his Alice ad dead, since she survived in the helpless ad left to his paternal care. "Take her away—take her away!" said the unhappy, and they were the first words he had let me not look on her—it is but another at has bloomed to fade, and the tree that I never flourish more!"

st threw the child into Lady Peveril's arms, hands before his face, and wept aloud. ril did not say "be comforted," but she promise that the blossom should ripen to

never!" said Bridgenorth; "take the unhappy away, and let me only know when I shall k for her.—Wear black!" he exclaimed, g himself, "what other colour shall I wear remainder of my life?"

take the child for a season," said Lady since the sight of her is so painful to you; ttle Alice shall share the nursery of our til it shall be pleasure and not pain for you her."

our will never come," said the unhappy er doom is written—she will follow the s will be done.—Lady, I thank you—I trust care; and I thank God that my eye shall dying agonies."

detaining the reader's attention longer nful theme, it is enough to say that the ril did undertake the duties of a mother orphan; and perhaps it was owing, in a sure, to her judicious treatment of the in its feeble hold of life was preserved, since ring spark might probably have been altogether, had it, like the Major's former childrgone the over-care and over-nursing of a dered nervously cautious and anxious by so essive losses. The lady was the more ready ce this charge, that she herself had lost two dren; and that she attributed the preservation third, now a fine healthy child of three to Julian's being subjected to rather a diffe of diet and treatment than was then practised. She resolved to follow the same rith the little orphan, which she had obhe case of her own boy; and it was equally

By a more sparing use of medicine, by mission of fresh air, by a firm, yet cautious to encourage rather than to supersede the of nature, the puny infant, under the care lent nurse, gradually improved in strength liness.

They, like most men of his frank and good-sposition, was naturally fond of children, uch compassionated the sorrows of his , that he entirely forgot his being a Pres- until it became necessary that the infant christened by a teacher of that persuasion. s a trying case—the father seemed incapable direction; and that the threshold of e Castle should be violated by the heretical hissenting clergyman, was matter of horror odox owner. He had seen the famous ers, with a Bible in one hand and a pistol in ride in triumph through the court-door rtindale was surrendered; and the bitter-at hour had entered like iron into his soul.

Yet such was Lady Peveril's influence over the prejudices of her husband, that he was induced to connive at the ceremony taking place in a remote garden-house, which was not properly within the precincts of the Castle-wall. The lady even dared to be present while the ceremony was performed by the reverend Master Solsgrace, who had once preached a sermon of three hours length before the House of Commons, upon a thanksgiving occasion after the relief of Exeter. Sir Geoffrey Peveril took care to be absent the whole day from the Castle, and it was only from the great interest which he took in the washing, perfuming, and as it were purification of the summer-house, that it could have been guessed he knew any thing of what had taken place in it.

But, whatever prejudices the good Knight might entertain against his neighbour's form of religion, they did not in any way influence his feelings towards him as a sufferer under severe affliction. The mode in which he showed his sympathy was rather singular, but exactly suited the character of both, and the terms on which they stood with each other.

Morning after morning the good Baronet made Moultrasie Hall the termination of his walk or ride, and said a single word of kindness as he passed. Sometimes he entered the old parlour where the proprietor sat in solitary wretchedness and dependancy—but more frequently, (for Sir Geoffrey did not pretend to great talents of conversation,) he paused on the terrace, and stopping or halting his horse by the latticed window, said aloud to the melancholy inmate, "How is it with you, Master Bridgenorth?" (the Knight would never acknowledge his neighbour's military rank of Major;) "I just looked in to bid you keep a good heart, man, and to tell you that Julian is well, and little Alice is well, and all are well at Martindale Castle."

A deep sigh, sometimes coupled with "I thank you, Sir Geoffrey; my grateful duty waits on Lady Peveril," was generally Bridgenorth's only answer. But the news was received on the one part with the kindness which was designed upon the other; it gradually became less painful and more interesting; the lattice window was never closed, nor was the leathern easy-chair which stood next to it, ever empty, when the usual hour of the Baronet's momentary visit approached. At length the expectation of that passing minute became the pivot upon which the thoughts of poor Bridgenorth turned during all the rest of the day. Most men have known the influence of such brief but ruling moments at some period of their lives. The moment when a lover passes the window of his mistress—the moment when the epicure hears the dinner-bell, is that into which is crowded the whole interest of the day—the hours which precede it are spent in anticipation; the hours which follow, in reflection on what has passed; and fancy dwelling on each brief circumstance, gives to seconds the duration of minutes, to minutes that of hours. Thus seated in his lonely chair, Bridgenorth could catch at a distance the stately step of Sir Geoffrey, or the heavy tramp of his war-horse, Black Hastings, which had borne him in many an action; he could hear the hum of "The King shall enjoy his own again," or the habitual whistle of "Cuckolds and Roundheads," die into the reverential silence, as the Knight approached the mansion of affliction; and then came the strong hale voice of the huntsman-soldier with its usual greeting.

By degrees the communication became something more protracted, as Major Bridgenorth's grief, like all human feelings, lost its overwhelming violence, and permitted him to attend, in some degree, to what passed around him, to discharge various duties which pressed upon him, and to give a share of attention to the situation of the country, distracted as it was by the contending factions whose strife only terminated in the Restoration. Still, however, though slowly recovering from the effects of the shock which he had sustained, Major Bridgenorth felt himself as yet unable to make up his mind to the effort necessary to see his infant; and though separated by so short a distance from the being in whose existence he was more interested than in any thing the world

afforded, he only made himself acquainted with the windows of the apartment where little Alice was lodged, and was often observed to watch them from the terrace, as they brightened in the evening under the influence of the setting sun. In truth, though a strong-minded man in most respects, he was unable to lay aside the gloomy impression that this remaining pledge of affection was soon to be conveyed to that grave which had already devoured all besides that was dear to him; and he awaited in miserable suspense the moment when he should hear that symptoms of the fatal malady had begun to show themselves.

The voice of Peveril continued to be that of a comforter, until the month of April, 1660, when it suddenly assumed a new and different tone. "The King shall enjoy his own again," far from ceasing, as the hasty tread of Black Hastings came up the avenue, bore burden to the clatter of his hoofs on the paved courtyard, as Sir Geoffrey sprang from his great war-saddle, now once more garnished with pistols of two feet in length, and, armed with steel-cap, back and breast, and a truncheon in his hand, he rushed into the apartment of the astonished Major, with his eyes sparkling, and his cheek inflamed, while he called out, "Up! up, neighbour! No time now to mope in the chimney-corner! Where is your buff-coat and broadsword, man? Take the true side once in your life, and mend past mistakes. The King is all lenity, man—all royal nature and mercy. I will get your full pardon."

"What means all this?" said Bridgenorth—"Is all well with you—all well at Martindale Castle, Sir Geoffrey?"

"Well as you could wish them, Alice and Julian and all. But I have news worth twenty of that—Monk has declared at London against those stinking scoundrels the Rump. Fairfax is up in Yorkshire—for the King—for the King, man! Churchmen, Presbyterians, and all, are in buff and banelier for King Charles. I have a letter from Fairfax to secure Derby and Chesterfield, with all the men I can make. D—n him, fine that I should take orders from him! But never mind that—all are friends now, and you and I, good neighbour, will charge abreast, as good neighbours should. See there! read—read—read—and then boot and saddle in an instant."

Hey for cavaliers—ho for cavaliers,
Pray for cavaliers,
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub,
Have at old Bevilshub,
Oliver shakes in his bier!"

After thundering forth this elegant effusion of loyal enthusiasm, the sturdy Cavalier's heart became too full. He threw himself on a seat, and exclaiming, "Did ever I think to live to see this happy day!" he wept to his own surprise, as much as to that of Bridgenorth.

Upon considering the crisis in which the country was placed, it appeared to Major Bridgenorth, as it had done to Fairfax, and other leaders of the Presbyterian party, that their frank embracing of the royal interest was the wisest and most patriotic measure which they could adopt in the circumstances, when all ranks and classes of men were seeking refuge from the uncertainty and varied oppression attending the repeated contests between the factions of Westminster Hall and of Wallingford House. Accordingly, he joined with Sir Geoffrey, with less enthusiasm indeed, but with equal sincerity, taking such measures as seemed proper to secure their part of the country on the King's behalf, which was done as effectually and peaceably as in other parts of England. The neighbours were both at Chesterfield, when news arrived that the King had landed in England; and Sir Geoffrey instantly announced his purpose of waiting upon his Majesty, even before his return to the castle of Martindale.

"Who knows, neighbour," he said, "whether Sir Geoffrey Peveril will ever return to Martindale? Titles must be going amongst them yonder, and I have deserved something among the rest.—Lord Peveril would sound well—or stay, Earl of Martindale—no, not of Martindale—Earl of the Peak.—Meanwhile, trust your affairs to me—I will see you secured—I

would you had been no Presbyterian, knight-knighthood,—I mean a knight-bachelor, not a knight baronet,—would have served your turn well."

"I leave those things to my betters, Sir Geoffrey," said the Major, "and desire nothing so earnestly to find all well at Martindale when I return."

"You will—you will find them all well," said the Baronet; "Julian, Alice, Lady Peveril, and all them—Bear my commendations to them, and bid them all, neighbour, Lady Peveril and all—your kiss a Countess when I come back; all will go with you now you are turned honest man."

"I always meant to be so, Sir Geoffrey," said Bridgenorth, calmly.

"Well, well, well—no offence meant," said the Knight, "all is well now—so you to Martindale Hall, and I to Whitehall. Said I well, ah! Shall mine host, a stoup of Canary to the King's health ere we get to horse—I forgot, neighbour—no healths."

"I wish the King's health as sincerely as if I had a gallon to it," replied the Major; "and I wish Sir Geoffrey, all success on your journey, and a safe return."

CHAPTER II.

Why then, we will have bellowing of beevies,
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spagots;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be good
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Join'd to the brave heart's blood of John-a-Barbarian.

(Chap.)

WHATEVER rewards Charles might have ascended to bestow in acknowledgment of the sittings and loyalty of Peveril of the Peak, he had in his disposal equal to the pleasure which he had reserved for Bridgenorth on his return to Derbyshire. The exertion to which he had been summoned, had had the usual effect of restoring to him the state of lethargic melancholy from which he had roused him. Time also had its usual effect in mitigating the subjects of his regret; and when he had passed one day at the Hall, in regretting that he did not expect the indirect news of his daughter's health which Sir Geoffrey used to communicate in his daily call, he reflected that it would be in every respect becoming that he should pay a personal visit to Martindale Castle, carry thither the remembrance of the Knight to his lady, assure her of his love and satisfy himself respecting that of his daughter. He armed himself for the worst—he called to his reflection the thin cheeks, faded eye, wasted hand, and lid lip, which had marked the decaying health of his former infants.

"I shall see," he said, "these signs of mortality once more—I shall once more see a beloved being whom I have given birth, gliding to the grave and ought to enclose me long before her. No matter, it is unmanly so long to shrink from that which is—God's will be done!"

He went accordingly, on the subsequent morning to Martindale Castle, and gave the lady the usual assurances of her husband's safety, and of his love of preferment.

"For the first, my Almighty God be praised said the Lady Peveril; "and be the other as you choose and restored sovereign may will it. We great enough for our means, and have means sufficient for contentment, though not for splendour. And now I see, good Master Bridgenorth, the fall putting faith in idle presentiments of evil. So had Sir Geoffrey's repeated attempts in favour of the Stuarts led him into new misfortunes, that the other morning, I saw him once more draw his fatal armour, and heard the sound of his sword which had been so long silent, it seemed to me if I saw his shroud, and heard his death-knell say this to you, good neighbour, the rather do I fear your own mind has been harassed with anticipations of impending calamity, which it may God to avert in your case as it has done in

re comes a sight which bears good assurance

door of the apartment opened as she spoke, so lovely children entered. The eldest, Julian, a fine boy betwixt four and five years old, his hand, with an air of dignified support and on, a little girl of eighteen months, who rolled tiered along, keeping herself with difficulty by the assistance of her elder, stronger, and ine companion.

genorth cast a hasty and fearful glance upon intenance of his daughter, and, even in that e, perceived, with exquisite delight, that his ere unfounded. He caught her in his arms, l her to his heart, and the child, though at first d at the vehemence of his caresses, presently, rompted by nature, smiled in reply to them. he held her at some distance from him, and ed her more attentively; he satisfied himself e complexion of the young cherub he had in as was not the hectic tinge of disease, but the e of ruddy health; and that, though her little as slight, it was firm and springy.

ed not think that it could have been thus," he oking to Lady Peveril, who had sat observing ne with great pleasure; "but praise be to God, rst instance, and next, thanks to you, madam, ve been his instrument."

an must lose his playfellow now, I suppose?" e lady; "but the Hall is not distant, and I will little charge often. Dame Martha, the house- at Moultrassie, has sense, and is careful. I her the rules I have observed with little Alice,

I forbid my girl should ever come to Moul-," said Major Bridgenorth, hastily; "it has e grave of her race. The air of the low s suited them not—or there is perhaps a fate ed with the mansion. I will seek for her er place of abode."

at you shall not, under your favour be it Major Bridgenorth," answered the lady. do so, we must suppose that you are under- my qualities as a nurse. If she goes not to er's house, she shall not quit mine. I will e little lady as a pledge of her safety and my ill; and since you are afraid of the damp of grounds, I hope you will come here frequently her."

was a proposal which went to the heart of Bridgenorth. It was precisely the point which ld have given worlds to arrive at, but which no chance of attaining.

oo well known, that those whose families are used by such a fatal disease as existed in his, it may be said, superstitious respecting its fects, and ascribe to place, circumstance, and al care, much more perhaps than these can case contribute to avert the fatality of consti- l distemper. Lady Peveril was aware that s peculiarly the impression of her neighbour; e depression of his spirits, the excess of his e feverishness of his apprehensions, the re- and gloom of the solitude in which he dwelt, eally calculated to produce the evil which f all he dreaded. She pitied him, she felt for e was grateful for former protection received ands—she had become interested in the child What female fails to feel such interest in the s creature she has tended? And to sum the up, the dame had a share of human vanity; ing a sort of Lady Bountiful in her way, (for racter was not then confined to the old and ish,) she was proud of the skill by which she rted the probable attacks of hereditary malady, erate in the family of Bridgenorth. It needed rhaps, in other cases, that so many reasons be assigned for an act of neighbourly hu- ; but civil war had so lately torn the country ; and broken all the usual ties of vicinage od neighbourhood, that it was unusual to see reserved among persons of different political s.

r Bridgenorth himself felt this; and while

the tear of joy in his eye showed how gladly he would accept Lady Peveril's proposal, he could not help stating the obvious inconveniences attendant upon her scheme, though it was in the tone of one who would gladly hear them overruled. "Madam," he said, "your kindness makes me the happiest and most thankful of men; but can it be consistent with your own convenience? Sir Geoffrey has his opinions on many points, which have differed, and probably do still differ, from mine. He is high-born, and I of middling parentage only. He uses the Church Service, and I the Catechism of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster."

"I hope you will find prescribed in neither of them," said the Lady Peveril, "that I may not be a mother to your motherless child. I trust, Master Bridgenorth, the joyful Restoration of his Majesty, a work wrought by the direct hand of Providence, may be the means of closing and healing all civil and religious dissensions among us, and that, instead of showing the superior purity of our faith, by persecuting those who think otherwise from ourselves on doctrinal points, we shall endeavour to show its real Christian tendency, by emulating each other in actions of good-will towards man, as the best way of showing our love to God."

"Your Ladyship speaks what your own kind heart dictates," answered Bridgenorth, who had his own share of the narrow-mindedness of the time; "and sure am I, that if all who call themselves loyalists and cavaliers, thought like you—and like my friend Sir Geoffrey,"—(this he added after a moment's pause, being perhaps rather complimentary than sincere)—"we, who thought it our duty in time past to take arms for freedom of conscience, and against arbitrary power, might now sit down in peace and contentment. But I wot not how it may fall. You have sharp and hot spirits amongst you; I will not say our power was always moderately used, and revenge is sweet to the race of fallen Adam."

"Come, Master Bridgenorth," said the Lady Peveril, gayly, "these evil omens do but point out conclusions, which, unless they were so anticipated, are most unlikely to come to pass. You know what Shakespeare says:—

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase.

But I crave your pardon—it is so long since we have met, that I forgot you love no playbooks."

"With reverence to your ladyship," said Bridgenorth, "I were much to blame did I need the idle words of a Warwickshire stroller, to teach me my grateful duty to your ladyship on this occasion, which appoints me to be directed by you in all things which my conscience will permit."

"Since you allow me such influence, then," replies the Lady Peveril, "I shall be moderate in exercising it, in order that I may, in my domination at least, give you a favourable impression of the new order of things. So, if you will be a subject of mine for one day, neighbour, I am going, at my lord and husband's command, to issue out my warrants to invite the whole neighbourhood to a solemn feast at the Castle, on Thursday next; and I not only pray you to be personally present yourself, but to prevail on your worthy pastor, and such neighbours and friends, high and low, as may think in your own way, to meet with the rest of the neighbourhood, to rejoice on this joyful occasion of the King's Restoration, and thereby to show that we are to be henceforward a united people."

The parliamentary Major was considerably embarrassed by this proposal. He looked upwards and downwards and around, cast his eye first to the oak-carved ceiling, and anon fixed it upon the floor; then threw it around the room till it lighted on his child, the sight of whom suggested another and a better train of reflections than ceiling and floor had been able to supply.

"Madam," he said, "I have long been a stranger to festivity, perhaps from constitutional melancholy, perhaps from the depression which is natural to a desolate and deprived man, in whose ear mirth is mar-rod, like a pleasant air when performed on a mis-

tuned instrument. But though neither my thoughts nor temperament are Jovial or Mercurial, it becomes me to be grateful to Heaven for the good he has sent me by the means of your ladyship. David, the man after God's own heart, did wash and eat bread when his beloved child was removed—mine is restored to me, and shall I not show gratitude under a blessing, when he showed resignation under an affliction? Madam, I will wait on your gracious invitation with acceptance; and such of my friends with whom I may possess influence, and whose presence your ladyship may desire, shall accompany me to the festivity, that our Israel may be as one people."

Having spoken these words with an aspect which belonged more to a martyr than to a guest hidden to a festival, and having kissed, and solemnly blessed his little girl, Major Bridgenorth took his departure for Moultrassie Hall.

CHAPTER III.

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths;
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth!

Old Play.

Even upon ordinary occasions, and where means were ample, a great entertainment in those days was not such a sinecure as in modern times, when the lady who presides has but to intimate to her menials the day and hour when she wills it to take place. At that simple period, the lady was expected to enter deeply into the arrangement and provision of the whole affair; and from a little gallery, which communicated with her own private apartment, and looked down upon the kitchen, her shrill voice was to be heard, from time to time, like that of the warning spirit in a tempest, rising above the clash of pots and stew-pans—the creaking of spits—the clattering of marrow-bones and cleavers—the scolding of cooks—and all the other various kinds of din which form an accompaniment to dressing a large dinner.

But all this toil and anxiety was more than doubled in the case of the approaching feast at Martindale Castle, where the presiding Genius of the festivity was scarce provided with adequate means to carry her hospitable purpose into effect. The tyrannical conduct of husbands, in such cases, is universal; and I scarce know one householder of my acquaintance who has not, on some ill-omened and most inconvenient season, announced suddenly to his innocent helpmate, that he had invited

"Some odious Major Rock."

"To drop in at six o'clock."

to the great discomposure of the lady, and the discredit, perhaps, of her domestic arrangements.

Peveril of the Peak was still more thoughtless; for he had directed his lady to invite the whole honest men of the neighbourhood to make good cheer at Martindale Castle, in honour of the blessed Restoration of his most sacred Majesty, without precisely explaining where the provisions were to come from. The deer-park had lain waste ever since the siege; the dovecot could do little to furnish forth such an entertainment; the fish-ponds, it is true, were well provided, (which the neighbouring Presbyterians noted as a suspicious circumstance,) and game was to be had for the shooting, upon the extensive heaths and hills of Derbyshire. But these were only the secondary parts of a banquet; and the house-steward and bailiff, Lady Peveril's only coadjutors and counsellors, could not agree how the butcher-meat—the most substantial part, or, as it were, the main body of the entertainment—was to be supplied. The house-steward threatened the sacrifice of a fine yoke of young bullocks, which the bailiff, who pleaded the necessity of their agricultural services, tenaciously resisted; and Lady Peveril's good and dutiful nature did not prevent her from making some impatient reflections on the want of consideration of her absent Knight, who had thus thoughtlessly placed her in so embarrassing a situation.

These reflections were scarcely just, if a man is only responsible for such resolutions as he adopts when he is fully master of himself. Sir Geoffrey's

loyalty, like that of many persons in his time, had, by dint of hopes and fears, victories and struggles and sufferings, all arising out of the moving cause, and turning, as it were, on the pivot, acquired the character of an intense enthusiastic passion; and the singular and sudden change of fortune, by which his highest wishes were not only gratified, but far exceeded, occasioned some time a kind of intoxication of joy, which seemed to pervade the whole kingdom. Geoffrey had seen Charles and his brother, who had been received by the merry monarch with the grateful, and at the same time frank urbanity, by which he conciliated all who approached him; the King's services and merits had been fully acknowledged, and recompense had been hinted at, if not expressly promised. Was it for Peveril of the Peak, in the bile of his spirits, to consider how his wife would find beef and mutton to feast his neighbour?

Luckily, however, for the embarrassed lady, she existed some one who had composed of mind sufficient to foresee this difficulty. Just as she had got up her mind, very reluctantly, to become the Major Bridgenorth for the sum necessary to execute her husband's commands into effect, and whilst she was bitterly regretting this departure from the mode of her usual economy, the steward, who had not been absolutely sober since the day of the King's landing at Dover, burst into the apartment, snapping his fingers, and showing more of delight than was quite consistent with the loss of my lady's large parlour.

"What means this, Whitaker?" said the lady, somewhat peevishly; for she was interrupted in the commencement of a letter to her neighbour, an unpleasant business of the proposed late—to be always thus with you?—Are you dreaming?"

"A vision of good omen, I trust," said the steward, with a triumphant flourish of the hand; "more than Pharaoh's, though, like his, it be of fat oxen."

"I prithee be plain, man," said the lady, "and name some one who can speak to purpose."

"Why, odds-my-life, madam," said the steward, "mine errand can speak for itself. Do you see them low? Do you not hear them bleat? They are of fat oxen, and half a score prime wethers. The castle is victualled for this bout, let them eat when they will; and Gatherill may have his Mains ploughed to the boot."

The lady, without farther questioning her domestic, rose and went to the window, where she certainly beheld the oxen and sheep which gave rise to Whitaker's exultation. "Whence came you, said she in some surprise.

"Let them construe that who can," answered Whitaker; "the fellow who drove them was a countryman, and only said they came from a town to help to furnish out your ladyship's entertainment. The man would not stay to drink—I am sure he would not stay to drink—I crave your ladyship's pardon for not keeping him by the ears to drink—and not my fault."

"That I'll be sworn it was not," said the lady. "Nay, madam, by G—d, I assure you it was not," said the zealous steward; "for rather than the castle should lose credit, I drank his health myself in ale, though I had had my morning draught. I tell you the naked truth, my lady, by G—d."

"It was no great compulsion, I suppose," said the lady; "but Whitaker, suppose you should show your joy on such occasions, by drinking and swearing a little less, rather than a little more, would it not be as well, think you?"

"I crave your ladyship's pardon," said Whitaker with much reverence; "I hope I know my place. I am your ladyship's poor servant; and I know it is not become me to drink and swear like your ladyship—that is, like his honour, Sir Geoffrey, I would say. But I pray you, if I am not to drink and swear after my degree, how are men to know Peveril of the Peak's steward, and I may say, butler too, since I have had the keys of the cellar ever since old Spence was shot dead on the north-west turret, with a black jack in his hand,—I say, how is an old Cavalier to

be known from those cuckoldy Roundheads o nothing but fast and pray, if we are not to and swear according to our degree?"

The lady was silent, for she well knew speech i nothing; and after a moment's pause, pro- to intimate to the steward that she would the persons, whose names were marked in a paper, which she delivered to him, invited to proaching banquet.

Whtaker, instead of receiving the list with the acquiescence of a modern Major Domo, carried the recess of one of the windows, and adjust- spectacles, began to read it to himself. The names being those of distinguished Cavalier fa- in the neighbourhood, he muttered over in a f approbation—paused and pawed at that of north—yet acquiesced, with the observation, he is a good neighbour, so it may pass for

But when he read the name and surname of riah Solagrace, the Presbyterian parson, Whit- patience altogether forsook him; and he de- he would as soon throw himself into Eldon- as consent that the intrusive old puritan t, who had usurped the pulpit of a sound ortho- vine, should ever darken the gates of Martin- Castle by any message or mediation of his. false crop-eared hypocrites," cried he, with a oath, "have had their turn of the good weather. n is on our side of the hedge now, and we will old scores, as sure as my name is Richard ker."

u presume on your long services, Whitaker, u your master's absence, or you had not dared rne thus," said the lady.

Unwonted agitation of her voice attracted the on of the refractory steward, notwithstanding sent state of elevation; but he no sooner saw r eye glistened, and her cheek reddened, than tinacy was at once subdued.

"Murrain on me," he said, "but I have made my gry in good earnest! and that is an unwonted or to see.—I crave your pardon, my lady! It

"Poor Dick Whitaker disputed your honourable nds, but only that second draught of double ale. We put a double stroke of malt to it, as your law- well knows, ever since the happy Restoration. Sure I hate a fanatic as I do the cloven foot of s; but then your honourable ladyship hath a O invite Satan himself, cloven foot and all, to adale Castle; and to send me to hell's-gate with t of invitation—and so your will shall be done."

Invitations were sent round accordingly in all- in; and one of the bullocks was sent down to ated whole at the market place of a little village Martindale-Moultrassie, which stood consider- O the eastward both of the Castle and Hall, which it took its double name, at about an equal ce from both: so that, suppose a line drawn he one manor-house to the other, to be the base angle, the village would have occupied the sa- angle. As the said village, since the late trans- ce of a part of Peveril's property, belonged to coffrey and to Bridgenorth, in nearly equal por- the lady judged it not proper to dispute the right s latter, to add some hogsheads of beer to the po- festivity.

In the meanwhile, she could not but suspect the of being the unknown friend who had relieved om the dilemma arising from the want of pro- s; and she esteemed herself happy when a visit him, on the day preceding the proposed enter- tinent, gave her, as she thought, an opportunity of ssing her gratitude.

CHAPTER IV.

No, sir—I will not pledge—I'm one of those who think good wine needs neither bush nor preface
Do make it welcome. If you doubt my word,
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on't.—*Old Play.*

HERE was a serious gravity of expression in the mation with which Major Bridgenorth replied to her in the earth supposed to be unfathomable, one of the ss of the Peak.

to the thanks tendered to him by Lady Peveril, for the supply of provisions which had reached her Castle so opportunely. He seemed first not to be aware what she alluded to; and when she explained the circumstance, he protested so seriously that he had no share in the benefit conferred, that Lady Peveril was compelled to believe him; the rather that, being a man of a plain downright character, affecting no refined delicacy of sentiment, and practising almost a quaker-like sincerity of expression, it would have been much contrary to his general character to have made such a disavowal, unless it were founded in truth.

"My present visit to you, madam," said he, "had indeed some reference to the festivity of to-morrow." Lady Peveril listened, but as her visitor seemed to find some difficulty in expressing himself, she was compelled to ask an explanation. "Madam," said the Major, "you are not perhaps entirely ignorant that the more tender-conscienced among us have scruples at certain practices, so general amongst your people at times of rejoicing, that you may be said to insist upon them as articles of faith, or at least greatly to resent their omission."

"I trust, Master Bridgenorth," said the Lady Peveril, not fully comprehending the drift of his discourse, "that we shall, as your entertainers, carefully avoid all allusions or reproofs founded on past misunderstanding."

"We would expect no less, madam, from your candour and courtesy," said Bridgenorth; "but I perceive you do not fully understand me. To be plain, then, I allude to the fashion of drinking healths, and pledging each other in draughts of strong liquor, which most among us consider as a superfluous and sinful provoking of each other to debauchery, and the excessive use of strong drink; and which, besides, if derived, as learned divines have supposed, from the custom of the blinded Pagans, who made libations and invoked idols when they drank, may be justly said to have something in it heathenish, and allied to demon-worship."

The lady had already hastily considered all the topics which were likely to introduce discord into the proposed festivity; but this very ridiculous, yet fatal discrepancy, betwixt the manners of the parties on convivial occasions, had entirely escaped her. She endeavoured to soothe the objecting party, whose brows were knit like one who had fixed an opinion by which he was determined to abide.

"I grant," she said, "my good neighbour, that this custom is at least idle, and may be prejudicial if it leads to excess in the use of liquor, which is apt enough to take place without such conversation. But I think, when it hath not this consequence, it is a thing indifferent, affords a unanimous mode of expressing our good wishes to our friends, and our loyal duty to our sovereign; and without meaning to put any force upon the inclination of those who believe otherwise, I cannot see how I can deny my guests and friends the privilege of drinking a health to the King, or to my husband, after the old English fashion."

"My lady," said the Major, "if the age of fashion were to command it, Popery is one of the oldest English fashions that I have heard of; but it is our happiness that we are not benighted like our fathers, and therefore we must act according to the light that is in us, and not after their darkness. I had myself the honour to attend the Lord-Keeper Whitelock, when, at the table of the Chamberlain of the kingdom of Sweden, he did positively refuse to pledge the health of his Queen, Christina, thereby giving great offence, and putting in peril the whole purpose of that voyage; which it is not to be thought so wise a man would have done, but that he held such compliance a thing not merely indifferent, but rather sinful and damnable."

"With all respect to Whitelock," said the Lady Peveril, "I continue of my own opinion, though Heaven knows, I am no friend to riot or wastell. I would snail accommodate myself to your scruples, and will discourage all other pledges; but surely those of the King and of Peveril of the Peak may be permitted?"

"I dare not," answered Bridgenorth, "lay even the ninety-ninth part of a grain of incense upon an altar erected to Satan."

"How, sir?" said the lady; "do you bring Satan into comparison with our master King Charles, and with my noble lord and husband?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Bridgenorth, "I have no such thoughts—indeed they would ill become me. I do wish the King's health and Sir Geoffrey's devoutly, and I will pray for both. But I see not what good it should do their health if I should prejudice my own by quaffing pledges out of quart flasks."

"Since we cannot agree upon this matter," said Lady Peveril, "we must find some resource by which to offend those of neither party. Suppose you winked at our friends drinking these pledges, and we should connive at your sitting still?"

But neither would this composition satisfy Bridgenorth, who was of opinion, as he expressed himself, that it would be holding a candle to Beelzebub. In fact, his temper, naturally stubborn, was at present rendered much more so by a previous conference with his preacher, who, though a very good man in the main, was particularly and illiberally tenacious of the petty distinctions which his sect adopted; and, while he thought with considerable apprehension on the accession of power which Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak, were like to acquire by the late Revolution, became naturally anxious to put his flock on their guard, and prevent their being kidnapped by the wolf. He disliked extremely that Major Bridgenorth, indisputably the head of the Presbyterian interest in that neighbourhood, should have given his only daughter to be, as he termed it, nursed by a Canaanitish woman; and he told him plainly that he liked not this going to feast in the high places with the uncircumcised in heart, and looked on the whole conviviality only as a making-merry in the house of Tivrah.

Upon receiving this rebuke from his pastor, Bridgenorth began to suspect he might have been partly wrong in the readiness which, in his first ardour of gratitude, he had shown to enter into intimate intercourse with the Castle of Martindale; but he was too proud to avow this to the preacher, and it was not till after a considerable debate betwixt them, that it was mutually agreed their presence at the entertainment should depend upon the condition that no healths or pledges should be given in their presence. Bridgenorth, therefore, as the delegate and representative of his party, was bound to stand firm against all entreaty, and the lady became greatly embarrassed. She now regretted sincerely that her well-intended invitation had ever been given, for she foresaw that its rejection was to awaken all former subjects of quarrel, and perhaps to lead to new violence amongst people who had not many years since been engaged in civil war. To yield up the disputed point to the Presbyterians, would have been to offend the Cavalier party, and Sir Geoffrey in particular, in the most mortal degree; for they made it as firm a point of honour to give healths, and compel others to pledge them, as the Puritans made it a deep article of religion to refuse both. At length the lady changed the discourse, introduced that of Major Bridgenorth's child, caused it to be sent for, and put into his arms. The mother's stratagem took effect; for, though the parliamentary man stood firm, the father, as in the case of the Governor of Tilbury, was softened, and he agreed that his friends should accept a compromise. This was, that the Major himself, the reverend divine, and such of their friends as held strict Puritan tenets, should form a separate party in the Large Parlour, while the Hall should be occupied by the jovial Cavaliers; and that each party should regulate their potations after their own conscience, or after their own fashion.

Major Bridgenorth himself seemed greatly relieved after this important matter had been settled. He had held it matter of conscience to be stubborn in maintaining his own opinion, but was heartily glad when he escaped from the apparently inevitable necessity of affronting Lady Peveril, by the refusal of her invitation. He remained longer than usual, and

spoke and smiled more than was his custom. His first care on his return, was to announce to the squire and his congregation the compromise he had made, and this not as a matter of decision, but one upon which he had already made up his mind, such was his authority among them, that the preacher longed to pronounce a separation of the two parties, and to exclaim—"To your tents, O Israel!" did not see the chance of being seconded by the assembly, as would make it worth while to disturb the unanimous acquiescence in their delegate's proposal.

Nevertheless, each party being put upon their guard by the consequences of Major Bridgenorth's speech, so many points of doubt and delicate discussion started in succession, that the Lady Peveril, for her person, perhaps, who was desirous of achieving effectual reconciliation between them, and reward for her good intentions the cessation of factions, and had much reason to regret her present project of bringing the Caplets and the Gules of Derbyshire together on the same public festivity.

As it was now settled that the guests were to be divided into two different parties, it became not only a dispute betwixt themselves, which should be admitted within the Castle of Martindale, but of serious apprehension to Lady Peveril and Bridgenorth, lest, if they were to approach the same avenue and entrance, a quarrel might arise betwixt them, and proceed to extremities, when they reached the place of entertainment. She believed she had discovered an admirable expedient for preventing the possibility of such interference, directing that the Cavaliers should be shown to the principal entrance, while the Roundheads should enter the Castle through a great breach which had been made in the course of the siege, and as there had been since made a sort of by-path, the cattle down to their pasture in the wood. To contrivance the Lady Peveril imagined she had together avoided the various risks which might arise from two such parties encountering each other, and disputing for precedence. Several other circumstances of less importance were adjusted at the same time, and apparently so much to the satisfaction of the Presbyterian teacher, that, in a long lecture on the subject of the Marriage Garment, he was at length able to explain to his hearers, that outward expressions of love alone meant by that scriptural expression, also a suitable frame of mind for enjoyment of the festival; and therefore he exhorted the benevolent, that whatever might be the errors of the past, the malignants, with whom they were in some degree connected, and drink upon the morrow, they ought on this occasion to show any evil will against them, they should therein become troublers of the peace of Israel.

Honest Doctor Dummerar, the ejected minister of Martindale cum Moultrasie, proposed the Cavaliers on the same subject. He had been the cure before the breaking out of the Revolution, and was in high favour with Sir Geoffrey, not only on account of his sound orthodoxy and deep piety, but his exquisite skill in playing at bowls and facetious conversation over a pipe and tankard. For these latter accomplishments the doctor had the honour to be recorded by old Captain White amongst the roll of lewd, incompetent, and profligate clergymen of the Church of England, who denounced to God and man, on account chiefly of the heinous sin of playing at games of skill, the chance, and of occasionally joining in the meetings of their parishioners. When the King's party began to lose ground, Doctor Dummerar left his curacy, and betaking himself to the camp, spent upon several occasions, when acting as chaplain to Sir Geoffrey Peveril's regiment, that his party's presence included a stout and masculine heart. He was all was lost, and he himself, with most other Cavaliers, was deprived of his living, he made such use of his time as he could; now lurking in the garrets of old houses in the University, who shared with him, and now, the slender means of livelihood which his times had left them; and now lying hid in the

oppressed and sequestered gentry, who red at once his character and sufferings. When restoration took place, Doctor Dummerar emerged some one of his hiding-places, and hid him in Martindale Castle, to enjoy the triumph in sequestration this happy change.

His appearance at the Castle in his full clerical and the warm reception which he received from neighbouring gentry, added not a little to the which was gradually extending itself through the country which were so lately the uppermost. It is Doctor Dummerar framed (honest, worthy man) extravagant views of elevation or preferment; but robustness of his being replaced in the living, which he had been expelled under very flimsy pretexts, inferred a severe blow to the Presbyterianism, who could not be considered otherwise than as intruders. The interest of the two preachers, more, as well as the sentiments of their flocks, at direct variance; and here was another fatal flaw in the way of Lady Peveril's scheme of a national and comprehensive healing ordinance.

Nevertheless, as we have already hinted, Doctor Dummerar behaved as handsomely upon the occasion as the Presbyterian incumbent had done. It is that in a sermon which he preached in the Castle to several of the most distinguished Cavaliers, besides a world of boys from the village, went to see the novel circumstance of a parson as a sally and surprise, he went at great length to the foulness of the various crimes committed by the rebellious party during the late evil times, and magnified the merciful and peaceful nature of the honourable lady of the Manor, who condescended to receive into her house in the way of hospitality, men holding the principles which had led to the murder of the King—the slaying of his loyal subjects—and the plundering and sacking down of the Church of God. But when he had all this handsomely up again, with the observation that since it was the will of their gracious and restored Sovereign, and the pleasure of the worthy Lady Peveril, that this contumacious and rebellious should be, for a time, forborne by their faithful subjects, it would be highly proper that all the royal men should, for the present, eschew subjects of division or quarrel with these sons of Shimei; a lesson of patience he enforced by the comfortable assurance that they could not long abstain from old rebellious practices; in which case, the saints would stand exculpated before God and man, and extirpating them from the face of the earth.

Close observers of the remarkable passages of our history from which we draw the events of our history have left it upon record, that these two several parties, much contrary, doubtless, to the intention of the worthy divines by whom they were delivered, greater effect in exasperating, than in composing the disputes betwixt the two factions. Under the most auspicious, and with corresponding forebodings in the mind of Lady Peveril, the day of festivity at last arrived.

Different routes, and forming each a sort of procession, as if the adherents of each party were desirous of exhibiting its strength and numbers, the several factions approached Martindale Castle; and distinct did they appear in dress, aspect, and era, that it seemed as if the revellers of a bridal party, and the sad attendants upon a funeral solemnity were moving towards the same point from different quarters.

The puritanical party was by far the fewer in number, for which two excellent reasons might be given. In the first place, they had enjoyed power for several years, and, of course, became unpopular among the non-puritan people, never at any time attached to those, being in the immediate possession of authority, often obliged to employ it in controlling their passions. Besides, the country people of England and still have, an animated attachment to field sports, and a natural unrestrained joviality of disposition, which rendered them impatient under the discipline of the fanatical preachers; while the more naturally discontented with the

military despotism of Cromwell's Major-Generals. Secondly, the people were fickle as usual, and the return of the King had novelty in it, and was therefore popular. The side of the puritans was also deserted at this period by a numerous class of more thinking and prudent persons, who never forsook them till they became unfortunate. These sagacious personages were called in that age the Waiters upon Providence, and deemed it a high delinquency towards Heaven if they afforded countenance to any cause longer than it was favoured by fortune.

But, though thus forsaken by the fickle and the selfish, a solemn enthusiasm, a stern and determined depth of principle, a confidence in the sincerity of their own motives, and the manly English pride which inclined them to cling to their former opinions, like the traveller in the fable to his cloak, the more strongly that the tempest blew around them, detained in the ranks of the Puritans many, who, if no longer formidable from numbers, were still so from their character. They consisted chiefly of the middling gentry, with others whom industry or successful speculations in commerce or in mining had raised into eminence—the persons who feel most umbrage from the overshadowing aristocracy, and are usually the most vehement in defence of what they hold to be their rights. Their dress was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. The dark colour of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-coloured,—their steeple-crowned hats, with their broad shadowy brims,—their long swords, suspended by a simple strap around the loins, without shoulder-belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the Cavaliers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers,—the shortness of their hair, which made their ears appear of disproportioned size,—above all, the stern and gloomy gravity of their looks, announced their belonging to that class of enthusiasts, who, resolute and undismayed, had cast down the former fabric of government, and who now regarded with somewhat more than suspicion, that which had been so unexpectedly substituted in its stead. There was gloom in their countenances; but it was not that of dejection, far less of despair. They looked like veterans after a defeat, which may have checked their career and wounded their pride, but has left their courage undiminished.

The melancholy, now became habitual, which overcast Major Bridgenorth's countenance, well qualified him to act as the chief of the group who now advanced from the village. When they reached the point by which they were first to turn aside into the wood which surrounded the Castle, they felt a momentary impression of degradation, as if they were yielding the high-road to their old and oft-defeated enemies the Cavaliers. When they began to ascend the winding path, which had been the daily passage of the cattle, the opening of the wooded glade gave them a view of the castle-ditch, half choked with the rubbish of the breach, and of the breach itself, which was made at the angle of a large square flanking-tower, one half of which had been battered into ruins, while the other fragment remained in a state strangely shattered and precarious, and seemed to be tottering above the huge aperture in the wall. A stern still smile was exchanged among the Puritans, as the sight reminded them of the victories of former days. Holdfast Clegg, a millwright of Derby, who had been himself active at the siege, pointed to the breach, and said, with a grim smile to Mr. Solsgrace, "I little thought, that when my own hand helped to level the cannon which Oliver pointed against yon tower, we should have been obliged to climb like foxes up the very walls which we won by our bow and by our spear. Methought these malignants had then enough of shutting their gates and making high their horn against us."

"Be patient, my brother," said Solsgrace; "be patient, and let not thy soul be disquieted. We enter not this high place dishonourably, seeing we ascend by the gate which the Lord opened to the godly."

The words of the pastor were like a spark to gun-

powder. The countenances of the mournful retinue suddenly expanded, and, accepting what had fallen from him as an omen and a light from heaven how they were to interpret their present situation, they uplifted, with one consent, one of the triumphant songs in which the Israelites celebrated the victories which had been vouchsafed to them over the heathen inhabitants of the Promised Land :

"Let God arise, and then his foes
Shall turn themselves to flight,
His enemies for fear shall run,
And scatter out of sight :

"And as wax melts before the fire,
And wind blows smoke away,
So in the presence of the Lord,
The wicked shall decay.

"God's army twenty thousand is,
Of angels bright and strong,
The Lord also in Sinai
Is present them among.

"Thou didst, O Lord, ascend on high,
And captive led'st them all,
Who, in times past, thy chosen flock
In bondage did enthrall."

These sounds of devotional triumph reached the joyous band of the Cavaliers, who, decked in whatever pomp their repeated misfortunes and impoverishment had left them, were moving towards the same point, though by a different road, and were filling the principal avenue to the Castle, with tip-toe mirth and revelry. The two parties were strongly contrasted; for, during that period of civil dissension, the manners of the different factions distinguished them as completely as separate uniforms might have done. If the Puritan was affectingly plain in his dress, and ridiculously precise in his manners, the Cavalier often carried his love of ornament into tawdry finery, and his contempt of hypocrisy into licentious profligacy. Gay gallant fellows, young and old, thronged together towards the ancient Castle, with general and joyous manifestation of those spirits, which, as they had been buoyant enough to support their owners during the worst of times, as they termed Oliver's usurpation, were now so inflated as to transport them nearly beyond the reach of sober reason. Feathers waved, lace glittered, spears jingled, steeds caracolled; and here and there a petronel or pistol was fired off by some one, who found his own natural talents for making a noise inadequate to the dignity of the occasion. Boys,—for, as we said before, the rabble were with the uppermost party, as usual,—halloo'd and whooped. "Down with the Rump," and "Fie upon Oliver!" Musical instruments, of as many different fashions as were then in use, played all at once, and without any regard to each other's tune; and the glee of the occasion, while it reconciled the pride of the high-born of the party to fraternize with the general rout, derived an additional zest from the conscious triumph, that their exultation was heard by their neighbours, the crestfallen Roundheads.

When the loud and sonorous swell of the psalm-tune, multiplied by all the echoes of the cliffs and ruinous halls, came full upon their ear, as if to warn them how little they were to reckon upon the depression of their adversaries, at first it was answered with a scornful laugh, raised to as much height as the scoffers' lungs would permit, in order that it might carry to the psalmodists the contempt of their auditors; but this was a forced exertion of party spleen. There is something in melancholy feelings more natural to an imperfect and suffering state than in those of gayety, and when they are brought into collision the former seldom fail to triumph. If a funeral-train and wedding procession were to meet unexpectedly, it will readily be allowed that the mirth of the last will be speedily merged in the gloom of the other. But the Cavaliers, moreover, had sympathies of a different kind. The psalm-tune, which now came rolling on their ear, had been heard too often, and upon too many occasions, had preceded victory gained over the malignants, to permit them, even in their triumph, to hear it without emotion. There was a sort of pause, of which the party themselves seemed rather ashamed, until the silence was broken by the stout old Knight, Sir Jas-

per Cranbourne, whose gallantry was so soon acknowledged, that he could afford, if we use such an expression, to confess emotions, which whose courage was in any respect liable to say would have thought it more prudent to conceal.

"Adad," said the old Knight, "may I new claret again, if that is not the very tune with the prick-eared villains began their onset at W. lane, where they trowed us down like so many pins! Faith, neighbours, to say truth, and the devil, I did not like the sound of it above half."

"If I thought the roundheaded rogues did scorn of us," said Dick Wildblood of the De would cudgel their psalmody out of their par throats with this very truncheon;" a motion being seconded by old Roger Raine, the drunkster of the Peveril Arms in the village, might brought on a general battle, but that Sir Jasper the feud.

"We'll have no ranting, Dick," said the old to the young Franklin; "adad, man, we'll law for three reasons; first, because it would be a tie to Ludv Peveril; then, because it is spurs King's peace; and, lastly, Dick, because if we do the psalm-singing knaves, thou mightest come worst, my boy, as has chanced to thee before."

"Who, I! Sir Jasper?" answered Dick—"Is by the worst!—I'll be d—d if it ever happens that accursed lane, where we had no more front, or rear, than if we had been so many in a barrel."

"That was the reason, I fancy," answered the per, "that you, to mend the matter, scrambled the hedge and stuck there, horse and man, till thee through it with my leading-staff; and instead of charging to the front, you went right and away as fast as your feet could carry you."

This reminiscence produced a laugh at Dick's pence, who was known, or at least suspected, of more tongue in his head than mettle in his hand. And this sort of rallying on the part of the De having fortunately abated the resentment which begun to awaken in the breasts of the royalists, farther cause for offence was removed by sudden ceasing of the sounds which they had disposed to interpret into those of premeditation.

This was owing to the arrival of the Puritan bottom of the large and wide breach, which had formerly made in the wall of the Castle by the torious cannon. The sight of its gaping and rubbish, and disjointed masses of building, up slowly winded a narrow and steep path, such made amongst ancient ruins by the rare pass those who occasionally visit them, was called when contrasted with the gray and solid masonry of the towers and curtains which yet stood up to remind them of their victory over the strong of their enemies, and how they had bound and princes with fetters of iron.

But feelings more suitable to the purpose of visit to Martindale Castle, were awakened in some even of these stern sectaries, when the of the Castle, still in the very prime of beauty of womanhood, appeared at the top of the with her principal female attendants, to receive guests with the honour and courtesy becoming invitation. She had laid aside the black dress had been her sole attire for several years, as arrayed with a splendour not unbecoming her descent and quality. Jewels, indeed, she had, but her long and dark hair was surmounted by chaplet made of oak-leaves, interspersed with the former being the emblem of the King's coronation in the Royal Oak, and the latter, of the Restoration. What rendered her presence still interesting to those who looked on her, was the presence of the two children whom she held in hand; one of whom was well known to them to be the child of their leader, Major Bridgenorth had been restored to life and health by the maternal care of the Lady Peveril.

If even the inferior persons of the party felt healing influence of her presence, thus, the poor Bridgenorth was almost overwhelmed with

the strictness of his cast and manners permitted him not to sink on his knee, and kiss the hand which held his little orphan; but the deepness of his obedience—the faltering tremor of his voice—and the listening of his eye, showed a grateful respect for the lady whom he addressed—deeper and more reverential than could have been expressed even by Persian prostration. A few courteous and mild words, expressive of the pleasure she found in once more seeing her neighbours as her friends—a few kind inquiries, addressed to the principal individuals among her guests, concerning their families and connexions, completed her triumph over angry thoughts and dangerous recollections, and disposed men's bosoms to sympathize with the purposes of the meeting.

Even Solsgrace himself, although imagining himself bound by his office and duty to watch over and counteract the wiles of the "Amalekitish woman," did not escape the sympathetic infection; being so much struck with the marks of peace and good-will exhibited by Lady Peveril, that he immediately raised the psalm,

"O what a happy thing it is,
And joyful, for to see
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity!"

Accepting this salutation as a mark of courtesy rendered, the Lady Peveril marshalled in person this party of her guests to the apartment, where ample good cheer was provided for them; and had even the patience to remain while Master Nehemiah Solsgrace pronounced a benediction of portentous length, as an introduction to the banquet. Her presence was some measure a restraint on the worthy divine, whose prolixity lasted the longer, and was the more intricate and embarrassed, that he felt himself deterred from rounding it off by his usual alliterative titillation for deliverance from Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak, which had become so habitual to him, that, after various attempts to conclude in some other form of words, he found himself at last obliged to pronounce the first words of his usual formula aloud, and mutter the rest in such a manner as not to be intelligible even by those who stood nearest to him.

The minister's silence was followed by all the various sounds which announce the onset of a hungry company on a well-furnished table; and at the same time gave the lady an opportunity to leave the apartment, and look to the accommodation of her other company. She felt, indeed, that it was high time to do so; and that the royalist guests might be disposed to misapprehend, or even to resent, the prior attentions which she had thought it prudent to offer to the arrians.

These apprehensions were not altogether ill-founded. It was in vain that the steward had displayed the royal standard, with its proud motto of *Tantum Triumphant*, on one of the great towers which flanked the main entrance of the Castle; while, from the other, floated the banner of Peveril of the Peak, under which many of those who now approached and fought during all the vicissitudes of civil war, it was in vain he repeated his clamorous "Welcome, noble Cavaliers! welcome, generous gentlemen!" There was a slight murmur amongst them, that their welcome ought to have come from the mouth of the Colonel's lady—not from that of a squire. Sir Jasper Cranbourne, who had sense as well as spirit and courage, and who was aware of the fair cousin's motives, having been indeed consulted by her upon all the arrangements which she had adopted, saw matters were in such a state that no one ought to be lost in conducting the guests to the banquet apartment, where a fortunate diversion from all these topics of rising discontent might be made, at the expense of the good cheer of all sorts, which the lady's care had so liberally provided.

The stratagem of the old soldier succeeded in its utmost extent. He assumed the great oaken-chair usually occupied by the steward at his audits; and Dr. Dummer having pronounced a brief Latin benediction, (which was not the less esteemed by the hearers that none of them understood it,) Sir

Jasper exhorted the company to whet their appetites to the dinner by a brimming cup to his Majesty's health, filled as high and as deep as their goblets would permit. In a moment all was bustle, with the clang of wine-cups and of flagons. In another moment the guests were on their feet like so many statues, all hushed as death, but with eyes glancing with expectation, and hands outstretched, which displayed their loyal brimmers. The voice of Sir Jasper, clear, sonorous, and emphatic, as the sound of his war-trumpet, announced the health of the restored Monarch, hastily echoed back by the assemblage, impatient to render it due homage. Another brief pause was filled by the draining of their cups, and the mustering breath to join in a shout so loud, that not only the rafters of the old hall trembled while they echoed it back, but the garlands of oaken boughs and flowers with which they were decorated, waved wildly, and rustled as if agitated by a sudden whirlwind. This rite observed, the company proceeded to assail the good cheer with which the table groaned, animated as they were to the attack both by mirth and melody, for they were attended by all the minstrels of the district, who, like the Episcopal clergy, had been put to silence during the reign of the self-entitled saints of the Commonwealth. The social occupation of good eating and drinking, the exchange of pledges betwixt old neighbours who had been fellow-soldiers in the moment of resistance—fellow-sufferers in the time of depression and subjugation, and were now partners in the same general subject of congratulation, soon wiped from their memory the trifling cause of complaint, which in the minds of some had darkened the festivity of the day; so that when the Lady Peveril walked into the hall, accompanied as before with the children and her female attendants, she was welcomed with the acclamations due to the mistress of the banquet and of the Castle—the dame of the noble Knight, who had led most of them to battle with an undaunted and persevering valour, which was worthy of better success.

Her address to them was brief and matronly, yet spoken with so much feeling as found its way to every bosom. She apologized for the lateness of her personal welcome, by reminding them that there were then present in Martindale Castle that day, persons whom recent happy events had converted from enemies into friends, but on whom the latter character was so recently imposed, that she dared not neglect with them any point of ceremonial. But those whom she now addressed, were the best, the dearest, the most faithful friends of her husband's house, to whom and to their valour Peveril had not only owed those successes which had given them and him fame during the late unhappy times, but to whose courage she in particular had owed the preservation of their leader's life, even when it could not avert defeat. A word or two of heartfelt congratulation on the happy restoration of the royal line and authority, completed all which she had boldness to add, and, bowing gracefully round her, she lifted a cup to her lips as if to welcome her guests.

There still remained, and especially amongst the old Cavaliers of the period, some glimmering of that spirit which inspired Froissart, when he declares that a knight hath double courage at need, when animated by the looks and words of a beautiful and virtuous woman. It was not until the reign which was commencing at the moment we are treating of, that the unbounded license of the age, introducing a general course of profligacy, degraded the female sex into mere servants of pleasure, and, in so doing, deprived society of that noble tone of feeling towards the sex, which, considered as a spur to "raise the clear spirit," is superior to every other impulse, save those of religion and of patriotism. The beams of the ancient hall of Martindale Castle instantly rung with a shout louder and shriller than that at which they had so lately trembled, and the names of the Knight of the Peak and his lady were proclaimed amid waving of caps and hats, and universal wishes for their health and happiness.

Under these auspices the Lady Peveril glided from the hall, and left free space for the revelry of the evening.

But a woman's brain is sometimes as inconstant as a popular assembly; and presently after she had told the morning was like to be rainy, and that the gilded chamber was the fittest play-room for the children, Mistress Deborah came to the somewhat consistent resolution, that the park was the fittest place for her own morning walk. It is certain, that ring the unrestrained joviality of the preceding evening, she had danced till midnight with Lancey-tram, the park-keeper; but how far the seeing him it pass the window in his woodland trim, with a feather in his hat, and a crossbow under his arm, increased the discrepancy of the opinions Mrs. Deborah meddled concerning the weather, we are far from premising to guess. It is enough for us, that so soon

Mistress Ellesmere's back was turned, Mistress Deborah carried the children into the gilded chamber, without a strict charge (for we must do her justice) to Master Julian to take care of his little wife, mistress Alice; and then, having taken so satisfactory a precaution, she herself glided into the park by a glass-door of the still-room, which was nearly opposite to the great breach.

The gilded chamber in which the children were, by its arrangement, left to amuse themselves, without interguardianship than what Julian's manhood afforded, was a large apartment, hung with stamped Spanish leather, curiously gilded, representing, in a manner now obsolete, but far from displeasing, a series of tilts and combats betwixt the Saracens of Granada, and the Spaniards under the command of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, during that memorable siege, which was terminated by the overthrow of the last fragments of the Moorish empire Spain.

The little Julian was careering about the room for amusement of his infant friend, as well as his own, mimicking with a reed the menacing attitude of the Abencerrages and Zegrings engaged in the Eastern sport of hurling the *jaïm*, or javelin; and at times sitting down beside her, and careering her into silence and good humour, when the petulant or timid child chose to become tired of remaining an inactive spectator of his boisterous sport; when, on a sudden, he perceived one of the panel compartments of the leather hangings slide apart, so as to show a fair hand, with its fingers resting upon its edge, prepared, it would seem, to push it still farther back. Julian was much surprised, and somewhat frightened, at what he witnessed, for the tales of the nursery had strongly impressed on his mind the terrors of the invisible world. Yet, naturally bold and high spirited, the little champion placed himself beside his defenceless sister, continuing to brandish his weapon in her defence, as boldly as if he had himself been an Abencerrage of Granada.

The panel, on which his eye was fixed, gradually continued to slide back, and display more and more a form to which the hand appertained, until, in the dark aperture which was disclosed, the children saw the figure of a lady in a mourning dress, past the median of life, but whose countenance still retained traces of great beauty, although the predominant character both of her features and person was an air of most royal dignity. After pausing a moment on the threshold of the portal which she had thus unexpectedly disclosed, and looking with some surprise at the children, whom she had not probably observed while engaged with the management of the panel, the stranger stepped into the apartment, and the panel, upon touch of a spring, closed behind her so suddenly, that Julian almost doubted it had ever been open, and began to apprehend that the whole apparition had been a delusion.*

* The concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby, is taken from a picturesque account of a similar event, described to me by the person by whom it was witnessed in childhood. This day, by name Mrs. Margaret Swinton, and a daughter of that ancient house, was a sister of my maternal grandmother, and of course my grandaunt. She was, as often happens on such occasions, our constant resource in sickness, or when we tired of noisy play, and closed around her to listen to her tales. As she might be supposed to look back to the beginning of the last century, the tales which supplied us with amusement often related to events of that period. I may here notice, that she told me the unhappy story of the Bride of Lammermoor, being nearly related to the Lord

The stately lady, however, advanced to him, and said, "Are not you the little Peveril?"

"Yes," said the boy, reddening, not altogether without a juvenile feeling of that rule of chivalry which forbade any one to disown his name, whatever danger might be annexed to the avowal of it.

"Then," said the stately stranger, "go to your mother's room, and tell her to come instantly to speak with me."

"I won't," said the little Julian.

"How!" said the lady,—"so young and so disobedient?—but you do but follow the fashion of the time. Why will you not go, my pretty boy, when I ask it of you as a favour?"

"I would go, madam," said the boy, "but"—and he stopped short, still drawing back as the lady advanced on him, but still holding by the hand Alice Bridgenorth, who, too young to understand the nature of the dialogue, clung, trembling, to her companion.

The stranger saw his embarrassment, smiled, and remained standing fast, while she asked the child once more, "What are you afraid of, my brave boy,—and why should you not go to your mother on my errand?"

President, whose daughter was the heroine of that melancholy tragedy.

The present tale, though of a different character, was also sufficiently striking, when told by an eyewitness. Aunt Margaret I suppose, seven or eight years old, when residing in the old mansion-house of Swinton, and already displayed the firmness and sagacity which distinguished her through life. Being one of a large family, she was, owing to slight indisposition, left at home one day when the rest of the family went to church, with Sir John and Lady Swinton, their parents. Before leaving the little invalid, she was strictly enjoined not to go into the parlour where the elder party had breakfasted. But when she found herself alone in the upper part of the house, the spirit of her great ancestress Eve took possession of my Aunt Margaret, and forth she went to examine the parlour in question. She was struck with admiration and fear at what she saw there. A lady, "beautiful exceedingly," was seated by the breakfast table, and employed in washing the dishes which had been used. Little Margaret would have had no doubt in accounting this singular vision an emanation from the angelical world, but for her employment, which she could not so easily reconcile to her ideas of angels.

The lady, with great presence of mind, called the astonished child to her, fondled her with much tenderness, and judiciously avoiding to render the necessity of secrecy too severe, she told the girl she must not let any one except her mother know that she had seen her. Having allowed this escape-valve for the benefit of her curiosity, the mysterious stranger desired the little girl to look from the window of the parlour to see if her mother was returning from church. When she turned her head again, the fair vision had vanished, but by what means Miss Margaret was unable to form a conjecture.

Long watched, and eagerly waited for, the Lady Swinton at last returned from church, and her daughter lost no time in telling her extraordinary tale. "You are a very sensible girl, Peggy," answered her mother, "for if you had spoken of that poor lady to any one but me, it might have cost her her life. But now I will not be afraid of trusting you with any secret, and I will show you where the poor lady lives." In fact she introduced her to a concealed apartment opening by a sliding panel from the parlour, and showed her the lady in the hiding place, which she inhabited. It may be said, in passing, that there were few Scottish houses belonging to families of rank, which had not such contrivances, the political incidents of the times often calling them into occupation.

The history of the lady of the closet was both melancholy and bloody, and though I have seen various accounts of the story, I do not pretend to distinguish the right edition. She was a young woman of extreme beauty, who had been married to an old man, a writer named MacFarlane. Her situation, and perhaps her manners, gave courage to some who desired to be accounted her suitors. Among them was a young Englishman, named Cayley, who was a commissioner of government upon the estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1715. In 1716, Mr. Cayley visited this lady in her lodgings, when they quarrelled, either on account of his having offered her some violence, or as another account said, because she reproached him with having boasted of former favours. It ended in her seizing upon a pair of pistols, which lay loaded in a closet, her husband intending to take them with him on a journey. The gallant commissioner approached with an air of drollery, saying,

"What, madam, do you intend to perform a comedy?"—"You shall find it a tragedy," answered the lady; and fired both pistols, by which Commissioner Cayley fell dead.

She fled, and remained concealed for a certain time. Her claim of refuge in Swinton House, I do not know—it arose probably from some of the indescribable genealogical filaments which connect Scottish families. A very small cause would even at any time have been a reason for interfering between an individual and the law.

Whatever were the circumstances of Mrs. MacFarlane's case, it is certain that she returned, and lived and died in Edinburgh, without being brought to trial. Indeed, considering the times, there was no great wonder; for, to one strong party, the death of an English commissioner was not a circumstance to require much apology. The Swintons, however, could not be of that opinion, the family being of Presbyterian and Whig principles.

"He was," answered Julian, firmly, "if I go, little Alice must stay alone with you."

"You are a valiant fellow," said the lady, "and will not desert your blood, which never left the work of a stout protection."

The lady understood her not, and still gazed with anxious apprehensions at first on her who addressed her, and then upon her little companion, whose eyes, in the momentary space of infancy, wandered from the face of the lady to that of her companion and pressed against her bosom, infected by a portion of the fever which the latter's magnanimous efforts could not prevent from flowing into Julian's veins, and, by the very nature of the contagion, augmented his alarm, and, by the very nature of the contagion, rendered it very difficult for him to keep his mind from the fear which impelled him to do the worst.

The lady was watching in the manner and bearing of the stranger, which might justify awe, and which, when joined to the singular and majestic features, which she had made her appearance. Her face was not remarkable, being the hood which, being the attire of the time, such as was worn by the ladies of the house of gentlemen; but her features were very long, and several locks having escaped from under her hood, hung down dishevelled over her shoulders. Her eyes were deep black, and very large, and her features had something of a foreign expression. When she spoke, her language was marked by a slight foreign accent, although, in the tone of her voice, it was pure English. Her slightest expression had the air of one accustomed to command, and to be obeyed; the recollection of which suggested to Julian the apology he afterwards made for being frightened, that he took the lady for an "enchanted queen."

As the stranger lady and the children thus continued to gaze at each other, two persons entered almost at the same moment, but from different doors, whose haste and alarm, as they had been alarmed by the screams of the children.

The first was Major Bridgenorth, whose ears had been struck with the cries of his child as he entered the hall. He corresponded with what was called the good chamber. His intention had been to return to the more public apartment, until the lady Peveril should make her appearance, with the good intention of assuring her that the preceding day's accident had passed in every respect agreeably to the friends, and without any of those alarming consequences which might have been apprehended from the quarrel between the parties. But when it was known how severely he had been agitated by the accident, for his child's safety and health, too well he knew the fate of those who had preceded her, it was no longer thought surprising that the infantine alarm of Alice induced him to break through the barrier of form and intrude farther into the interior of the apartment than a sense of strict propriety might have permitted.

He entered the gilded chamber, therefore, by a narrow and narrow passage, which communicated between the apartment and the hall, and, snatching the child from the arms, endeavoured, by a thousand caresses, to still the screams which burst yet more violently from the little girl, on beholding herself in the arms of one whose voice and manner she was, for the first time, an entire stranger.

The Countess Alice's cheeks were reddened, and surrounded by a blush of Julian Peveril, who, on the appearance of this second intruder, was frightened into recognition of every more manly idea of rescue than that which consisted in invoking assistance at the very top of his lungs.

Alarmed by this noise, which in half a minute became very clamorous, Lady Peveril, with whose apartment the gilded chamber was connected by a permanent communication opening into her wardrobe, entered on the scene. The instant she appeared, the both Alice, extricating herself from the grasp of her father, ran towards her protectress, and when she had once taken hold of her skirts, not only became calm, but turned her large blue eyes, in which the tears were still glistening, with a look of wonder

rather than alarm, towards the strange lady. Her manfully brandished his reed, a weapon which had never parted with during the whole alarm of blood prepared to assist his mother if there should be danger in the encounter between her and the stranger.

In fact, it might have puzzled an older person to account for the sudden and confused pause which the lady Peveril made, as she gazed on her unexpected guest, as if dubious whether she did or did not recognise, in her still beautiful though wasted and emaciated features, a countenance which was known well under far different circumstances.

The stranger seemed to understand her hesitation, for she said in that heart-thrilling voice which was peculiarly her own—

"Time and misfortune have changed me, Margaret—that every mirror tells me—yet Margaret Stanley might still have known Countess de la Trémouille."

The lady Peveril was little in the custom of giving way to sudden emotion, but in the present case she threw herself on her knees in a rapture of joy and grief, and, half embracing the stranger, exclaimed, in broken language—

"My kind, my noble benefactress—the Countess of Derby—the royal Queen in March—I doubt your voice, your features, for a moment, forgive me!"

The Countess raised the suppliant kindest of her husband's house, with all the grace of a woman torn from early birth to receive homage and protection. She kissed the lady Peveril's hand, and passed her hand in a caressing manner over her face as she said—

"You too are changed, my fair cousin, but change becomes you, from a pretty and timid to a sage and comely matron. But my own name, which I once held a good one, has failed me, if this gentleman be Sir Geoffrey Peveril."

"A kind and good neighbour only, madam," said the lady Peveril; "Sir Geoffrey is at Court."

"I understood so much," said the Countess, "when I arrived here last night."

"How, madam?" said Lady Peveril—"Did you arrive at Martindale Castle—at the house of Margaret Stanley, where you have such right to command and did not announce your presence to her?"

"O, I know you are a dutiful subject, Margaret," answered the Countess, "though it be in the face of a rare character—but it was our pleasure, and with a smile, 'to travel incognito—and finding ourselves engaged in general hospitality, we desired to disturb you with our royal presence.'"

"But how and where were you lodged, madam?" said Lady Peveril; "or why should you have so secret a visit which would, if made, have augmented the happiness of every true heart that rests here yesterday?"

"My lodging was well cared for by Ellesmere—your Ellesmere now, as she was formerly mine—she has acted as quartermaster ere now, you know as on a broader scale; you must excuse her—she has my positive order to lodge me in the most secret part of your Castle—there she pointed to the stable panel—she obeyed orders in that, and I appear also in sending you now hither."

"Indeed I have not yet seen her," said the Countess, "and therefore was totally ignorant of a visit so full, so surprising."

"And I," said the Countess, "was equally surprised to find none but these beautiful children in the apartment where I thought I heard you move. Our Ellesmere has become silly—your good-nature has spoiled her—she has forgotten the discipline she learned under me."

"I saw her run through the wood," said the lady Peveril, after a moment's recollection, "undoubtedly to seek the person who has charge of the children in order to remove them."

"Your own darlings, I doubt not," said the Countess, looking at the children. "Margaret, Providence has blessed you."

"That is my son," said Lady Peveril, pointing to Julian, who stood devoured their discourse.

body ear; "the little girl—I may call mine too." Major Bridgenorth, who had in the meantime again taken up his infant, and was engaged in caressing it, let it down as the Countess of Derby spoke, sighed deeply, and walked towards the oriel window. He was well aware that the ordinary rules of courtesy would have rendered it proper that he should withdraw silently, or at least offer to do so; but he was not a man of ceremonious politeness, and he had a particular interest in the subjects on which the Countess's discourse was likely to turn, which induced him to converse with ceremony. The ladies seemed indeed anxious to notice his presence. The Countess had now assumed a chair, and motioned to the Lady Peveril to sit upon a stool which was placed by her side. "We will have old times once more, though there are here no roaring of rebel guns to give you to take refuge at my side, and almost in my pocket."

"I have a gun, madam," said little Julian, "and the park-keeper is to teach me how to fire it next year."

"I will list you for my soldier, then," said the Countess.

"Ladies have no soldiers," said the boy, looking earnestly at her.

"He has the true masculine contempt of our frailties, I see," said the Countess; "it is born with the insolent varlets of mankind, and shows itself as soon as they are out of their long clothes.—Did Ellesmere ever tell you of Latham-House and Charlotte of Derby, my little master?"

"A thousand thousand times," said the boy, colouring; "and how the Queen of Man defended it six weeks against three thousand Roundheads, under the name of Harrison the butcher."

"It was your mother defended Latham-House," said the Countess, "not I, my little soldier.—Hadst thou been there, thou hadst been the best captain of us three."

"Do not say so, madam," said the boy, "for mamma would not touch a gun for all the universe."

"Not I, indeed, Julian," said his mother; "there was for certain, but as useless a part of the garrison."

"You forget," said the Countess, "you nursed our capital, and made lint for the soldiers' wounds."

"But did not papa come to help you?" said Julian.

"Papa came at last," said the Countess, "and so did Prince Rupert—but not, I think, till they were both partly wished for.—Do you remember that morning, Margaret, when the roundheaded knaves, that kept us shut up so long, retreated without bag or baggage, at a first glance of the Prince's standards appearing on the hill—and how you took every high-crested captain you saw for Peveril of the Peak, that had been our partner three months before at the Queen's ask? Nay, never blush for the thought of it—it was an honest affection—and though it was the music of trumpets that accompanied you both to the old chapel, which was almost entirely ruined by the enemy's bullets; and though Prince Rupert, when he gave you away at the altar, was clad in buff and andalier, with pistols in his belt, yet I trust these warlike signs were no type of future discord?"

"Heaven has been kind to me," said Lady Peveril, "in blessing me with an affectionate husband."

"And in preserving him to you," said the Countess, with a deep sigh; "while mine, alas! sealed with blood his devotion to his king.—O, had he lived to see this day!"

"Alas! alas! that he was not permitted!" answered Lady Peveril; "how had that brave and noble earl rejoiced in the unlooked-for redemption of our captivity!"

The Countess looked on Lady Peveril with an air of surprise.

"Thou hast not then heard, cousin, how it stands with our house?—How indeed had my noble lord ordered, had he been told that the very monarch for whom he had laid down his noble life on the scaffold

fold at Bolton-le-Moor, should make it his first act of restored monarchy to complete the destruction of our property, already well-nigh ruined in the royal cause, and to persecute me his widow!"

"You astonish me, madam!" said the Lady Peveril. "It cannot be, that you—that you, the wife of the gallant, the faithful, the murdered Earl—you, Countess of Derby, and Queen in Man—you, who took on you even the character of a soldier, and seemed a man when so many men proved women—that you should sustain evil from the event which has fulfilled—exceeded—the hopes of every faithful subject—it cannot be!"

"Thou art as simple, I see, in this world's knowledge as ever, my fair cousin," answered the Countess. "This restoration, which has given others security, has placed me in danger—this change which relieved other royalists, scarce less zealous, I presume to think, than I—has sent me here a fugitive, and in concealment, to beg shelter and assistance from you, fair cousin."

"From me," answered the Lady Peveril—"from me, whose youth your kindness sheltered—from the wife of Peveril, your gallant Lord's companion in arms—you have a right to command every thing! but, alas! that you should need such assistance as I can render—forgive me, but it seems like some ill-omened vision of the night—I listen to your words as if I hoped to be relieved from their painful import by awaking."

"It is indeed a dream—a vision," said the Countess of Derby; "but it needs no seer to read it—the explanation hath been long since given.—Put not your faith in princes. I can soon remove your surprise.—This gentleman, your friend, is doubtless honest?"

The Lady Peveril well knew that the Cavaliers, like other factions, usurped to themselves the exclusive denomination of the honest party, and she felt some difficulty in explaining that her visitor was not honest in that sense of the word.

"Had we not better retire, madam," she said to the Countess, rising, as if in order to attend her. But the Countess retained her seat.

"It was but a question of habit," she said; "the gentleman's principles are nothing to me, for what I have to tell you is widely blazed, and I care not who hears my share of it. You remember—you must have heard, for I think Margaret Stanley would not be indifferent to my fate—that after my husband's murder at Bolton, I took up the standard which he never dropped until his death, and displayed it with my own hand in our Sovereignty of Man."

"I did indeed hear so, madam," said the Lady Peveril; "and that you had bidden a bold defiance to the rebel government, even after all other parts of Britain had submitted to them. My husband, Sir Geoffrey, designed at one time to have gone to your assistance with some few followers; but we learned that the island was rendered to the Parliament party, and that you, dearest lady, were thrown into prison."

"But you heard not," said the Countess, "how that disaster befell me.—Margaret, I would have held out that island against the knaves as long as the sea continued to flow around it. Till the shoals which surround it had become safe anchorage—till its precipices had melted beneath the sunshine—till all its strong abodes and castles, not one stone remained upon another, would I have defended against these villainous hypocritical rebels my dear husband's hereditary dominion. The little kingdom of Man should have been yielded only when not an arm was left to wield a sword, not a finger to draw a trigger in its defence. But treachery did what force could never have done. When we had foiled various attempts upon the island by open force—treason accomplished what Blake and Lawson, with their floating castles, had found too hazardous an enterprise—a base rebel, whom we had nursed in our own bosoms, betrayed us to the enemy. This wretch was named Christian."

Major Bridgenorth started and turned towards the speaker, but instantly seemed to recollect himself, and again averted his face. The Countess proceeded, without noticing the interruption, which, however, rather surprised Lady Peveril, who was acquainted

* The Earl of Derby and King in Man was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moor, after having been made prisoner in a previous skirmish in Wigan Lane.

with her neighbour's general habits of indifference and apathy, and therefore the more surprised at his testifying such sudden symptoms of interest. She would once again have moved the Countess to retire to another apartment, but Lady Derby proceeded with too much vehemence to endure interruption.

"This Christian," she said, "had eat of my lord his sovereign's bread, and drunk of his cup, even from childhood—for his fathers had been faithful servants to the House of Man and Derby. He himself had fought bravely by my husband's side, and enjoyed all his confidence; and when my princely Earl was martyred by the rebels, he recommended to me, amongst other instructions communicated in the last message I received from him, to continue my confidence in Christian's fidelity. I obeyed, although I never loved the man. He was cold and phlegmatic, and utterly devoid of that sacred fire which is the incentive to noble deeds, suspected too of leaning to the cold metaphysics of Calvinistic subtlety. But he was brave, wise, and experienced, and, as the event proved, possessed but too much interest with the islanders. When these rude people saw themselves without hope of relief, and pressed by a blockade, which brought want and disease into their island, they began to fall off from the faith which they had hitherto shown."

"What!" said the Lady Peveril, "could they forget what was due to the widow of their benefactor—she who had shared with the generous Derby the task of bettering their condition?"

"Do not blame them," said the Countess; "the rude herd acted but according to their kind—in present distress they forgot former benefits, and, nursed in their earthen hovels, with spirits suited to their dwellings, they were incapable of feeling the glory which is attached to constancy in suffering. But that Christian should have headed their revolt—that he, born a gentleman, and bred under my murdered Derby's own care in all that was chivalrous and noble—that he should have forgot a hundred benefits—why do I talk of benefits?—that he should have forgotten that kindly intercourse which binds man to man far more than the reciprocity of obligation—that he should have headed the ruffians who broke suddenly into my apartment—immured me with my infants in one of my own castles, and assumed or usurped the tyranny of the island—that this should have been done by William Christian, my vassal, my servant, my friend, was a deed of ungrateful treachery, which even this age of treason will scarcely parallel!"

"And you were then imprisoned," said the Lady Peveril, "and in your own sovereignty!"

"For more than seven years I have endured strict captivity," said the Countess. "I was indeed offered my liberty, and even some means of support, if I would have consented to leave the island, and pledge my word that I would not endeavour to repossess my son in his father's rights. But they little knew the princely house from which I spring, and as little the royal house of Stanley which I uphold, who hoped to humble Charlotte of Tremouille into so base a composition. I would rather have starved in the darkest and lowest vault of Rushin Castle, than have consented to aught which might diminish in one hair's breadth the right of my son over his father's sovereignty."

"And could not your firmness, in a case where hope seemed lost, induce them to be generous, and dismiss you without conditions?"

"They knew me better than thou dost, wench," answered the Countess; "once at liberty, I had not been long without the means of disturbing their usurpation, and Christian would have as soon engaged a lioness to combat with, as have given me the slightest power of returning to the struggle with him. But time had liberty and revenge in store—I had still friends and partisans in the island, though they were compelled to give way to the storm. Even among the islanders at large, most had been disappointed in the effects which they expected from the change of power. They were loaded with exactions by their new masters, their privileges were abridged, and their immunities abolished, under the pretext of

reducing them to the same condition with the subjects of the pretended republic. When the news arrived of the changes which were current in Britain, these sentiments were privately communicated to me. Calcott and others acted with great zeal and fidelity, and a rising, effected as suddenly and effectually as that which had made me a captive, placed me at liberty, and in possession of the Sovereignty of the island as Regent for my son, the youthful Earl of Derby. Do you think I enjoyed that sovereignty long without doing justice on that traitor Christian?"

"How, madam," said Lady Peveril, who, though she knew the high and ambitious spirit of the Countess, scarce anticipated the extremities to which she was capable of hurrying her—"Have you impeached Christian?"

"Ay, wench,—in that sure prison which false law ever breaks from," answered the Countess.

Bridgenorth, who had insensibly communicated to her and was listening with an agony of interest, when he was unable any longer to suppress, broke in with the stern exclamation—

"Lady, I trust you have not dared!"

The Countess interrupted him in her turn.

"I know not who you are who question me, but I know not me when you speak to me of that which I dare, or dare not, do. But you seem interested in the fate of this Christian, and you shall hear it—no sooner placed in possession of my rights than I ordered the Dempster of the island to appear upon the traitor a High Court of Justice, with all the formalities of the isle, as prescribed in its laws and records. The Court was held in the open air, under the vaulted cope of heaven, and seated on a terrace of the Zonwald Hill, where of old Drak Scald held their courts of judgment. The cause was heard at length in his own defence, and amounted to little more than those specious allegations of public consideration, which are ever used to colour the ugly front of treason. He was fully convicted of his crime, and he received the doom of a traitor."

"But which, I trust, is not yet executed?" said Lady Peveril, not without an involuntary shudder.

"You are a fool, Margaret," said the Countess sharply; "think you I delayed such an act of justice until some wretched intrigues of the new Earl's Court might have prompted their interference?"

"Wench—he passed from the judgment-seat to the place of execution, with no farther delay than was necessary for his soul's sake. He was shot by a file of musketeers in the common place of execution, called Hango-hill."

"* The reader will find, in an Appendix to the Introduction account of this tragedy, as related by one who may be said to have been the sufferer. It must be admitted, on the other hand, Captain Christian's trial and execution were conducted according to the laws of the island. He was tried in all due form, by a court, in chief judge, then named Norris, the Keys of the island, and other constituted authorities, making what is called a full court. This word, yet retained in many parts of Scotland, as *Valle Negroti*, and is applied to those artificial mounds which were in ancient times assigned to the meeting of the nobles for holding their *Comitia*. It was pleaded that the accusations against Christian were found fully relevant, and refused to plead at the bar, that he was, according to the laws of the island, most justly sentenced to death. It was also stated that time was left for appeal to England, as he was apprehended the end of September, and not executed until the 2d January. These defences were made for the various officers of the Man called before the Privy Council, on account of his death, and supported with many quotations from the law for their share in those proceedings."

"I am obliged to the present reverend Vicar of Malw, for the extract to the following effect:—"

"Mr. William Christian of Ronalds-wing, late receiver, was shot at Hango Hall, the 2d January. He died most peacefully, made a good end, prayed earnestly, and was buried in the church of Malw."

"It is certain that the death of William Christian had deep impression upon the minds of the islanders, and a Mr. are worth preservation as occurring at his execution. It might not fall on the ground; and, secondly, the precaution was no outward effusion of blood."

"Many on the island deny Christian's guilt altogether, respectable descendant, the present Dempster; but there is

Bridgenorth clasped his hands together, wrung them, and groaned bitterly.

"As you seem interested for this criminal," added the Countess, addressing Bridgenorth, "I do him but justice in reporting to you, that his death was firmly and manly, becoming the general tenor of his life, high, but for that gross act of traitorous ingratitude, had been fair and honourable. But what of that? He hypocrite is a saint, and the false traitor a man of honour, till opportunity, that faithful touchstone, oves their metal to be base."

"It is false, woman—it is false!" said Bridgenorth, longer suppressing his indignation.

"What means this bearing, Master Bridgenorth?" said Lady Peveril, much surprised. "What is this Christian to you, that you should insult the Countess Derby under my roof?"

"Speak not to me of Countesses and of ceremonies," said Bridgenorth; "grief and anger leave me leisure for idle observances, to humour the vanity overgrown children.—Oh Christian—worthy, well worthy, of the name thou didst bear! My friend—my brother—the brother of my blessed Alice—the only friend of my desolate estate! art thou then cruelly murdered by a female fury, who, but for thee, had deservedly paid with her own blood that of God's saints, which she, as well as her tyrant husband, had killed like water!—Yes, cruel murderess!" he continued, addressing the Countess, "he whom thou hast cherished in thy insane vengeance, sacrificed for any a year the dictates of his own conscience to the interest of thy family, and did not desert it till thy frantic zeal for royalty had well-nigh brought to her perdition the little community in which he was born. Even in confining thee, he acted but as the ends of the madman, who bind him with iron for his own preservation; and for thee, as I can bear witness, he was the only barrier between thee and the wrath of the Commons of England; and but for his earnest remonstrances, thou hadst suffered the malignity of thy malignancy, even like the wicked wife Ahab."

"Master Bridgenorth," said Lady Peveril, "I will low for your impatience upon hearing these unceasing tidings; but there is neither use nor propriety farther urging this question. If in your grief you forget other restraints, I pray you to remember that he Countess is my guest and kinswoman, and is under such protection as I can afford her. I beseech you, in simple courtesy, to withdraw, as what must needs be the best and most becoming course in these trying circumstances."

"Nay, let him remain," said the Countess, regarding him with composure, not unmingled with triumph; "I would not have it otherwise; I would not that my revenge should be summed up in the stunted gratification which Christian's death hath afforded. This man's rude and clamorous grief only proves that retribution I have dealt has been more widely felt than by the wretched sufferer himself. I would I knew that it had but made sore as many rebel hearts, as there were loyal breasts afflicted by the death of my princely Derby!"

"So please you, madam," said Lady Peveril, "since Master Bridgenorth hath not the manners to leave us upon my request, we will, if your ladyship lists, leave him, and retire to my apartment.—Farewell, Master Bridgenorth; we will meet hereafter on better terms."

"Pardon me, Madam," said the Major, who had been striding hastily through the room, but now stood still, and drew himself up, as one who has taken a solution;—"to yourself I have nothing to say but that is respectful; but to this woman I must speak as a magistrate. She has confessed a murder in my presence—the murder too of my brother-in-law;—as man, and as a magistrate, I cannot permit her to pass on hence, excepting under such custody as may prevent her farther flight. She has already confessed that she is a fugitive, and in search of a place of concealment, until she should be able to escape into foreign parts.—Charlotte, Countess of Derby, I at-

ached those men of judgment and respectability, who are so far of a fervent opinion, that they only allow the execution to have been long in so far as the culprit died by a military rather than a civil

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touch thee of the crime of which thou hast but now made thy boast."

"I shall not obey your arrest," said the Countess, composedly; "I was born to give, but not to receive such orders. What have your English laws to do with my acts of justice and of government, within my son's hereditary kingdom? Am I not Queen in Man, as well as Countess of Derby? A feudatory Sovereign indeed; but yet independent so long as my dues of homage are duly discharged. What right can you assert over me?"

"That given by the precept of Scripture," answered Bridgenorth—"Whoso spilleth man's blood, by man shall his blood be spilled." Think not that the barbarous privileges of ancient feudal customs will avail to screen you from the punishment due for an Englishman murdered upon pretexts inconsistent with the act of indemnity."

"Master Bridgenorth," said Lady Peveril, "if by fair terms you desist not from your present purpose, I tell you that I neither dare, nor will, permit any violence against this honourable lady, within the walls of my husband's castle."

"You will find yourself unable to prevent me from executing my duty, madam," said Bridgenorth, whose native obstinacy now came in aid of his grief and desire of revenge; "I am a magistrate, and act by authority."

"I know not that," said Lady Peveril. "That you were a magistrate, Master Bridgenorth, under the late usurping powers, I know well; but till I hear of your having a commission in the name of the King, I now hesitate to obey you as such."

"I shall stand on small ceremony," said Bridgenorth. "Were I no magistrate, every man has title to arrest for murder against the terms of the indemnities held out by the King's proclamations, and I will make my point good."

"What indemnities? What proclamations?" said the Countess of Derby, indignantly. "Charles Stuart may, if he pleases, (and it doth seem to please him,) consort with those whose hands have been red with the blood, and blackened with the plunder, of his father and of his loyal subjects. He may forgive them if he will, and count their deeds good service. What has that to do with this Christian's offence against me and mine? Born a Mankesman—bred and nursed in the island—he broke the laws under which he lived, and died for the breach of them, after the fair trial which they allowed.—Methinks, Margaret, we have enough of this peevish and foolish magistrate—I attend you to your apartment."

Major Bridgenorth placed himself betwixt them and the door, in a manner which showed him determined to interrupt their passage; when the Lady Peveril, who thought she had already shown more deference to him in this matter than her husband was likely to approve of, raised her voice, and called loudly on her steward, Whitaker. That alert person, who had heard high talking, and a female voice with which he was unacquainted, had remained for several minutes stationed in the ante-room, much afflicted with the anxiety of his own curiosity. Of course he entered in an instant.

"Let three of the men instantly take arms," said his lady; "bring them into the ante-room, and wait my farther orders."

CHAPTER VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber, Nor jailer than myself.—*The Captain.*

THE command which Lady Peveril laid on her domestics to arm themselves, was so unlike the usual gentle acquiescence of her manners, that Major Bridgenorth was astonished. "How mean you, madam?" said he; "I thought myself under a friendly roof."

"And you are so, Master Bridgenorth," said the death. I willingly drop the veil over a transaction, which took place *flagrantibus oculis* at the conclusion of a civil war, when Revenge at least was awake if Justice slept.

my heart, madam," said the Knight. "There are so many noble houses decayed, and so many more in which the exercise and discipline for the training of noble youths is given up and neglected, that I have often feared I must have kept (til to be young master at home; and I have had too little nurture myself to teach him much, and so he would have been a mere hunting hawking knight of Derbyshire. But in your ladyship's house-hold, and with the noble young Earl, he will have all, and more than all, the education which I could desire."

"There shall be no distinction betwixt them, cousin," said the Countess; "Margaret Stanley's son shall be as much the object of care to me as my own, since you are kindly disposed to intrust him to my charge.—You look pale, Margaret," she continued, "and the tear stands in your eye? Do not be so foolish, my love—what I ask is better than you can desire for your boy; for the house of my father, the Duke de la Tremouille, was the most famous school of chivalry in France; nor have I degenerated from him, or suffered any relaxation in that noble discipline which trained young gentlemen to do honour to their race. You can promise your Julian no such advantages, if you train him up a mere home-bred youth."

"I acknowledge the importance of the favour, madam," said Lady Peveril, "and must acquiesce in what your ladyship honours us by proposing, and Sir Geoffrey approves of; but Julian is an only child, and"—

"An only son," said the Countess, "but surely not an only child. You pay too high a deference to our masters, the male sex, if you allow Julian to engross all your affection, and spare none for this beautiful girl."

So saying, she sat down Julian, and, taking Alice Bridgenorth on her lap, began to caress her; and there was, notwithstanding her masculine character, something so sweet in the tone of her voice and in the cast of her features, that the child immediately smiled, and replied to her marks of fondness. This mistake embarrassed Lady Peveril exceedingly.—Knowing the blunt impetuosity of her husband's character, his devotion to the memory of the deceased Earl of Derby, and his corresponding veneration for his widow, she was alarmed for the consequences of his hearing the conduct of Bridgenorth that morning, and was particularly desirous that he should not learn it save from herself in private, and after due preparation. But the Countess's error led to a more precipitate disclosure.

"That pretty girl, madam," answered Sir Geoffrey, "is none of ours—I wish she were. She belongs to a neighbour hard by—a good man, and, to say truth, a good neighbour—though he was carried off from his allegiance in the late times by a d—d Presbyterian scoundrel, who calls himself a parson, and whom I hope to fetch down from his perch presently, with a wannon to him! He has been cock of the roost long enough. There are rods in pickle to switch the Geneva cloak with, I can tell the sour-faced rogues that much. But this child is the daughter of Bridgenorth—neighbour Bridgenorth, of Moultrassie-Hall."

"Bridgenorth?" said the Countess; "I thought I had known all the honourable names in Derbyshire—I remember nothing of Bridgenorth.—But stay—was there not a sequestrator and committee-man of that name? Sure, it cannot be he."

Peveril took some shame to himself as he replied, "It is the very man whom your ladyship means, and you may conceive the reluctance with which I submitted to receive good offices from one of his kidney; but had I not done so, I should have scarce known how to find a roof to cover Dame Margaret's head."

The Countess, as he spoke, raised the child gently from her lap, and placed it upon the carpet, though little Alice showed a disinclination to the change of place, which the Lady of Derby and Man would certainly have indulged in a child of patrician descent and loyal parentage.

"I blame you not," she said; "no one knows what temptation will bring us down to. Yet I did think Peveril of the Peak would have resided in its deepest cavern, sooner than owed an obligation to a regicide."

"Nay, madam," answered the Knight, "myself is bad enough, but not so bad as you would make him; he is but a Presbyterian—that I must count but not an Independent."

"A variety of the same monster," said the Countess, "who hallooed while the others hunted, and was the victim whom the Independents massacred. In twixt such sects I prefer the Independent. He is at least bold, barefaced, merciless villain in more of the tiger in them, and less of the craft. I have no doubt it was that worthy gentleman who took it upon him this morning!"

She stopped short, for she saw Lady Peveril vexed and embarrassed.

"I am," she said, "the most luckless of women. I have said something, I know not what, to disturb you, Margaret—Mystery is a bad thing, and let us there should be none."

"There is none, madam," said Lady Peveril, "nothing impatiently; I waited but an opportunity to tell my husband what had happened.—Sir Geoffrey Master Bridgenorth was unfortunately here when Lady Derby and I met; and he thought it his duty to speak of."

"To speak of what?" said the Knight, looking brows. "You were ever something too fast in giving way to the usurpation of such speech."

"I only mean," said Lady Peveril, "the same person—he to whom Lady Derby's story told was the brother of his late lady, he threatened I cannot think that he was serious."

"Threaten?—threaten the Lady of Derby in my house!—the widow of my friend—in the Charlotte of Latham-House!—by Heaven the feared slave shall answer it! How comes it that knaves threw him not out of the window?"

"Alas! Sir Geoffrey, you forget how much we him," said the lady.

"Owe him!" said the Knight, still more impatient for in his singleness of apprehension he could do owe him some money, hath he not secured and must he have the right, over and above, to nearer and play the Magistrate in Martindale Court? Where is he?—what have you made of him?—I must speak with him."

"Be patient, Sir Geoffrey," said the Countess, "now discerned the cause of her kinswoman's apprehension; and be assured I did not need your valry to defend me against this discourteous knight as Morte d'Arthur would have called him. I gave you my kinswoman bath fully righted my wrongs. I am so pleased to owe my deliverance entirely to gallantry, that I charge and command you, as a knight, not to mangle in the adventure of another."

Lady Peveril, who knew her husband's blunt impatient temper, and perceived that he was becoming angry, now took up the story, and plainly and simply pointed out the cause of Master Bridgenorth's interference.

"I am sorrow for it," said the Knight; "I thought he had more sense; and that this happy change might have done some good upon him. But you should have told me this instantly.—It consists not with my honour that he should be kept prisoner in this house, as if I feared any thing he could do to annoy the Countess, while she is under my roof, or within twenty miles of this Castle."

So saying, and bowing to the Countess, he went straight to the gilded chamber, leaving Lady Peveril in great anxiety for the event of an angry meeting between a temper hasty as that of her husband, and stubborn like that of Bridgenorth. Her apprehensions were, however, unnecessary; for the meeting was fated to take place.

While Sir Geoffrey Peveril, having dismissed his taker and his sentinels, entered the gilded chamber in which he expected to find his captive, the prisoner had escaped, and it was easy to see in what manner. The sliding panel had, in the hurry of the moment, escaped the memory of Lady Peveril, and of Whitaker, the only persons who knew any thing of it. It was probable that a chink had remained open sufficient to indicate its existence to Bridgenorth.

who, into called, another thick monster mistak secure from t vered: treat w threat gilded Sir perple reach, for he and it to ru: But v accus fluenc ing th reveri Gerou Coun ledge down if her troubl "Ti frey, com: ladysl few d: vate: seen: have: at libe is wor Her rased: "Y said t "P: "and this r here, and i carrie he wi cute: can b such: "N name: said t "N his 3 frien beat Prop ship will lows the 2 milti Ti prop to th her: res: sai: I to l her: we: tive me: by I ad be: str: be:

thdrawing it altogether, had found his way to a secret apartment with which it communicated from thence to the postern of the Castle by a secret passage, which had been formed in the mass of the wall, as is not uncommon in ancient times; the lords of which were liable to so many misfortunes of fortune, that they usually contrived to have some lurking-place and secret mode of retreat for their fortresses. That Bridgenorth had discovered and availed himself of this secret mode of retreat was evident; because the private doors communicating with the postern and the sliding panel in the chamber, were both left open.

Geoffrey returned to the ladies with looks of anxiety. While he deemed Bridgenorth within his power, he was apprehensive of nothing he could do; but when he felt himself his superior in personal strength, that species of courage which induces a man to fight without hesitation, upon personal danger, even at a distance, he had been for many years accustomed to consider Bridgenorth's power and influence as something formidable; and, notwithstanding the change of affairs, his ideas so naturally turned to his neighbour as a powerful friend or enemy, that he felt more apprehension on the subject, than he was willing to acknowledge to himself. The Countess observed his sad and anxious brow, and requested to know what there was likely to involve him in any or in any danger.

"Trouble should be welcome," said Sir Geoffrey, "should more welcome the danger, which should bring such an account. My plan was, that your grace should have honoured Martindale with a visit to his residence, which might have been kept private until the search after you was ended. Had I seen my fellow Bridgenorth, I have no doubt I could have impelled him to act discreetly; but he is now my enemy, and will keep out of my reach; and, what is more, he has the secret of the priest's chamber." The Knight paused, and seemed much embarrassed.

"I can, then, neither conceal nor protect me?" said the Countess.

"I don, my honoured lady," answered the Knight, "I can say only my say. The plain truth is, that I have many friends among the Presbyterians who are more numerous than I would wish them; he falls in with the pursuivant fellow who has the warrant of the Privy Council, it is likely to back him with force sufficient to try to execute it."

"And I doubt whether any of our own friends summoned together in haste, sufficient to resist power as they are like to bring together."

"Would I wish any friends to take arms, in my against the King's warrant, Sir Geoffrey," said the Countess.

"For that matter," replied the Knight, "an angry man will grant warrants against his best friend; he must look to have them resisted. But the danger to me in this emergency is—though the castle is something inhospitable—that your ladyship could take presently to horse, if your fatigue permitted. I will mount also, with some brisk fellows who will lodge you safe at Vale-Royal, though I have stopped the way with a whole posse comitum."

The Countess of Derby willingly acquiesced in this plan. She had enjoyed a night's sound repose in her private chamber, to which Ellenore had guided her the preceding evening, and was quite ready to follow her route, or flight—"she scarce knew," she which of the two she should term it."

Peveril wept at the necessity which seemed to her earliest friend and protectress from under her, at the instant when the clouds of adversity were gathering around her; but she saw no alternative save. Nay, however strong her attachment to Lady Derby, she could not but be more ready to follow her to her hasty departure, when she considered the inconvenience, and even danger, in which she would be at such a time, and in such circumstances, was likely to involve a man so bold and enterprising as her husband Sir Geoffrey.

While Lady Peveril, therefore, made every arrangement which time permitted and circumstances required, for the Countess prosecuting her journey, her husband, whose spirits always rose with the prospect of action, issued his orders to Whitaker to go together with a few stout fellows, with back and breast-pieces, and steel-caps. "There are the two lackeys, and Outram and Saunders, besides the other groom fellow, and Roger Raine, and his son; but bid Roger not to come drunk again;—thyself, young Dick of the Dale and his servant, and a file or two of the tenants,—we shall be enough for any force they can make. All these are fellows that will strike hard, and ask no question why—their hands are ever readier than their tongues, and their mouths are more made for drinking than speaking."

Whitaker, apprized of the necessity of the case, asked if he should not warn Sir Jasper Cranbourne. "Not a word to him, as you live," said the Knight; "this may be an outlawry, as they call it, for what I know; and therefore I will bring no lands or tenements into peril, saving mine own. Sir Jasper hath had a troublesome time of it for many a year. By my will, he shall sit quiet for the rest of a days."

CHAPTER VII.

Fang. A rascal! a rogue!
Mrs. Quickly. Good people, bring a horse or two.
Henry IV., Part I.

The followers of Peveril were so well accustomed to the sound of "Boot and Saddle," that they were soon mounted and in order; and in all the form, and with some of the dignity of danger, proceeded to escort the Countess of Derby through the hilly and desert tract of country which connects the frontier of the shire with the neighbouring county of Cheshire. The cavalcade moved with considerable precaution, which they had been taught by the discipline of the Civil Wars. One wary and well-mounted trooper rode about two hundred yards in advance; followed, at about half that distance, by two more, with their carbines advanced, as if ready for action. About one hundred yards behind the advance, came the main body; where the Countess of Derby, mounted on Lady Peveril's ambling palfrey, (for her own had been exhausted by the journey from London to Martindale Castle,) accompanied by one groom, of approved fidelity, and one waiting-maid, was attended and guarded by the Knight of the Peak, and three files of good and practised horsemen. In the rear came Whitaker, with Lance Outram, as men of especial trust, to whom the covering the retreat was confided. They rode, as the Spanish proverb expresses it, "with the beard on the shoulder," looking around, that is, from time to time, and using every precaution to have the speediest knowledge of any pursuit which might take place.

But, however wise in discipline, Peveril and his followers were somewhat remiss in civil policy. The Knight had communicated to Whitaker, though without any apparent necessity, the precise nature of their present expedition; and Whitaker was equally communicative to his comrade Lance, the keeper. "It is strange enough, Master Whitaker," said the latter, when he had heard the case, "and I wish you, being a wise man, would expound it;—why, when we have been wishing for the King—and praying for the King—and fighting for the King—and dying for the King, for these twenty years, the first thing we find to do on his return, is to get into harness to resist his warrant!"

"Pooh! you silly fellow," said Whitaker, "that is all you know of the true bottom of our quarrel! Why, man, we fought for the King's person against his warrant, all along from the very beginning; for I remember the rogues' proclamations, and so forth, always ran in the name of the King and Parliament."

"Ay! was it even so?" replied Lance. "Nay, then, if they begin the old game so soon again, and send out warrants in the King's name against his loyal subjects, well fare our stout Knight, say I, who is ready to take them down in their stocking-soles."

ly in her favour: and the death of Christian was at length only punished by the imposition of a heavy fine, amounting, we believe, to many thousand pounds; which was levied, with great difficulty, out of the shattered estates of the young Earl of Derby.

CHAPTER VIII.

My native land, good night! BYRON.

LADY PEVERIL remained in no small anxiety for several hours after her husband and the Countess had departed from Martindale Castle; more especially when she learned that Major Bridgenorth, concerning whose motions she made private inquiry, had taken horse with a party, and was gone to the westward in the same direction with Sir Geoffrey.

At length her immediate uneasiness in regard to the safety of her husband and the Countess was removed, by the arrival of Whitaker, with her husband's commendations, and an account of the scuffle betwixt himself and Major Bridgenorth.

Lady Peveril shuddered to see how nearly they had approached to a renewal of the scenes of civil discord; and, while she was thankful to Heaven for her husband's immediate preservation, she could not help feeling both regret and apprehension for the consequences of his quarrel with Major Bridgenorth. They had now lost an old friend, who had showed himself such under those circumstances of adversity by which friendship is most severely tried; and she could not disguise from herself, that Bridgenorth, thus irritated, might be a troublesome, if not a dangerous enemy. His rights as a creditor, he had hitherto used with gentleness; but if he should employ rigour, Lady Peveril, whose attention to domestic economy had made her much better acquainted with her husband's affairs than he was himself, foresaw considerable inconvenience from the measures which the law put in his power. She comforted herself with the recollection, however, that she had still a strong hold on Bridgenorth, through his paternal affection, and from the fixed opinion which he had hitherto manifested, that his daughter's health could only flourish while under her charge. But any expectations of reconciliation which Lady Peveril might probably have founded on this circumstance, were frustrated by an incident which took place in the course of the following morning.

The governess, Mistress Deborah, who has been already mentioned, went forth, as usual, with the children, to take their morning exercise in the Park, accompanied by Rachel, a girl who acted occasionally as her assistant in attending upon them. But not as usual did she return. It was near the hour of breakfast, when Ellesmere, with an unwonted degree of primness in her mouth and manner, came to acquaint her lady that Mistress Deborah had not thought proper to come back from the Park, though the breakfast hour approached so near.

"She will come, then, presently," said Lady Peveril, with indifference.

Ellesmere gave a short and doubtful cough, and then proceeded to say, that Rachel had been sent home with little Master Julian, and that Mistress Deborah had been pleased to say, she would walk on with Miss Bridgenorth as far as Moultrasie Holt; which was a point at which the property of the Major, as matters now stood, bounded that of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.

"Is the wench turned silly," exclaimed the lady, something angrily, "that she does not obey my orders, and return at regular hours?"

"She may be turning silly," said Ellesmere, mysteriously; "or she may be turning too sly; and I think it were as well your ladyship looked to it."

"Looked to what, Ellesmere?" said the lady, impatiently. "You are strangely oracular this morning. If you know any thing to the prejudice of this young woman, I pray you speak it out."

"I prejudice!" said Ellesmere; "I scorn to prejudice man, woman, or child, in the way of a fellow-servant; only I wish your ladyship to look about you, and use your own eyes—that is all."

"You bid me use my own eyes, Ellesmere; I suspect," answered the lady, "you would be pleased were I contented to see through your spectacles. I charge you—and you know I will be avenged—I charge you to tell me what you know of me about this girl, Deborah Debbitch."

"I see through spectacles!" exclaimed the servant Abigail; "your ladyship will pardon me, for I never use them, unless a pair that belong to my poor mother, which I put on when your ladyship wants your pinners curiously wrought. Now, above sixteen ever did white-seam without me. And then as to suspecting, I suspect nothing: in your ladyship hath taken Mistress Deborah from under my hand, to be sure it is neither butter of mine. Only," (here she began to seal her lips shut, so as scarce to permit a sound to be heard,) "and mincing her words as if she pinched of them before she suffered them to escape—madam, if Mistress Deborah goes so often of a morning to Moultrasie Holt, why, I should be surprised if she should never find the way back."

"Once more, what do you mean, Ellesmere? were you to have some sense—let me have distinctly what the matter is."

"Only, madam," pursued the Abigail, "as Bridgenorth came back from Chesterfield, he met you at the Castle Hall, Mistress Deborah in his place; and it has so happened that she hath met the Major, as they call him, there in waiting, for he can walk about now like other folk, without warrant you she hath not been the worst at the meeting—one way at least, for she hath lost her new hood might serve yourself, madam; but she hath had any thing in hand besides a new money, no doubt your ladyship is best judge."

Lady Peveril, who readily adopted the most favourable construction of the governess's words, could not help laughing at the idea of a man of Bridgenorth's precise appearance, strict manners, and reserved habits, being suspected of a display of gallantry; and readily concluded, that Mistress Deborah had found her advantage in gratifying her paternal affection by a frequent sight of his daughter the few days which intervened betwixt his first coming to the Castle, and the events which followed. But she was somewhat surprised, when an hour after the usual breakfast hour, during which neither the child nor Mistress Deborah appeared, Major Bridgenorth's only man-servant arrived at the Castle on horseback, dressed as for a journey, and having delivered a letter addressed to her lady to another to Mistress Ellesmere, rode away without waiting any answer.

There would have been nothing remarkable in this had any other person been concerned; but Bridgenorth was so very quiet and orderly in his proceedings—so little liable to act hastily or impulsively, that the least appearance of bustle when he was concerned, excited surprise and curiosity.

Lady Peveril broke her letter hastily open, and found that it contained the following lines:—

"For the Hands of the Honourable and Excellent Lady Peveril—These:

"MADAM—Please it your Ladyship,

"I write more to excuse myself to your ladyship than to accuse either you or others, in respect that I am sensible it becomes our frail nature to confess our own imperfections, than to complain of those of others. Neither do I mean to speak of you, particularly in respect of your worthy ladyship, being sensible that if I have served you in that manner when our Israel might be called triumphant, I have more than requited me, in giving to my young child, redeemed, as it were, from the vale of the shadow of death. And therefore, as I heartily forgive your ladyship the unkind and violent measure which you dealt to me at our last meeting, (seeing that the woman who was the cause of strife is accounted one of your kindred people,) I do entreat you, in like manner, to pardon my enticing away from your ladyship the young woman called Deborah Debbitch, whom

fortune, instructed as she hath been under your ladyship's direction, it may be, indispensable to the wealth of my dear child. I had proposed, madam, with your generous permission, that Alice should have remained at Martindale Castle under your kind charge, until she could so far discern betwixt good and evil, that it should be matter of conscience to each her the way in which she should go. For it is not unknown to your ladyship, and in no way do I speak it reproachfully, but rather sorrowfully, that a person so excellently gifted as yourself—I mean touching natural qualities—has not yet received that true light, which is a lamp to the paths, but are contented to stumble in darkness, and among the graves of dead men. It has been my prayer in the watches of the night, that your ladyship should cease from the doctrine which causeth to err; but I grieve to say, that our candle-stick being about to be removed, the light will most likely be involved in deeper darkness than ever; and the return of the King, to which I had many looked forward as a manifestation of divine favour, seems to prove little else than a permitted triumph of the Prince of the Air, who setteth out to restore his Vanity-fair of bishops, deans, and such like, extruding the peaceful ministers of the word, whose labours have proved faithful to many angry souls. So, hearing from a sure hand, that mission has gone forth to restore these dumb dogs, the followers of Laud and of Williams, who are cast forth by the late Parliament, and that an act of conformity, or rather of deformity, of worship, was to be expected, it is my purpose to fly from the wrath to come, and to seek some corner where I may dwell in peace, and enjoy liberty of conscience. For who would abide in the Sanctuary, after a carved work thereof is broken down, and when hath been made a place for owls, and satyrs of the Idleness?—And here, I blame myself, madam, that I went in the singleness of my heart too readily to that carousing in the house of feasting, wherein love of union, and my desire to show respect to your ladyship, were made a snare to me. But I trust will be an atonement, that I am now about to absent myself from the place of my birth, and the house of my fathers, as well as from the place which holdeth the dust of those pledges of my affection. I have so to remember, that in this land my honour (after the worldly estimation) hath been abated, and my ability circumscribed, by your husband, Sir Geoffrey everly; and that without any chance of my obtaining reparation at his hand, whereby I may say the end of a kinsman was lifted up against my credit and my life. These things are bitter to the taste of the old Adam; wherefore, to prevent farther bickerings, and, it may be, bloodshed, it is better that I leave this land for a time. The affairs which remain to be settled between Sir Geoffrey and myself, shall place in the hand of the righteous Master Joachim Win-the-Fight, an attorney in Chester, who will arrange them with such attention to Sir Geoffrey's conveniences, as justice and the due exercise of the law, will permit; for, as I trust I shall have grace to resist the temptation to make the weapons of carnal warfare the instruments of my revenge, so I turn to effect it through the means of Mammon. Flinging, madam, that the Lord may grant you every blessing, and, in especial, that which is over all others, namely, the true knowledge of His way.

"I remain, your devoted servant to command,

"RALPH BRIDGENORTH.

*Written at Moultrasse-Hall,
this tenth day of July, 1660.*

So soon as Lady Peveril had perused this long and regular homily, in which it seemed to her that her neighbour showed more spirit of religious fanaticism than she could have supposed him possessed of, she looked up and beheld Ellesmere,—with a countenance which mortification, and an affected air of contempt, seemed to struggle together,—who, tired with watching the expression of her mistress's countenance, applied for confirmation of her suspicions in plain terms.

"I suppose, madam," said the waiting-woman,

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"the fanatic fool intends to marry the wench? They say he goes to shift the country. Truly it's time, indeed; for, besides that the whole neighbourhood would laugh him to scorn, I should not be surprised if Lance Outram, the keeper, gave him a buck's head to bear; for that is all in the way of his office."

"There is no great occasion for your spite at present, Ellesmere," replied her lady. "My letter says nothing of marriage; but it would appear that Master Bridgenorth, being to leave this country, has engaged Deborah to take care of his child; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, for the infant's sake."

"And I am glad of it for my own," said Ellesmere; "and, indeed, for the sake of the whole house.—And your ladyship thinks she is not like to be married to him? Troth, I could never see how he should be such an idiot; but perhaps she is going to do worse, for she speaks here of coming to high preferment, and that scarce comes by honest service now-a-days; then she writes me about sending her things, as if I were mistress of the wardrobe to her ladyship—ay, and recommends Master Julian to the care of my age and experience, forsooth, as if she needed to recommend the dear little jewel to me; and then, to speak of my age—But I will bundle away her rage to the Hall, with a witness!"

"Do it with all civility," said the lady, "and let Whitaker send her the wages for which she has served, and a broad-piece over and above; for, though a light-headed young woman, she was kind to the children."

"I know who is kind to their servants, madam, and would spoil the best ever pinned a gown."

"I spoiled a good one, Ellesmere, when I spoiled thee," said the lady; "but tell Mrs. Deborah to kiss the little Alice for me, and to offer my good wishes to Major Bridgenorth, for his temporal and future happiness."

She permitted no observation or reply, but dismissed her attendant, without entering into farther particulars.

When Ellesmere had withdrawn, Lady Peveril began to reflect, with much feeling of compassion, on the letter of Major Bridgenorth; a person in whom there were certainly many excellent qualities, but whom a series of domestic misfortunes, and the increasing gloom of a sincere, yet stern feeling of devotion, rendered lonely and unhappy; and she had more than one anxious thought for the happiness of the little Alice, brought up, as she was likely to be, under such a father. Still the removal of Bridgenorth was, on the whole, a desirable event; for while he remained at the Hall, it was but too likely that some accidental collision with Sir Geoffrey might give rise to a reconciliation betwixt them, more fatal than the last had been.

In the meanwhile, she could not help expressing to Doctor Dummer her surprise and sorrow, that all which she had done and attempted, to establish peace and unanimity betwixt the contending factions, had been perversely fated to turn out the very reverse of what she had aimed at.

"But for my unhappy invitation," she said, "Bridgenorth would not have been at the Castle on the morning which succeeded the feast, would not have seen the Countess, and would not have incurred the resentment and opposition of my husband. And but for the King's return, an event which was so anxiously expected as the termination of all our calamities, neither the noble lady nor ourselves had been engaged in this new path of difficulty and danger."

"Honoured madam," said Doctor Dummer, "were the affairs of this world to be guided implicitly by human wisdom, or were they uniformly to fall out according to the conjectures of human foresight, events would no longer be under the domination of that time and chance, which happen unto all men, since we should, in the one case, work out our own purposes to a certainty, by our own skill, and, in the other, regulate our conduct according to the views of unerring prescience. But man is, while in this vale of tears, like an un instructed bowler, so to speak, who thinks to attain the jack, by delivering his bowl straight forward upon it, being ignorant that there is a concealed bias within the spheroid, which will make

and forsake the wavering, whom his continued cares might have directed into the right path—these were of themselves deep causes of sorrow, and were aggravated, doubtless, by those natural feelings with which all men, especially those whose duties or habits have confined them to a limited circle, regard the separation from wonted scenes, and their accustomed haunts of solitary musing, or social intercourse.

There was, indeed, a plan of placing Mr. Solsgrace at the head of a nonconforming congregation in his present parish, which his followers would have readily consented to endow with a sufficient revenue. But although the act for universal conformity was not yet passed, such a measure was understood to be impending, and there existed a general opinion among the Presbyterians, that in no hands was it likely to be more strictly enforced, than in those of Peveril of the Peak. Solsgrace himself considered not only his personal danger as being considerable,—for, assuming perhaps more consequence than was actually attached to him or his productions, he conceived the honest Knight to be his mortal and determined enemy,—but he also conceived that he should serve the cause of his church by absenting himself from Derbyshire.

"Less known pastors," he said, "though perhaps more worthy of the name, may be permitted to assemble the scattered flocks in caverns or in secret wilds, and to them shall the glennings of the grapes of Ephraim be better than the vintage of Abiezer. But I, that have so often carried the banner forth against the mighty—I, whose tongue hath testified, morning and evening, like the watchman upon the tower, against Popery, Prelacy, and the tyrant of the Peak—for me to abide here, were but to bring the sword of bloody vengeance amongst you, that the shepherd might be smitten, and the sheep scattered. The shedders of blood have already assailed me, even within that ground which they themselves call consecrated; and yourselves have seen the scalp of the righteous broken, as he defended my cause. Therefore, I will put on my sandals, and gird my loins, and depart to a far country, and there do as my duty shall call upon me, whether it be to act or to suffer—to bear testimony at the stake or in the pulpit."

Such were the sentiments which Mr. Solsgrace expressed to his desponding friends, and which he expatiated upon at more length with Major Bridgenorth; not failing, with friendly zeal, to rebuke the haste which the latter had shown to thrust out the hand of fellowship to the Amalekite woman, whereby he reminded him, "He had been rendered her slave and bondsman for a season. Like Samson, betrayed by Delilah, and might have remained longer in the house of Dagon, had not Heaven pointed to him a way out of the snare. Also, it sprung originally from the Major's going up to feast in the high place of Baal, that he who was the champion of the truth was stricken down, and put to shame by the enemy, even in the presence of the host."

These objections seeming to give some offence to Major Bridgenorth, who liked, no better than any other man, to hear of his own mishaps, and at the same time to have them imputed to his own misconduct, the worthy divine proceeded to take shame to himself for his own sinful compliance in that matter; for to the vengeance justly due for that unhappy dinner at Martindale Castle, (which was, he said, a crying of peace when there was no peace, and a dwelling in the tents of sin,) he imputed his ejection from his living, with the destruction of some of his most pithy and highly prized volumes of divinity, with the loss of his cap, gown, and band, and a double hogshcad of choice D. rhy ale.

The mind of Major Bridgenorth was strongly tinged with devotional feeling, which his late misfortunes had rendered more deep and solemn; and it is therefore no wonder, that, when he heard these arguments urged again and again, by a pastor whom he so much respected, and who was now a sufferer in the cause of their joint faith, he began to look back with disapproval on his own conduct, and to suspect that he had permitted himself to be seduced

by gratitude towards Lady Peveril, and by her arguments in favour of a mutual and liberal interchange of sentiments, into an action which had a tendency to compromise his religious and political principles.

One morning, as Major Bridgenorth had been himself with several details respecting the arrangement of his affairs, he was reposing in the easy-chair, beside the latticed window, a pane of which, by natural association, recalled to him memory of former times, and the feelings of which he was wont to expect the recurring visit of Sir Geoffrey, who brought him news of his own welfare.—"Surely," he said, thinking as he lay aloud, "there was no sin in the kindness which I then regarded that man."

Solsgrace who was in the apartment, and saw what passed through his friend's mind, approved as he was with every point of his history, replied, "When God caused Elijah to be led by the brook Cherith, we hear him fondling the unclean birds, whom, contrary to their nature, a miracle compelled to minister to him."

"It may be so," answered Bridgenorth, "a flap of their wings must have been graceful to the ear of the famished prophet, like the trot of a horse in mine. The ravens, doubtless, returned to their nature when the season was passed, and he has fared with him.—Hark!" he exclaimed, "I hear his horse's hoof tramp even now."

It was seldom that the echoes of that stable and court-yard were awakened by the tramp of horses, but such was now the case.

Both Bridgenorth and Solsgrace were surprised at the sound, and even disposed to make some farther oppression on the part of presentment when the Major's old servant introduced, with the ceremony, (for his manners were nearly as those of his master's,) a tall gentleman on the far side of middle life, whose vest and cloak, long hair, and ed hat, and drooping feather, announced him as a Cavalier. He bowed formally, but courteously to both gentlemen, and said, that he was "Sir Jasper Cranbourne, charged with an especial message to Master Ralph Bridgenorth of Moultrasie-Hall, by his honourable friend Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, and that he requested to know whether Master Bridgenorth would be pleased to receive the acquittal of commission here or elsewhere."

"Any thing which Sir Geoffrey Peveril can bid me to say to me," said Major Bridgenorth, "may be told instantly, and before my friend, from whom I have no secrets."

"The presence of any other friend were, indeed, being objectionable, the thing in the world most to be desired," said Sir Jasper, after a moment's hesitation, and looking at Mr. Solsgrace; "but this gentleman seems to be a sort of clergyman."

"I am not conscious of any secrets," answered Bridgenorth, "nor do I desire to have any, in my clerical capacity."

"At your pleasure," replied Sir Jasper. "The confidence, for aught I know, may be well enough chosen, for your divines (always under your favour) have proved no enemies to such matters as I am to treat with you upon."

"Proceed, sir," answered Mr. Bridgenorth, "and I pray you to be seated, unless it be your pleasure to stand."

"I must, in the first place, deliver myself of a small commission," answered Sir Jasper, "and it will be after I have seen the reception thereof, that I shall know whether I am not to sit down at Moultrasie-Hall.—Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Master Bridgenorth, hath carefully considered with himself the unhappy circumstances which at present separate you as neighbours, and he remembers many passages in former times, which I speak his very words—which incline him to all that can possibly consist with his honour, to wipe out unkindness between you; and for the desirable object he is willing to condescend to a degree, which, as you could not have expected, it will no doubt give you great pleasure to learn."

"I'll leave you to say, Sir Jasper," said Bridgenorth. "This is unnecessary. I have made no complaint of Sir Geoffrey—I have required no submission from him—I am about to leave this country; what affairs we may have together, can be as settled by others as by ourselves."

"A word," said the divine, "the worthy Major Bridgenorth hath had enough of trafficking with goddily, and will no longer, on any terms, consort with them."

"Gentlemen both," said Sir Jasper, with impeccable politeness, bowing, "you greatly mistake me of my commission, which you will do as to hear out, before making any reply to it. I, Master Bridgenorth, you cannot but remember letter to the Lady Peveril, of which I have here a copy, in which you complain of the hard usage which you have received at Sir Geoffrey's, and in particular, when he pulled you from horse at or near Hartley-neck. Now, Sir, I think so well of you, as to believe, that, it is not for the wide difference betwixt his degree and rank and your own, you would have it to bring this matter to a gentlemanlike settlement, as the only mode whereby your stain be honourably wiped away. Wherefore, in this note, he gives you, in his generosity, the offer that you, in your modesty, (for to nothing else I impute your acquiescence,) have declined to read of him. And withal, I bring you the men of his weapon; and when you have accepted the which I now offer you, I shall be ready to the time, place, and other circumstances of meeting."

"Id I," said Solsgrace, with a solemn voice, "did the Author of Evil tempt my friend to accept so bloodthirsty a proposal, would be the first nounce against him sentence of the greater munition."

"is not you whom I address, reverend sir," replied the envoy; "your interest, not unnaturally, may give you to be more anxious about your private life than about his honour. I must know, himself, to which he is disposed to give the preference."

"aying, and with a graceful bow, he again accepted the challenge to Major Bridgenorth. There was obviously a struggle in that gentleman's bosom, between the suggestions of human honour and those of religious principle; but the latter prevailed. He waived receiving the paper which Sir Jasper held to him, and spoke to the following purpose:—"I may not be known to you, Sir Jasper, that since natural pouring out of Christian light upon this man, many solid men have been led to doubt of the shedding human blood by the hand of a creature he is in any respect justifiable. And though this rule appears to me to be scarcely able to our state in this stage of trial, seeing such non-resistance, if general, would surrender civil and religious rights into the hands of what daring tyrants might usurp the same; yet I had have been, inclined to limit the use of carnal to the case of necessary self-defence, whether regards our own person, or the protection of country against invasion; or of our rights of property, and the freedom of our laws and of our government, against usurping power. And as I have shown myself unwilling to draw my sword in the latter cause, so you shall excuse my suffering it now to remain in the scabbard, when, as sustained a grievous injury, the man who had it summons me to combat, either upon an insult, or, as is more likely, in mere bravado."

"I have heard you with patience," said Sir Jasper; now, Master Bridgenorth, take it not amiss, if I call you to bethink yourself better on this score. I vow to Heaven, sir, that your honour lies at stake; and that in condescending to afford you a meeting, and thereby giving you some chance of its wounds, Sir Geoffrey has been moved by his sense of your condition, and an earnest desire to redeem your dishonour. And it will be but losing of your blade with his honoured sword

for the space of some few minutes, and you will either live or die a noble and honoured gentleman. Besides, that the Knight's exquisite skill of fence may enable him, as his good-nature will incline him, to disarm you with some flesh wound, little to the damage of your person, and greatly to the benefit of your reputation."

"The tender mercies of the wicked," said Master Solsgrace, emphatically, by way of commenting on this speech, which Sir Jasper had uttered very pathetically, "are cruel."

"I pray to have no farther interruption from your reverence," said Sir Jasper; "especially as I think this affair very little concerns you; and I entreat that you permit me to discharge myself regularly of my commission from my worthy friend."

So saying, he took his sheathed rapier from his belt, and passing the point through the silk thread which secured the letter, he once more, and literally at sword point, gracefully tendered it to Major Bridgenorth, who again waved it aside, though colouring deeply at the same time, as if he was putting a marked constraint upon himself—drew back, and made Sir Jasper Cranbourne a deep bow.

"Since it is to be thus," said Sir Jasper, "I must myself do violence to the seal of Sir Geoffrey's letter, and read it to you, that I may fully acquit myself of the charge entrusted to me, and make you, Master Bridgenorth, equally aware of the generous intentions of Sir Geoffrey on your behalf."

"If," said Major Bridgenorth, "the contents of the letter be to no other purpose than you have intimated, methinks farther ceremony is unnecessary on this occasion, as I have already taken my course."

"Nevertheless," said Sir Jasper, breaking open the letter, "it is fitting that I read to you the letter of my worshipful friend." And he read accordingly as follows:—

"For the worthy hands of Ralph Bridgenorth, Esquire, of Moultrasie-Hall—These:

"By the honoured conveyance of the Worshipful Sir Jasper Cranbourne, Knight, of Long-Mallington.

"MASTER BRIDGENORTH,

"We have been given to understand by your letter to our loving wife, Dame Margaret Peveril, that you hold hard construction of certain passages betwixt you and I, of a late date, as if your honour should have been, in some sort, prejudiced by what then took place. And although you have not thought it fit to have direct recourse to me, to request such satisfaction as is due from one gentleman of condition to another, yet I am fully minded that this proceeds only from modesty, arising out of the distinction of our degree, and from no lack of that courage which you have heretofore displayed. I would I could say in a good cause. Wherefore I am purposed to give you, by my friend Sir Jasper Cranbourne, a meeting for the sake of doing that which doubtless you entirely long for. Sir Jasper will deliver you the length of my weapon, and appoint circumstances and an hour for our meeting; which, whether early or late—on foot or horse-back—with rapier or backsword—I refer to yourself, with all the other privileges of a challenged person; only desiring, that if you decline to match my weapon, you will send me forthwith the length and breadth of your own. And nothing doubting that the issue of this meeting must needs be to end, in one way or other, all unkindness betwixt two near neighbours,

"I remain, your humble servant to command,

"GEOFFREY PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

"Given from my poor house of Martindale Castle, this same — of — sixteen hundred and sixty."

"Bear back, my respects to Sir Geoffrey Peveril," said Major Bridgenorth. "According to his light, his meaning may be fair towards me; but tell him that our quarrel had its rise in his own wilful aggression towards me; and that though I wish to be in charity with all mankind, I am not so wedded to his friendship as to break the laws of God, and run the risk of suffering or committing murder, in order to regain it. And, for you, sir, methinks your ad-

"I was that man," he replied, "while oppression left me a name."

He spoke nothing more, but continued to walk beside her for a minute or two in silence. She felt her situation embarrassing; and to divert it of that feeling, as well as out of real interest in the question, she asked him, "How her god-daughter Alice now was?"

"Of god-daughter, madam," answered Major Bridgenorth, "I know nothing; that being one of the names which have been introduced to the corruption and pollution of God's outnames. The infant who owed to your ladyship (as called) her escape from disease and death, is a healthy and thriving girl, as I am given to understand by those in whose charge she is lodged, for I have not lately seen her. And it is even the recollection of these passages, which in a manner impaled me, alarmed also by your fall, to offer myself to you in this time and place, which in other respects is no way consistent with my present safety."

"With your safety, Master Bridgenorth?" said the Lady Peveril, "surely, I could never have thought that it was in danger!"

"You have some news, then, yet to learn, madam," said Major Bridgenorth; "but you will hear, in the course of to-morrow, reasons why I dare not appear openly in the neighbourhood of my own property, and wherefore there is small prospect in committing the knowledge of my present residence to any one connected with Martindale Castle."

"Master Bridgenorth," said the lady, "you were, in former times, prudent and cautious. I hope you have been misled by no hasty impression—by no rash scheme—I hope—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, madam," said Bridgenorth, "I have indeed been alarmed of late, my very heart within me has been clanging. In the times to which your ladyship so graciously thanks me for to refer, I was a man of this world, bestowing on it all my thoughts—all my actions, save trivial observances—little dreaming what was the duty of a Christian man, and how far his self-denial ought to extend—even unto giving all as if he gave nothing. Hence I thought chiefly on carnal things—on the adding of field to field, and wealth to wealth—the balancing between my party and party—so on, as a friend here, without losing a friend there. But Heaven smote me for my apostasy, the rather that I abused the name of religion, as a self-sucker, and a meet blinder and carnal will-worshiper. But I thank Him who hath at length brought me out of Egypt."

In our day—although we have many instances of enthusiasm among us—we might still suspect one who avowed it thus suddenly and broadly, of hypocrisy, or of insanity; but, according to the fashion of the times, such opinions as those which Bridgenorth expressed, were openly pleaded, as the ruling motives of men's actions. The sagacious Vane—the brave and skilful Harrison—were men who acted avowedly under the influence of such. Lady Peveril, therefore, was more grieved than surprised at the language she heard Major Bridgenorth use, and reasonably concluded, that the society and circumstances in which he might lately have been engaged, had blown into a flame the spark of eccentricity which always smouldered in his bosom. This was the more probable, considering that he was melancholy by constitution and descent—that he had been unfortunate in several particulars—and that no passion is more easily nursed by his bulk, than the species of enthusiasm of which he now showed tokens. She therefore answered him by calmly hoping, "That the expression of his sentiments had not involved him in suspicion or in danger."

"In suspicion, madam?" answered the Major;—"for I cannot forbear giving to you, such is the strength of habit, one of those idle tales by which we poor potsherders are wont, in our trials, to denigrate each other. I walk not only in suspicion, but in that degree of danger, that, were your husband to meet me at this instant—me, a native Englishman, treading on my own lands—I have no doubt he would do his best to offer me to the Moloch of Romish su-

perstition, who now rages abroad for victims and God's people."

"You surprise me by your language, Major Bridgenorth," said the lady, who now felt rather than to be relieved from his company, and with these words walked on somewhat hastily. He remained pace, however, and kept close by her side.

"Know you not," said he, "that Satan hutes down upon earth with great wrath, because he is so short? The next heir to the crown is a good Papist; and who dare assert, save hypocrites and timeservers, that he who wears it is not equal ready to stoop to Rome, were he not kept in by a few noble spirits in the Commons' House? I believe not this—yet in my solitary and lonely walks, when I thought on your kindness to me, and to the living, it was my prayer that I might see the means granted to warn you—and lo! I have heard me."

"Major Bridgenorth," said Lady Peveril, "we were wont to be moderate in these seasons—comparatively moderate, at least, and to leave our own religion, without hating that of others."

"What I was while in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, it signifies not to me," answered he, "I was then like to Gallo, when for none of these things. I doated on crests and coats of arms—I clung to worldly honour and my thoughts were earthward—or those I turn to—Heaven saw need to chastise me in love—I was puffed up all that I clung to on earth—my world was torn from me—I went forth an exile from the home of my fathers, a deprived and desolate man, battered and beaten, and dishonoured man. I shall find out the ways of Providence! Such the means by which I was chosen forth as a pattern for the truth—holding my life as nothing, thereby that may be advanced. But this was what I wished to speak of. Thou hast not a earthly life of my child—let me save the eternal life of yours."

Lady Peveril was silent. They were now at the point where the avenue terminated in a communication with the public road, or rather way, running through an unenclosed common; and thus the lady had to prosecute for a little way, a turn of the path gave her admittance into the park of Martindale. She now felt sincerely anxious to be in the open moonshine, and avoided reply to Bridgenorth that she might make the more haste. As they reached the junction of the avenue and the public road, he laid his hand on her arm, and commanded her rather than requested her to stop. She obeyed, and pointed to a huge oak, of the largest size, which grew on the summit of a knoll in the open ground, which terminated the avenue, and was exactly placed as to serve for a termination to the vista. In moonshine without the avenue was so strong, it made the flood of light which it poured on the terrible tree, they could easily discover, from the elevated state of the knolls on one side, that it had suffered damage from lightning. "Remember you," said, "when we last looked together on that tree, I had ridden a from London, and brought with me a petition from the committee for your husband; and I passed the spot—here on this spot where we stand, you stood with my lost Alice—two—the two of my beloved infants gambolled before you, I leaped from my horse—to her I was a husband—to those a father—to you a welcome and revered protector. What am I now to any one?" He pressed his hand on his brow, and groined in agony of spirit.

It was not in the Lady Peveril's nature to be sorrow without an attempt at consolation. "Major Bridgenorth," she said, "I blame no man's creed while I believe and follow my own; and I regret that in yours you have sought consolation for temporal afflictions. But does not every Christian feel such as alike, that affliction should soften our heart?"

"Ay, woman," said Bridgenorth, "eternally, 'as thy lightning which shattered yonder oak hath sooken its trunk. No; the scared wood is the fitter for the

ness of the workmen—the hardened and the dried-up heart is that which can best bear the task imposed by these dismal times. God and man will no longer endure the unbridled profligacy of the dissolute—the reckoning of the profane—the contempt of the divine laws—the infraction of human rights. The times demand righters and avengers, and there will be no want of them."

"I deny not the existence of much evil," said Lady Peveril, compelling herself to answer, and beginning at the same time to walk forward; "and from hearsay, though not, I thank Heaven, from observation, I am convinced of the wild debauchery of the times. But let us trust it may be corrected without such violent remedies as you hint at. Surely the ruin of a second civil war—though I trust your thoughts go not that dreadful length—were at best a desperate alternative."

"Sharp, but sure," replied Bridgenorth. "The blood of the Paschal lamb chased away the destroying angel—the sacrifices offered on the threshing-floor of Araunah, stayed the pestilence. Fire and sword are severe remedies, but they purge and purify."

"Alas! Major Bridgenorth," said the lady, "wise and moderate in your youth, can you have adopted in your advanced life the thoughts and language of those whom you yourself beheld drive themselves and the nation to the brink of ruin?"

"I know not what I then was—you know not what I now am," he replied, and suddenly broke off; for they even then came forth into the open light, and it seemed as if, feeling himself under the lady's eye, he was disposed to soften his tone and his language.

At the first distinct view which she had of his person, she was aware that he was armed with a short sword, a poniard, and pistols at his belt—precautions very unusual for a man who formerly had seldom, and only on days of ceremony, carried a walking rapier, though such was the habitual and constant practice of gentlemen of his station in life. There seemed also something of more stern determination than usual in his air, which indeed had always been rather sullen than affable; and ere she could repress the sentiment, she could not help saying, "Master Bridgenorth, you are indeed changed."

"You see but the outward man," he replied; "the change within is yet deeper. But it was not of myself that I desired to talk—I have already said, that as you have preserved my child from the darkness of the grave, I would willingly preserve yours from that more utter darkness, which, I fear, hath involved the path and walks of his father."

"I must not hear this of Sir Geoffrey," said the Lady Peveril; "I must bid you farewell for the present; and when we again meet at more a suitable time, I will at least listen to your advice concerning Julian, although I should not perhaps incline to it."

"That more suitable time may never come," replied Bridgenorth. "Time wanes, eternity draws nigh. Harken! It is said to be your purpose to send the young Julian to be bred up in yonder bloody island, under the hand of your kinswoman, that cruel murderess, by whom was done to death a man more worthy of vital existence than any that she can boast among her vaunted ancestry. These are current tidings—are they true?"

"I do not blame you, Master Bridgenorth, for thinking harshly of my cousin of Derby," said Lady Peveril; "nor do I altogether vindicate the rash action of which she hath been guilty. Nevertheless, in her habitation, it is my husband's opinion and my own, that Julian may be trained in the studies and accomplishments becoming his rank, along with the young Earl of Derby."

"Under the curse of God, and the blessing of the Pope of Rome," said Bridgenorth. "You, lady, so quicksighted in matters of earthly prudence, are you blind to the gigantic pace at which Rome is moving to regain this country, once the richest gem in her usurped tiara? The old are seduced by gold—the youth by pleasure—the weak by flattery—cowards by fear—and the courageous by ambition. A thousand baits for each taste, and each bait concealing the same deadly hook."

X

"I am well aware, Master Bridgenorth," said Lady Peveril, "that my kinswoman is a Catholic;* but her son is educated in the Church of England's principles, agreeably to the command of her deceased husband."

"Is it likely," answered Bridgenorth, "that she, who fears not shedding the blood of the righteous, whether on the field or scaffold, will regard the sanction of her promise when her religion bids her break it? Or, if she does, what shall your son be the better, if he remain in the mire of his father? What are your Episcopal tenets but mere Popery, save that ye have chosen a temporal tyrant for your Pope, and substitute a mangled mass in English for that which your predecessors pronounced in Latin?—But why speak I of these things to one who hath ears indeed, and eyes, yet cannot see, listen to, or understand, what is alone worthy to be heard, seen, and known? Pity, that what hath been wrought so fair and exquisite in form and in disposition, should be yet blind, deaf, and ignorant, like the things which perish!"

"We shall not agree on these subjects, Master Bridgenorth," said the lady, anxious still to escape from this strange conference, though scarce knowing what to apprehend; "once more, I must bid you farewell."

"Stay yet an instant," he said, again laying his hand on her arm; "I would stop you if I saw you rushing on the brink of an actual precipice—let me prevent you from a danger still greater. How shall I work upon your un-believing mind? Shall I tell you that the debt of bloodshed yet remains a debt to be paid by the bloody house of Derby? And wilt thou send thy son to be among those from whom it shall be exacted?"

"You wish to alarm me in vain, Master Bridgenorth," answered the lady; "what penalty can be exacted from the Countess for an action which I have already called a rash one, has been long since levied."

"You deceive yourself," retorted he, sternly;—"Think you a paltry sum of money, given to be wasted on the debaucheries of Charles, can atone for the death of such a man as Christian—a man precious alike to heaven and to earth? Not on such terms is the blood of the righteous to be poured forth! Every hour's delay is numbered down as adding interest to the grievous debt, which will one day be required from that blood-thirsty woman."

At this moment the distant tread of horses was heard on the rock on which they held this singular dialogue. Bridgenorth listened a moment, and then said, "Forget that you have seen me—name not my name to your nearest or dearest—lock my counsel in your breast—profit by it, and it shall be well with you."

So saying, he turned from her, and, plunging through a gap in the fence, regained the cover of his own wood, along which the path still led.

The noise of horses advancing at full trot, now came nearer; and Lady Peveril was aware of several riders, whose forms rose indistinctly on the summit of the rising ground behind her. She became also visible to them; and one or two of the foremost made towards her at increased speed, challenging her as they advanced with the cry of "Stand! Who goes there?" The foremost who came up, however, exclaimed, "Mercy on us if it be not my lady!" and Lady Peveril, at the same moment recognized one of her own servants. Her husband rode up immediately afterwards, with, "How now, Dame Margaret? What makes you abroad so far from home, and at an hour so late?"

Lady Peveril mentioned her visit at the cottage, but did not think it necessary to say aught of having seen Major Bridgenorth; afraid, perhaps, that her husband might be displeased with that incident.

"Charity is a fine thing, and a fair," answered Sir Geoffrey; "but I must tell you, you do ill, dame, to wander about the country like a quack-salver, at the call of every old woman who has a colic-fit; and at this time of night especially, and when the land is so unsettled besides."

* I have elsewhere noticed that this is a deviation from the truth—Charlotte, Countess of Derby, was a Huguenot.

"I am sorry to hear that it is so," said the lady. "I had heard no such news."

"News!" repeated Sir Geoffrey; "why, here has a new plot broken out among the Roundheads, worse than Vinner's by a butt's length; and who should be so deep in it as our old neighbour Bridgenorth? There is a search for him everywhere; and I promise you, if he is found, he is like to pay old scores!"

"Then I am sure, I trust he will not be found," said Lady Peveril.

"Do you so?" replied Sir Geoffrey. "Now I, on my part, hope that he will; and it shall not be my fault if he be not; for which effect I will presently ride down to Moultrasie, and make strict search, according to my duty; there shall neither rebel nor traitor earth so near Martindale Castle, that I will assure them. And you, my lady, be pleased for once to dispense with a pillow, and get up, as you have done before, behind Saunders, who shall convey you safe home."

The lady obeyed in silence; indeed, she did not dare to trust her voice in an attempt to reply, so much was she disconcerted with the intelligence she had just heard.

She rode behind the groom to the Castle, where she awaited in great anxiety the return of her husband. He came back at length; but, to her great relief, without any prisoner. He then explained more fully than his haste had before permitted, that an express had come down to Chesterfield, with news from Court of a purposed insurrection amongst the old Commonwealth men, especially those who had served in the army; and that Bridgenorth, said to be lurking in Derbyshire, was one of the principal conspirators.

After some time, this report of a conspiracy seemed to die away like many others of that period. The warrants were recalled, but nothing more was seen or heard of Major Bridgenorth; although it is probable he might safely enough have shown himself as openly as many did who lay under the same circumstances of suspicion.

About this time also, Lady Peveril, with many tears, took a temporary leave of her son Julian, who was sent, as had long been intended, for the purpose of sharing the education of the young Earl of Derby. Although the boding words of Bridgenorth sometimes

* The celebrated insurrection of the Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in London, in the year 1649.

* *Persuasion of the Puritans*—It is generally to be supposed that the twenty years' truce of the truce, and the violence towards the parliament, as it were, were to call the cavaliers, had generated many armies and leaders almost every night, which the puritans had failed not to act upon, so soon as the Restoration came to its opportunity. Captain Hodgeson a parliamentarian, who wrote his own memoirs, gives us many instances of this. I shall not, what I am so far from wishing to account of his story.

"It was after the King's return to London, one night a parcel of armed men comes to my house at Cusley Hall, near Halifax, and in an unseasonable hour, the table stands entrance, and my servants having some dispute with them on the outside, they gave threatening language, and put their pistols at the windows. My wife being within, I ordered the doors to be opened, and they came in. After they had presented a pistol to my face, they showed me their authority to apprehend me, under the hands and seals of two knights and deputy-lieutenants, for seeking treasonable words against the King. The servant captain was conveyed to prison at Bradford, and had refused. His prosecutor proved to be one Daniel Lyster, brother to the prosecutor who had betrayed the troop for his apprehension. It seems that the prisoner Hodgeson had once in former days been over to his good behavior, this Daniel Lyster, then accused of adultery and other debauched habits. After the King came in," says Hodgeson, "this man meets me, and demands the names of those that informed against him, and a copy of their information. I told him that the business was over, and that it was not reasonable to stir up old troubles, on which he threatened me and said he would have them. The son," he said, "now shines on one side of the hedge." Such being his accusation, Hodgeson was tried for having said, "There is a crown provided, but the King will never wear it," to which was added, that he alleged he had never been a traitor; never took the oath of allegiance, and never would do. Little or no part of the charge was proved, while on the contrary it was shown that the prosecutor had been heard to say, that if times ever changed, he would sit on Hodgeson's skirts. In fine, Hodgeson escaped for five months' imprisonment, about thirty pounds expenses, and the necessity of swallowing the oath of allegiance, which seems to have been a bitter pill.

About the middle of June, 1662, Captain Hodgeson was again arrested in a summary manner by one Peebles an attorney, quarter-master to Sir John Armstrong's troop of horse-militia, with about twelve other cavaliers, who used him rudely, called him rebel and traitor, and seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with him, upon

occurred to Lady Peveril's mind, she did not stir them to weigh with her in opposition to the advantages which the patronage of the Countess of Derby secured to her son.

The plan seemed to be in every respect successful, and when, from time to time, Julian visited the house of his father, Lady Peveril had the satisfaction to see him on every occasion, improved in person in manner, as well as ardent in the pursuit of his solid acquirements. In process of time he became gallant and accomplished youth, and traveled in some time upon the continent with the young Earl. This was the more especially necessary for the enlarging of their acquaintance with the world; because the Countess had never appeared in London, or at Court of King Charles, since her flight to the last Man in 1660; but had resided in solitary and democratic state, alternately on her estates in England in that island.

This had given to the education of both the young men, otherwise as excellent as the best teachers could render it, something of a narrow and reserved character; but though the disposition of the young Earl was lighter and more volatile than that of Julian, both the one and the other had profited in a considerable degree, by the opportunities afforded to them. It was Lady Derby's strict injunction to her son, returning from the continent, that he should appear at the Court of Charles. But having been some time of age, he did not think it absolutely necessary to obey her in this particular; and had spent for some time in London, partaking the pleasures of the gay Court there, with all the ardour of a young man bred up in comparative seclusion.

In order to reconcile the Countess to the regression of her authority, (for he continued to retain for her the profound respect in which he had been educated,) Lord Derby agreed to make a sojourn with her in her favourite island, when abandoned almost entirely to her management.

Julian Peveril had spent at Martindale Castle good deal of the time which his friend had been in London; and at the period to which, passing many years, our story has arrived, as it were, present, they were both living, as the Countess's son in the Castle of Rushin, in the venerable Kingsman.

which he demanded to see their authority. Peebles laid it on his sword, and told him it was better authority than any granted by a court. They satisfied him, however, in that which he partly owed to the value of his landlady, who was at the table, and he went hand and danger, and kept his sword at some distance.

He was afterwards accused of having assembled some troops from his having been accidentally seen riding with a soldier in which accusation he also escaped. Finally, he fell under suspicion of being concerned in a plot, of which the secret was known. On this charge he is not explicit, but the plot is found the last of the story.

After this the young Roundhead was again repeated arrested and arrested, and the Roundhead as we shall notice again, with September, 1662, when he was dismissed by his old friend Peebles, at the head of a party. He determined to see the warrant on which he was summoned so firmly, by the quarter-master, putting his hand on his sword hilt, saying it was a better order than his submission to the search they took from his dwelling better than yet, value in flowing pieces, pistols, muskets, rifles and such like. A quarrel ensued about his hilt coat, which he refused to deliver, alleging they had no authority to take it without a warrant. To this he was not content, even more so, because at that time of the day, a warrant was not a warrant, and he would not give it. He then took the hilt coat with all the he would could in his power. To him," says Hodgeson, "I was no rebel, and he did not call me so, but he took the hilt coat, and sent me to the work for every one to show it. The hilt coat was then put into the hands of a soldier, and he was seized in open force. One of Sir John Armstrong's brethren sent it for many years after, making good Prince Henry's observation that a hilt coat is no more sweet robe of durability. An April Sir John came to commend for this earnest of proof. He said he would not have taken a hilt coat for a pound, but he would have given about four, but insisting on the owner's not for the money, which his former possessor was unwilling to give, the two men-traitors both sides, and Hodgeson never more satisfaction.

We will not prosecute Mr. Hodgeson's tale of petty grievances any farther. Enough has been said to display the melancholy picture of the country after the civil war, and to show the irritability and oppression which must have extended itself over the face of England, since there was scarcely a county in which battle had not been fought, and the injuries sustained, during the ascendancy of the roundheads, which were not afterwards repaired by the vengeance of the cavaliers.

CHAPTER XI.

—long hid from those who roam the main.—COLLINS.

sle of Man, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was very different, as a place of residence, as it is now. Men had not then discovered it as a place of occasional refuge from the of life, and the society to be there met with a very uniform tenor. There were no smart whom fortune had tumbled from the seat of riches—no plucked pigeons, or winged no disappointed speculators—no ruined misers, no one worth talking to. The society was limited to the natives themselves, the merchants, who lived by contraband trade, amusements were rare and monotonous, and the young Earl was soon heartily tired of it. The islanders also, become too wise in business, had lost relish for the harmless and childish sports in which their simple ancestors indulged themselves. May was no longer in the imaginary contest between the returning winter and advancing spring; there was no longer sympathized with the lively music blowers of the one, or the discordant sounds

on mentions the two popular festivities in the Isle of Man, alluded to in the text, and vestiges of them are still to be traced in this singular island. The Contest of Summer seems directly derived from the Scandinavians; the masters in Man, as Olaus Magnus mentions a rival among the northern nations. On the first of May, the country is divided into two bands, the captain of one with the name and appearance of Winter, is clothed in white, and he and his band armed with the fork. They ush, by way of prolonging the reign of Winter, while the other captain is called Florio, represent Spring, in his robes, such as the season offers. These parties skirt about, and the mimic contest concludes with a general *scry of the Northern Nations* by OLAUS, Book xv.

gives an account of a festival in Wales, exactly similar to all the great parishes, they choose from among the of the most wealthy farmers, a young maid, for the May. She is dressed in the gayest and best manner they attended by about twenty others, who are called maids. She has also a young man, who is her captain, and he commands a good number of inferior officers. In to her, is the Queen of Winter, who is a man dressed in clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and loaded with arm-st and heaviest habits, one upon another; in the not are those who represent her attendants, dressed; nor not a captain and troop for her defence. Both being proper emblems of the beauty of the spring, and the of the winter, they set forth from their respective quarters preceded by violins and flutes, the other with the of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march set on a common, and then their trains engage in a le. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better, so the Queen of May's command, she is named for as she the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn, here remain on the green, where having dined a come, they conclude the evening with a feast; the queen with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, more than three or four knives. Christmas is ushered in much less meaning, and infinitely more fatiguing, the of December, towards evening, all the servants in a holiday: they go not to bed all night, but ramble the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve rayers is one over, they go to hunt the wren, and after and one of the poor birds, they kill her and lay her on the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church, ng her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; her in Christmas begins. There is not a barn unoccupied two days, every parish hiring fiddlers at the public all the youth, nor, sometimes people well advanced asking no scruple to be among these nocturnal dancers." *On a Description of the Isle of Man, folio, 1731.* and to horse-racing in the Isle of Man, I am furnished ruffed copy of the rules on which that sport was conder the permission of the Earl of Derby, in which they see that a descendant of the unfortunate Christian horse for the prize: I am indebted for this curiosity to ynd, the learned Dr. Dibdin.

A Articles for the plate which is to be run for in the said island, being of the value of five pounds sterling, (the fashion included) given by the Right Honourable William Earl of Derby, Lord of the said Isle, &c.

said plate is to be run for upon the 28th day of July, in year, whilst his honour is pleased to allow the same, the day of the nativity of the Honourable James Lord, except it happen upon a Sunday, and if soe, the said is to be run for upon the day following. One horse, gelding, or mare, shall be admitted to run

with which the other asserted a more noisy claim to attention. Christmas, too, closed, and the steeples no longer jangled forth a dissonant peal. The wren, to seek for which used to be the sport dedicated to the holytide, was left unpursued and unslain. Party spirit had come among these simple people, and destroyed their good-humour, while it left them their ignorance. Even the races, a sport generally interesting to people of all ranks, were no longer performed, because they were no longer attractive. The gentlemen were divided by feuds hitherto unknown, and each seemed to hold it scorn to be pleased with the same diversions that amused those of the opposite faction. The hearts of both parties revolted from the recollection of former days, when all was peace among them, when the earl of Derby, now slaughtered, used to bestow the prize, and Christian, since so vindictively executed, started horses to add to the amusement.*

Julian was seated in the deep recess which led to a latticed window of the old Castle; and, with his arms crossed, and an air of profound contemplation, was surveying the long perspective of ocean, which rolled its successive waves up to the foot of the rock on which the ancient pile is founded. The Earl was

for the said plate, but such as was foaled within the said island, or in the Calfe of Mann.

3d. That every horse, gelding, or mare, that is designed to run, shall be entered at or before the sixth day of July, with his masters name and his own, if he be generally known by any, or else his colour, and whether horse, mare, or gelding, and that to be done at the x compurs office, by the clerk of the rolls for the time being.

4th. That every person that puts in either horse, mare, or gelding, shall, at the time of their entering, deposit the sum of five shill. apiece into the hands of the said clerk of the rolls, which is to be towards the augmenting of the plate for the year following, besides one shill. apiece to be given by them to the said clerk of the rolls, for entering their names, and engraving their articles.

5th. That every horse, mare, or gelding, shall carry horseman's weight, that is to say, ten stone weight, at fourteen pounds to each stone, besides saddle and bridle.

6th. That every horse, mare, or gelding, shall have a person for its tryer, to be named by the owner of the said horse, mare, or gelding, which tryers are to have the command of the scales and weights, and to see that every rider doe carry full weight, according as is mentioned in the foregoing article, and especially that the winning rider be soe with the usual allowance of one pound for.

7th. That a person be assigned by the tryers to start the running horses, who are to run for the said plate, betwixt the hours of one and three of the clock in the afternoon.

8th. That every rider shall leave the two first povies which are sett up in Macbraces close, in this manner following, that is to say, the first of the said two povies upon his right hand, and the other upon his left hand; and the two povies by the rocks are to be left upon the left hand likewise; and the fifth povie, which is sett up at the lower end of the County warren, to be left alsoe upon the left hand, and soe the turning povie next to Wm. Loomeys house to be left in like manner upon the left hand, and the other two povies, leading to the ending povie, to be left upon the right hand; all which povies are to be left by the riders as aforesaid, excepting only the distance-povie, which may be rid on either hand, at the discretion of the rider." &c. &c. &c.

July 14th, 1687.

"The names of the persons who have entered their horses to run for the within plate for this present year, 1687.

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| "Rn. Heywood, Esq. Governor of this Isle, hath entered one bay gelding, called by the name of Logger-head, and hath deposited towards the augmenting of the plate for the next year. | l. s. d. 00 05 00 |
| "Captain Tho. Hudiston hath entered one white gelding, called Snowball, and hath deposited, | 00 05 00 |
| "Mr. William Faigier hath entered his gray gelding, called the Gray-Carraine, and deposited, | 00 05 00 |
| "Mr. Nicho. Williams hath entered one gray stone horse, called the Yorkshire gray, and deposited, | 00 05 00 |
| "Mr. Dempster Christian hath entered one gelding, called the Dapplegray, and hath deposited, | 00 05 00 |

28th July, 1687.

"MEMORANDUM.
"That this day the above plate was run for by the foremost qualified horse, and the same was fairly won by the right worshipful governor's horse at the two first heates.

17th August, 1688.

"Received this day the above which I am to pay to my master to augment ye plate, by me, JOHN WOOD
"It is my good-will and pleasure ye 2 prizes formerly granted (by me) for hors running and shouting, shall continue as they doe, to be run, or shot for, and soe to continue during my good-will and pleasure Given under my hand at Lathom, ye 17th of July, 1688.
DUBBY.

"To my governor's deputy-governor, and ye rest of my officers in my Isle of Man."

suffering under the infliction of ennui—now looking into a volume of Homer—now whistling—now swinging on his chair—now traversing the room—till, at length, his attention became swallowed up in admiration of the tranquillity of his companion.

"King of men!" he said, repeating the favourite epithet by which Homer describes Agamemnon.—"I trust, for the old Greek's sake, he had a merrier office than being King of Man—Most philosophical Julian, will nothing rouse thee—not even a bad pun on my own royal dignity?"

"I wish you would be a little more the King in Man," said Julian, starting from his reverie, "and then you would find more amusement in your dominions."

"What! dethrone that royal Semiramis my mother," said the young lord, "who has as much pleasure in playing Queen as if she were a real Sovereign?—I wonder you can give me such counsel."

"Your mother, as you well know, my dear Derby, would be delighted, did you take any interest in the affairs of the island."

"Ay, truly, she would permit me to be King; but she would choose to remain Viceroy over me. Why, she would only gain a subject the more, by my converting my spare time, which is so very valuable to me, to the cares of royalty. No, no, Julian, she thinks it power to direct all the affairs of these poor Manxmen; and, thinking it power, she finds it pleasure. I shall not interfere, unless she hold a high court of justice again. I cannot afford to pay another fine to my brother, King Charles—But I forget—this is a sore point with you."

"With the Countess, at least," replied Julian; "and I wonder you will speak of it."

"Why, I bear no malice against the poor man's memory any more than yourself, though I have not the same reasons for holding it in veneration," replied the Earl of Derby; "and yet I have some respect for it too. I remember their bringing him out to die—It was the first holiday I ever had in my life, and I heartily wish it had been on some other account."

"I would rather hear you speak of any thing else, my lord," said Julian.

"Why, there it goes," answered the Earl; "when ever I talk of any thing that puts you on your mettle, and warms your blood, that runs as cold as a merman's—to use a simile of this happy island—Hey pass! you press me to change the subject.—Well, what shall we talk of?—O, Julian, if you had not gone down to earth yourself among the castles and caverns of Derbyshire, we should have had enough of delicious topics—the playhouses, Julian—Both the King's house and the Duke's—Louis's establishment is a jest to them;—and the Ring in the Park, which beats the Corso at Naples—and the beauties, who beat the whole world!"

"I am very willing to hear you speak on the subject, my lord," answered Julian; "the less I have seen of the London world myself, the more I am likely to be amused by your account of it."

"Ay, my friend—but where to begin?—with the wit of Buckingham, and Sedley, and Etherage, or with the grace of Harry Jermyn—the courtesy of the Duke of Monmouth, or with the loveliness of La Belle Hamilton—of the Duchess of Richmond—of Lady —, the person of Roxalana, the smart humour of Mrs. Nelly?"

"Or what say you to the bewitching sorceries of Lady Cynthia?" demanded his companion.

"Faith, I would have kept these to myself," said the Earl, "to follow your prudent example. But since you ask me, I fairly own I cannot tell what to say of them; only I think of them twenty times as often as all the beauties I have spoke of. And yet she is neither the twentieth part so beautiful as the plainest of these Court beauties, nor so witty as the dullest I have named, nor so modish—that is the great matter—as the most obscure. I cannot tell what makes me hate her, except that she is as capricious as her wile sex put together."

"That I should think a small recommendation," answered his companion.

"Small, do you term it," replied the Earl, "and write yourself a brother of the angle? Why, what like you best? to pull a dead strain on a miser's gudgeon, which you draw ashore by main force; the fellows here tow in their fishing-boats—on lively salmon, that makes your rod crack, and we line whistle—plays you ten thousand mischievous pranks—wearies your heart out with hopes and fears—and is only laid panting on the bank, after you have shown the most unmatchable display of skill, patience, and dexterity?—But I see you have a mist go on angling after your own old fashion. Off your coat, and on brown jerkin;—lively colours scarce in the sober waters of the Isle of Man;—but London you will catch few, unless the bait please a little. But you are going?—well, good luck to it! I will take the barge;—the sea and wind are less constant than the tide you have embarked on."

"You have learned to say all these smart things, London, my lord," answered Julian; "but we must have you a penitent for them, if Lady Cynthia of my mind. Adieu, and pleasure till we meet."

The young men parted accordingly; and when the Earl betook him to his pleasure voyage, like as his friend had prophesied, assumed the dress one who means to amuse himself with angling; his hat and feather were exchanged for a cap of cork cloth; the deeply-laced cloak and doublet for a simple jacket of the same colour, with hose cut short, and finally, with rod in hand, and panther on back, mounted upon a handsome Manx pony, he peveril rode briskly over the country which had been from one of those beautiful streams, to descend to the sea from the Kirk-Morlagh mountains.

Having reached the spot where he meant to commence his day's sport, Julian let his little meadow, which, accustomed to the situation, followed like a dog; and now and then, when tired of peat herbage in the valley through which the stream wound, came near his master's side, and as if he had been a curious amateur of the sport, made the trout as Julian brought them struggling to shore. But Fairy's master showed, on that day, the patience of a real angler, and took no heed of old Isaac Walton's recommendation, to fat a streamer inch by inch. He chose, indeed, with his glazer's eye, the most promising casts, where the water broke sparkling over a stone, affording the best shelter to a trout; or where, gliding away from a rippling current to a still eddy, it streamed under a projecting bank, or dashed from the pool of some cascade. By this judicious selection of spots, he was soon sufficiently heavy, to show that his occupation was not a mere pretext; and so soon as this was the case, he walked briskly up the Glen, only making a cast from time to time, in case of his being served from any of the neighbouring heights.

It was a little green and rocky valley through which the brook strayed, very lonely, although a slight track of an unformed road showed that it was occasionally traversed, and that it was not altogether void of inhabitants. As Peveril advanced still farther, the right bank reached to some distance from the stream, leaving a piece of meadow ground the lower part of which, being close to the brook, was entirely covered with rich herbage, being possibly occasionally irrigated by its overflow. The higher part of the level ground afforded a stance for an ancient house, of a singular structure, with a terraced garden, and a cultivated field or two beside it. In former times, a Danish or Norwegian fastness had stood here, called the Black Fort, from the colour of a heathy hill, which, rising behind the building, appeared to be the boundary of the valley, and to afford the sources of the brook. But the original structure had been long demolished, as, indeed, it probably only consisted of dry stones, and its materials had been applied to the construction of the present mansion—the work of some churchman during the sixteenth century, as was evident from the huge stone-work of its windows, which scarce left room for light to pass through, as well as from two or three heavy buttresses, which projected from the front of

the house, and exhibited on their surface little niches for images. These had been carefully destroyed, and pots of flowers were placed in the niches in their stead, besides their being ornamented by creeping plants of various kinds, fancifully twined around them. The garden was also in good order; and though the spot was extremely solitary, there was about it altogether an air of comfort, accommodation, and even elegance, by no means generally characteristic of the habitations of the island at the time.

With much circumspection, Julian Peveril approached the low Gothic porch, which defended the entrance of the mansion from the tempests incident to its situation, and was, like the buttresses, overrun with ivy and other creeping plants. An iron ring, contrived so as when drawn up and down to rattle against the bar of notched iron through which it was suspended, served the purpose of a knocker; and to this he applied himself, though with the greatest precaution.

He received no answer for some time, and indeed it seemed as if the house was totally uninhabited; when, at length, his impatience getting the upper hand, he tried to open the door, and as it was only upon the latch, very easily succeeded. He passed through a little low-arched hall, the upper end of which was occupied by a staircase, and turning to the left opened the door of a summer parlour, wainscoted with black oak, and very simply furnished with chairs and tables of the same materials; the former cushioned with leather. The apartment was gloomy—one of those stone-shafted windows which we have mentioned, with its small latticed panes, and hick garland of foliage, admitting but an imperfect light.

Over the chimney-piece (which was of the same massive materials with the panelling of the apartment) was the only ornament of the room; a painting, namely, representing an officer in the military dress of the Civil Wars. It was a green jerkin, then the national and peculiar wear of the Manxmen; his short band which hung down on the cuirass—the orange-coloured scarf, but, above all, the shortness of his close-cut hair, showing evidently to which of the great parties he had belonged. His right hand rested on the hilt of his sword; and in the left he held a small Bible, bearing the inscription, "*In hoc signo.*" The countenance was of a light complexion, with fair and almost effeminate blue eyes, and an oval form of face—one of those physiognomies, to which, though not otherwise unpleasant, we naturally attach the idea of melancholy and of misfortune.* Apparently it was well known to Julian Peveril; for, after having looked at it for a long time, he could not forbear muttering aloud, "What would I give that that man had never been born, or that he still lived!"

"How now—how is this?" said a female, who entered the room as he uttered this reflection. "You here, Master Peveril, in spite of all the warnings you have had! You here, in the possession of folk's house when they are abroad, and talking to yourself, as I shall warrant!"

"Yes, Mistress Deborah," said Peveril, "I am here once more, as you see, against every prohibition, and in defiance of all danger.—Where is Alice?"

"Where you will never see her, Master Julian—you may satisfy yourself of that," answered Mistress Deborah, for it was that respectable governante; and sinking down at the same time upon one of the large leather chairs, she began to fan herself with her handkerchief, and complain of the heat in a most ladylike fashion.

In fact, Mistress Debbitch, while her exterior intimated a considerable change of condition for the better, and her countenance showed the less favoura-

* I am told that a portrait of the unfortunate William Christian is still preserved in the family of Waterson of Balnabaw of Kirk Church, Rushin. William Dhoo is dressed in a green coat without collar or cape, after the fashion of those puritanic times, with the head in a close-cropped wig, resembling the bishop's peruke of the present day. The countenance is youthful and well looking, very unlike the expression of foreboding melancholy. I have so far taken advantage of this criticism, as to bring my ideal portrait in the present edition nearer to the complexion at least of the fair-haired William Dhoo.

ble effects of the twenty years which had passed over her head, was in mind and manners very much what she had been when she battled the opinions of Madam Ellesmere at Martindale Castle. In a word, she was self-willed, obstinate, and coquetish as ever, otherwise no ill-disposed person. Her present appearance was that of a woman of the better rank. From the sobriety of the fashion of her dress, and the uniformity of its colours, it was plain she belonged to some sect which condemned superfluous gayety in attire; but no rules, not those of a nunnery or of a quaker's society, can prevent a little coquetry in that particular, where a woman is desirous of being supposed to retain some claim to personal attention. All Mistress Deborah's garments were so arranged as might best set off a good-looking woman, whose countenance indicated ease and good cheer—who called herself five-and-thirty, and was well entitled, if she had a mind, to call herself twelve or fifteen years older.

Julian was under the necessity of enduring all her tiresome and fantastic airs, and awaiting with patience till she had "pricked herself and pinned herself"—flung her hoods back, and drawn them forward—snuffed at a little bottle of essences, closed her eyes like a dying fowl—turned them up like a duck in a thunder-storm; when at length, having exhausted her round of *minauderies*, she condescended to open the conversation.

"These walks will be the death of me," she said, "and all on your account, Master Julian Peveril; for if Dame Christian should learn that you have chosen to make your visits to her niece, I promise you, Mistress Alice would be soon obliged to find other quarters, and so should I."

"Come now, Mistress Deborah, be good-humoured," said Julian; "consider, was not all this intimacy of ours of your own making? Did you not make yourself known to me the very first time I strolled up this glen with my fishing-rod, and tell me that you were my former keeper, and that Alice had been my little play-fellow? And what could there be more natural, than that I should come back and see two such agreeable persons as often as I could?"

"Yes," said Dame Deborah; "but I did not bid you fall in love with us, though, or propose such a matter as marriage either to Alice or myself."

"To do you justice," you never did, Deborah," answered the youth; "but what of that? Such things will come out before one is aware. I am sure you must have heard such proposals fifty times when you least expected them."

"Fie, fie, fie, Master Julian Peveril," said the governante; "I would have you to know that I have always so behaved myself, that the best of the land would have thought twice of it, and have very well considered both what he was going to say, and how he was going to say it, before he came out with such proposals to me."

"True, true, Mistress Deborah," continued Julian; "but all the world have not your discretion. Then Alice Bridgenorth is a child—a mere child; and one always asks a baby to be one's little wife, you know. Come, I know you will forgive me. Thou wert ever the best-natured, kindest woman in the world; and you know you have said twenty times we were made for each other."

"O no, Master Julian Peveril; no, no, no!" ejaculated Deborah. "I may indeed have said your estates were born to be united; and to be sure it is natural to me, that come of the old stock of the honest yeomanry of Peveril of the Peak's estate, to wish that it was all within the ring fence again; which sure enough it might be, were you to marry Alice Bridgenorth. But then there is the knight your father, and my lady your mother; and there is her father, that is half crazy with his religion; and her aunt, that wears eternal black grogram for that unlucky Colonel Christian; and there is the Countess of Derby, that would serve us all with the same sauce if we were thinking of any thing that would displease her. And besides all that, you have broke your word with Mistress Alice, and every thing is

or domestic independence, was careful to impress by alarming her patron's count of Alice's health. The mansion of high stood, she said, much exposed to the winds, which could not but be cold, as they in a country where, as she was assured, ice and snow at midsummer. In short, ill, and was put into full possession of the right, a house which, as well as Kirk-Truagh, formerly to Christian, and now to his

however, it was enjoined on the governante to charge, to visit Kirk-Truagh from time to time to consider themselves as under the man-and-guardianship of Mistress Christian—a subjection, the sense of which Deborah red to lessen, by assuming as much freedom as she possibly dared, under the doubtless, of the same feelings of independence which induced her, at Martindale Hall, to advice of Mistress Ellesmere.

this generous disposition to defy control, induced her to procure for Alice, secretly, means of education, which the stern genius of her would have proscribed. She ventured to charge taught: music—nay, even dancing: picture of the austere Colonel Christian in the waistcoat where it was suspended, sylphlike form of Alice, and the substation of Dame Deborah, executed French and *boreas*, to the sound of a small kit named under the bow of Monsieur de Pigal, glen, half dancing master. This abominated the ears of the Colonel's widow, and is communicated to Bridgenorth, whose appearance in the island showed the importance of the communication. Had she less to her own cause, that had been the ruin of Mistress Deborah's administration. treated into her stronghold.

12." she said, "was exercise, regulated by music; and it stood to reason, that it was the best of all exercise for a delicate person, as it could be taken within doors, and in the weather."

orth listened, with a clouded and thoughtful, when, in exemplification of her doctrine, Deborah, who was no contemptible performer, began to jangle Sellenger's Round, and Alice to dance an old English measure.

As the half-bashful, half-smiling girl, seen—for such was her age—moved gracefully, the father's eye unavoidably followed the spring of her step, and marked with glowing colour in her cheek. When the dance he folded her in his arms, smoothed her disordered locks with a father's affection, smiled, kissed her brow, and took his leave, in single word farther interdicting the dancing. He did not himself communicate of his visit at the Black Fort to Miss Marian, but she was not long of learning it, by the report of Dame Deborah on her next visit.

13." said the stern old lady; "my brother hath permitted you to make a Herodias and teach her dancing. You have only to make her a partner for life—I shall neither make more in their affairs."

the triumph of Dame Deborah, or rather failure, on this occasion, had more importance than the former had ventured to anticipate. Mistress Christian, though she received mainly the formal visits of the governante, seemed thenceforth so pettish with her remonstrance, upon the enormity of dancing to a little fiddle, that she appeared interference in her affairs, and left Dame and Alice to manage both education and dancing—in which she had hitherto greatly interested herself—much after their own pleasure. In this independent state that they lived, in first visited their habitation; and he then encouraged to do so by Dame Deborah, she believed him to be one of the last

persons in the world with whom Mistress Christian would have desired her niece to be acquainted—the happy spirit of contradiction superseding, with Dame Deborah, on this as on other occasions, all consideration of the fitness of things. She did not act altogether without precaution neither. She was aware she had to guard not only against any reviving interest or curiosity on the part of Mistress Christian; but against the sudden arrival of Major Bridgenorth, who never failed once in the year to make his appearance at the Black Fort when least expected, and to remain there for a few days. Dame Debbitch, therefore, exacted of Julian, that his visits should be few and far between; that he should condescend to pass for a relation of her own, in the eyes of two ignorant Manx girls and a lad, who formed her establishment; and that he should always appear in his angler's dress made of the simple *Loughan*, or buff-coloured wool of the island, which is not subjected to dyeing. By these cautions, she thought his intimacy at the Black Fort would be entirely unnoticed, or considered as immaterial, while, in the meantime, it furnished much amusement to her charge and herself.

This was accordingly the case during the earlier part of their intercourse, while Julian was a lad, and Alice a girl two or three years younger. But as the lad shot up to youth, and the girl to womanhood, even Dame Deborah Debbitch's judgment saw danger in their continued intimacy. She took an opportunity to communicate to Julian who Miss Bridgenorth actually was, and the peculiar circumstances which placed discord between their fathers. He heard the story of their quarrel with interest and surprise, for he had only resided occasionally at Martindale Castle, and the subject of Bridgenorth's quarrel with his father had never been mentioned in his presence. His imagination caught fire at the sparks afforded by this singular story; and, far from complying with the prudent remonstrance of Dame Deborah, and gradually estranging himself from the Black Fort and its fair inmate, he frankly declared, he considered his intimacy there, so casually commenced, as intimating the will of Heaven, that Alice and he were designed for each other, in spite of every obstacle which passion or prejudice could raise up between them. They had been companions in infancy; and a little exertion of memory enabled him to recall his childish grief for the unexpected and sudden disappearance of his little companion, whom he was destined again to meet with in the early bloom of opening beauty, in a country which was foreign to them both.

Dame Deborah was confounded at the consequences of her communication, which had thus blown into a flame the passion which she hoped it would have either prevented or extinguished. She had not the sort of head which resists the masculine and energetic remonstrances of passionate attachment, whether addressed to her on her own account, or on behalf of another. She lamented and wondered, and ended her feeble opposition, by weeping, and sympathizing, and consenting to allow the continuance of Julian's visits, provided he should only address himself to Alice as a friend; to gain the world, she would consent to nothing more. She was not, however, so simple, but that she also had her forebodings of the designs of Providence on this youthful couple; for certainly they could not be more formed to be united than the good estates of Martindale and Moultrassie.

Then came a long sequence of reflection. Martindale Castle wanted but some repairs to be almost equal to Chatsworth. The Hall might be allowed to go to ruin; or, what would be better, when Sir Geoffrey's time came, (for the good knight had seen service, and must be breaking now,) the Hall would be a good dowry-house, to which my lady and Ellesmere might retreat; while (empress of the still-room, and queen of the pantry) Mistress Deborah Debbitch should reign housekeeper at the Castle, and extend, perhaps, the crown-matrimonial to Lance Outram, provided he was not become too old, too fat, or too fond of ale.

Such were the soothing visions under the influence of which the dame connived at an attachment, which lulled also to pleasing dreams, though of a character so different, her charge and her visitant.

The visits of the young angler became more and more frequent; and the embarrassed Deborah, though foreseeing all the dangers of discovery, and the additional risk of an explanation betwixt Alice and Julian, which must necessarily render their relative situation so much more delicate, felt completely overborne by the enthusiasm of the young lover, and was compelled to let matters take their course.

The departure of Julian for the continent interrupted the course of his intimacy at the Black Fort, and while it relieved the elder of its inmates from much internal apprehension, spread an air of languor and dejection over the countenance of the younger, which, at Bridgenorth's next visit to the Isle of Man, renewed all his terrors for his daughter's constitutional malady.

Deborah promised faithfully she should look better the next morning, and she kept her word. She had retained in her possession for some time a letter which Julian had, by some private conveyance, sent to her charge, for his youthful friend. Deborah had dreaded the consequences of delivering it as a billet-doux, but, as in the case of the dance, she thought there could be no harm in administering it as a remedy.

It had complete effect; and next day the cheeks of the maiden had a tinge of the rose, which so much delighted her father, that, as he mounted his horse, he flung his purse into Deborah's hand, with the desire she should spare nothing that could make herself and his daughter happy, and the assurance that she had his full confidence.

This expression of liberality and trust from a man of Major Bridgenorth's reserved and cautious disposition, gave full plumage to Mistress Deborah's hopes; and emboldened her not only to deliver another letter of Julian's to the young lady, but to encourage more boldly and freely than formerly the intercourse of the lovers when Peveril returned from abroad.

At length, in spite of all Julian's precaution, the young Earl became suspicious of his frequent solitary fishing parties; and he himself, now better acquainted with the world than formerly, became aware that his repeated visits and solitary walks with a person so young and beautiful as Alice, might not only betray prematurely the secret of his attachment, but be of essential prejudice to her who was its object.

Under the influence of this conviction, he abstained, for an unusual period, from visiting the Black Fort. But when he next indulged himself with spending an hour in the place where he would gladly have abode for ever, the altered manner of Alice—the tone in which she seemed to upbraid his neglect, penetrated his heart, and deprived him of that power of self-command, which he had hitherto exercised in their interviews. It required but a few energetic words to explain to Alice at once his feelings, and to make her sensible of the real nature of her own. She wept plentifully, but her tears were not all of bitterness. She sat passively still, and without reply, while he explained to her, with many an interjection, the circumstances which had placed discord between their families; for hitherto, all that she had known was, that Master Peveril, belonging to the household of the great Countess or Lady of Man, must observe some precautions in visiting a relative of the unhappy Colonel Christian. But, when Julian concluded his tale with the warmest protestations of eternal love, "My poor father!" she burst forth, "and was this to be the end of all thy precautions?—This, that the son of him that disgraced and banished thee, should hold such language to your daughter!"

"You err, Alice, you err," cried Julian, eagerly. "That I hold this language—that the son of Peveril addresses thus the daughter of your father—that he thus kneels to you for forgiveness of injuries which passed when we were both infants, shows the will of Heaven, that in our affection should be quenched the discord of our parents. What else could lead

those who parted infants on the hills of Debnah to meet thus in the valleys of Man?"

Alice, however new such a scene, and showing her own emotions, might be, was highly animated with that exquisite delicacy which is imprudently the female heart, to give warning of the slight approach to impropriety in a situation like her own.

"Rise, rise, Master Peveril," she said; "do not yourself and me this injustice—we have done no wrong—very wrong; but my fault was done in ignorance. O God! my poor father, who needs cannot so much—is it for me to add to his misfortune? Rise!" she added, more firmly; "if you retain this unbecoming posture any longer, I will leave the room, and you shall never see me more."

The commanding tone of Alice overawed the pettiness of her lover, who took in silence and removed to some distance from her, and was about to speak. "Julian," she said, in a low tone, "you have spoken enough, and more than enough. Would you had left me in the pleasant dream in which I could have listened to you forever, but the hour of waking is arrived." Peveril eyed the prosecution of her speech as a criminal even; he waits his doom; for he was sufficiently sensible that an answer, delivered not certainly without emotion, but with firmness and resolution, was to be interrupted. "We have done wrong," she repeated, "very wrong; and if we now agree for ever, the pain we may feel will be but a just penalty for our error. We should never have met. Hence, we should part as soon as possible. Our future intercourse can but double our pain at parting—Farewell, Julian; and forget we ever have seen each other!"

"Forget!" said Julian; "never, never. To me it is easy to speak the word—to think the thought. To me, an approach to either can only be by destruction. Why should you doubt that the best of our fathers, like so many of which we have heard, might be appeased by our friendship? You are my only friend. I am the only one whom Heaven has assigned to you. Why should we separate for the fault of others, which befell when we were its children?"

"You speak in vain, Julian," said Alice; "I pity you—perhaps I pity myself—indeed I should pity myself, perhaps, the most of the two; for you will go forth to new scenes and new faces, and will not forget me; but I, remaining in this solitude, shall I forget—that, however, is not now the question—I can bear my lot, and it commands us to part."

"Hear me yet a moment," said Peveril; "evil is not, cannot be remediless. I will go to my father—I will use the intercession of my mother, to whom he can refuse nothing—I will gain their consent—they have no other child—and they must consent, or lose him for ever. Say, Alice, if I come to you with my parents' consent to my suit, will you again say, with that tone so touching and so sad, yet so incredibly determined—Julian, we must part?" Alice was silent. "Cruel girl, will you not even deign to answer me?" said her lover.

"We answer not those who speak in their dreams," said Alice. "You ask me what I would do were impossibilities performed. What right have you to make such suppositions, and ask such a question?"

"Hope, Alice, hope," answered Julian, "the last support of the wretched, which even you surely would not be cruel enough to deprive me of. In every difficulty, in every doubt, in every danger, Hope will fight even if he cannot conquer. Tell me once more, if I come to you in the name of my father—in the name of that mother, to whom you partly owe your life, what would you answer to me?"

"I would refer you to my own father," said Alice, blushing, and casting her eyes down; but instantly raising them again, she repeated, in a firmer and sadder tone, "Yes, Julian, I would refer you to my father; and you would find that your pilot, Hope, had deceived you; and that you had but escaped the quicksands to fall upon the rocks."

"I would that could be tried!" said Julian. "Me-

hinks I could persuade your father that in ordinary eyes our alliance is not undesirable. My family have fortune, rank, long descent—all that fathers look for when they bestow a daughter's hand."

"All this would avail you nothing," said Alice. "The spirit of my father is bent upon the things of another world; and if he listened to hear you out, it would be but to tell you that he spurned your offers."

"You know not—you know not, Alice," said Julian. "Fire can soften iron—thy father's heart cannot be so hard, or his prejudices so strong, but I shall find some means to melt him. Forbid me not—O, forbid me not at least the experiment!"

"I can but advise," said Alice; "I can forbid you nothing; for, to forbid, implies power to command obedience. But if you will be wise, and listen to me—Here, and on this spot, we part for ever!"

"Not so, by Heaven!" said Julian, whose bold and sanguine temper scarce saw difficulty in attaining what he desired. "We now part indeed, but it is that I may return armed with my parents' consent. They desire that I should marry—in their last letters they pressed it more openly—they shall have their desire; and such a bride as I will present to them, has not graced their house since the Conqueror gave it origin. Farewell, Alice! Farewell, for a brief space!"

She replied, "Farewell, Julian! Farewell for ever!"

Julian, within a week of this interview, was at Martindale Castle, with the view of communicating his purpose. But the task which seems easy at a distance, proves as difficult upon a nearer approach, as the fording of a river, which from afar appeared only a brook. There lacked not opportunities of entering upon the subject; for in the first ride which he took with his father, the Knight resumed the subject of his son's marriage, and liberally left the nod to his choice; but under the strict proviso, that she was of a loyal and an honourable family;—if she had fortune, it was good and well, or rather, it was better than well; but if she was poor, why, "there is still some picking," said Sir Geoffrey, "on the bones of the old estate; and Dame Margaret and I will be content with the less, that you young folks may have your share of it. I am turned frugal already, Julian. You see what a north-country shambling bit of a galloway nag I ride upon—a different beast, I wot, from my old Black Hastings, who had but one fault, and that was his wish to turn down Moultrassie-avenue."

"Was that so great a fault?" said Julian, affecting indifference, while his heart was trembling, as it seemed to him, almost in his very throat.

"It used to remind me of that base, dishonourable Presbyterian fellow, Bridgenorth," said Sir Geoffrey; "and I would as lief think of a toad:—they say he has turned Independent, to accomplish the full degree of rascality.—I tell you, Gill, I turned off the cow-boy, for gathering nuts in his woods—I would hang a dog that would so much as kill a hare there.—But what is the matter with you? You look pale."

Julian made some indifferent answer, but too well understood, from the language and tone which his father used, that his prejudices against Alice's father were both deep and venomous, as those of country gentlemen often become, who, having little to do or think of, are but too apt to spend their time in nursing and cherishing petty causes of wrath against their next neighbours.

In the course of the same day, he mentioned the Bridgenorths to his mother, as if in a casual manner. But the Lady Peveril instantly conjured him never to mention the name, especially in his father's presence.

"Was that Major Bridgenorth, of whom I have heard the name mentioned," said Julian, "so very bad a neighbour?"

"I do not say so," said Lady Peveril; "nay, we were more than once obliged to him, in the former unhappy times; but your father and he took some passages so ill at each other's hands, that the least allusion to him disturbs Sir Geoffrey's temper in a

manner quite unusual, and which, now that his health is somewhat impaired, is sometimes alarming to me. For Heaven's sake, then, my dear Julian, avoid upon all occasions the slightest allusion to Moultrassie, or any of its inhabitants."

This warning was so seriously given, that Julian himself saw that mentioning his secret purpose would be the sure way to render it abortive, and therefore he returned disconsolate to the Isle.

Peveril had the boldness, however, to make the best he could of what had happened, by requesting an interview with Alice, in order to inform her what had passed betwixt his parents and him on her account. It was with great difficulty that this boon was obtained: and Alice Bridgenorth showed no slight degree of displeasure, when she discovered, after much circumlocution, and many efforts to give an air of importance to what he had to communicate, that all amounted but to this, that Lady Peveril continued to retain a favourable opinion of her father, Major Bridgenorth, which Julian would fain have represented as an omen of their future more perfect reconciliation.

"I did not think you would thus have trifled with me, Master Peveril," said Alice, assuming an air of dignity; "but I will take care to avoid such intrusion in future—I request you will not again visit the Black Fort; and I entreat of you, good Mistress Debbitch, that you will no longer either encourage or permit this gentleman's visits, as the result of such persecution will be to compel me to appeal to my aunt and father for another place of residence, and perhaps also for another and more prudent companion."

This last hint struck Mistress Deborah with so much terror, that she joined her ward in requiring and demanding Julian's instant absence, and he was obliged to comply with their request. But the courage of a youthful lover is not easily subdued; and Julian, after having gone through the usual round of trying to forget his ungrateful mistress, and again entertaining his passion with augmented violence, ended by the visit to the Black Fort, the beginning of which we narrated in the last chapter.

We then left him anxious for, yet almost fearful of, an interview with Alice, which he had prevailed upon Deborah to solicit; and such was the tumult of his mind, that while he traversed the parlour, it seemed to him that the dark melancholy eyes of the slaughtered Christian's portrait followed him wherever he went, with the fixed, chill, and ominous glance, which announced to the enemy of his race mishap and misfortune.

The door of the apartment opened at length, and these visions were dissipated.

CHAPTER XIII.

Parents have dirty hearts! No tears can move them.
OTWAY.

WHEN Alice Bridgenorth at length entered the parlour where her anxious lover had so long expected her, it was with a slow step, and a composed manner. Her dress was arranged with an accurate attention to form, which at once enhanced the appearance of its puritanic simplicity, and struck Julian as a bad omen; for although the time bestowed upon the toilet may, in many cases, intimate the wish to appear advantageously at such an interview, yet a ceremonious arrangement of attire is very much allied with formality, and a preconceived determination to treat a lover with cold politeness.

The sad-coloured gown—the pinched and plaited cap, which carefully obscured the profusion of long dark-brown hair—the small ruff, and the long sleeves, would have appeared to great disadvantage on a shape less graceful than Alice Bridgenorth's; but an exquisite form, though not, as yet, sufficiently rounded in the outlines to produce the perfection of female beauty, was able to sustain and give grace even to this unbecoming dress. Her countenance, fair and delicate, with eyes of hazel, and a brow of alabaster had, notwithstanding, less regular beauty than her

form, and might have been justly subjected to criticism. There was, however, a life and spirit in her gaiety, and a depth of sentiment in her gravity, which made Alice, in conversation with the very few persons with whom she associated, so fascinating in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance—so touching, also, in her simplicity and purity of thought, that brighter beauties might have been overlooked in her company. It was no wonder, therefore, that an ardent character like Julian, influenced by the charms, as well as by the secrecy and mystery attending his intercourse with Alice, should prefer the seclusion of the Black Fort to all others with whom he had become acquainted in general society.

His heart beat high as she came into the apartment, and it was almost without an attempt to speak that his profound obedience acknowledged her entrance.

"This is a mockery, Master Peveril," said Alice, with an effort to speak firmly, which yet was disconcerted by a slightly tremulous inflection of voice—"a mockery, and a cruel one. You come to this lone place, inhabited only by two women, too simple to command your absence—too weak to enforce it—you come in spite of my earnest request—to the neglect of your own time—to the prejudice, I may fear, of my character—you abuse the influence you possess over the simple person to whom I am intrusted. All this you do, and think to make it up by low reverences and constrained courtesy! Is this honourable, or is it fair?—Is it," she added, after a moment's hesitation—"is it kind?"

The tremulous accent fell especially on the last word she uttered, and it was spoken in a low tone of gentle reproach, which went to Julian's heart.

"If," said he, "there were a mode by which, at the peril of my life, Alice, I could show my regard—my respect—my devoted tenderness—the danger would be dearer to me than ever was pleasure."

"You have said such things often," said Alice, "and they are such as I ought not to hear, and do not desire to hear. I have no tasks to impose on you—no enemies to be destroyed—no need or desire of protection—no wish, Heaven knows, to expose you to danger—it is your visits here alone to which danger attaches. You have but to rule your own wilful temper—to turn your thoughts and your cares elsewhere, and I can have nothing to ask—nothing to wish for. Use your own reason—consider the injury you do yourself—the injustice you do us—and let me, once more, in fair terms, entreat you to absent yourself from this place—till—till—"

She paused, and Julian eagerly interrupted her.—"Till when, Alice?—till when?—impose on me any length of absence which your severity can inflict—short of a final separation—Say, Be gone for years, but return when these years are over; and, slow and wearily as they must pass away, still the thought, that they must at length have their period, will enable me to live through them. Let me, then, conjure thee, Alice, to name a date—to fix a term—to say till when?"

"Till you can bear to think of me only as a friend and sister."

"That is a sentence of eternal banishment—indeed!" said Julian; "it is seeming, no doubt, to fix a term of exile, but attaching it to an impossible condition."

"And why impossible, Julian?" said Alice, in a tone of persuasion; "were we not happier ere you threw the mask from your own countenance, and tore the veil from my foolish eyes? Did we not meet with joy, spend our time happily, and part cheerily, because we transgressed no duty, and incurred no self-reproach? Bring back that state of happy ignorance, and you shall have no reason to call me unkind. But while you form schemes which I know to be visionary, and use language of such violence and passion, you shall excuse me if I now and once for all, declare, that since Deborah shows herself unfit for the trust reposed in her, and must needs expose me to persecutions of this nature, I will write to my father, that he may fix me another place

of residence; and in the meanwhile I will take shelter with my aunt at Kirk-Trough."

"Hear me, unpitying girl," said Peveril, "hear me and you shall see how devoted I am to obedience: all that I can do to oblige you! You say you are happy when we spoke not on such topics—well! all expense of my own suppressed feelings, that happy period shall return. I will meet you—walk with you—read with you—but only as a brother with his sister, or a friend with his friend: no thoughts I may nourish, be they of hope or of despair, my tongue shall not give birth to, and therefore I cannot offend; Deborah shall be ever by your side, and her presence shall prevent my even hinting what might displease you—only do not make a jest to me of those thoughts which are the dearest part of my existence; for believe me it were better kinder to rob me of existence itself."

"This is the mere ecstasy of passion," answered Alice Bridgenorth; "that which is pleasant, our selfish and stubborn will repeats as impossible. I have no confidence in the plan I propose—no confidence in your resolution, more than none in the protection of Deborah. True! even renounce, honestly and explicitly, the wishes have lately expressed, we must be strangers—we could you renounce them even at this moment—were better that we should part for a long time—for Heaven's sake, let it be as soon as possible—perhaps it is even now too late to prevent a painful accident—I thought I heard a now."

"It was Deborah," answered Julian, "afraid, Alice; we are secure against surprise."

"I know not," said Alice, "what you mean by such security—I have nothing to hide. I sought this interview; on the contrary, I averted it as I could—and am now most desirous to break it."

"And wherefore, Alice, since you say it was our last? Why should you shake the sand which is passing so fast? the very executioner hurries the prayers of the wretches upon the scaffold. Do you not—I will argue as coldly as you can—see you not that you are breaking your own word—and recalling the hope which yourself held out to me?"

"What hope have I suggested? What word given, Julian?" answered Alice. "You have build wild hopes in the air, and accuse me of destroying what had never any earthly foundation. Spare yourself, Julian—spare me—and in mercy, us both, depart, and return not again till you can be more reasonable."

"Reasonable?" replied Julian; "it is you, Alice, who will deprive me altogether of reason. Did you say, that if our parents could be brought to come to our union, you would no longer oppose my act?"

"No—no—no," said Alice, eagerly, and blushed deeply. "I did not say so, Julian—it was your wild imagination which put construction on my silence and my confusion."

"You do not say so, then?" answered Julian, "and if all other obstacles were removed, I should find one in the cold flinty bosom of her, who repays the most devoted and sincere affection with contempt and dislike?—Is that," he added, in a dejected tone of feeling—"is that what Alice Bridgenorth says to Julian Peveril?"

"Indeed—indeed, Julian," said the almost weeping girl, "I do not say so—I say nothing, and I ought not to say any thing concerning what I might do in a state of things which can never take place. Indeed, Julian, you ought not thus to press me. Unprotected as I am—wishing you well—very well—why should you urge me to say or do what would lessen me in my own eyes? to own affection for one from whom fate has separated me for ever? It is ungenerous—it is cruel—it is seeking a momentary and selfish gratification to yourself, at the expense of every feeling which I ought to entertain."

"You have said enough, Alice," said Julian, with sparkling eyes; "you have said enough in depreciating my urgency, and I will press you no farther. But you overrate the impediments which lie between us—they must and shall give way."

"So you said before," answered Alice, "and with

hat probability, your own account may show. You need not to mention the subject to your own father how should you venture to mention it to mine?"

"That I will soon enable you to decide upon. Major Bridgenorth, by my mother's account, is a worthy and an estimable man. I will remind him, at to my mother's care he owes the dearest treasure and comfort of his life; and I will ask him if it is a just retribution to make that mother childless. Let me but know where to find him, Alice, and you shall soon hear if I have feared to plead my cause with him."

"Alas!" answered Alice, "you well know my uncertainty as to my dear father's residence. How often has it been my earnest request to him that he would let me share his solitary abode, or his obscure wanderings! But the short and infrequent visits which he makes to this house are all that he permits me of his society. Something I might surely do, however little, to alleviate the melancholy by which he is oppressed."

"Something we might both do," said Peveril. "How willingly would I aid you in so pleasing a task! All old griefs should be forgotten—all old friendships revived. My father's prejudices are those of an Englishman—strong, indeed, but not insurmountable by reason. Tell me, then, where Major Bridgenorth is, and leave the rest to me; or let me at least know by what address your letters reach him, and I will forthwith essay to discover his dwelling."

"Do not attempt it, I charge you," said Alice. "He is already a man of sorrows; and what would I think were I capable of entertaining a suit so likely to add to them? Besides, I could not tell you, I would, where he is now to be found. My letters reach him from time to time, by means of my aunt Christian; but of his address I am entirely ignorant."

"Then, by Heaven," answered Julian, "I will watch his arrival in this island, and in this house; and ere he has locked thee in his arms, he shall answer to me on the subject of my suit."

"Then demand that answer now!"—said a voice from without the door, which was at the same time slowly opened—"Demand that answer now, for ere stands Ralph Bridgenorth."

As he spoke, he entered the apartment with his usual slow and sedate step—raised his flapp'd and eagle-crowned hat from his brows, and, standing in the midst of the room, eyed alternately his daughter and Julian Peveril with a fixed and penetrating glance.

"Father!" said Alice, utterly astonished, and terrified besides, by his sudden appearance at such an juncture—"Father, I am not to blame."

"Of that anon, Alice," said Bridgenorth; "meanwhile retire to your apartment—I have that to say to his youth which will not endure your presence."

"Indeed—indeed, father," said Alice, alarmed at what she supposed these words indicated, "Julian is a little to be blamed as I! It was chance, it was fortune, which caused our meeting together." Then suddenly rushing forward, she threw her arms round her father, saying, "O do him no injury—he meant me no wrong! Father, you were wont to be a man of reason and of religious peace."

"And wherefore should I not be so now, Alice?" said Bridgenorth, raising his daughter from the ground, on which she had almost sunk in the earnestness of her supplication. "Dost thou knowught, maiden, which should inflame my anger against this young man, more than reason or religion may bridle? Go—go to thy chamber. Compose thine own passions—learn to rule these—and save it to me to deal with this stubborn young man."

Alice arose, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, retired slowly from the apartment. Julian followed her steps with his eyes till the last wave of her garment was visible at the closing door; then turned in looks to Major Bridgenorth, and then sunk them in the ground. The Major continued to regard him in profound silence; his looks were melancholy and even austere; but there was nothing which indicated either agitation or keen resentment. He motioned

to Julian to take a seat, and assumed one himself. After which, he opened the conversation in the following manner:—

"You seemed but now, young gentleman, anxious to learn where I was to be found. Such I at least conjectured, from the few expressions which I chanced to overhear; for I made bold, though it may be contrary to the code of modern courtesy, to listen a moment or two, in order to gather upon what subject so young a man as you entertained so young a woman as Alice, in a private interview."

"I trust, sir," said Julian, rallying spirits in what he felt to be a case of extremity, "you have heard nothing on my part which has given offence to a gentleman, whom, though unknown, I am bound to respect so highly."

"On the contrary," said Bridgenorth, with the same formal gravity, "I am pleased to find that your business is, or appears to be, with me, rather than with my daughter. I only think you had done better to have intrusted it to me in the first instance, as my sole concern."

The utmost sharpness of attention which Julian applied, could not discover if Bridgenorth spoke seriously or ironically to the above purpose. He was, however, quick-witted beyond his experience, and was internally determined to endeavour to discover something of the character and the temper of him with whom he spoke. For that purpose, regulating his reply in the same tone with Bridgenorth's observation, he said, that not having the advantage to know his place of residence, he had applied for information to his daughter.

"Who is now known to you for the first time?" said Bridgenorth. "Am I so to understand you?"

"By no means," answered Julian, looking down; "I have been known to your daughter for many years; and what I wished to say, respects both her happiness and my own."

"I must understand you," said Bridgenorth, "even as carnal men understand each other on the matters of this world. You are attached to my daughter by the cords of love; I have long known this."

"You, Master Bridgenorth?" exclaimed Peveril—"You have long known it?"

"Yes, young man. Think you, that as the father of an only child, I could have suffered Alice Bridgenorth—the only living pledge of her who is now an angel in Heaven—to have remained in this seclusion without the surest knowledge of all her material actions? I have, in person, seen more, both of her and of you, than you could be aware of; and when absent in the body, I had the means of maintaining the same superintendence. Young man, they say that such love as you entertain for my daughter teaches much subtlety; but believe not that it can overreach the affection which a widowed father bears to an only child."

"If," said Julian, his heart beating thick and joyfully, "if you have known this intercourse so long, may I not hope that it has not met your disapprobation?"

The Major paused for an instant, and then answered, "In some respects, certainly not. Had it done so—had there seemed aught on your side, or on my daughter's, to have rendered your visits here dangerous to her, or displeasing to me, she had not been long the inhabitant of this solitude, or of this island. But be not so hasty as to presume, that all which you may desire in this matter can be either easily or speedily accomplished."

"I foresee, indeed, difficulties," answered Julian; "but with your kind acquiescence, they are such as I trust to remove. My father is generous—my mother is candid and liberal. They loved you once; I trust they will love you again. I will be the mediator between you—peace and harmony shall once more inhabit our neighbourhood, and"

Bridgenorth interrupted him with a grim smile, for such it seemed, as it passed over a face of deep melancholy. "My daughter well said, but a short while past, that you were a dreamer of dreams—an architect of plans and hopes fantastic as the visions of the night. It is a great thing you ask of me;—the

hand of my only child—the sum of my worldly substance, though that is but dross in comparison. You ask the key of the only fountain from which I may yet hope to drink one pleasant draught; you ask to be the sole and absolute keeper of my earthly happiness—and what have you offered, or what have you to offer, in return of the surrender you require of me?"

"I am but too sensible," said Peveril, abashed at his own hasty conclusions, "how difficult it may be."

"Nay, but interrupt me not," replied Bridgenorth, "till I show you the amount of what you offer me in exchange for a boon, which, whatever may be its intrinsic value, is earnestly desired by you, and comprehends all that is valuable on earth which I have in my power to bestow. — You may have heard, that in the late times I was the antagonist of your father's principles and his profane faction, but not the enemy of his person."

"I have ever heard," replied Julian. "much the contrary; and it was but now that I reminded you that you had been his friend."

"Ay. When he was in affliction and I in prosperity, I was neither unwilling, nor altogether unable, to show myself such. Well, the tables are turned—the times are changed. A peaceful and unoffending man might have expected from a neighbour, now powerful in his turn, such protection, when walking in the paths of the law, as all men, subjects of the same realm, have a right to expect even from perfect strangers. What chances? I pursue, with the warrant of the King and law, a murderess, bearing on her hand the blood of my near connexion, and I had, in such a case, a right to call on every liege subject to render assistance to the execution. My late friendly neighbour, bound, as a man and a magistrate, to give ready assistance to a legal action—bound, as a grateful and obliged friend, to respect my rights and my person—thrusts himself betwixt me—me, the avenger of blood—and my lawful captive; beats me to the earth, at once endangering my life, and, in mere human eyes, sullying mine honour; and, under his protection, the Midianitish woman reaches, like a sea-eagle, the nest which she hath made in the wave-surrounded rocks, and remains there till gold, duly administered at Court, wipes out all memory of her crime, and baffles the vengeance due to the memory of the best and bravest of men.—But," he added, apostrophizing the portrait of Christian, "thou art not yet forgotten, my fair-haired William! The vengeance which dogs thy murderers is slow,—but it is sure!"

There was a pause of some moments, which Julian Peveril, willing to hear to what conclusion Major Bridgenorth was finally to arrive, did not care to interrupt. Accordingly, in a few minutes, the latter proceeded.—"These things," he said, "I recall not in bitterness, so far as they are personal to me—I recall them not in spite of heart, though they have been the means of banishing me from my place of residence, where my fathers dwelt, and where my earthly comforts lie interred. But the public cause sets farther strife betwixt your father and me. Who so active as he to execute the fatal edict of black St. Bartholomew's day, when so many hundreds of gospel-preachers were expelled from house and home—from hearth and altar—from church and parish, to make room for belly-gods and thieves? Who, when a devoted few of the Lord's people were united to lift the fallen standard, and once more advance the good cause, was the readiest to break their purpose—to search for, persecute, and apprehend them? Whose breath did I feel warm on my neck—whose naked sword was thrust within a foot of my body, whilst I lurked darkling, like a thief in concealment, in the house of my fathers?—It was Geoffrey Peveril's—it was your father's!—What can you answer to all this, or how can you reconcile it with your present wishes?"

Julian, in reply, could only remark, "That these injuries had been of long standing—that they had been done in heat of times, and heat of temper, and that Master Bridgenorth, in Christian kindness, should not entertain a keen resentment of them, when a door was open for reconciliation."

"Peace, young man," said Bridgenorth, "thou

speakest of thou knowest not what. To forgive human wrongs is Christian-like and commendable; but we have no commission to forgive those who have been done to the cause of religion and of their hands with those, who have poured forth the sin of our brethren." He looked at the picture of Christian, and was silent for a few minutes, as if he meant to give too violent way to his own impetuosity, and resumed the discourse in a milder tone.

"These things I point out to you, Julian, may show you how impossible, in the eyes of a worldly man, would be the union which you are so anxious of. But Heaven hath at times opened a way where man beholds no means of issue. Julian's mother, for one to whom the truth is unknown after the fashion of the world, one of the best, one of the wisest of women; and Providence, who gave her so fair a form, and tenanted that form with a mind as pure as the original frailty of our nature will permit, means not, I trust, that she should time to the end to be a vessel of wrath and passion. Of your father I say nothing—he is what times and example of others, and the counsel of a lordly priest, have made him; and of him, even if I say nothing, save that I have power over him, which ere now he might have felt, but that he is one within his chambers, who might have risen in his suffering. Nor do I wish to root up an ancient family. If I prize not your honest of hours and pedigree, I would not willingly wound them; more than I would pull down a mountain tower, or hew to the ground an ancient altar for the straightening of the common path to the advantage of the public. I have, therefore, no sentiment against the humbled House of Peveril, I have regard to it in its depression."

He here made a second pause, as if he expected Julian to say something. But notwithstanding the ardour with which the young man had pressed his suit, he was too much trained in ideas of the importance of his family, and in the better respect for his parents, to hear, without displeasure, some part of Bridgenorth's discourse.

"The House of Peveril," he replied, "was humbled."

"And you said the sons of that House had been humble," answered Bridgenorth, "you would have come nearer the truth.—Are you not humble? Live you not here, the lucky of a haughty woman, the play-companion of an empty youth? If you leave this Isle, and go to the Court of England, see what regard will there be paid to the old pedigree that seduces your descent from kings and conquerors! A scurril or obscene jest, an impudent carriage, a bad cloak, a handful of gold, and the readiness to wear it on a card, or a die, will better advance you at the Court of Charles, than your father's ancient name and slavish devotion of blood and fortune to the cause of his father."

"That is, indeed, but too probable," said Peveril; "but the Court shall be no element of mine. I will live like my fathers, among my people, care for their comforts, decide their differences."

"Build Maypoles, and dance around them," said Bridgenorth, with another of those grim smiles which passed over his features like the light of a sextant's torch, as it glares and is reflected by the window of the church, when he comes from locking a funeral vault. "No, Julian, these are not times in which to be dreaming drudgery of a country magistrate, and the petty cares of a country proprietor, a man can serve his unhappy country. There are mighty designs afloat, and men are called to make their choice betwixt God and Baal. The ancient superstition—the abomination of our fathers—is raising its head and flinging abroad its snares, under the protection of the princes of the earth; but she raises not her head unmarked or unwatched; the true English hearts are as thousands, which wait but a signal to arise as one man, and show the kings of the earth that they have combined in vain! We will cast their cords from us—the cup of their abominations we will not taste."

"You speak in darkness, Master Bridgenorth," said Peveril. "Knowing so much of me, you may, perhaps, also be aware, that I at least have seen too much of the delusions of Rome, to desire that they should be propagated at home."

"Else, wherefore do I speak to thee friendly and so sweetly?" said Bridgenorth. "Do I not know, with what readiness of earlily wit you baffled the wily attempts of the woman's priest, to seduce thee from the Protestant faith? Do I not know, how thou wast beset abroad, and that thou didst both hold thine own and secure the wavering belief of thy friend? Did I not, this was done like the son of Margaret veril? Said I not, he holdeth, as yet, but the dead terror—but the seed which is sown shall one day put out and quicken?—Enough, however, of this. For day this is thy habitation. I will see in thee either the servant of that daughter of Eschbaal, nor the son of him who pursued my life, and blighted my honours; but thou shalt be to me, for this day, as a child of her without whom my house had been tinted."

So saying, he stretched out his thin, bony hand, and grasped that of Julian Peveril; but there was in his look of mourning in his welcome, that whatever delight the youth anticipated, spending so long time in the neighbourhood of Alice Bridgenorth, was in her society, or however strongly he felt the idleness of conciliating her father's good-will, he did not help feeling as if his heart was chilled in company.

CHAPTER XIV.

This day at least is friendship's—on the morrow
Let strife come an aho well.

OTWAY.

DEBORAH DEBBITCH, summoned by her master, made her appearance, with her handkerchief at eyes, and an appearance of great mental trouble. "Was not my fault, Major Bridgenorth," she said; "how could I help it? I like will to like—the boy would ne—the girl would see him."

"Peace, foolish woman," said Bridgenorth, "and let what I have got to say."

"I know what your honour has to say well enough," said Deborah. "Service, I wot, is no in-stance now-a-days—some are wiser than other ne—If I had not been wheedled away from Mar-dale, I might have had a house of mine own by s time."

"Peace, idiot!" said Bridgenorth; but so intent was Deborah on her vindication, that he could but just utter the interjection, as it were edgewise, between exclamations, which followed as thick as in usual cases where folk endeavour to avert deserved censure by a clamorous justification ere the charge be light.

"No wonder she was cheated," she said, "out of bit of her own interest, when it was to wait on my Miss Alice. All your honour's gold should've tempted me, but that I knew she was but cad castaway, poor innocent, if she were taken ny from my lady or me.—And so this is the end t!—up early, and down late—and this is all my nks!—But your honour had better take care what do—she has the short cough yet sometimes—and nld take physic spring and fall."

"Peace, chattering fool!" said her master, so soon her failing breath gave him an opportunity to ke in, "thinkest thou I knew not of this young tleman's visits to the Black Port, and that, if y had displeased me, I would not have known v to stop them?"

"Did I know that your honour knew of his visits?" said Deborah, in a triumphant tone,—for like st of her condition, she never sought farther for defence than a lie, however inconsistent and im-possible—"Did I know that your honour knew of—Why, how should I have permitted his visits ?—I wonder what your honour takes me for! d I not been sure it was the thing in this world t your honour most desired, would I have pre-

sumed to lend it a hand forward? I trust I know my duty better. Hear if I ever asked another youngster into the house, save himself—for I knew your honour was wise, and quarrels cannot last for ever, and love begins where hatred ends; and, to be sure, they look as if they were born one for the other—and then, the estates of Moultrassie and Martindale suit each other like sheath and knife."

"Parrot of a woman, hold your tongue!" said Bridgenorth, his patience almost completely exhausted; "or, if you will prate, let it be to your play-fellows in the kitchen, and bid them get ready some dinner presently, for Master Peveril is far from home."

"That I will, and with all my heart," said Deborah; "and if there are a pair of fatter fowls in Man than shall clap their wings on the table presently, your honour shall call me goose as well as parrot." She then left the apartment.

"It is to such a woman as that," said Bridgenorth, looking after her significantly, "that you conceived me to have abandoned the charge of my only child? But enough of this subject—we will walk abroad, if you will, while she is engaged in a province fitter for her understanding."

So saying, he left the house, accompanied by Julian Peveril, and they were soon walking side by side, as if they had been old acquaintances.

It may have happened to many of our readers, as it has done to ourselves, to be thrown by accident into society with some individual whose claims to what is called a *serious* character stand considerably higher than our own, and with whom, therefore, we have conceived ourselves likely to spend our time in a very stiff and constrained manner; while, on the other hand, our destined companion may have apprehended some disgust at the supposed levity and thoughtless gaiety of a disposition so different from his own. Now it has frequently happened, that when we, with that urbanity and good-humour which is our principal characteristic, have accommodated ourself to our companion, by throwing as much seriousness into our conversation as our habits will admit, he, on the other hand, moved by our liberal example, hath divested his manners of a part of their austerity; and our conversation has, in consequence, been of that pleasant texture, betwixt the useful and agreeable, which best resembles "the fairy web of night and day," usually called in prose the twilight. It is probable both parties may, on such occasions, have been the better for their encounter, even if it went no farther than to establish for the time a community of feeling between men, who, separated more perhaps by temper than by principle, are too apt to charge each other with profane frivolity on the one hand, or fanaticism on the other.

It fared thus in Peveril's walk with Bridgenorth, and in the conversation which he held with him.

Carefully avoiding the subject on which he had already spoken, Major Bridgenorth turned his conversation chiefly on foreign travel, and on the wonders he had seen in distant countries, and which he appeared to have marked with a curious and observant eye. This discourse made the time fly light away; for although the anecdotes and observations thus communicated, were all tinged with the serious and almost gloomy spirit of the narrator, they yet contained traits of interest and of wonder, such as are usually captivating to a youthful ear, and were particularly so to Julian, who had in his disposition some cast of the romantic and adventurous.

It appeared that Bridgenorth knew the south of France, and could tell many stories of the French Huguenots, who already began to sustain those vexations which a few years afterwards were summed up by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. He had even been in Hungary, for he spoke as from personal knowledge of the character of several of the heads of the great Protestant insurrection, which at this time had taken place under the celebrated Tekeli; and laid down solid reasons why they were entitled to make common cause with the Great Turk, rather than submit to the Pope of Rome. He talked also of Savoy, where those of the reformed religion still suffered a cruel persecution; and he mentioned, with

a swelling spirit, the protection which Oliver had afforded to the oppressed Protestant churches; "therein showing himself," he added, "more fit to wield the supreme power than those who, claiming it by right of inheritance, use it only for their own vain and voluptuous pursuits."

"I did not expect," said Peveril, modestly, "to have heard Oliver's panegyric from you, Master Bridgenorth."

"I did not panegyrize him," answered Bridgenorth; "I speak but truth of that extraordinary man, now being dead, whom, when alive, I feared not to withstand to his face. It is the fault of the present unhappy King, if he make us look back with regret to the days when the nation was respected abroad, and when devotion and sobriety were practised at home.—But I mean not to vex your spirit by controversy. You have lived amongst those who find it more easy and more pleasant to be the pensioners of France than her controllers—to spend the money which she does out to themselves, than to check the tyranny with which she oppresses our poor brethren of the religion. When the scales shall fall from thine eyes, all this thou shalt see; and seeing, shall learn to detest and despise it."

By this time they had completed their walk, and were returned to the Black Fort by a different path from that which had led them up the valley. The exercise and the general tone of conversation had removed, in some degree, the shyness and embarrassment which Peveril originally felt in Bridgenorth's presence, and which the tenor of his first remarks had rather increased than diminished. Deborah's promised banquet was soon on the board; and in simplicity, as well as neatness and good order, answered the character she had claimed for it. In one respect alone, there seemed some inconsistency, perhaps a little affectation. Most of the dishes were of silver, and the plates were of the same metal; instead of the trenchers and pewter which Peveril had usually seen employed on similar occasions at the Black Fort.

Presently, with the feeling of one who walks in a pleasant dream from which he fears to awake, and whose delight is mingled with wonder and with uncertainty, Julian Peveril found himself seated between Alice Bridgenorth and her father—the being he most loved on earth, and the person whom he had ever considered as the great obstacle to their intercourse! The confusion of his mind was such, that he could scarcely reply to the importunate civilities of Dame Deborah; who, seated with them at table in her quality of governante, now dispensed the good things which had been prepared under her own eye.

As for Alice, she seemed to have formed a resolution to play the mute; for she answered not, excepting briefly, to the questions of Dame Debbitch; nay, even when her father, which happened once or twice, attempted to bring her forward in the conversation, she made no farther reply than respect for him rendered absolutely necessary.

Upon Bridgenorth himself, then, devolved the task of entertaining the company; and, contrary to his ordinary habits, he did not seem to shrink from it. His discourse was not only easy, but almost cheerful, though ever and anon crossed by some expressions indicative of natural and habitual melancholy, or prophetic of future misfortune and woe. Flashes of enthusiasm, too, shot along his conversation, gleaming like the sheet-lightning of an autumn eve, which throws a strong, though momentary illumination, across the sober twilight, and all the surrounding objects, which, touched by it, assume a wilder and more striking character. In general, however, Bridgenorth's remarks were plain and sensible; and as he aimed at no graces of language, any ornament which they received arose out of the interest with which they were impressed on his hearers. For example, when Deborah, in the pride and vulgarity of her heart, called Julian's attention to the plate from which they had been eating, Bridgenorth seemed to think an apology necessary for such superfluous expense.

"It was a symptom," he said, "of approaching danger, when such men, as were not usually influenced by the vanities of life, employed much money in ornaments composed of the precious metals. It was a sign that the merchant could not obtain a profit for the capital, which, for the sake of security, he invested in this inert form. It was a proof that the noblemen or gentlemen feared the rapacity of power when they put their wealth into forms the most portable and the most capable of being hidden; and showed the uncertainty of credit, when a man's judgment preferred the actual possession of a mass of silver to the convenience of a goldsmith's banker's receipt. While a shadow of liberty remained," he said, "domestic rights were last invaded; and, therefore, men disposed upon their capitals and tables the wealth which in these places would remain longest, though not perhaps finally, safe from the grasp of a tyrannical government. But there be a demand for capital to support a profitable commerce, and the mass is at once engaged in its furnace, and, ceasing to be a vain and cumbersome ornament of the banquet, becomes a potent and active agent for furthering the prosperity of the country."

"In war, too," said Peveril, "plate has been a ready resource."

"But too much so," answered Bridgenorth. "In the late times, the plate of the nobles and gentry with that of the colleges, and the sale of the crown jewels, enabled the King to make his unhappy state, which prevented matters returning to a state of peace and good order, until the sword had won an undue superiority both over King and Parliament."

He looked at Julian as he spoke, much as he proves a horse offers some object suddenly to his eyes, then watches to see if he starts or looks from it. But Julian's thoughts were too much taken on other topics to manifest any alarm. His next reference to a previous part of Bridgenorth's discourse, and was not returned till after a brief pause. "War, then," he said, "war, the grand impostor, is also a creator of the wealth which it wastes in devours."

"Yes," replied Bridgenorth, "even as the fire brings into action the sleeping waters of the earth, which it finally drains. Necessity invents its own discovers means; and what necessity is stronger than that of civil war? Therefore, even war is not itself unmixed evil, being the creator of impulses and energies which could not otherwise have existed in society."

"Men should go to war, then," said Peveril, "if they may send their silver-plate to the mint, and take from pewter dishes and wooden platters?"

"Not so, my son," said Bridgenorth. "Then dealing himself as he observed the deep crimson on Julian's cheek and brow, he added, "I crave your pardon for such familiarity; but I meant not to limit what I said even now to such trifling consequences, although it may be something salutary to tear men from their pomps and luxuries, and teach those to be Romans who would otherwise be Spartans. But I would say, that times of public danger as they call into circulation the miser's hoard as the proud man's bullion, and so add to the circulating wealth of the country, do also call into action many a brave and noble spirit, which would otherwise lie torpid, give no example to the living, and bequeath no name to future ages. Society knows not, and cannot know, the mental treasures which slumber in her bosom, till necessity and opportunity call forth the statesman and the soldier from the shades of lowly life to the parts they are designated by Providence to perform, and the stations which nature had qualified them to hold. So rose Oliver—so rose Milton—so rose many another name which cannot be forgotten—even as the tempest summons forth and displays the address of the mariner."

"You speak," said Peveril, "as if national calamity might be, in some sort, an advantage."

"And if it were not so," replied Bridgenorth, "it had not existed in this state of trial, where all temporal evil is alleviated by something good in it."

from result, and where all that is good is close
with that which is in itself evil." must be a noble sight," said Julian, "to be-
the slumbering energies of a great mind awa-
into energy, and to see it assume the authority
is its due over spirits more meanly endowed."
nence witnessed," said Bridgenorth, "some-
the same effect; and as the tale is brief, I
tell it you, if you will:—

Amongst my wanderings, the Transatlantic
lemments have not escaped me; more especially
country of New-England, into which our native
has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings
in his treasures, so much that is precious in
of God and of his children. There thou-
sands of our best and most godly men—such whose
teousness might come between the Almighty
wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are
tent to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather
countering the unenlightened savages, than stoop-
to extinguish, under the oppression practised in
tain, the light that is within their own minds.
ere I remained for a time, during the wars which
a colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian
chief, or Sachem, as they were called, who seemed
messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His
relly was great—his dissimulation profound; and
his skill and promptitude with which he maintained
destructive and desultory warfare, inflicted many
sad calamities on the settlement. I was, by
chance, at a small village in the woods, more than
fifty miles from Boston, and in its situation ex-
ceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets.
Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from
Indians at that time, for men trusted to the pro-
tection of a considerable body of troops who had
been the field for protection of the frontiers, and
lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet
the enemy's country. But they had to do with
Indians, whom the devil himself had inspired at once
with cunning and cruelty. It was on a Sabbath
morning, when we had assembled to take sweet coun-
sel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but
constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the
sound of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin
and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise
sweetly to Heaven, as did the psalm in which
united at once our voices and our hearts! An ex-
cellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Ne-
emiah Solsgrove, long the companion of my pil-
grimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when
a woman, with disordered looks and dishevelled hair,
entered our chapel in a distracted manner, scream-
ing incessantly, "The Indians! The Indians!"—In
that land no man dares separate himself from his
means of defence; and whether in the city or in the
field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep
beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the re-
building of the Temple. So we sallied forth with
our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these
incarnate devils, already in possession of a part of
the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few
whom weighty causes or indisposition had with-
held from public worship; and it was remarked as
a judgment, that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian
Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed
towards man, but whose mind was altogether given
to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was
summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In
fine, there was much damage done; and although
our arrival and entrance into combat did in some
sort put them back, yet being surprised and confused,
and having no appointed leader of our band, the
devilish enemy shot hard at us, and had some ad-
vantage. It was pitiful to hear the screams of wo-
men and children amid the report of guns and the
whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells
of these savages, which they term their warwhoop.
Several houses in the upper part of the village were
soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and
crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added
to the horrible confusion; while the smoke which
the wind drove against us gave farther advantage to
the enemy, who fought as it were, invisible, and under

cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire. In
this state of confusion, and while we were about to
adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village,
and, placing the women and children in the centre, of
attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it
pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A
tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us
had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of
us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating.
His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he
wore sword and carried gun; I never saw any thing
more august than his features, overshadowed by locks
of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the
same colour. "Men and brethren," he said, in a voice
like that which turns back the flight, "why sink your
hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye
that the God we serve will give you up to yonder
heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this
day that there is a captain in Israel!" He uttered a
few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who
was accustomed to command; and such was the in-
fluence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and
his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by
men who had never seen him until that moment.
We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two
bodies; one of which maintained the defence of the
village with more courage than ever, convinced that
the Unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his
command, they assumed the best and most sheltered
positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the In-
dians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger
sallied from the town, at the head of the other division
of the New England men, and fetching a circuit, at-
tacked the Red Warriors in the rear. The surprise,
as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for
they doubted not that they were assailed in their
turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the
return of a detachment from the provincial army.
The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-
won village, and leaving behind them such a number
of their warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered
its loss. Never shall I forget the figure of our vene-
rable leader, when our men, and not they only, but
the women and children of the village, rescued from
the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded
around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his
person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him
as a descended angel, than to thank him as a fellow
mortal. "Not unto me be the glory," he said; "I
am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand
of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of
water, that I may allay my parched throat, ere I
essay the task of offering thanks where they are most
due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave
into his hand the water he requested. At that mo-
ment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me
that I recognised a noble friend whom I had long
since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to
speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his
knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a
strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning
back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice
loud and clear as a war-trumpet, thrilled through
the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard
many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven
vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a
prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying,
with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration,
was beyond them all—it was like the song of the in-
spired prophets who dwell beneath the palm-tree
between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and
for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to
the earth—no man daring to lift his head. At length
we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst
us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which
he had rescued."

Here Bridgenorth, who had told this singular story
with an eloquence and vivacity of detail very contrary
to the usual dryness of his conversation, paused for
an instant, and then resumed—"Thou seest, young
man, that men of valour and of discretion are called
forth to command in circumstances of national exi-
gence, though their very existence is unknown in the
land which they are predestined to deliver."

"But what thought the people of the mysterious stranger?" said Julian, who had listened with eagerness, for the story was of a kind interesting to the youthful and the brave.

"Many things," answered Bridgenorth, "and, as usual, little to the purpose. The prevailing opinion was, notwithstanding his own disclamation, that the stranger was really a supernatural being; others believed him an inspired champion, transported in the body from some distant climate, to show us the way to safety; others, again, concluded that he was a recluse, who, either from motives of piety, or other cogent reasons, had become a dweller in the wilderness, and shunned the face of man."

"And, if I may presume to ask," said Julian, "to which of these opinions were you disposed to adhere?"

"The last suited best with the transient though close view with which I had perused the stranger's features," replied Bridgenorth; "for although I dispute not that it may please Heaven, on high occasions, even to raise one from the dead in defence of his country, yet I doubted not then, as I doubt not now, that I looked on the living form of one, who had indeed powerful reasons to conceal him in the cleft of the rock."

"Are these reasons a secret?" asked Julian Peveril.

"Not properly a secret," replied Bridgenorth; "for I fear not thy betraying what I might tell thee in private discourse; and besides, wert thou so base, the prey lies too distant for any hunters to whom thou couldst point out its traces. But the name of this worthy will sound harsh in thy ear, on account of one action of his life—being his accession to a great measure, which made the extreme isles of the earth to tremble. Have you never heard of Richard Whalley?"

"Of the regicide?" exclaimed Peveril starting.

"Call his act what thou wilt," said Bridgenorth; "he was not less the rescuer of that devoted village, that, with other leading spirits of the age, he sat in the judgment-seat when Charles Stewart was arraigned at the bar, and subscribed the sentence that went forth upon him."

"I have ever heard," said Julian, in an altered voice, and colouring deeply, "that you, Master Bridgenorth, with the other Presbyterians, were totally averse to that detestable crime, and were ready to have made joint cause with the Cavaliers in preventing so horrible a parricide."

"If it were so," replied Bridgenorth, "we have been richly rewarded by his successor!"

"Rewarded!" exclaimed Julian; "Does the distinction of good and evil, and our obligation to do the one and forbear the other, depend on the reward which may attach to our actions?"

"God forbid!" answered Bridgenorth; "yet those who view the havoc which this House of Stewart have made in the Church and State—the tyranny which they exercise over men's persons and consciences—may well doubt whether it be lawful to use weapons in their defence. Yet you hear me not praise, or even vindicate, the death of the King, though so far deserved, as he was false to his oath as a Prince and Magistrate. I only tell you what you desired to know, that Richard Whalley, one of the late King's judges, was he of whom I have just been speaking. I knew his lofty brow, though time had made it bald and higher; his gray eyes retained all its lustre; and though the grizzled beard covered the lower part of his face, it prevented me not from recognising him. The scent was hot after him for his blood; but by the assistance of those friends whom Heaven had raised up for his preservation, he was concealed carefully, and emerged only to do the will of Providence, in the matter of that battle. Perhaps his voice may be heard in the field once more, should England need one of her noblest hearts!"

* There is a common tradition in America, that this person, who was never heard of after the Restoration, fled to Massachusetts, and, living for some years concealed in that province, finally closed his days there. The remarkable and beautiful story of his having suddenly emerged from his place of concealment, and,

"Now, God forbid!" said Julian.

"Amén," returned Bridgenorth. "May God civil war, and pardon those whose madness was brought on us!"

There was a long pause, during which Julian had scarce lifted his eyes towards Alice, and glanced in that direction, and was struck by her cast of melancholy which had stolen over him to which a cheerful, if not a gay expression was most natural. So soon as she caught his eye, she remarked, and, as Julian thought, with significance that the shadows were lengthening, and were coming on.

He heard; and although satisfied that such was at his departure, he could not, upon the instant, resolve to break the spell which detained him. The language which Bridgenorth held was new and alarming, but so contrary to the usage in which he was brought up, that, as a son of Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, he would in such case, have thought himself called upon to dispute conclusions, even at the sword's point. But Bridgenorth's opinions were delivered with so much earnestness—seemed so much the result of conviction—they excited in Julian rather a spirit of wonder than of angry controversy. There was a sober decision, and sedate melancholy, in his said, which, even had he not been the father of the (and perhaps Julian was not himself so much he was influenced by that circumstance would have rendered it difficult to take offence. His language and sentiment were quiet, yet decided kind, upon which it was either to fix controversy, or quarrel, although impossible to acquiesce in the conclusions which they lead.

While Julian remained, as if spell-bound in his chair, scarce more surprised at the conversation which he found himself, than at the expression which he was listening, another circumstance reminded him that the proper time of his stay at Black Fort had been expended. Little Fairy, the pony, which, well accustomed to the voice of the master, used to feed near the house, when the master made his visits there, began to find it a long stay rather too long. She had been sent to the Countess to Julian, whilst a youth, and was a high-spirited mountain breed, remarkable for hardness, for longevity, and for a degree of approach to that of the dog. Fairy showed later quality, by the way in which she expressed her impatience to be moving homeward, at least such seemed the purpose of the shrill whinny with which she startled the female inmate of the parlour, who, the moment afterwards, could not bear smiling to see the nose of the pony appear through the opened casement.

"Fairy reminds me," said Julian, looking up and rising, "that the term of my stay here is exhausted."

"Speak with me yet one moment," said Bridgenorth, withdrawing him into a Gothic recess of the old-fashioned apartment, and speaking so low that he could not be overheard by Alice and her attendant, who, in the meantime, caressed, and felt fragments of bread, the intruder Fairy.

"You have not, after all," said Bridgenorth, "made the cause of your coming hither." He seemed as if to enjoy his embarrassment, and then added:

"And indeed it were most unnecessary that I should do so. I have not so far forgotten the days of my youth, or those affections which bind poor humanity but too much to the things of this world. Will you find no words to ask of me the great love which you seek, and which, peradventure, you would

placing himself at the head of a party of settlers, shown the mode of securing a victory, which they were on the point of giving to the Indians, is also told; and in all probability truly. He seen the whole tradition commented upon at large in a late New American publication, which goes so far as to ascertain that such a grave to which the remains of Whalley were secretly interred. This singular story has lately afforded the materials for a celebrated American novelist, Mr. Cooper, the materials from which he has compiled one of those impressive narratives of the early and noble inhabitants of the Transatlantic world, and the hardy pioneers by whom they were invaded and dispossessed.

change which has happened, and, above all, without perceiving it in mine own son. Let me not learn the general prevalence of this levity, which laughs at every sense of dignity or duty, through your personal disrespect—Let me not think that when I die—

"Speak nothing of it, mother," said the Earl, interrupting her affectionately. "It is true, I cannot promise to be all my father and his fathers were; for we wear silk vests for their steel coats, and feathered beavers for their crested helmets. But believe me, though to be an absolute Palmerin of England is not in my nature, no son ever loved a mother more dearly, or would do more to oblige her. And that you may own this, I will forthwith not only seal the warrants, to the great endangerment of my precious fingers, but also read the same from end to end, as well as the despatches thereunto appertaining."

A mother is easily appeased, even when most offended; and it was with an expanding heart that the Countess saw her son's very handsome features, while reading these papers, settle into an expression of deep seriousness, such as they seldom wore. It seemed to her as if the family likeness to his gallant but unfortunate father increased, when the expression of their countenances became similar in gravity. The Earl had no sooner perused the despatches, which he did with great attention, than he rose and said, "Julian, come with me."

The Countess looked surprised. "I was wont to share your father's counsels, my son," she said; "but do not think that I wish to intrude myself upon yours. I am too well pleased to see you assume the power and the duty of thinking for yourself, which is what I have so long urged you to do. Nevertheless, my experience, who have been so long administrator of your authority in Man, might not, I think, be superfluous to the matter in hand."

"Hold me excused, dearest mother," said the Earl, gravely. "The interference was none of my seeking; had you taken your own course, without consulting me, it had been well; but since I have entered on the affair—and it appears sufficiently important—I must transact it to the best of my own ability."

"Go, then, my son," said the Countess, "and may Heaven enlighten thee with its counsel, since thou wilt have none of mine.—I trust that you, Master Peveril, will remind him of what is fit for his own honour; and that only a coward abandons his rights, and only a fool trusts his enemies."

The Earl answered not, but, taking Peveril by the arm, led him up a winding stair to his own apartment, and from thence into a projecting turret, where, amidst the roar of waves and sea-mews' clang, he held with him the following conversation.

"Peveril, it is well I looked into these warrants. My mother queens it at such a rate as may cost me not only my crown, which I care little for, but perhaps my head, which, though others may think little of, I would feel it an inconvenience to be deprived of."

"What on earth is the matter?" said Peveril, with considerable anxiety.

"It seems," said the Earl of Derby, "that Old England, who takes a frolicsome brain-fever once every two or three years, for the benefit of her doctors, and the purification of the torpid lethargy brought on by peace and prosperity, is now gone stark staring mad on the subject of a real or supposed Popish Plot. I read one programme on the subject, by a fellow called Oates, and thought it the most absurd foolery I ever perused. But that cunning fellow Shaftesbury, and some others amongst the great ones, have taken it up, and are driving on at such a rate as makes harness crack, and horses smoke for it. The King, who has sworn never to kiss the pillow his father went to sleep on, temporizes and gives way to the current; the Duke of York, suspected and hated on account of his religion, is about to be driven to the continent; several principal Catholic nobles are in the Tower already; and the nation, like a bull at Tutbury-running, is persecuted with so many inflammatory rumours and

pestilential pamphlets, that she has cocked her tail flung up her heels, taken the bit between her teeth; and is as furiously unmanageable as in the year 1681!"

"All this you must have known already," said Peveril; "I wonder you told me not of news so important."

"It would have taken long to tell," said the Earl; "moreover, I desired to have you *solus*; though I was about to speak when my mother entered; and to conclude, it was no business of mine. But the despatches of my politic mother's private correspondent put a new face on the whole matter; and seems some of the informers—a trade which have become a thriving one, is now pursued by many—have dared to glance at the Countess herself as agent in this same plot—ay, and have found that that are willing enough to believe their report."

"On mine honour," said Peveril, "you both do it with great coolness. I think the Countess is more composed of the two; for, except her moment hither, she exhibited no mark of alarm; moreover, seemed no way more anxious to communicate the matter to your lordship than deemed rendered necessary."

"My good mother," said the Earl, "love her though it has cost her dear. I wish I could say that my neglect of business is entirely excused in order to leave it in her hands, but that her motive combines with natural indolence. As she seems to have feared I should not think enough for her in this emergency, and she was right in supposing so."

"How comes the emergency upon you?" said Julian; "and what form does the danger assume?"

"Marry, thus it is," said the Earl: "I need bid you remember the affair of Colonel Chase. That man, besides his widow, who is possessed of large property—Dame Christian of Kirk-Trap, whom you have often heard of, and perhaps neglected a brother called Edward Christian, whom I never saw at all. Now this brother—but I care not you know all about it?"

"Not I, on my honour," said Peveril; "you say the Countess seldom or never alludes to the subject."

"Why," replied the Earl, "I believe in her heart she is something ashamed of that gallant and royal and supreme jurisdiction, the consequence of which maimed my estate so cruelly.—Well, then, this same Edward Christian was one of the dempsters at the time, and, naturally enough, unwilling to concur in the sentence which adjudged his *ainé* to be shot like a dog. My mother, who was then in high force, and not to be controlled by any one, would have served the dempster with the same sauce with which she dressed his brother, but he not been wise enough to fly from the issue. Since that time, the thing has slept on all hands; and though we knew that Dempster Christian made occasionally secret visits to his friends in the island along with two or three other Puritans of the same stamp, and particularly a prick-eared rogue, called Bridgenorth, brother-in-law to the deceased, yet my mother, thank Heaven, has hitherto had the sense to connive at them, though, for some reason or other, she holds this Bridgenorth in especial disfavour."

"And why," said Peveril, forcing himself to speak in order to conceal the very unpleasant surprise which he felt, "why does the Countess now depart from so prudent a line of conduct?"

"You must know the case is now different. The rogues are not satisfied with toleration—they would have supremacy. They have found friends in the present heat of the popular mind. My mother's name, and especially that of her confessor, Aldred the Jesuit, have been mentioned in this beautiful maze of a plot, which, if any such at all exists, she knows as little of as you or I. However, she is Catholic, and that is enough; and I have little doubt that if the fellows could seize on our scrap of a kingdom here, and cut all our throats, they would have the thanks of the present house of Commons, as willingly as old Christian had those of the Rump, for a similar service."

"From whence did you receive all this informa-

"Don?" said Peveril, again speaking, though by the same effort which a man makes who talks in his sleep.

"Aldrick has seen the Duke of York in secret, and his Royal Highness, who wept while he confessed his want of power to protect his friends—and it is no trifle will wring tears from him—told him to send us information that we should look to our safety, for that Dempster Christian and Bridgenorth were on the island, with secret and severe orders; that they had formed a considerable party there, and were likely to be owned and protected in any thing they might undertake against us. The people of Ramsey and Castletown are unluckily discontented about some new regulation of the imposts; and, to tell you the truth, though I thought yesterday's sudden remove a whim of my mother's, I am almost satisfied they would have blockaded us in Rushin Castle, where we could not have held out for lack of provisions. Here we are better supplied, and, as we are in our guard, it is likely the intended rising will not take place."

"And what is to be done in this emergency?" said Peveril.

"That is the very question, my gentle coz," answered the Earl. "My mother sees but one way of going to work, and that is by royal authority. Here are the warrants she had prepared, to search for, take, and apprehend the bodies of Edward Christian and Robert—no, Ralph Bridgenorth, and bring them to instant trial. No doubt, she would soon have had them in the Castle court, with a dozen of the old matchlocks levelled against them—that is her way of solving all sudden difficulties."

"But in which I trust you do not acquiesce, my lord," answered Peveril, whose thoughts instantly reverted to Alice, if they could ever be said to be absent from her.

"Truly, I acquiesce in no such matter," said the Earl. "William Christian's death cost me a fair half of my inheritance. I have no fancy to fall under the displeasure of my royal brother, King Charles, for a new escapade of the same kind. But how to pacify my mother, I know not. I wish the insurrection would take place, and then, as we are better provided than they can be, we might knock the knaves in the head; and yet, since they began the fray, we should keep the law on our side."

"Were it not better," said Peveril, "if by any means these men could be induced to quit the island?"

"Surely," replied the Earl; "but that will be no easy matter—they are stubborn on principle, and empty threats will not move them. This storm-blast in London is wind in their sails, and they will run their length, you may depend on it. I have sent orders, however, to clap up the Manxmen upon whose assistance they depended, and if I can find the two worthies themselves, here are sloops enough in the harbour—I will take the freedom to send them on a pretty distant voyage, and I hope matters will be settled before they return to give an account of it."

At this moment a soldier belonging to the garrison approached the two young men, with many bows and tokens of respect. "How now, friend?" said he to the Earl to him. "Leave off thy courtesies, and tell thy business."

The man, who was a native islander, answered in Manx, that he had a letter for his honour, Master Julian Peveril. Julian snatched the billet hastily, and asked whence it came.

"It was delivered to him by a young woman," the soldier replied, "who had given him a piece of money to deliver it into Master Peveril's own hand."

"Thou art a lucky fellow, Julian," said the Earl. "With that grave brow of thine, and thy character for sobriety and early wisdom, you set the girls a-wooing without waiting till they are asked; whilst I, their drudge and vassal, waste both language and leisure, without getting a kind word or look, far less a billet-doux."

This the young Earl said with a smile of conscious triumph, as in fact he valued himself not a little upon the interest which he supposed himself to possess with the fair sex.

Meanwhile the letter impressed on Peveril a different train of thoughts from what his companion apprehended. It was in Alice's hand, and contained these few words—

"I fear what I am going to do is wrong; but I must see you. Meet me at noon at Goddard Crovan's Stone, with as much secrecy as you may."

The letter was signed only with the initials A. B.; but Julian had no difficulty in recognising the handwriting, which he had often seen, and which was remarkably beautiful. He stood suspended, for he saw the difficulty and impropriety of withdrawing himself from the Countess and his friend at this moment of impending danger; and yet, to neglect this invitation was not to be thought of. He paused in the utmost perplexity.

"Shall I read your riddle?" said the Earl. "Go where love calls you—I will make an excuse to my mother—only, most grave anchorite, be hereafter more indulgent to the failings of others than you have been hitherto, and blaspheme not the power of the little deity."

"Nay, but, Cousin Derby!"—said Peveril and stopped short, for he really knew not what to say. Secured himself by a virtuous passion from the contagious influence of the time, he had seen with regret his noble kinsman mingle more in its irregularities than he approved of, and had sometimes played the part of a monitor. Circumstances seemed at present to give the Earl a right of retaliation. He kept his eye fixed on his friend, as if he waited till he should complete his sentence, and at length exclaimed, "What! cousin, quite *a-la-mort*! O, most judicious Julian! O, most precise Peveril! have you bestowed so much wisdom on me that you have none left for yourself? Come, be frank—tell me name and place—or say but the colour of the eyes of the most emphatic she—or do but let me have the pleasure to hear thee say, 'I love!'—confess one touch of human frailty—conjugate the verb *amo*, and I will be a gentle school-master, and you shall have, as father Richards used to say, when we were under his ferule, '*licentia excreundi*.'"

"Enjoy your pleasant humour at my expense, my lord," said Peveril; "I fairly will confess thus much, that I would fain, if it consisted with my honour and your safety, have two hours at my own disposal; the more especially as the manner in which I shall employ them may much concern the safety of the island."

"Very likely, I dare say," answered the Earl, still laughing. "No doubt you are summoned out by some Lady Politic Wouldbe of the isle, to talk over some of the breast-laws; but never mind—go, and go speedily, that you may return as quick as possible. I expect no immediate explosion of this grand conspiracy. When the rogues see us on our guard, they will be cautious how they break out. Only, once more, make haste."

Peveril thought this last advice was not to be neglected; and, glad to extricate himself from the railway of his cousin, walked down towards the gate of the Castle, meaning to cross over to the village, and there take horse at the Earl's stables, for the place of rendezvous.

CHAPTER XVI.

Accento. Can she not speak!

Onomatopoeia. If speech be only in accented sounds, Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb; But if by quick and apprehensive look, By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning, Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech, She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes, Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse, Though it be mute and soundless. Old Play.

At the head of the first flight of steps which descended towards the difficult and well-defended entrance of the Castle of Holm-Peel, Peveril was met and stopped by the Countess's train-bearer. The little creature—for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind—was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually

wore (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form) set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ankles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments, which the Countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughtswoman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still show the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of calligraphy.

The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favourite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

But, though happy in the indulgence and favour of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favourite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated perhaps by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the Earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the various singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to

* The story often alludes to the various superstitions which are, or at least were, received by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, an ancient Celtic race, still speaking the language of their fathers. They retained a plentiful stock of those wild legends which over-awed the reason of a dark age, and in our own time amuse the imagination of those who listen to the fascination of the tale, while they despise its claims to belief. The following curious legendary traditions are extracted from Walfron, a huge mine, in which I have attempted to discover some specimens of spar, if I cannot find treasure.

"'Tis this ignorance," meaning that of the islanders, "which is the occasion of the excessive superstition which reigns among them. I have already given some hints of it, but not enough to show the world what a Mankanian truly is, and what power the prejudice of education has over weak minds. If books were of any use among them, one would swear the Count of Gabalis had been not only translated into the Manks tongue, but that it was a sort of rule of faith to them, since there is no fictitious being mentioned by him, in his book of absurdities, which they would not readily give credit to. I know not, whether as they are of the clergy, whether they would not be even refractory to them, were they to preach against the existence of fairies, or even against their being commonly seen; for though the priesthood are a kind of gods among them, yet still tradition is a greater god than they; and as they confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, so do they maintain that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness acted therein;

display itself in language, had something even terrible, so singular were the tones, contortions and gestures, to which she had recourse. The lower natives, to whom she was liberal almost beyond all apparent means, observed her with much esteem and respect, but much more from fear than from real attachment; for the caprices of her temper played themselves even in her gifts; and those who most frequently shared her bounty, seemed by means assured of the benevolence of the mistress which dictated her liberality.

All these peculiarities led to a conclusion emanant with Manx superstition. Devout believers in all the legends of fairies so dear to the Celtic race, the Manx people held it for certainty that she was in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of these babe one of their own brood, which was always imperfect in some one or other of the proper to humanity. Such a being they counted Fenella to be; and the smallness of her size, her dark complexion, her long locks of silken hair, the singularity of her manners and tones, as well as the caprices of her temper, were to their thinking attributes of the irritable, fickle, and dangerous creature from which they supposed her to be sprung. It seemed, that although no jest appeared to affect her more than when Lord Derby called her an Elf, or Elfin Queen, or otherwise alluded to her supposed connexion with "the pigmy folk," yet she was perpetually affecting to wear the colour of green, proper to the fairies, as well as some other peculiarities seemed voluntarily assumed by her, in order to enhance the superstition, perhaps because it gave her more authority among the lower orders.

Many were the tales circulated respecting the Countess's Elf, as Fenella was currently called on the island; and the malecontents of the service, as soon as they were convinced, that no one but a Fairy and a malignant would have kept near her person, creature of such doubtful origin. They ceased that Fenella's deafness and dumbness were not towards those of this world, and that she had not heard talking and singing, and laughing merrily, with the invisibles of her own race. They alleged, also, that she had a Double, a sort of apparition resembling her, which slept in the Countess's anteroom, or bore her train, or wrought in her net, while the real Fenella joined the song of the mermaids on the moonlight sands, or the case of the fairies in the haunted valley of Glenamoy, or the heights of Snowfell and Barool. The Countess, too, would have sworn they had seen the Elf on their maiden trip past them in their solitary night walk without their having it in their power to disturb her, any more than if they had been as mute as she herself. To all this mass of absurdities the better informed paid no more attention than to the idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supposed natural.*

All the houses are blotted where they visit, for they fly like a son would be thought impudently profane, who should enter a family to go to bed without having first set a tub, or put a clean water, for these guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do, as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they choose to come. If any accident happen to be misad, and found again in some place when I was not expected, they presently tell you a fairy took it, and turned it; if you chance to get a fall and hurt yourself, a fairy had something in your way to throw you down, as a punishment for some sin you have committed. I have heard many of these protest they have been carried immensely great distances from home, and, without knowing how they came there, found themselves on the top of a mountain. One story in particular told me of a man who had been led by invisible musicians several miles together; and not being able to resist the music, he followed till it conducted him to a large room, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice, or they of him, till the little people, offering him one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, told him by the coat, and forbade him, whatever he did, to say any thing he saw before him; for if you do, added he, you will as a man, and return us more to your family. The poor man was much distressed, but resolved to obey the injunction; accordingly he took a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put in his hand, he found an opportunity to swallow what it contained to the ground. Soon after the music ceased, all the company

Such, in form and habits, was the little female, ho, holding in her hand a small old-fashioned cony rod, which might have passed for a divining wand, confronted Julian on the top of the flight of steps which led down the rock from the Castle-court. He ought to observe, that as Julian's manner to the unfortunate girl had been always gentle, and free from those teasing jests in which his gay friend indulged, with less regard to the peculiarity of her situation and feelings; so Fenella, on her part, had peered, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, much more weary and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup; to which the parson replied, he could not do better than devote it to a service of the church; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.

Another instance they gave me to prove the reality of faeries, is of a fiddler, who, having agreed with a person, who was a singer, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of the month, and receive earnest for it, saw his new master come into the room at the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was a poor fiddler; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned; but having recourse also to a clergyman, he received some hope: he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called; but that whatever tunes should be called for, to play some tunes. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; and he punctually obeying the minister's directions, a company to whom he played were so angry, that they all rushed at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so tossed and buffeted him, that he could not stand, and what he did not receive the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty. The old story of infants being changed in their cradles is here in such credit, that mothers are in continual terror the thoughts of it. I was prevailed upon myself to go and see him, who they told me was one of these changelings; and, indeed, must own was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at sight: nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not much as move any one joint: his limbs were vastly long for a race, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion is perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried, but scarce any thing, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a fairy-elf, he would own and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he could look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out to clear, and left him in a whole day together, in the neighbourhood of the castle. When he looks out at the window to see how he becometh when alone, which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortal could be; but, if he were left ever so short, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

A second account of this nature I had from a woman to whose flapping the faeries seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The sixth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the nurse was alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire, on which very body ran out of the house, and as she wheeled out, she perceived the nurse, who, being as much inflamed as the others, laid one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an invisible hand. Those who had left her, having turned about in the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, rushed at each other for the mistake, but as they were going to enter the house, the poor wife lay on the threshold, and by its light perceived itself from lying dead upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it, and the mother being still in bed, they could scarcely be so foolish for finding it there, but having been received by faeries, who by their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any farther. About a year after, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been over many nights before a great noise was heard in the house; where they kept their cattle: for in this island, where there is no shelter in the fields from the excessive cold and damp, they put it in their milk-kine into a barn, which they call a cattle-barn; very body that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, heaving that of the cows had got loose; the nurse was as ready as the rest, but, finding all safe, and the barn-door close, immediately returned, but not so so lately but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropped on the ground, a little way from the entry. This was enough to excite the faeries and make a second attempt; and the parents, sending for a midwife, joined with him in thanksgiving to God, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them. But in the time of her third lying-in, every body seemed to have forgot what had happened in the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle-barn, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, exciting the women in the straw, who stood by the house, nor was she detained through care or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep having drunk a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother, who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any woman touch it, on which she cried out as loud as she could. Nurse, nurse! my child, my child is taken away! but the old woman was too fast to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When

usually shown much greater deference to him than to any of the household, her mistress, the countess, always excepted.

On the present occasion, planting herself in the very midst of the narrow descent, so as to make it impossible for Peveril to pass by her, she proceeded to put him to the question by a series of gestures, which we will endeavour to describe. She commenced by extending her hand slightly, accompanied with the sharp inquisitive look which served her as

her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child: on which, said the husband looking into the bed, The woman is mad, do not you see the child lies by you! On which she turned, and saw indeed something like a child, but far different from her own, who was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe; whereas, what was now in the room of it, was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it, lay wrapt up altogether on the bed. The creature lived with them the space of nine years, in all which time, it never grew except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water. It neither spoke, nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint, like the changeling I mentioned before, and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature.

A woman, who lived about two miles distant from Ballasally, and used to serve my family with butter, made me once very merry with a story she told me of her daughter, a girl of about ten years old, who being sent over the fields to the town, for a penny-worth of tobacco for her father, was on the top of a mountain surrounded by a grove of number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther. Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her; but one assuming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone; which they refusing, he re-embarked a quarrel, and the person who took her part sought revenge on her for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and pulling up her clothes, whipped her heartily; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she ran home directly, telling what had befallen her, and showing her buttocks, on which were the prints of several small hands. Several of the townspeople went with her to the mountain, and she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists were gone, but had left behind them proofs as the good woman said, that what the girl had imagined, was no further true, for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones. This did she aver with all the solemnity imaginable.

Another woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told me, that being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms; they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pail, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, what must they do to christen the child? (On which they replied, it should be done in beer. With that the smiling person took the child in her arms, and laid it down, the ceremony of baptism being dispensed with on that great tub of stout beer, which the woman had brewed the day before to be ready for her lying in. She told me that they baptized the infant by the name of Joan, which made her know she was pregnant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when she was delivered. She added also, that it was common for the faeries to make a noise, threatening when any person was near her house, and that according to what child, male or female, they brought, such should the woman bring into the world.

But I cannot give over this subject without mentioning what they say befell a young sailor, who, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than be another night in the vessel; being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Douglas. It happened to be a fine moonlight night, and very dry, being a small frost; he therefore forebore going into any house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the lalla of a huntsman, and the finest hunt in the world. He was a little surprised that any body pursued those kind of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection, before they all passed by him, so near, that he was able to count what name there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and that they were all dressed in green, and gallantly mounted. He was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, and he has kept it with him, that he crossed the gateway, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the hunt for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sister's, he tells her this story, who presently clasped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; for, said she, those men were your game, and told me they did not relax you away with them. There is no persuing them, but that these luntans are frequent in the island, and that these little gentry, being too proud to ride on Manks horses, which they might find in the field, make use of the English and Irish ones, which are brought over and kept by gentlemen. They say that nothing is more common than to find these poor beasts, in a morning, all over in a sweat and foam, and tired almost to death, when their owners have believed they have never been out of the stable. A gentleman of Ballasally assured me he had three or four of his best horses killed with these nocturnal journeys.

At my first coming into the island, and hearing these sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attended by men who passed for persons of sound

a note of interrogation. This was meant as an inquiry whether he was going to a distance. Julian, in reply, extended his arm more than half, to intimate that the distance was considerable. Fenella looked grave, shook her head, and pointed to the Countess's window, which was visible from the spot where they stood. Peveril smiled, and nodded, to intimate there was no danger in quitting her mistress for a short space. The little maiden next touched an eagle's feather which she wore in her hair, a sign which she usually employed to designate the Earl's judgment. Among this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed with the most solemn assurances, that let it be of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them; he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom at a few yards' distance he imagined were school-boys, and intended, when he came near enough, to remonstrate with them about their exercises at that time of the day, it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock; but when he approached, as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field without hedge or bush, and as I said before, broad day.

"Another instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the other, was told me by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man, by the destruction of disposing of a horse he had at that time no great occasion for, and riding him to market for that purpose, was ascending, in passing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. 'Tis the deuce I am going on, replied the person who told me the story. On which the other desired to know the price. Eight pounds, said he. No, resumed the purchaser, I will give no more than seven; which if you will take, he is your money. The seller, thinking he had lost pretty fair, agreed with him; and the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done, than both beast and rider sunk into the earth immediately, leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and consternation. As soon as he had a little recovered himself, he went directly to the person of the church, and related what had passed, desiring he would give him a note, which he ought to make use of the money he had received or not. To which he replied that as he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent, the buyer, he saw no reason to be vexed, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him. On the 3d of September, he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterwards happened to give him any dispute concerning this affair.

"A second account of the same nature I had from a clergyman, and a person of more sanctity than the generality of his function in this island. It was his custom to pass some hours every evening in a field, or by his house, in solitary meditation, and calling himself to account for the transactions of the past day. As he was in this place one night, more than ordinary want in contemplation, he wandered, without thinking where he was, a considerable way farther than it was usual for him to do; and, as he told me, he knew not how far the deep musings he was in might have carried him, if it had not been suddenly interrupted by a noise, which, as he said, seemed to be the distant rumbling of a bull; but as he listened more heedfully to it, found there was something more terrible in the sound than could proceed from that creature. He confessed to me, that he was so much frightened than surprised, especially, when the noise coming still nearer, he imagined, whatever it was that it proceeded from, it must pass him. He had, however, presence enough of mind to place himself with his back to a hedge, where he fell on his knees, and began to pray to God, with all the violence so dreadful an occasion required. He had not been long in that position, before he beheld something in the form of a bull, but infinitely larger than ever he had seen in England, much less in Mun, where the cattle are very small in general. This, he said, seemed to shoot forth flame, and the rumbling of it was such a force, that the ground shook under it as an earthquake. It made directly toward a little cottage, and thereafter most horribly disappeared. The moon being then at the full, and shining in her utmost splendour, all these passages were visible to our amazed vision, who, having finished his speculation, and given thanks to God for his preservation, went to the cottage, the owner of which, they told him, was that moment dead. The good old gentleman was loath to pass a sentence which might be judged an uncharitable one; but the deceased having the character of a very ill liver, most people who heard the story, were apt to imagine this terrible apparition came to attend his last moment.

"A mighty bustle they also make of an apparition, which, they say, haunts Castle Ruxin, in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it various times; but when I took my interest of, was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a very great opinion. He told me, that happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle gate, where, being not the least shelter, it something surprised him that any body, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch, or shed, of which there are several in Castle Town, than choose to stand still, exposed and alone, to such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived she retreated on his approach, and at last, he thought, went into the Castle, though the gates

and then looked inquisitively at Julian once more, if to say, 'Goes he with you?' Peveril shook his head, and, somewhat wearied by these interruptions, smiled, and made an effort to pass. But frowned, struck the end of her ebony rod perpendicularly on the ground, and again shook her head, opposing his departure. But finding that Julian severed in his purpose, she suddenly assumed another and a milder mood, held him by the sleeve of his cloak with one hand, and raised the other in imploring attitude, whilst every feature of her face were shot. This obliging him to think he had seen a specter, he home very much terrified; but, as he next day, ventured to some people who lived in the Castle, and as near as he could, the size and stature of the apparition, told him it was that of the woman above mentioned, who had been frequently seen by the soldiers on guard, to pass a night of the night, as well as to walk through the rooms, though he was no public means to enter. Through so many instances of no person has yet, however, had the courage to speak as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind and nature, and to do so in a proper manner, the reason of which is permitted to wander is unknown.

Another story of the like nature I have heard concerning an apparition, which has frequently been seen on a wild mountain near Kirk Jarmyn mountains, which, they say, assumes the form of a wolf, and fills the air with most terrible howlings. I have run on so far in the account of supernatural appearances, I do not forget what was told me by an English gentleman, a particular friend. He was about passing over Dartmoor, for it was broken down, but the tide being high, he was to take the river, having an excellent horse, which he was accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of the river, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony, I will not say of the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The music was audible of the harmony than himself, and he was so sensible to receive all the time it lasted, which, he estimated, was less than three-quarters of an hour, according to his own calculation he could make, when he arrived at the other side of the journey, and found how long he had been gone, he before laughed at all the stories of d'off fairs, and now, he was as much as ever a Mankin of his kind. As he was in the grass, and the impression of small bones in the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them before, once, thought I heard a whistle, as though an invisible body that could make it was near me. For my part, I pretend to determine if such appearances have any other effect than the imagination; but as I had much more to say, I will not leave the point to be discussed by those who have more to say, and only say, that whatever be the cause of some accounts of this kind, there are others, and of more numerous, which merit only to be laughed at, as they are at all consonant to reason, or the idea religion gives of the soul, and, to suppose, spirits, so eminent in wisdom as to leave, as to be exceeded by nothing. But then, I have seen the earth for such trifling purposes, as to see a person in a room, and a thousand other as ridiculous and mentioned in those voluminous treatises of apparitions.

The natives of this island tell you also, that before sunrise, the procession of the funeral is acted by a sort of vision, which is not visible by the naked eye, but is visible to those who have offered to make oath, that as they have seen it, so they have seen the bodies of the dead, and as they have seen the bodies of the dead, one of these funerals has come behind them, and was in the air on their shoulders, as though to assist the labour of the person, who assured me he had been served so, told me that the flesh of his shoulder had been very much bruised, and said for many weeks after. There are few or none of them who pretend not to have seen or heard these imaginary objects, but do who accompany the corpse of a dead friend, which they differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till they are in and mourners are seen to vanish at the church door. They say they take to be a sort of friendly demons, and their business is to warn people of what is to befall them. They say, if they give notice of any stranger's approach, by the images of houses at the gate of the house where they are to arrive, but I found it to be more difficult to give any faith to them, frequently being very much surprised, when, on various occasions, I have found the table ready spread, and every thing in order, and yet no person was to be seen, but I have seen them, and had knowledge of my coming, or some other guest, by the same natural intelligences; nay, when obliged to be absent some time from home, my own servants have assured me they were not of these means of my return, and expected me the very next day, though perhaps it was some days before I hoped myself at home, or going abroad. That this is a fact, I am positively assured by many proofs. But how or wherefore it should be so, has frequently given me much matter of reflection, and I am in the same uncertainty as before. Here, therefore, I will quit the subject, and proceed to things much easier to be accounted for.

WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731, p. 21. This long dissertation is extremely curious, as containing many frequently collected both in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, and which have employed the attention of Mr. Crawford, and of the author of the *Fairy Mythology*. The several names in every respect so like each other, that they may be referred to one common source; and we may conclude that they are natural to the human mind, and, like the common order of the fables, which naturally spring up in every climate, these are really true in every bosom: as the best philologists, and some of the fragments of an original speech are to be discovered in most all languages in the globe.

ance was composed into the like expression of emotion; and the fire of her large dark eyes appeared in general so keen and piercing as to over-animate the little sphere to which they seemed quenched, for the moment, the drops which hung on her long eyelashes, out falling.

Peveril was far from being void of sympathy towards the poor girl, whose motives in opposing her departure appeared to be her affectionate solicitation for her mistress's safety. He endeavored to reassure her by smiles, and, at the same time, such signs as he could devise, to intimate that there was no danger, and that he would return to her grasp, and in passing her on the stairs, to descend the steps as speedily as he could in order to avoid farther importunity.

With activity much greater than his, the dumb hastened to intercept him, and succeeded by seizing herself, at the imminent risk of life and second time into the pass which he was designed, so as to interrupt his purpose. In order to this, she was obliged to let herself drop a considerable height from the wall of a small flanking where two patercores were placed to scour the place, in case any enemy could have mounted so high. Julian had scarce time to shudder at her peril, when he beheld her about to spring from the precipice, like a thing of gossamer, she stood unimpaired on the rocky platform below. Aware, by the gravity of his look and gesture, to make her understand how much he blamed her; but the reproof, though obviously quite useless, was entirely thrown away. A hasty hand intimated how she contemned the reproof, and the remonstrance; while at the same time she instantly resumed, with more eagerness than before, the earnest and impressive gestures by which she endeavored to detain him in the fortress. He was somewhat staggered by her pertinacity. "Impossible," he thought, "that any danger can befall the Countess, of which this poor maiden's extreme acuteness of her observation, and knowledge which has escaped others?"

He smiled to Fenella hastily to give him the end of the pencil which she usually carried with her, and wrote on them the question, "Is there any danger to your mistress, that you thus stop me?" The Countess, "was the instantly written down; "but there is much of your own purpose."

"What?—what know you of my purpose?" Julian, forgetting, in his surprise, that the party present, had neither ear to comprehend, nor reply, to uttered language. She had regained her look in the meantime, and sketched, with pencil, on one of the leaves, a scene which he showed to Julian. To his infinite surprise he saw Goddard Crovan's stone, a remarkable monument, of which she had given the outline with accuracy; together with a male and female figure, though only indicated by a few slight strokes of the pencil. Bore yet, he thought, some reason to himself and Alice Bridgenorth.

He had gazed on the sketch for an instant, when, Fenella took the book from his hand, and finger upon the drawing, and slowly and shook her head, with a frown which seemed to indicate that the meeting which was there represented, however, though disconcerted, was in no way disposed to submit to the authority of his sketch. By whatever means she, who so seldom from the Countess's apartment, had become acquainted with a secret which he thought entirely safe, he esteemed it the more necessary to keep the intended rendezvous, that he might learn from possible, how the secret had transpired. He formed the intention of seeking out Bridgenorth, entertaining an idea that a person so reasonable as he had shown himself in their late interview, might be persuaded, when he understood the Countess was aware of his intrigues, to put to her danger and his own, by withdrawing

from the island. And could he succeed in this point, he should at once, he thought, render a material benefit to the father of his beloved Alice—remove the Earl from his state of anxiety—save the Countess from a second time putting her feudal jurisdiction in opposition to that of the Crown of England—and secure quiet possession of the island to her and her family.

With this scheme of mediation in his mind, Peveril determined to rid himself of the opposition of Fenella to his departure, with less ceremony than he had hitherto observed towards her; and suddenly lifting up the damsel in his arms before she was aware of his purpose, he turned about, set her down on the steps above him, and began to descend the pass himself as speedily as possible. It was then that the dumb maiden gave full course to the vehemence of her disposition; and clapping her hands repeatedly, expressed her displeasure in a sound, or rather a shriek, so extremely dissonant, that it resembled more the cry of a wild creature, than any thing which could have been uttered by female organs. Peveril was so astounded at the scream as it rung through the living rocks, that he could not help stopping and looking back in alarm, to satisfy himself that she had not sustained some injury. He saw her, however, perfectly safe, though her face seemed inflamed and distorted with passion. She stamped at him with her foot, shook her clenched hand, and turning her back upon him, without farther adieu, ran up the rude steps as lightly as a kid could have tripped up that rugged ascent, and paused for a moment at the summit of the first flight.

Julian could feel nothing but wonder and compassion for the impotent passion of a being so unfortunately circumstanced, cut off, as it were, from the rest of mankind, and incapable of receiving in childhood that moral discipline which teaches us mastery of our wayward passions, ere yet they have attained their meridian strength and violence. He waved his hand to her, in token of amicable farewell; but she only replied by once more menacing him with her little hand clenched; and then ascending the rocky staircase with almost preternatural speed, was soon out of sight.

Julian, on his part, gave no farther consideration to her conduct or its motives, but hastening to the village on the mainland, where the stables of the Castle were situated, he again took his palfrey from the stall, and was soon mounted and on his way to the appointed place of rendezvous, much marvelling, as he ambled forward with speed far greater than was promised by the diminutive size of the animal he was mounted on, what could have happened to produce so great a change in Alice's conduct towards him, that in place of enjoining his absence as usual, or recommending his departure from the island, she should now voluntarily invite him to a meeting. Under impression of the various doubts which succeeded each other in his imagination, he sometimes pressed Fairy's sides with his legs; sometimes laid his holly rod lightly on her neck; sometimes incited her by his voice, for the mettled animal needed neither whip nor spur, and achieved the distance betwixt the Castle of Holm-Peel and the stone at Goddard Crovan, at the rate of twelve miles within the hour.

The monumental stone, designed to commemorate some feat of an ancient King of Man, which had been long forgotten, was erected on the side of a narrow lonely valley, or rather glen, secluded from observation by the steepness of its banks, upon a projection of which stood the tall, shapeless, solitary rock, frowning like a shrouded giant, over the brawling of the small rivulet which watered the ravine.

CHAPTER XVII.

*This a love-meeting! See the maiden mourn,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There's more bath pass'd between them than halcyon,
To Love's sweet sorrows. Old Play.*

As he approached the monument of Goddard Crovan, Julian cast many an anxious glance to see

whether any object visible beside the huge grey stone should apprise him, whether he was anticipated, at the appointed place of rendezvous, by her who had named it. Nor was it long before the flutter of a mantle, which the breeze slightly waved, and the motion necessary to replace it upon the wearer's shoulders, made him aware that Alice had already reached their place of meeting. One instant set the palfrey at liberty, with slackened girths and loosened reins, to pick its own way through the dell at will; another placed Julian Peveril by the side of Alice Bridgenorth.

That Alice should extend her hand to her lover, as with the ardour of a young greyhound he bounded over the obstacles of the rugged path, was as natural as that Julian, seizing on the hand so kindly stretched out, should devour it with kisses, and, for a moment or two, without reprehension; while the other hand, which should have aided in the liberation of its fellow, served to hide the blushes of the fair owner. But Alice, young as she was, and attached to Julian by such long habits of kindly intimacy, still knew well how to subdue the tendency of her own treacherous affections.

"This is not right," she said, extricating her hand from Julian's grasp, "this is not right, Julian. If I have been too rash in admitting such a meeting as the present, it is not you that should make me sensible of my folly."

Julian Peveril's mind had been early illumined with that touch of romantic fire which deprives passion of selfishness, and confers on it the high and refined tone of generous and disinterested devotion. He let go the hand of Alice with as much respect as he could have paid to that of a princess; and when she seated herself upon a rocky fragment, over which nature had stretched a cushion of moss and lichen, interspersed with wild flowers, backed with a bush of copsewood, he took his place beside her, indeed, but at such distance as to intimate the duty of an attendant, who was there only to hear and to obey. Alice Bridgenorth became more assured as she observed the power which she possessed over her lover; and the self-command which Peveril exhibited, which other damsels in her situation might have judged inconsistent with intensity of passion, she appreciated more justly, as a proof of his respectful and disinterested sincerity. She recovered, in addressing him, the tone of confidence which rather belonged to the scenes of their early acquaintance, than to those which had passed betwixt them since Peveril had disclosed his affection, and thereby had brought restraint upon their intercourse.

"Julian," she said, "your visit of yesterday—your most ill-timed visit, has distressed me much. It has misled my father—it has endangered you. At all risks, I resolved that you should know this, and blame me not if I have taken a bold and imprudent step in desiring this solitary interview, since you are aware how little poor Deborah is to be trusted."

"Can you fear misconception from me, Alice?" replied Peveril, warmly; "from me, whom you have thus highly favoured—thus deeply obliged?"

"Cease your protestations, Julian," answered the maiden, "they do but make me the more sensible that I have acted over boldly. But I did for the best—I could not see you whom I have known so long—you, who say you regard me with partiality."

"Say that I regard you with partiality!" interrupted Peveril in his turn. "Ah, Alice, what a cold and doubtful phrase you have used to express the most devoted, the most sincere affection!"

"Well, then," said Alice, sadly, "we will not quarrel about words; but do not again interrupt me. I could not, I say, see you, who, I believe, regard me with sincere though vain and fruitless attachment, rush blindfold into a snare, deceived and seduced by those very feelings towards me."

"I understand you not, Alice," said Peveril; "nor can I see any danger to which I am at present exposed. The sentiments which your father has expressed towards me, are of a nature irreconcilable with hostile purposes. If he is not offended with the

bold wishes I may have formed, and his whole behaviour shows the contrary, I know not a man on earth from whom I have less cause to apprehend danger or ill-will."

"My father," said Alice, "means well by his country, and well by you; yet I sometimes fear he may rather injure than serve his good cause; he still more do I dread, that in attempting to assist you as an auxiliary, he may forget those ties which ought to bind you, and I am sure which will bind you, to a different line of conduct from his own."

"You lead me into still deeper darkness," answered Peveril. "That your father's special views of politics differs widely from mine, I know; but how many instances have occurred, even in the bloody scenes of civil warfare, of good and worthy men laying the prejudice of party aside, and regarding each other with respect, even with friendly attachment, without being guided by principle on either side?"

"It may be so," said Alice; "but such is not the league which my father desires to form with you, and that to which he hopes your misplaced partiality towards his daughter may afford a motive for forming with him."

"And what is it," said Peveril, "which I must refuse, with such a prospect before me?"

"Treachery and dishonour!" replied Alice; "never would render you unworthy of the name at which you aim—ay, were it more wretched, I confess it to be."

"Would your father," said Peveril, unwillingly received the impression which he designed to convey,—"would he, whose views are so strict and severe—would he wish to see me in aught, to which such harsh epithets as treachery and dishonour can be applied with the least shadow of truth?"

"Do not mistake me, Julian," replied the maid; "my father is incapable of requiring anything that is not to his thinking just and honourable; nay, he conceives that he only claims from you a debt, which is due as a creature to the Creator, as a man to your fellow-men."

"So guarded, where can be the danger of intercourse?" replied Julian. "If he be resolved to require, and I determined to accede to, what save what flows from conviction, what have I to fear, Alice? And how is my intercourse with my father dangerous? Believe not so; his speech has already made impression on me in some particulars, and he listened with candour and patience to objections which I made occasionally. You delect him with the unreasonable bigots in policy and religion, who can listen to no argument but in favour of their own prepossessions."

"Julian," replied Alice, "it is you who misapprehend my father's powers, and his purpose with regard to you, and who overrate your own powers of resistance. I am but a girl, but I have been taught in circumstances to think for myself, and to consider the character of those who are around me. My father's views in ecclesiastical and civil policy are as dear to him as the life which he cherishes to advance them. They have been, with little exception, his companions through life. They brought him at one period into prosperity, and when he suited not the times, he suffered for having heeded them. They have become not only a part, but the very dearest part, of his existence. If he allows them not to you at first, in the inflexible strength which they have acquired over his mind, do not believe that they are the less powerful. He who desires to make converts must begin by deceiving. But that he should sacrifice to an inexperienced young man, whose ruling motive he will term a childish passion, any part of those treasured principles which he has maintained through good and bad repute—O, do not dream of such an impossibility! If you meet at all, you must be the seal—the seal—you must receive—he must bestow an absolute impression."

"That," said Peveril, "were unreasonable!"

I frankly avow to you, Alice, that I am not a bigot to the opinions entertained by my father, much as I respect his person. I could wish our Cavaliers, or whatsoever they are pleased to call themselves, would have some more charity towards those who differ from them in Church and state. But to hope that I would surrender the principles in which I have lived, were to suppose me capable of deserting my benefactress, and breaking the hearts of my parents."

"Even so I judged of you," answered Alice; and, therefore, I asked this interview, to conjure at you will break off all intercourse with our family—return to your parents—or, what will be much safer, visit the continent once more, and abide I God, sends better days to England, for these are sick with many a storm."

"And can you bid me go, Alice," said the young man, taking her unresisting hand; "can you bid me go, and yet own an interest in my fate?—Can you bid me, for fear of dangers, which, as a man, as gentleman, and a loyal one, I am bound to show my face to, meanly abandon my parents, my friends, my country—suffer the existence of evils which I might aid to prevent, forego the prospect of doing a little good as might be in my power—fall from active and honourable station, into the condition of fugitive and time-server—Can you bid me do all this, Alice? Can you bid me do all this, and, in the same breath, bid farewell for ever to you and happiness?—It is impossible—I cannot surrender at once my love and my honour."

"There is no remedy," said Alice, but she could not suppress a sigh while she said so—"there is no remedy—none whatever. What we might have been each other, placed in more favourable circumstances, it avails not to think of now; and, circumstances as we are, with open war about to break out between our parents and friends, we can be but well-wishers—cold and distant well-wishers, who must part on this spot, and at this hour, never to meet again."

"No, by Heaven!" said Peveril, animated at the mere time by his own feelings, and by the sight of the emotions which his companion in vain endeavoured to suppress—"No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, "we part not—Alice, we part not. If I leave my native land, you shall be my companion my exile. What have you to lose?—Whom have you to abandon?—Your father?—The good old cause, it is termed, is dearer to him than a thousand daughters; and setting him aside, what tie is there between you and this barren isle—between my Alice and any spot of the British dominions, where her father does not sit by her?"

"Oh, Julian," answered the maiden, "why make me duty more painful by visionary projects, which I ought not to name, or I to listen to?—Your parents—my father—it cannot be!"

"Fear not for my parents, Alice," replied Julian, drawing close to his companion's side, he ventured to throw his arm around her; "they love me, and they will soon learn to love, in Alice, the only man on earth who could have rendered their son happy. And for your own father, when State and Church intrigues allow him to bestow a thought upon you, will he not think that your happiness, your purity, is better cared for when you are my wife, than were you to continue under the mercenary influence of yonder foolish woman? What could he desire better for you, than the establishment which will one day be mine? Come then, Alice, since you condemn me to banishment—since I deny me a share in those stirring achievements which are about to agitate England—come! do you, if you only can, do you reconcile me to exile and iniquity, and give happiness to one, who, for your sake, is willing to resign honour!"

"It cannot—it cannot be," said Alice, faltering as she uttered her negative. "And yet," she said, "how many in my place—left alone and unprotected, I am—But I must not—I must not—for your sake, Julian, I must not!"

"Say not for my sake you must not, Alice," said

Peveril, eagerly; "this is adding insult to cruelty. If you will do aught for my sake, you will say yes; or you will suffer this dear head to drop on my shoulder—the slightest sign—the moving of an eyelid, shall signify consent. All shall be prepared within an hour; within another, the priest shall unite us; and within a third, we leave the isle behind us, and seek our fortunes on the continent." But while he spoke, in joyful anticipation of the consent which he implored, Alice found means to collect together her resolution, which, staggered by the eagerness of her lover, the impulse of her own affections, and the singularity of her situation,—seeming, in her case, to justify what would have been most blameable in another,—had more than half abandoned her.

The result of a moment's deliberation was fatal to Julian's proposal. She extricated herself from the arm which had pressed her to his side—arose, and repelling his attempts to approach or detain her, said, with a simplicity not unmingled with dignity, "Julian, I always knew I risked much in inviting you to this meeting; but I did not guess that I could have been so cruel both to you and to myself, as to suffer you to discover what you have to-day seen too plainly—that I love you better than you love me. But since you do know it, I will show you that Alice's love is disinterested—She will not bring an ignoble name into your ancient house. If hereafter, in your line, there should arise some who may think the claims of the hierarchy too exorbitant, the powers of the crown too extensive, men shall not say these ideas were derived from Alice Bridgenorth, their whig grand-dame."

"Can you speak thus, Alice?" said her lover. "Can you use such expressions? and are you not sensible that they show plainly it is your own pride, not regard for me, that makes you resist the happiness of both?"

"Not so, Julian; not so," answered Alice, with tears in her eyes; "it is the command of duty to us both—of duty, which we cannot transgress, without risking our happiness here and hereafter. Think what I, the cause of all, should feel, when your father frowns, your mother weeps, your noble friends stand aloof, and you, even you yourself, shall have made the painful discovery, that you have incurred the contempt and resentment of all to satisfy a boyish passion; and that the poor beauty, once sufficient to mislead you, is gradually declining under the influence of grief and vexation! This I will not risk. I see distinctly it is best we should here break off and part; and I thank God, who gives me light enough to perceive, and strength enough to withstand, your folly as well as my own. Farewell, then, Julian; but first take the solemn advice which I called you hither to impart to you:—Shun my father—you cannot walk in his paths, and be true to gratitude and to honour. What he doth from pure and honourable motives, you cannot aid him in, except upon the suggestion of a silly and interested passion, at variance with all the engagements you have formed at coming into life."

"Once more, Alice," answered Julian, "I understand you not. If a course of action is good, it needs no vindication from the actor's motives—if bad, it can derive none."

"You cannot blind me with your sophistry, Julian," replied Alice Bridgenorth, "any more than you can overpower me with your passion. Had the patriarch destined his son to death upon any less ground than faith and humble obedience to a divine commandment, he had meditated a murder and not a sacrifice. In our late bloody and lamentable wars, how many drew swords on either side from the purest and most honourable motives? How many from the culpable suggestions of ambition, self-seeking, and love of plunder? Yet while they marched in the same ranks, and spurred their horses at the same trumpet-sound, the memory of the former is dear to us as patriots or loyalists—that of those who acted on mean or unworthy promptings, is either execrated or forgotten. Once more, I warn you, avoid my father—leave this island, which will be

soon agitated by strange incidents—while you stay, be on your guard—distrust every thing—be jealous of every one, even of those to whom it may seem almost impossible, from circumstances, to attach a shadow of suspicion—trust not the very stones of the most secret apartment in Holm-Peel, for that which hath wings shall carry the matter.”

Here Alice broke off suddenly, and with a faint shriek; for, stepping from behind the stunted copse which had concealed him, her father stood unexpectedly before them.

The reader cannot have forgotten that this was the second time in which the stolen interviews of the lovers had been interrupted by the unexpected apparition of Major Bridgenorth. On this second occasion his countenance exhibited anger mixed with solemnity, like that of the spirit to a ghost-seer, whom he upbraids with having neglected a charge imposed at their first meeting. Even his anger, however, produced no more violent emotion than a cold sternness of manner in his speech and action.

“I thank you, Alice,” he said to his daughter, “for the pains you have taken to traverse my designs towards this young man, and towards yourself. I thank you for the hints you have thrown out before my appearance, the suddenness of which alone has prevented you from carrying your confidence to a pitch which would have placed my life and that of others at the discretion of a boy, who, when the cause of God and his country is laid before him, has not leisure to think of them, so much is he occupied with such a baby-face as thine.” Alice, pale as death, continued motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground, without attempting the slightest reply to the ironical reproaches of her father.

“And you,” continued Major Bridgenorth, turning to his daughter to her lover, “you, sir, have well repaid the liberal confidence which I placed in you with so little reserve. You I have to thank also for some lessons, which may teach me to rest satisfied with the churl’s blood which nature has poured into my veins, and with the rude nurture which my father allotted to me.”

“I understand you not, sir,” replied Julian Peveril, who, feeling the necessity of saying something, could not, at the moment, find any thing more fitting to say.

“Yea, sir, I thank you,” said Major Bridgenorth, in the same cold sarcastic tone, “for having shown me, that breach of hospitality, infringement of good faith, and such like peccadilloes, are not utterly foreign to the mind and conduct of the heir of a knightly house of twenty descents. It is a great lesson to me, sir; for hitherto I had thought with the vulgar, that gentle manners went with gentle blood. But perhaps courtesy is too chivalrous a quality to be wasted in intercourse with a round-headed fanatic like myself.”

“Major Bridgenorth,” said Julian, “whatever has happened in this interview which may have displeased you, has been the result of feelings suddenly and strongly animated by the crisis of the moment—nothing was premeditated.”

“Not even your meeting, I suppose?” replied Bridgenorth, in the same cold tone. “You, sir, wandered hither from Holm-Peel—my daughter strolled forth from the Black Fort; and chance, doubtless, assigned you a meeting by the stone of Goddard Crovan?—Young man, disgrace yourself by no more apologies—they are worse than useless. And you, maiden, who, in your fear of losing your lover, could verge on betraying what might have cost a father his life—begone to your home. I will talk with you at more leisure, and teach you practically those duties which you seem to have forgotten.”

“On my honour, sir,” said Julian, “your daughter is guiltless of all that can offend you; she resisted every offer which the headstrong violence of my passion urged me to press upon her.”

“And, in brief,” said Bridgenorth, “I am not to believe that you have met in this remote place of rendezvous by Alice’s special appointment?”

Peveril knew not what to reply, and Bridgenorth again signed with his hand to his daughter to withdraw.

“I obey you, father,” said Alice, who had by this time recovered from the extremity of her surprise. “I obey you; but Heaven is my witness that you do me more than injustice in suspecting me capable of betraying your secrets, even had it been necessary to save my own life or that of Julian. That you are walking in a dangerous path I well know; but I do it with your eyes open, and are actuated by motives of which you can estimate the worth as well as my sole wish was, that this young man should enter blindfold on the same perils; and I had no wish to warn him, since the feelings by which he is actuated had a direct reference to me.”

“Tis well, minion,” said Bridgenorth, “you have spoken your say. Retire, and let me complete the conference which you have so considerably commenced.”

“I go, sir,” said Alice. “Julian, to you my words are, and I would speak them with my last breath—Farewell, and caution!”

She turned from them, disappeared among the underwood, and was seen no more.

“A true specimen of womankind,” said her father, looking after her, “who would give the ear of nations up, rather than endanger a hair of her lover’s head.—You, Master Peveril, doubtless are of her opinion, that the best love is a safe love.”

“Were danger alone in my way,” said Peveril, much surprised at the softened tone in which Bridgenorth made this observation, “there are many things which I would not face to—to—deserve your opinion.”

“Or rather to win my daughter’s love,” said Bridgenorth. “Well, young man, one cannot be pleased me in your conduct, though of much less my reasons to complain—one thing has pleased me. You have surmounted that bounding wall of aristocratic pride, in which your father, and his fathers, remained imprisoned, as in the prison of a feudal fortress—you have leaped over the barrier, and shown yourself not unwilling to ally yourself with a family, whom your father spurns as born and ignoble.”

However favourable this speech sounded to Peveril in his suit, it so broadly stated the consequences of that success so far as his parents were concerned, that Julian felt it in the last degree difficult to reply. At length, perceiving that Bridgenorth seemed resolved quietly to await an answer, he mustered up courage to say, “The feelings which I entertain towards your daughter, Major Bridgenorth, are of a nature to supersede all other considerations, to which, in any other case, I should feel it my duty to give the most respectful attention. I will not disguise from you, that my father’s prejudices against such a match would be very strong; but I devoutly believe they will disappear when he came to know the merit of his daughter, and to be sensible that she only could make his son happy.”

“In the meanwhile, you are desirous to compel the union which you propose without the knowledge of your parents, and take the chance of their hereafter reconciled to it? So I understand from the proposal which you made but lately to my daughter.”

The turns of human nature, and of human passion, are so irregular and uncertain, that although Julian had but a few minutes before urged to Alice a premature marriage, and an elopement to the continent, as measures upon which the whole happiness of his life depended, the proposal seemed not to him half so delightful when stated by the calm, cold, dictatorial accents of her father. It sounded no longer like the impulses of ardent passion, throwing all other considerations aside, but as a distinct surrender of the dignity of his house to one who seemed to consider their relative situation as the triumph of Bridgenorth over Peveril. He was mute for a moment at the vain attempt to shape his answer so as to avoid to intimate acquiescence in what Bridgenorth stated, and a vindication of his own regard for his parents and for the honour of his house.

This delay gave rise to suspicion, and Brid-

orth's eye gleamed, and his lip quivered, while he gave vent to it. "Hark ye, young man—deal openly with me in this matter, if you would not have me think you the execrable villain who would have seduced an unhappy girl under promises which he never designed to fulfil. Let me but suspect this, and you shall see, on the spot, how far your pride and your pedigree will preserve you against the just vengeance of a father."

"You do me wrong," said Peveril—"you do me infinite wrong, Major Bridgenorth. I am incapable of the infamy which you allude to. The proposal made to your daughter was as sincere as ever was offered by man to woman. I only hesitated, because you think it necessary to examine me so very closely; and to possess yourself of all my purposes and sentiments, in their fullest extent, without explaining to me the tendency of your own."

"Your proposal, then, shapes itself thus," said Bridgenorth—"You are willing to lead my only child into exile from her native country, to give her a claim to kindness and protection from your family, which you know will be disregarded, on condition consent to bestow her hand on you, with a fortune sufficient to have matched that of your ancestors, when they had most reason to boast of their wealth. This, young man, seems no equal bargain. And yet," he continued, after a momentary pause, "so little do I value the goods of this world, that it might not be utterly beyond thy power to reconcile me to a match which you have proposed to me, however unequal it may appear."

"Show me but the means which can propitiate your favour, Major Bridgenorth," said Peveril,—"for will not doubt that they will be consistent with my honour and duty,—and you shall soon see how eagerly I will obey your directions, or submit to your conditions."

"They are summed in few words," answered Bridgenorth. "Be an honest man, and the friend of our country."

"No one has ever doubted," replied Peveril, "that I am both."

"Pardon me," replied the Major; "No one has as yet seen you show yourself either. Interrupt me not—I question not your will to be both; but you have hitherto neither had the light nor the opportunity necessary for the display of your principles, or the service of your country. You have lived when an apathy of mind, succeding to the agitations of the Civil War, had made men indifferent to state affairs, and more willing to cultivate their own ease, than to stand in the gap when the Lord was pleading with Israel. But we are Englishmen; and with us such unnatural lethargy cannot continue long. Already, many of those who most desired the return of Charles Stewart, regard him as a King whom Heaven, importuned by our entreaties, gave to us in His anger. His unlimited license—an example so readily followed by the young and the gay around him—has disgusted the minds of all sober and thinking men. I find not now held conference with you in this intimate fashion, were I not aware that you, Master Julian, were free from such stain of the times. Heaven, that rendered the King's course of license fruitful, has denied issue to his bed of wedlock; and in the gloomy and stern character of his bigoted successor, we already see what sort of monarch shall succeed to the crown of England. This is a critical period, at which it necessarily becomes the duty of all men to step forward, each in his degree, and aid in rescuing the country which gave us birth." Peveril remembered the warning which he had received from Alice, and bent his eyes on the ground, without returning any reply. "How is it, young man," continued Bridgenorth, after a pause—"so young as thou art, and bound by no ties of kindred profligacy with the enemies of your country, you can be already hardened to the claims she may form on you at this crisis?"

"It were easy to answer you generally, Major Bridgenorth," replied Peveril—"It were easy to say that my country cannot make a claim on me which I will not promptly answer at the risk of lands and

life. But in dealing thus generally, we should but deceive each other. What is the nature of this call? By whom is it to be sounded? And what are to be the results? For I think you have already seen enough of the evils of civil war, to be wary of again awakening its terrors in a peaceful and happy country."

"They that are drenched with poisonous narcotics," said the Major, "must be awakened by their physicians, though it were with the sound of the trumpet. Better that men should die bravely, with their arms in their hands, like free-born Englishmen, than that they should slide into the bloodless but dishonoured grave which slavery opens for its vassals—But it is not of war that I was about to speak," he added, assuming a milder tone. "The evils of which England now complains, are such as can be remedied by the wholesome administration of her own laws, even in the state in which they are still suffered to exist. Have these laws not a right to the support of every individual who lives under them? Have they not a right to yours?"

As he seemed to pause for an answer, Peveril replied, "I have to learn, Major Bridgenorth, how the laws of England have become so far weakened as to require such support as mine. When that is made plain to me, no man will more willingly discharge the duty of a faithful liegeman to the law as well as the King. But the laws of England are under the guardianship of upright and learned judges, and of a gracious monarch."

"And of a House of Commons," interrupted Bridgenorth, "no longer doting upon restored monarchy, but awakened, as with a peal of thunder, to the perilous state of our religion, and of our freedom. I appeal to your own conscience, Julian Peveril, whether this awakening hath not been in time, since you yourself know, and none better than you, the secret but rapid strides which Rome has made to erect her Dagon of idolatry within our Protestant land."

Here Julian seeing, or thinking he saw, the drift of Bridgenorth's suspicions, hastened to exculpate himself from the thought of favouring the Roman Catholic religion. "It is true," he said, "I have been educated in a family where that faith is professed by one honoured individual, and that I have since travelled in Popish countries; but even for these very reasons I have seen Popery too closely to be friendly to its tenets. The bigotry of the laymen—the persevering arts of the priesthood—the perpetual intrigue for the extension of the forms without the spirit of religion—the usurpation of that church over the consciences of men—and her impious pretensions to infallibility, are as inconsistent to my mind as they can seem to yours, with common sense, rational liberty, freedom of conscience, and pure religion."

"Spoken like the son of your excellent mother!" said Bridgenorth, grasping his hand; "for whose sake I have consented to endure so much from your house unrequited, even, when the means of requital were in my own hand."

"It was indeed from the instructions of that excellent parent," said Peveril, "that I was enabled, in my early youth, to resist and repel the insidious attacks made upon my religious faith by the Catholic priests into whose company I was necessarily thrown. Like her, I trust to live and die in the faith of the reformed Church of England."

"The Church of England!" said Bridgenorth, dropping his young friend's hand, but presently resuming it—"Alas! that church, as now constituted, usurps scarcely less than Rome herself upon men's consciences and liberties; yet, out of the weakness of this half-reformed church, may God be pleased to work out deliverance to England, and praise to Himself. I must not forget, that one whose services have been in the cause incalculable, wears the garb of an English priest, and hath had Episcopal ordination. It is not for us to challenge the instrument, so that our escape is achieved from the net of the fowler. Enough, that I find the pure doctrine lightened with the purer doctrine, though professed by a man the spark shall reach the rest in *eternity*, that I find thee willing to risk the rest

mony, to cry aloud and spare not, against the errors and arts of the Church of Rome. But remember, what thou hast now said, thou wilt soon be called upon to justify, in a manner the most solemn—the most awful."

"What I have said," replied Julian Peveril, "being the unbiassed sentiments of my heart, shall, upon no proper occasion, want the support of my open avowal; and I think it strange you should doubt me so far."

"I doubt thee not, my young friend," said Bridgenorth; "and I trust to see thy name rank high amongst those by whom the prey shall be rent from the mighty. At present, thy prejudices occupy thy mind like the strong keeper of the house mentioned in Scripture. But there shall come a stronger than he, and make forcible entry, displaying on the battlements that sign of faith in which alone there is found salvation.—Watch, hope, and pray, that the hour may come!"

There was a pause in the conversation, which was first broken by Peveril. "You have spoken to me in riddles, Major Bridgenorth; and I have asked you for no explanation. Listen to a caution on my part, given with the most sincere good-will. Take a hint from me, and believe it, though it is darkly expressed. You are here—at least are believed to be here—on an errand dangerous to the Lord of the Island. That danger will be retorted on yourself, if you make Man long your place of residence. Be warned, and depart in time."

"And leave my daughter to the guardianship of Julian Peveril? Runs not your counsel so, young man?" answered Bridgenorth. "Trust my safety, Julian, to my own prudence. I have been accustomed to guide myself through worse dangers than now environ me. But I thank you for your caution, which I am willing to believe was at least partly disinterested."

"We do not, then, part in anger?" said Peveril. "Not in anger, my son," said Bridgenorth, "but in love and strong affection. For my daughter, thou must forbear every thought of seeing her, save through me. I accept not thy suit, neither do I reject it; only this I intimate to you, that he who would be my son, must first show himself the true and loving child of his oppressed and deluded country. Farewell! Do not answer me now; thou art yet in the gall of bitterness, and it may be that strife (which I desire not) should fall between us. Thou shalt hear of me sooner than thou thinkest for."

He shook Peveril heartily by the hand, and again bid him farewell, leaving him under the confused and mingled impression of pleasure, doubt, and wonder. Not a little surprised to find himself so far in the good graces of Alice's father, that his suit was even favoured with a sort of negative encouragement, he could not help suspecting, as well from the language of the daughter as of the father, that Bridgenorth was desirous, as the price of his favour, that he should adopt some line of conduct inconsistent with the principles in which he had been educated.

"You need not fear, Alice," he said in his heart; "not even your hand would I purchase by night which resembled unworthy or trickling compliance with tenets which my heart disowns; and well I know, were I mean enough to do so, even the authority of thy father were insufficient to compel thee to the ratification of so mean a bargain. But let me hope better things. Bridgenorth, though strong-minded and sagacious, is haunted by the fears of Popery, which are the buzzards of his sect. My residence in the family of the Countess of Derby is more than enough to inspire him with suspicions of my faith, from which, thank Heaven, I can vindicate myself with truth and a good conscience."

So thinking, he again adjusted the girths of his palfrey, replaced the bit which he had slipped out of its mouth, that it might feed at liberty, and mounting, pursued his way back to the Castle of Holm-Peel, where he could not help fearing that something extraordinary might have happened in his absence.

But the old pile soon rose before him, serene, and sternly still, amid the sleeping ocean. The banner, which indicated that the Lord of Man held residence

within its ruinous precincts, hung motionless by the ensign-staff. The sentinels walked to and fro at their posts, and hummed or whistled their tunes. Leaving his faithful companion, Fairy, in the village as before, Julian entered the Castle, and found all within in the same state of quietude and good order which external appearances had announced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Now ride me, rede me, brother dear,
Throughout Merry England,
Where will I find a messenger,
But wit us two to send.

Ballad of King James.

JULIAN's first rencounter, after re-entering the Castle, was with its young Lord, who received him with his usual kindness and lightness of heart.

"Thrice welcome, Sir Knight of Dames," said Earl; "here you rove gallantly, and at free will, through our dominions, fulfilling of appointments and achieving amorous adventures; while we are condemned to sit in our royal halls, as dull as immovable as if our Majesty was carved on the stern of some Manx smuggling dogger, and crowned the King Arthur of Ramsey."

"Nay, in that case you would take the blame," said Julian, "and so enjoy travel and adventure."

"Oh, but suppose me wind-bound, or detained in harbour by a revenue pink, or ashore, if we are and lying high and dry upon the sand. Imagine the royal image in the duldest of all predicaments; you have not equalled mine."

"I am happy to hear, at least, that you have no disagreeable employment," said Julian; "a morning's alarm has blown over, I suppose?"

"In faith it has, Julian; and our close eyes cannot find any cause for the apprehended invasion. That Bridgenorth is in the island seems certain; but private affairs of consequence are alleged as cause of his visit; and I am not desirous to have arrested unless I could prove some malice against him and his companions. In fact, it seems we had taken the alarm too soon. Myself speaks of consulting you on the subject, Julian; I will not anticipate her solemn communication. I will be partly apologetical, I suppose; for we begin to think our retreat rather unroyal, and that, being wicked, we have fled when no man pursued. This idea afflicts my mother, who, as a Queen-Dowager, a Queen-Regent, a heroine, and a woman in power, would be extremely mortified to think that her precipitate retreat hither had exposed her to the notice of the islanders; and she is disconcerted and out of humour accordingly. In the meanwhile, my amusement has been the grimaces and fantastic gestures of that ape Fenella, who is more out of humour, and more absurd, in consequence, than I ever saw her. Morris says, it is because you pushed her down stairs, Julian—how is that?"

"Nay, Morris has misreported me," answered Julian; "I did but lift her up stairs to be rid of her importunity; for she chose, in her way, to compass my going abroad in such an obstinate manner, that I had no other mode of getting rid of her."

"She must have supposed your departure at that moment so critical, was dangerous to the state of our garrison," answered the Earl; "it shows how dearly she esteems my mother's safety, how highly she rates your prowess.—But, thank Heaven, her sounds the dinner-bell. I would the philosophers who find a sin and waste of time in good cheer could devise us any pastime half so agreeable."

The meal which the young Earl had thus longed for, as a means of consuming a portion of the time which hung heavy on his hands, was soon over; and soon, at least, as the habitual and stately formality of the Countess's household permitted. She herself, accompanied by her gentlewoman and attendants, retired early after the tables were drawn; and the young gentlemen were left to their own company. Wine had, for the moment, no charms for either; for the Earl was out of spirits from ennui and impatience of his monotonous and solitary

course of life; and the events of the day had given Peveril too much matter for reflection, to permit his starting amusing or interesting topics of conversation. After having passed the flask in silence betwixt them once or twice, they withdrew each into a separate embrasure of the windows of the dining apartment, which, such was the extreme thickness of the wall, were deep enough to afford a solitary recess, separated, as it were, from the chamber itself. In one of these sat the Earl of Derby, busied in looking over some of the new publications which had been forwarded from London; and at intervals confessing how little power or interest these had for him, by yawning fearfully as he looked out on the solitary expanse of waters, which, save for the flight of a flock of sea-gulls, or of a solitary cormorant, offered so little of variety to engage his attention.

Peveril, on his part, held a pamphlet also in his hand, without giving, or affecting to give it, even his occasional attention. His whole soul turned upon the interview which he had had that day with Alice Bridgenorth, and with her father; while he in vain endeavoured to form any hypothesis which could explain to him why the daughter, to whom he had no reason to think himself indifferent, should have been so suddenly desirous of their eternal separation, while her father, whose opposition he so much dreaded, seemed to be at least tolerant of his addresses. He could only suppose, in explanation, that Major Bridgenorth had some plan in prospect, which it was in his own power to further or to impede; while, from the demeanour, and indeed the language, of Alice, he had but too much reason to apprehend that her father's favour could only be conciliated by something, on his own part, approaching to dereliction of principle. But by no conjecture which he could form, could he make the least guess concerning the nature of that compliance, of which Bridgenorth seemed desirous. He could not imagine, notwithstanding Alice had spoken of treachery, that her father would dare to propose to him uniting in any plan by which the safety of the Countess, or the security of her little kingdom of Man, was to be endangered. This carried such indelible disgrace in the front, that he could not suppose the scheme proposed to him by any who was not prepared to defend with his sword, upon the spot, so flagrant an insult offered to his honour. And such a proceeding was totally inconsistent with the conduct of Major Bridgenorth in every other respect, besides his being too calm and cold-blooded to permit of his putting a mortal affront upon the son of his old neighbour, to whose mother he confessed so much of obligation.

While Peveril in vain endeavoured to extract something like a probable theory out of the hints thrown out by the father and by the daughter—not without the additional and lover-like labour of endeavouring to reconcile his passion to his honour and conscience—he felt something gently pull him by the cloak. He unclasped his arms, which, in meditation, had been folded on his bosom; and withdrawing his eyes from the vacant prospect of sea-coast and sea which they perused, without much consciousness upon what they rested, he beheld beside him the little dumb maiden, the elfin Fenella. She was seated on a low cushion or stool, with which she had nestled close to Peveril's side, and had remained there for a short space of time, expecting, no doubt, he would become conscious of her presence; until, tired of remaining unnoticed, she at length solicited his attention in the manner which we have described. Startled out of his reverie by this intimation of her presence, he looked down, and could not, without interest, behold this singular and helpless being.

Her hair was unloosened, and streamed over her shoulders in such length, that much of it lay upon the ground, and in such quantity, that it formed a dark veil, or shadow, not only around her face, but over her whole slender and minute form. From the profusion of her tresses looked forth her small and dark, but well-formed features, together with the large and brilliant black eyes; and her whole countenance was composed into the imploring look of one who is doubtful of the reception she is about to

meet with from a valued friend, while she confesses a fault, pleads an apology, or solicits a reconciliation. In short, the whole face was so much alive with expression, that Julian, though her aspect was so familiar to him, could hardly persuade himself but that her countenance was entirely new. The wild, fantastic, elvish vivacity of the features, seemed totally vanished, and had given place to a sorrowful, tender, and pathetic cast of countenance, aided by the expression of the large dark eyes, which, as they were turned up towards Julian, glistened with moisture, that, nevertheless, did not overflow the eyelids.

Conceiving that her unwonted manner arose from a recollection of the dispute which had taken place betwixt them in the morning, Peveril was anxious to restore the little maiden's gaiety, by making her sensible that there dwelt on his mind no unpleasant recollection of their quarrel. He smiled kindly, and shook her hand in one of his; while, with the familiarity of one who had known her from childhood, he stroked down her long dark tresses with the other. She stooped her head, as if ashamed, and, at the same time, gratified with his caresses—and he was thus induced to continue them, until, under the veil of her rich and abundant locks, he suddenly felt his other hand which she still held fast in hers, slightly touched with her lips, and, at the same time, moistened with a tear.

At once, and for the first time in his life, the danger of being misinterpreted in his familiarity with a creature to whom the usual modes of explanation were a blank, occurred to Julian's mind; and, hastily withdrawing his hand, and changing his posture, he asked of her, by a sign which custom had rendered familiar, whether she brought any message to him from the Countess. In an instant Fenella's whole deportment was changed. She started up, and arranged herself in her seat with the rapidity of lightning; and, at the same moment, with one turn of her hand, braided her length of locks into a natural head-dress of the most beautiful kind. There was, indeed, when she looked up, a blush still visible on her dark features; but their melancholy and languid expression had given place to that of wild and restless vivacity, which was most common to them. Her eyes gleamed with more than their wonted fire, and her glances were more piercingly wild and unsettled than usual. To Julian's inquiry, she answered, by laying her hand on her heart—a motion by which she always indicated the Countess—and rising, and taking the direction of her apartment, she made a sign to Julian to follow her.

The distance was not great betwixt the dining apartment and that to which Peveril now followed his mute guide; yet, in going thither, he had time enough to suffer cruelly from the sudden suspicion, that this unhappy girl had misinterpreted the uniform kindness with which he had treated her, and hence come to regard him with feelings more tender than those which belong to friendship. The misery which such a passion was likely to occasion to a creature in her helpless situation, and actuated by such lively feelings, was great enough to make him refuse credit to the suspicion which pressed itself upon his mind; while, at the same time, he formed the internal resolution so to conduct himself towards Fenella, as to check such misplaced sentiments, if indeed she unhappily entertained them towards him.

When they reached the Countess's apartment, they found her with writing implements, and many sealed letters, before her. She received Julian with her usual kindness; and having caused him to be seated, beckoned to the mute to resume her needle. In an instant Fenella was seated at an embroidering-frame; where, but, for the movement of her dexterous fingers, she might have seemed a statue, so little did she move from her work either head or eye. As her infirmity rendered her presence no bar to the most confidential conversation, the Countess proceeded to address Peveril as if they had been literally alone together.

"Julian," she said, "I am not now about to complain to you of the sentiments and conduct of Derby. He is your friend—he is my son. He has kindness of heart and vivacity of talent; and yet!"

mony, to cry aloud and spare not, against the errors and arts of the Church of Rome. But remember, what thou hast now said, thou wilt soon be called upon to justify, in a manner the most solemn—the most awful."

"What I have said," replied Julian Peveril, "being the unbraced sentiments of my heart, shall, upon no proper occasion, want the support of my open avowal; and I think it strange you should doubt me so far.

"I doubt not, my young friend," said Bridgenorth; "and I trust to see thy name rank high amongst those by whom the prey shall be rent from the mighty. At present, thy prejudices occupy thy mind like the strong keeper of the house mentioned in Scripture. But there shall come a stronger than he, and his forcible entry, dis-playing on the battlements that of faith in which alone there is found sal-
vation. Watch, hope, and pray, that the hour may

There was a pause in the conversation was first broken by Percival. "You have me in riddles, Major Bradenorth; and you for no explanation. Listen to a part, given with the most sincere of a hint from me, and believe it, thus expressed. You are here—at least here—on an errand dangerous to the Island. That danger will be increased if you make Man long your arrival, and depart in time."

"And leave my daughter?" Julian Peveril? Run a man?" answered Bride Julian, to my own p tomed to guide mys now environ me, which I am willi diemterested.

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...the most unchristian belief.
"This is a singular Julian.
I am no bigot, cousin, though a Catholic,"
said Countess. "I have long feared that
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Count. I am not the suspicion of the En-

well-meant real ones have been renewed with
verts, would draw on the Duke of York conformed
double energy since the same event has doub-
the Catholic faith; and the Protestants. So far
the hate and jealousy of a Englishman, a
Duke is a better Catholic than an Englishman, a
that bigotry has involved him, as avarice, or
needy greed of a prodigal, has engaged his brother
too much reason to complain. But the gross, tho'
and palpable fabrications of conspiracy and murder
blood and fire—the imaginary armies—the intem-
massacres—form a collection of falsehoods, that
would have thought indigestible, even by the coar-
appetite of Parliament, and questioned by no one w-
but which are, nevertheless, received as truth by b-
House of Commons to escape the odious appellation of fri-
is desirous to escape the odious appellation of fri-

The reader cannot have forgotten that the Earl of Derby

- The first of the great house of Stanley;

the moment that shall restore me to the Black Fort, and its lovely valley. Let me hope that you will sometimes rest on the lonely exile, whom nothing could render such, but the command of honour and duty. Do not fear that I mean to involve you in a private correspondence, and let not your father fear it. I could not love you so much, but for the openness and candour of your nature; and I would not that you concealed from Major Bridgenorth one syllable of what I now avow. Respecting other matters, he himself cannot desire the welfare of our common country with more zeal than I do. Differences may occur concerning the mode in which that is to be obtained; but, in the principle, I am convinced there can be only one mind between us; nor can I refuse to listen to his experience and wisdom, even where they may ultimately fail to convince me. Farewell—Alice, farewell! Much might be added to that melancholy word, but nothing that could express the bitterness with which it is written. Yet I could transcribe it again and again, rather than conclude the last communication which I can have with you for some time. My sole comfort is, that my stay will scarce be so long as to permit you to forget one who never can forget you.

He held the paper in his hand for a minute after he had folded, but before he had sealed it, while he hurriedly debated in his own mind whether he had not expressed himself towards Major Bridgenorth in so conciliating a manner as might excite hopes of proselytism, which his conscience told him he could not realize with honour. Yet, on the other hand, he had no right, from what Bridgenorth had said, to conclude that their principles were diametrically irreconcilable; for though the son of a high Cavalier, and educated in the family of the Countess of Derby, he was himself, upon principle, an enemy of prerogative, and a friend to the liberty of the subject. And with such considerations he silenced all internal objections on the point of honour; although his conscience secretly whispered that these conciliatory expressions towards the father were chiefly dictated by the fear, that, during his absence, Major Bridgenorth might be tempted to change the residence of his daughter, and perhaps to convey her altogether out of his reach.

Having sealed his letter, Julian called his servant, and directed him to carry it, under cover of one addressed to Mrs. Debbitch, to a house in the town of Rushin, where packets and messages intended for the family at Black Fort were usually deposited; and for that purpose to take horse immediately. He thus got rid of an attendant, who might have been in some degree a spy on his motions. He then exchanged the dress he usually wore, for one more suited to travelling; and, having put a change or two of linen into a small cloak-bag, selected as arms a strong double-edged sword and an excellent pair of pistols, which last he carefully loaded with double bullets. Thus appointed, and with twenty pieces in his purse, and the bills we have mentioned secured in a private pocket-book, he was in readiness to depart as soon as he should receive the Countess's commands.

The buoyant spirit of youth and hope, which had, for a moment, been chilled by the painful and dubious circumstances in which he was placed, as well as the deprivation which he was about to undergo, now revived in full vigour. Fancy, turning from more painful anticipations, suggested to him that he was now entering upon life at a crisis when resolution and talents were almost certain to make the fortune of their possessor. How could he make a more honourable entry on the bustling scene, than sent by, and acting in behalf of, one of the noblest houses in England; and should he perform what his charge might render incumbent with the resolution and the prudence necessary to secure success, how many occurrences might take place to render his mediation necessary to Bridgenorth; and thus enable him, on the most equal and honourable terms, to establish a claim to his gratitude and to his daughter's hand.

Whilst he was dwelling on such pleasing, though imaginary prospects, he could not help exclaiming aloud—"Yea, Alice, I will win thee nobly!" The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when he heard

at the door of his apartment, which the new left ajar, a sound like a deep sigh, which instantly succeeded by a gentle tap—"Come," replied Julian, somewhat ashamed of his emotion, and not a little afraid that it had been up by some eavesdropper—"Come in," he repeated; but his command was not obeyed; on the contrary, the knock was repeated somewhat louder. He opened the door, and Fenella stood before him.

With eyes that seemed red with recent tears and with a look of the deepest dejection, the lady first touching her bosom, and beckoning with finger, made to him the usual sign that the Countess desired to see him—then turned, as if to usher in her apartment. As he followed her through the gloomy vaulted passages which afforded communication betwixt the various departments of the house he could not but observe that her usual light step exchanged for a tardy and mournful step, which accompanied with a low inarticulate moaning (if she was probably the less able to express, but she could not judge how far it was audible), and with wringing of the hands, and other marks of extreme affliction.

At this moment a thought came across Peveril's mind, which, in spite of his better reason, made him shudder involuntarily. As a Peakman, and a resident in the Isle of Man, he was well supplied with many a superstitious legend, and possessed with a belief, which attached to the powerful and of the Stanleys, for their peculiar demoniacal or female spirit, who was wont to shriek "bawling evil times;" and who was generally an omen and bemoaning herself before the death of a person of distinction belonging to the family. For some time Julian could scarce divest himself of the idea of the wailing, gibbering form, which glided before him with a lamp in her hand, was the genius of his mother's race come to announce to him a certain doom. It instantly occurred to him an analogous reflection, that if the suspicion which crossed his mind concerning Fenella was a proof of her ill-fated attachment to him, like that of a prophetic spirit to his family, could bode nothing but disaster, and lamentation, and woe.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let us
Give their broad beam to the buccan wind.
Like Iass that woe a lover.—*Anonymous.*

THE presence of the Countess dispelled the morbid feeling, which, for an instant, had crept on Julian's imagination, and compelled him to pay attention to the matters of ordinary life. "Read your credentials," she said, giving him a small packet carefully put up in a sealskin cover; "you had best not open them till you come to London. You are not surprised to find that there are one or two addressed to men of my own persuasion. Thank all our sakes, you will observe caution in delivery."

"I go your messenger, madam," said Peveril; "whatever you desire me to charge myself with, I undertake the care. Yet allow me to doubt what an intercourse with Catholics will at this moment ward the purposes of my mission."

"You have caught the general suspicion of the wicked sect already," said the Countess, "and are the fitter to go amongst Englishmen in their present mood. But, my cautious friend, the letters are so addressed, and the persons to whom they are so addressed so disguised, that you will no danger in conversing with them. Without aid, indeed, you will not be able to obtain the accurate information you go in search of. None can so exactly how the wind sets, as the pilot vessel is exposed to the storm. Besides, though Protestants deny our priesthood the harmlessness of the dove, you are ready enough to allow us a full of the wisdom of the serpent;—in plain terms, means of information are extensive, and they are deficient in the power of applying it. I therefore, if you have the benefit of their intelligence and vice, if possible."

Whatever you impose on me as a part of my madam, rely on its being discharged punctually," answered Peveril. "And now, as there is use in deferring the execution of a purpose once fixed, let me know your ladyship's wishes concerning my departure."

"I must be sudden and secret," said the Countess; "Island is full of spies; and I would not wish any of them should have notice that an envoyine was about to leave Man for London. Can you be ready to go on board to-morrow?"

"To-night—this instant, if you will," said Julian,—"little preparations are complete."

"Be ready, then, in your chamber, at two hours midnight. I will send one to summon you, for secret must be communicated, for the present, as few as possible. A foreign sloop is engaged to carry you over; then make the best of your way on board, by Martindale Castle or otherwise, as is most advisable. When it is necessary to announce your absence, I will say you are gone to your parents. But stay—your journey will be on back, of course, from Whitehaven. You have of exchange, it is true; but are you provided ready money to furnish yourself with a good?"

"I am sufficiently rich, madam," answered Julian; "good nags are plenty in Cumberland. There are some among them who know how to come by good and cheap."

"I must not to that," said the Countess. "Here is will purchase for you the best horse on the Border—Can you be simple enough to refuse it?" she said, as she pressed on him a heavy purse, which she herself obliged to accept.

"A good horse, Julian," continued the Countess, "a good sword, next to a good heart and head, are accomplishments of a cavalier."

"Lend your hands, then, madam," said Peveril, "humbly beg you to believe, that whatever may my present undertaking, my purpose to serve my noble kinswoman and benefactress, can at never swerve or falter."

"Now it, my, son, I know it; and may God bless me if my anxiety for your friend has sent you ragers which should have been his! Go—go—saints and angels bless you! Fenella shall tell him that you sup in your own apartment. I need will 1; for to-night I should be unable to my son's looks. Little will he thank me for telling you on his errand; and there will be many, whether it was like the Lady of Latham to her friend's son on the danger which should have been by her own. But O! Julian, I am now a widow, whom sorrow has made selfish!"

"Farewell! All blessings attend you, madam, and I will not to Derby, and make him my excuses. I expect a summons at two hours after midnight."

"I have taken an affectionate leave of each other; the affectionate, indeed, on the part of the Countess she could not entirely reconcile her generous to exposing Peveril to danger on her son's behalf; and Julian betook himself to his solitary chamber."

"A servant soon afterwards brought him wine and liniments; to which, notwithstanding the vapours he had to occupy his mind, he contrived reasonable justice. But when this needful occasion was finished, his thoughts began to stream on him like a troubled tide—at once recalling the past, and anticipating the future. It was in vain he wrapped himself in his riding cloak, and, down on his bed, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. The uncertainty of the prospect before him—the doubt how Bridgenorth might dispose of his daughter during his absence—the fear that the Countess might fall into the power of the vindictive Countess, besides a numerous train of vague half-formed apprehensions, agitated his blood, rendered slumber impossible. Alternately to

recline in the old oaken easy-chair, and listen to the dashing of the waves under the windows, mingled, as the sound was, with the scream of the sea-birds; or to traverse the apartment with long and slow steps, pausing occasionally to look out on the sea, slumbering under the influence of a full-moon, which tipped each wave with silver—such were the only pastimes he could invent, until midnight had passed for one hour; the next was wasted in anxious expectation of the summons of departure.

At length it arrived—a tap at his door was followed by a low murmur, which made him suspect that the Countess had again employed her mute attendant as the most secure minister of her pleasure on this occasion. He felt something like impropriety in this selection; and it was with a feeling of impatience alien to the natural generosity of his temper, that, when he opened the door, he beheld the dumb maiden standing before him. The lamp which he held in his hand showed his features distinctly, and probably made Fenella aware of the expression which animated them. She cast her large dark eyes mournfully on the ground; and, without again looking him in the face, made him a signal to follow her. He delayed no longer than was necessary to secure his pistols in his belt, wrap his cloak closer around him, and take his small portmanteau under his arm. Thus accoutred, he followed her out of the Keep, or inhabited part of the Castle, by a series of obscure passages leading to a postern gate, which she unlocked with a key, selected from a bundle which she carried at her girdle.

They now stood in the castle-yard, in the open moonlight, which glimmered white and ghastly on the variety of strange and ruinous objects to which we have formerly alluded, and which gave the scene rather the appearance of some ancient cemetery, than of the interior of a fortification. The round and elevated tower—the ancient mount, with its quadrangular sides facing the ruinous edifices which once boasted the name of Cathedral—seemed of yet more antique and anomalous form, when seen by the pale light which now displayed them. To one of these churches Fenella took the direct course, and was followed by Julian; although he at once divined, and was superstitious enough to dislike, the path which she was about to adopt. It was by a secret passage through this church, that in former times the guard-room of the garrison, situated at the lower and external defences, communicated with the keep of the Castle; and through this passage were the keys of the Castle every night carried to the Governor's apartment, so soon as the gates were locked, and the watch set. The custom was given up in James the First's time, and the passage abandoned, on account of the well-known legend of the *Mauthe Dog*—a fiend, or demon, in the shape of a large, shaggy black mastiff, by which the church was said to be haunted. It was devoutly believed, that in former times this spectre became so familiar with mankind, as to appear almost nightly in the guard-room, issuing from the passage which we have mentioned at night, and retiring to it at daybreak. The soldiers became partly familiarized to its presence; yet not so much so as to use any license of language while the apparition was visible; until one fellow, rendered daring by intoxication, swore he would know whether it was dog or devil, and, with his drawn sword, followed the spectre when it retreated by the usual passage. The man returned in a few minutes, sobered by terror, his mouth gaping, and his hair standing on end, under which horror he died; but unhappily for the lovers of the marvellous, altogether unable to disclose the horrors which he had seen. Under the evil repute arising from this tale of wonder, the guard-room was abandoned, and a new one constructed. In like manner, the guards after that period held another and more circuitous communication with the Governor or Seneschal of the Castle; and that which lay through the ruinous church was entirely abandoned.*

* This curious legend, and many others, in which the tale of Man is perhaps richer than even Ireland, Wales, or the Highlands of Scotland, will be found in a note to Chap. xv.

In defiance of the legendary terrors which tradition had attached to the original communication, Fenella, followed by Peveril, now boldly traversed the ruinous vaults through which it lay—sometimes only guided over heaps of ruins by the precarious light of the lamp borne by the dumb maiden—sometimes having the advantage of a gleam of moonlight, darting into the dreary abyss through the shafted windows, or through breaches made by time. As the path was by no means a straight one, Peveril could not but admire the intimate acquaintance with the maze which his singular companion displayed, as well as the boldness with which she traversed them. He himself was not so utterly void of the prejudices of the times, but that he contemplated, with some apprehension, the possibility of their intruding on the lair of the phantom-hound, of which he had heard so often; and in every remote sigh of the breeze among the ruins, he thought he heard him baying at the mortal footsteps which disturbed his gloomy realm. No such terrors, however, interrupted their journey; and in the course of a few minutes, they attained the deserted and now ruinous guard-house. The broken walls of the little edifice served to conceal them from the sentinels, one of whom was keeping a drowsy watch at the lower gate of the Castle; whilst another, seated on the stone steps which communicated with the parapet of the bounding and exterior wall, was slumbering, in full security; with his musket peacefully grounded by his side. Fenella made a sign to Peveril to move with silence and caution, and then showed him, to his surprise, from the window of the deserted guard-room, a boat, for it was now high water, with four rowers, lurking under the cliff on which the Castle was built; and made him farther sensible that he was to have access to it by a ladder of considerable height placed at the window of the ruin.

Julian was both displeased and alarmed by the security and carelessness of the sentinels, who had suffered such preparations to be made without observation or alarm given; and he hesitated whether he should not call the officer of the guard, upbraid him with negligence, and show him how easily Holm-Peel, in spite of its natural strength, and although reported impregnable, might be surprised by a few resolute men. Fenella seemed to guess his thoughts with that extreme acuteness of observation which her deprivations had occasioned her acquiring. She laid one hand on his arm, and a finger of the other on her own lips, as if to enjoin forbearance; and Julian, knowing that she acted by the direct authority of the Countess, obeyed her accordingly; but with the internal resolution to lose no time in communicating his sentiments to the Earl, concerning the danger to which the Castle was exposed on this point.

In the mean time, he descended the ladder with some precaution, for the steps were unequal, broken, wet, and slippery; and having placed himself in the stern of the boat, made a signal to the men to push off, and turned to take farewell of his guide. To his utter astonishment, Fenella rather slid down, than descended regularly, the perilous ladder, and, the boat being already pushed off, made a spring from the last step of it with incredible agility, and seated herself beside Peveril, ere he could express either remonstrance or surprise. He commanded the men once more to pull in to the precarious landing-place; and throwing into his countenance a part of the displeasure which he really felt, endeavoured to make her comprehend the necessity of returning to her mistress. Fenella folded her arms, and looked at him with a haughty smile, which completely expressed the determination of her purpose. Peveril was extremely embarrassed; he was afraid of offending the Countess, and interfering with her plan, by giving alarm, which otherwise he was much tempted to have done. On Fenella, it was evident, no species of argument which he could employ was likely to make the least impression; and the question remained, how, if she went on with him, he was to rid himself of so singular and inconvenient a companion, and provide, at the same time, sufficiently for her personal security.

The boatmen brought the matter to a decision; for, after lying on their oars for a minute, and whispering

among themselves in Low Dutch or German, began to pull stoutly, and were soon at some distance from the Castle. The possibility of the sending a musket-ball, or even a cannon-shot at them, was one of the contingencies which gave momentary anxiety; but they left the fortress, and must have approached it, unnoticed, or at least challenged—a carelessness on the part of the guard which notwithstanding that the oars were silent, and that the men spoke little, and in whispers, in Peveril's opinion, great negligence on the part of the sentinels. When they were a little way from the Castle, the men began to row briskly towards a vessel which lay at some distance. Peveril, in the mean time, leisure to remark, that the boat spoke to each other doubtfully, and bent his looks on Fenella, as if uncertain whether they acted properly in bringing her off.

After about a quarter of an hour's rowing, they reached the little sloop, where Peveril was received by the skipper, or captain, on the quarter-deck, with offer of spirits or refreshments. A word or two among the seamen withdrew the captain from his hospitable cares, and he flew to the ship's side apparently to prevent Fenella from entering the vessel. The men and he talked eagerly in Dutch, and anxiously at Fenella as they spoke together, and Peveril hoped the result would be, that the young woman should be sent ashore again. But whatever opposition could be offered was overruled when the accommodation-ladder, as it is called, was withdrawn, she snatched the end of it, and climbed on board with the dexterity of a mountaineer, using no means of preventing her escape, and by actual violence, to which apparently they did not choose to have recourse. Once on deck, she turned captain by the sleeve, and led him to the head of the vessel, where they seemed to hold intercourse in a manner intelligible to both.

Peveril soon forgot the presence of the man who began to muse upon his own situation, and the probability that he was separated for some considerable time from the object of his affections. "Constancy," he repeated to himself,—"Constancy." And he coincided with the theme of his reflections, as he cast his eyes on the polar star, which that night shone with more than ordinary brilliancy. Emblematic of passion and steady purpose—the thoughts which he viewed its clear and unchanging light, were interested and noble. To seek his country's welfare, and secure the blessings of domestic peace—to discharge a bold and perilous duty to his friend and patron—to regard his passion for Alice Bridgeman, the loadstar which was to guide him to noble ends—were the resolutions which thronged upon his mind, and which exalted his spirits to that state of poetic melancholy, which perhaps is ill exchanged for feelings of joyful rapture.

He was recalled from these contemplations by something which nestled itself softly and close to his side—a woman's sigh sounded so near him, as to disturb his reverie; and as he turned his head, he saw Fenella seated beside him, with her eyes fixed on the same star which had just occupied his own. Her emotion was that of displeasure; but it was impossible to persevere in it towards a being so helpless in many respects, so interesting in others; whose dark eyes were filled with dew, which glistened in the moonlight; and the source of whose emotions seemed to be in a partiality which might well claim indulgence, at least from him, who was the object of it. At the same time, Julian resolved to seize the present opportunity for such expostulations with Fenella, of the strangeness of her conduct, as the poor woman might be able to comprehend. He took her hand with great kindness, but at the same time with much gravity, pointed to the boat, and to the Castle, whose towers and extended walls were now scarce visible in the distance; and thus intimated to her the necessity of her return to Holm-Peel. She looked down and shook her head, as if negating his proposal with obstinate decision. Julian renewed his expostulations by look and gesture—pointed to his own heart, to intimate the Countess—and bent his brow, to show

displeasure which she must entertain. To all which, she mute only answered by her tears.

At length, as if driven to explanation by his continued remonstrances, she suddenly seized him by the arm, to arrest his attention—cast her eye hastily round, as if to see whether she was watched by any one—then drew the other hand, edgewise, across her slender throat—pointed to the boat, and to the Castle, and nodded.

On this series of signs, Peveril could put no interpretation, excepting that he was menaced with some personal danger, from which Fenella seemed to conceive that her presence was a protection. Whatever was her meaning, her purpose seemed unalterably adopted; at least, it was plain he had no power to shake it. He must therefore wait till the end of their short voyage, to disembarrass himself of his companion; and in the mean while, acting on the idea of her having harboured a misplaced attachment to him, he thought he should best consult her interest, and his own character, in keeping at as great a distance from her as circumstances admitted. With this purpose, he made the sign she used for going to sleep, by raising his head on his palm; and having thus recommended to her to go to rest, he himself desired to be conducted to his berth.

The captain readily showed him a hammock in the after-cabin, into which he threw himself, to seek that repose which the exercise and agitation of the preceding day, as well as the lateness of the hour, made him now feel desirable. Sleep, deep and heavy, sank down on him in a few minutes, but it did not endure long. In his sleep he was disturbed by female cries; and at length, as he thought, distinctly heard the voice of Alice Bridgenorth call on his name.

He awoke, and, starting up to quit his bed, became sensible, from the motion of the vessel, and the swinging of the hammock, that his dream had deceived him. He was still startled by its extreme vivacity and liveliness. "Julian Peveril, help! Julian Peveril!" The sounds still rung in his ears—the accents were those of Alice—and he could scarce persuade himself that his imagination had deceived him. Could she be in the same vessel? The thought was not altogether inconsistent with her father's character, and the intrigues in which he was engaged; but then, if so, to what peril was she exposed, that she avowed his name so loudly?

Determined to make instant inquiry, he jumped out of his hammock, half-dressed as he was, and stumbling about the little cabin, which was as dark as pitch, at length, with considerable difficulty, reached the door. The door, however, he was altogether unable to open; and was obliged to call loudly to the watch upon deck. The skipper, or captain, as he was called, being the only person aboard who could speak English, answered to the summons, and replied to Peveril's demand, what noise that was?—that a boat was going off with the young woman—that she whimpered a little as she left the vessel—and "dat vaas all."

This explanation satisfied Julian, who thought it probable that some degree of violence might have been absolutely necessary to remove Fenella; and although he rejoiced at not having witnessed it, he could not feel sorry that such had been employed. Her pertinacious desire to continue on board, and the difficulty of freeing himself, when he should come ashore, from so singular a companion, had given him a good deal of anxiety on the preceding night, which he now saw removed by this bold stroke of the captain.

His dream was thus fully explained. Fancy had caught up the inarticulate and vehement cries with which Fenella was wont to express resistance or displeasure—had coined them into language, and given them the accents of Alice Bridgenorth. Our imagination plays wilder tricks with us almost every night.

The captain now undid the door, and appeared with a lantern; without the aid of which, Peveril could scarce have regained his couch, where he now slumbered secure and sound, until day was far advanced,

and the invitation of the captain called him up to breakfast.

CHAPTER XX.

Now, what is this that haunts me like my shadow,
Frisking and mumming, like an elf in moonlight?
BEN JONSON.

PEVERIL found the master of the vessel rather less rude than those in his station of life usually are, and received from him full satisfaction concerning the fate of Fenella, upon whom the captain bestowed a hearty curse, for obliging him to lay-to until he had sent his boat ashore, and had her back again.

"I hope," said Peveril, "no violence was necessary to reconcile her to go ashore? I trust she offered no foolish resistance?"

"Resist! mein Gott," said the captain, "she did resist like a troop of horse—she did cry, you might hear her at Whitehaven—she did go up the rigging like a cat up a chimney; but dat vaas ein trick of her old trade."

"What trade do you mean?" said Peveril.

"O!" said the seaman, "I was know more about her than you, Meinheer. I was know that she was a little, very little girl, and pretence to one seiltanzer, when my lady yonder had the good luck to buy her."

"A seiltanzer?" said Peveril; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean a rope-danzer, a mountebank, a Hans pickel-harring. I was know Adrian Brackell vell—he sell de powders dat empty men's stomach, and fill him's own purse. Not know Adrian Brackell, mein Gott! I have smoked many a pound of tabak with him."

Peveril now remembered that Fenella had been brought into the family when he and the young Earl were in England, and while the Countess was absent on an expedition to the continent. Where the Countess found her, she never communicated to the young men; but only intimated, that she had received her out of compassion, in order to relieve her from a situation of extreme distress.

He hinted so much to the communicative seaman, who replied, "that for distress he knew nocht's on't; only, that Adrian Brackell beat her when she would not dance on the rope, and starved her when she did, to prevent her growth." The bargain between the Countess and the mountebank, he said, he had made himself; because the Countess had hired his brig upon her expedition to the continent. None else knew where she came from. The Countess had seen her on a public stage at Ostend—compassionated her helpless situation, and the severe treatment she received—and had employed him to purchase the poor creature from her master, and charmed him with silence towards all her retinue.—"And so I do keep silence," continued the faithful confidant, "van I am in the havens of Man; but when I am on the broad seas,

* An instance of such a sale of an unfortunate dancing girl occurred in Edinburgh in the end of the seventeenth century.

† 15th January, 1687.—Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl called *The tumbling lassie*, that danced upon a stage, and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, by which he bought her from her mother for thirty pounds Scots. [2l. 10s. sterling.] But we have no slaves in Scotland," continues the liberal reporter, "and mothers cannot sell their bairns: and physicians attested that the employment of tumbling would kill her, and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return, though she was at least an apprentice, and could not run away from her master. Yet some quoted Moses's Law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lord, *reservans scelus*, absolved (i. e. acquitted) Harden."—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 441.

A man may entertain some vanity in being connected with a patron of the cause of humanity; so the author may be pardoned mentioning, that he derives his own direct descent from the father of this champion of humanity.

Reid the mountebank apparently knew well how to set the sails of his own interest to whatever wind proved most likely to turn them. He failed not to avail himself of King James's rage for the conversion of heretics, on which subject Fountainhall has this sarcastic memorandum:—"Reid the mountebank is received into the Popish church, and one of his blackmoors was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn Christian papist, which was a great trophy. He was christened James after the King, and Chancellor, and the Apostle James!"—1744. p. 440.

den my tongue is mine own, you know. Die foolish peoples in the island, they say she is a wechsel-balg—what you call a fairy-elf changeling. My faith, they do not never have seen ein wechsel-balg; for I saw one myself at Cologne, and it was twice as big as yonder girl, and did break the poor people, with eating them up, like de great big cuckoo in de sparrow's nest; but this Venella eat no more than other girls—it was no wechsel-balg in the world."

By a different train of reasoning, Julian had arrived at the same conclusion; in which, therefore, he heartily acquiesced. During the seaman's prating, he was reflecting within himself, how much of the singular flexibility of her limbs and movements the unfortunate girl must have derived from the discipline and instructions of Adrian Brackel; and also how far the germs of her wilful and capricious passions might have been sown during her wandering and adventurous childhood. Aristocratic, also, as his education had been, these anecdotes respecting Fenella's original situation and education, rather increased his pleasure at having shaken off her company; and yet he still felt desirous to know any farther particulars which the seaman could communicate on the subject. But he had already told all he knew. Of her parents he knew nothing, except that "her father must have been a damned houndsfoot, and a schelm, for selling his own flesh and blood to Adrian Brackel;" for by such a transaction had the mountebank become possessed of his pupil.

This conversation tended to remove any passing doubts which might have crept on Peveril's mind concerning the fidelity of the master of the vessel, who appeared from thence to have been a former acquaintance of the Countess, and to have enjoyed some share of her confidence. The threatening motion used by Fenella, he no longer considered as worthy of any notice, excepting as a new mark of the irritability of her temper.

He amused himself with walking the deck, and musing on his past and future prospects, until his attention was forcibly arrested by the wind, which began to rise in gusts from the north-west, in a manner so unfavourable to the course they intended to hold, that the master, after many efforts to beat against it, declared his bark, which was by no means an excellent sea-boat, was unequal to making Liverpool; and that he was compelled to make a fair wind of it, and run for Liverpool. To this course Peveril did not object. It saved him some land journey, in case he visited his father's castle; and the Countess's commission would be discharged as effectually the one way as the other.

The vessel was put, accordingly, before the wind, and ran with great steadiness and velocity. The captain, notwithstanding, pleading some nautical hazards, chose to lie off, and did not attempt the mouth of the Mersey until morning, when Peveril had at length the satisfaction of being landed upon the quay of Liverpool, which even then showed symptoms of the commercial prosperity that has since been carried to such a height.

The master, who was well acquainted with the port, pointed out to Julian a decent place of entertainment, chiefly frequented by seafaring people; for, although he had been in the town formerly, he did not think it proper to go any where at present where he might have been unnecessarily recognised. Here he took leave of the seaman, after pressing upon him with difficulty a small present for his crew. As for his passage, the captain declined any recompense whatever; and they parted upon the most civil terms.

The inn to which he was recommended was full of strangers, seamen and mercantile people, all intent upon their own affairs, and discussing them with noise and eagerness, peculiar to the business of a thriving seaport. But although the general clamour of the public room, in which the guests mixed with each other, related chiefly to their own commercial dealings, there was a general theme mingling with them, which was alike common and interesting to all; so that, amidst disputes about freight, tonnage, demurrage, and such like, were heard the emphatic sounds of "Deep, damnable, accursed plot!"—"Bloody

Papist villains!"—"The King in danger—the plot too good for them," and so forth.

The fermentation excited in London had plainly reached even this remote seaport, and was maintained by the inhabitants with the peculiar stormy character of the winds and waves with which the chief conversant. The commercial and manufacturing interests of England were indeed particularly catholic; although it is not, perhaps, easy to guess the distinct reason why they should be so, since no logical disputes in general could scarce be considered as interesting to them. But zeal, amongst the lower orders at least, is often in an inverse ratio to knowledge; and sailors were not probably the less ardent and devoted Protestants, that they did not understand the controversy between the churches. As for the merchants, they were almost necessarily in contact with the gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire; many of whom still retained the faith of Rome, which rendered ten times more odious to the men of the mercer, as the badge of their haughty neighbours.

From the little which Peveril heard of the sentiments of the people of Liverpool, he imagined he should act most prudently in leaving the place as soon as possible, and before any suspicion should arise of his having any connexion with the party which appeared to have become so obnoxious.

In order to accomplish his journey, it was necessary that he should purchase a horse; and for this purpose he resolved to have recourse to the services of a dealer well known at the time, who dwelt in the outskirts of the place; and having obtained directions to his dwelling, he went there to provide himself.

Joe Bridlesley's stables exhibited a large class of good horses; for that trade was in former days more active than at present. It was an ordinary thing a stranger to buy a horse for the purpose of a long journey, and to sell him, as well as he could, when he had reached the point of his destination. Hence there was a constant demand, and a corresponding supply; upon both of which, Bridlesley, in those of his trade, contrived, doubtless, to make some profits.

Julian, who was no despicable horse-jockey, when for his purpose a strong well-made horse, about sixteen hands high, and had him led into the yard, to see whether his paces corresponded with his appearance. As these also gave perfect satisfaction to the customer, it remained only to settle the price with Bridlesley, who of course swore his customer had pitched upon the best horse ever darkened the stable-door, since he had dealt that way; that no such horses were to be had now-a-days, for that the mares were too spoiled them; and having named a corresponding price, the usual haggling commenced betwixt the seller and purchaser, for adjustment of what the French would call *le prix juste*.

The reader, if he be at all acquainted with the sort of traffic, will know it is generally a keen encounter of wits, and attracts the notice of all the idlers who hear, who are usually very ready to offer their opinions, or their evidence. Amongst these, upon the present occasion, was a thin man, rather less than the ordinary size, and meanly dressed; but whose interference was in a confident tone, and such as showed himself master of the subject on which he spoke. The price of the horse being settled to about fifteen pounds, which was very high for the period that of the saddle and bridle had next to be adjusted, and the thin mean-looking person before mentioned, found nearly as much to say on this subject as on the other. As his remarks had a conciliating and obliging tendency towards the stranger, Peveril concluded he was one of those idle persons, who, unable or unwilling to supply themselves with the means of intelligence at their own cost, do not scruple to derive them at the hands of others, by a little officious complaisance; and considering that he might acquire some useful information from such a person, was just about to offer him the courtesy of a morning draught, when he observed he had suddenly left the yard. He

and scarce remarked this circumstance, before a party of customers entered the place, whose haughty assumption of importance claimed the instant attention of Bridlesley, and all his militia of grooms and stable-boys.

"Three good horses," said the leader of the party, tall bulky man, whose breath was drawn full and high, under a consciousness of fat, and of importance—"three good and able-bodied horses, for the service of the Commons of England."

Bridlesley said he had some horses which might serve the Speaker himself at need; but that, to speak Christian truth, he had just sold the best in his stable to that gentleman present, who, doubtless, would give up the bargain if the horse was needed for the service of the state.

"You speak well, friend," said the important personage; and advancing to Julian, demanded, in a very haughty tone, the surrender of the purchase which he had just made.

Peveril, with some difficulty, subdued the strong desire which he felt to return a round refusal to so unreasonable a request, but fortunately, recollecting at the situation in which he at present stood, repaired, on his part, much circumspection, he replied simply, that upon showing him any warrant to seize upon horses for the public service, he must of course submit to resign his purchase.

The man, with an air of extreme dignity, pulled from his pocket, and thrust into Peveril's hands, a warrant subscribed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, empowering Charles Topham, their officer of the Black Rod, to pursue and seize upon the persons of certain individuals named in the warrant; and of all other persons who are, or should be, accused by competent witnesses, of being accessory to, or favourers of, the hellish and damnable Popish Plot, at present carried on within the bowels of the kingdom; and charging all men, as they loved their allegiance, to render the said Charles Topham their readiest and most effective assistance, in execution of the duty intrusted to his care.

On perusing a document of such weighty import, Julian had no hesitation to give up his horse to this formidable functionary; whom somebody compared to a lion, which, as the House of Commons was pleased to maintain such an animal, they were under the necessity of providing for by frequent commitments; until "*Take him, Topham*," became a proverb, and a formidable one, in the mouth of the public.

The acquiescence of Peveril procured him some grace in the sight of the emissary; who, before selecting two horses for his attendants, gave permission to the stranger to purchase a gray horse, much inferior indeed to that which he had resigned, both in form and in action, but very little lower in price, as Mr. Bridlesley, immediately on learning the demand for horses upon the part of the Commons of England, had passed a private resolution in his own mind, augmenting the price of his whole stud, by an imposition of at least twenty per cent, *ad valorem*.

Peveril adjusted and paid the price with much less argument than on the former occasion; for, to be plain with the reader, he had noticed in the warrant of Mr. Topham, the name of his father, Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, engrossed at full length, as one of those subjected to arrest by that officer.

When aware of this material fact, it became Julian's business to leave Liverpool directly, and carry the alarm to Derbyshire, if, indeed, Mr. Topham had not already executed his charge in that country, which he thought unlikely, as it was probable they would commence by securing those who lived nearest to the seaports. A word or two which he overheard, strengthened his hopes.

"And hark ye, friend," said Mr. Topham; "you will have the horses at the door of Mr. Shortell, the mercer, in two hours, as we shall refresh ourselves there with a cool tankard, and learn what folks live in the neighbourhood that may be concerned in my way. And you will please to have that saddle padded, for I am told the Derbyshire roads are rough.—And you, Captain Dangerfield, and Master Everett, you

must put on your Protestant spectacles, and show me where there is the shadow of a priest, or of a priest's favourite; for I am come down with a broom in my cap to sweep this north country of such like cattle."

One of the persons he thus addressed, who wore the garb of a broken-down citizen, only answered, "Ay, truly, Master Topham, it is time to purge the garner."

The other, who had a formidable pair of whiskers, a red nose, and a tarnished laced coat, together with a hat of Pistol's dimensions, was more loquacious. "I take it on my damnation," said this zealous Protestant witness, "that I will discover the marks of the beast on every one of them betwixt sixteen and seventy, as plainly as if they had crossed themselves with ink, instead of holy water. Since we have a King willing to do justice, and a House of Commons to uphold prosecutions, why, damn ine, the cause must not stand still for lack of evidence."

"Stick to that, noble captain," answered the officer; "but, prithee, reserve thy oaths for the court of justice; it is but sheer waste to throw them away, as you do, in your ordinary conversation."

"Fear you nothing, Master Topham," answered Dangerfield; "it is right to keep a man's gifts in use; and were I altogether to renounce oaths in my private discourse, how should I know how to use one when I needed it? But you hear me use none of your Papist abominations. I swear not by the Mass, or before George, or by any thing that belongs to idolatry; but such downright oaths as may serve a poor Protestant gentleman, who would fain serve Heaven and the King."

"Bravely spoken, most noble Festus," said his yoke-fellow.—"But do not suppose, that although I am not in the habit of garnishing my words with oaths out of season, I shall be wanting, when called upon to declare the height and the depth, the width and the length, of this hellish plot against the King and the Protestant faith."

Dizzy, and almost sick, with listening to the undigested brutality of these fellows, Peveril, having with difficulty prevailed on Bridlesley to settle his purchase, at length led forth his gray steed; but was scarce out of the yard, when he heard the following alarming conversation pass, of which he seemed himself the object.

"Who is that youth?" said the slow soft voice of the more precise of the two witnesses. "Methinks I have seen him somewhere before. Is he from these parts?"

"Not that I know of," said Bridlesley; who, like all the other inhabitants of England at the time, answered the interrogatories of these fellows with the deference which is paid in Spain to the question of an inquisitor. "A stranger—entirely a stranger—never saw him before—a wild young colt, I warrant him; and knows a horse's mouth as well as I do."

"I begin to bethink me I saw such a face as his at the Jesuits' consult, in the White Horse Tavern," answered Everett.

"And I think I recollect," said Captain Dangerfield—

"Come, come, master and captain," said the authoritative voice of Topham, "we will have none of your recollections at present. We all know what these are likely to end in. But I will have you know, you are not to run till the leash is slipped. The young man is a well looking lad, and gave up his horse handsomely for the service of the House of Commons. He knows how to behave himself to his betters, I warrant you; and I scarce think he has enough in his purse to pay the fees."*

This speech concluded the dialogue, which Peveril, finding himself so much concerned in the issue,

* The infamous character of those who contrived and carried on the pretended Popish Plot, may be best estimated by the account given in North's Examen, who describes Oates himself with considerable power of colouring. "He has now in his true exaltation, his plot in full force, efficacy, and virtue; he walked about with his guards [assigned for fear of the Papists murdering him]. He had lodgings in Whitehall, and 1500*l.* per annum pension: And no wonder, after he had the impudence to say to the House of Lords, in plain terms, that, if they

thought it best to bear to an end. Now when it ceased, to get out of the town unobserved, and take the nearest way to his father's castle, seemed his wisest plan. He had settled his reckoning at the inn, and brought with him to Bridleley's the small portmanteau which contained his few necessities, so that he had no occasion to return thither. He resolved, therefore, to ride some miles before he stopped, even for the purpose of feeding his horse; and being pretty well acquainted with the country, he hoped to be able to push forward to Martindale Castle sooner than the worshipful Master Topham; whose saddle was, in the first place, to be padded, and who, when mounted, would, in all probability, ride with the precaution of those who require such security against the effects of a hard trot.

Under the influence of these feelings, Julian pushed for Warrington, a place with which he was well acquainted; but, without halting in the town, he crossed the Mersey, by the bridge built by an ancestor of his friend the Earl of Derby, and continued his route towards Dishley, on the borders of Derbyshire. He might have reached this latter village easily, had his horse been fitter for a forced march; but in the course of the journey, he had occasion, more than once, to curse the official dignity of the person who had robbed him of his better steed, while taking the best direction he could through a country with which he was only generally acquainted.

would not help him to more money, he must be forced to help himself. He put on an Episcopal garb, (except the lawn sleeves,) silk-gown and cassock, great hat, astir hat-band and rose, long scarf, and was called, or most blasphemously called himself, the Saviour of the nation; whoever he pointed at, was taken up and committed: so that many people got out of his way, as from a blast, and glad they could prove their two last years' conversation. The very breath of him was pestilential, and, if it brought not imprisonment, or death, over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned reputation, and left good Protestants afraid Papias, and something worse than that—in danger of being put in the plot as traitors. Upon his examination before the Commons, the Lord-Chief-Justice Scroggs was sent for to the House, and there signed warrants for the imprisonment of five Roman Catholic peers, upon which they were laid up in the Tower. The votes of the Houses seemed to confirm the whole. A solemn form of prayer was desired upon the subject of the plot and when one was prepared, it was found faulty, because the Papias were not named as authors of it: God surely knew whether it were so or not: however, it was yielded to, that omniscience might not want information. The Queen herself was accused at the Commons' bar. The city, for fear of the Papias, put up their posts and chains: and the chamberlain, Sir Thomas Player, in the Court of Aldermen, gave his reason for the city's using that caution, which was, that he did not know but the next morning their mightiest pillars might be throats cut. The trials, convictions, and executions of the priests, Jesuits, and others, were had, and attended with vast mob and noise. Nothing ordinary or moderate was to be heard in people's communication; but every debate and action was high-drawn and tumultuous. All freedom of speech was taken away; and not to believe the plot, was worse than being Turk, Jew, or infidel. For this fact of Godfrey's murder, the three poor men of Somerset-house were, as was said, convicted. The most pitiful circumstance was that of their trial, under the popular prejudice against them. The Lord-Chief-Justice Scroggs took in with the tide, and ranted for the plot, hewing down Popery, as Scanderbeg hewed the Turk; which was but little propitious to them. The other judges were passive, and meddled little, except some that were takers in also; and particularly the good Recorder Treby, who eased the Attorney-General, for he seldom asked a question, but one might guess he foresaw the answer. Some may blame the (at best) passive behaviour of the judges; but really, considering it was impossible to stem such a current, the appearing to do it in vain had been more unprofitable, because it had inflamed the great and small rout, drawn scandal on themselves, and disabled them from taking in when opportunity should be more favourable. The prisoners, under these hardships, had enough to do to make any defence; for where the testimony was positive, it was conclusive; for no reasoning *ab improbabili* would serve the turn; it must be *ab impossibili*, or not at all. Whoever doth not well observe the power of judging, may think many things, in the course of justice, very strange. If one side is held to demonstration, and the other allowed presumptions for proofs, any cause may be carried. In a word, anger, policy, inhumanity, and prejudice, had, at this time, a plenary possession of the minds of most men, and destroyed in them that golden rule, of doing as they would be done unto.

In another passage Oates's personal appearance is thus described:—"He was a low man, of an ill cut, very short neck, and his visage and features were most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face; and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin, within the perimeter. *Cave pueri (see Deus notat)*. In a word, he was a most consummate cheat, blasphemer, vicious, perjured, impudent, and saucy, foul-mouth'd wretch; and were it not for the truth of history, and the great emotions in the public he was the cause of, not fit (so little deserving) to be remembered."

At length, near Altringham, a halt became inevitable; and Peveril had only to look for some quiet, sequestered place of refreshment. This place itself, in the form of a small cluster of cottages, best of which united the characters of an inn and a mill, where the sign of the Cat, (the latter faithful ally in defence of his meal-sacks,) bore as high as Grimaikin in the fairy tale, and playing a fiddle for the more grace, announced that John Wraught united the two honest occupations of miller and miller; and, doubtless, took toll from the pail in both capacities.

Such a place promised a traveller, who journeyed incognito, safer, if not better accommodation, than he was like to meet with in more frequented places; and at the door of the Cat and Fiddle, Julian halted accordingly.

CHAPTER XXI.

In these distracted times, when each man dreams
The bloody stratagems of busy heads.

OWEN

At the door of the Cat and Fiddle, Julian received the usual attention paid to the customers of so inferior house of entertainment. His horse was greeted by a ragged lad, who acted as hostler, into a pretty stable where, however, the nag was tolerably supplied with food and litter.

Having seen the animal on which his comfort perhaps his safety, depended, properly provided, Peveril entered the kitchen, which indeed was a parlour and hall of the little hostelry, to try what refreshment he could obtain for himself. Much to his satisfaction, he found there was only one guest in the house besides himself; but he was less pleased when he found that he must either go without dinner or share with that single guest the only provisions which had been procured for the house, namely, a dish of meat and eels, which their host, the miller, had brought from his mill-stream.

At the particular request of Julian, the hostler undertook to add a substantial dish of eggs and bacon, which, perhaps she would not have been taken for, had not the sharp eye of Peveril discovered the flitch hanging in its smoky retreat, when its presence could not be denied, the hostess was compelled to bring it forward as a part of her supper.

She was a buxom dame about thirty, whose countenance and cheerful countenance did honour to the chimney of the jolly miller, her loving mate; and was stationed under the shade of an old-fashioned bay projecting chimney, within which it was her portion to "work i' the fire," and provide for the weary wayfaring man the good things which were a source of him rejoicing on his course. Although, at first, the honest woman seemed little disposed to give much additional trouble on Julian's account, yet her good looks, handsome figure, and easy civility of a new guest, soon bespoke the principal part of her attention; and while busy in his service, she regarded him from time to time, with looks, where something of pity mingled with complacency. The rich smoke of the rasher, and the eggs with which it was fast already spread itself through the apartment; and hissing of these savoury viands bore chorus to the simmering of the pan, in which the fish were going a slower decoction. The table was covered with a clean huck-a-back napkin, and all was preparation for the meal, which Julian began to expect with a good deal of impatience, when the companion who was destined to share it with him, entered the apartment.

At the first glance, Julian recognised, to his surprise the same indifferently-dressed, thin-looking man who, during the first bargain which he had made with Bridleley, had officiously interfered with advice and opinion. Displeased at having the company of any stranger forced upon him, Peveril was still less satisfied to find one who might make a claim of acquaintance with him, however slight, since the circumstances in which he stood compelled him to be as reserved as possible. He therefore turned his back upon his destined messmate, and pret-

self by looking out of the window, devoid all intercourse until it should be ad upon him.

While the other stranger went straight on, where she toiled on household cares minded of her, what she meant by premed eggs, when he had positively charged ing ready but the fish.

oman, important as every cook in the ter duty, deigned not for some time so knowledge that she heard the reproof and when she did so, it was only to registeral and authoritative tone.—“If : bacon—(bacon from their own hutch, ase and bran)—if he did not like bacon w-laid eggs, which she had brought in oost with her own hands)—why so put he worse for his honour, and the better did.”

r for those who like them?” answered hat is as much as to say I am to have a od woman.”

od woman me, sir,” replied the miller’s ill you good man; and, I promise you, scruple to do that to one who does not bacon of a Friday.”

good lady,” said her guest, “do not fix ruption upon me—I dare say the eggs are excellent; only, they are rather a for my stomach.”

ur conscience perhaps, sir,” answered “And now, I bethink me, you must our fish fried with oil, instead of the s I was going to put to them. I would be meaning of all this now; but I war-stuff, the constable, could conjure some—

a pause here; but Julian, somewhat e tone which the conversation assumed, sted in watching the dumb show which y bringing his head a little towards the ut turning round, or quitting the prod window where he had taken his stand—

observe that the stranger, secured, as think himself, from observation, had o to the landlady, and, as he conceived, e of money into her hand. The altered miller’s moiety corresponded very much osition.

ed, and forsooth,” she said. “her house all; and so should every publican’s be.

to her what gentlefolks ate or drank, y paid for it honestly? There were gentlemen, whose stomachs could not grease, or dripping, especially on a Fri—it was that to her, or to any one in her efolks paid honestly for the trouble?— ald say, that her bacon and eggs could d betwixt this and Liverpool; and that e and die upon.”

rdly dispute it,” said the stranger; and rds Julian, he added, “I wish this gen-

I suppose is my trencher-companion, he dainties which I cannot assist him in

you, sir,” answered Peveril, who now ompelled to turn about, and reply with t it was with difficulty I could prevail on to add my cover to yours, though she ch a zealot for the consumption of eggs

alous for nothing,” said the landlady, nen would eat their victuals, and pay and if there be enough in one dish to ests. I see little purpose in dressing them r, they are ready now, and done to a e. Alice! Alice!”

of that well-known name made Julian e. Alice who replied to the call ill re- vision which his imagination connected ents, being a dowdy slipshod wench, the e low inn which afforded him shelter. her mistress in putting on the table the the latter had prepared; and a foaming

jug of home-brewed ale being placed betwixt them, was warranted by Dame Whitercraft as excellent; “for,” said she, “we know by practice that too much water drowns the miller, and we spare it on our malt as we would in our mill-dam.”

“I drink to your health, in it, dame,” said the elder stranger; “and a cup of thanks for these excellent fish; and to the drowning of all unkindness between us.”

“I thank you, sir,” said the dame, “and wish you the like; but I dare not pledge you, for our Gaffer says, the ale is brewed too strong for women; so I only drink a glass of canary at a time with a gossip, or any gentleman guest that is so minded.”

“You shall drink one with me then, dame,” said Peveril, “so you will let me have a flagon.”

“That you shall, sir, and as good as ever was broached; but I must to the mill, to get the key from the Goodman.”

So saying, and tucking her clean gown through the pocket-holes, that her steps might be the more alert, and her dress escape dust, off she tripped to the mill, which lay close adjoining.

“A dainty dame, and dangerous, is the miller’s wife,” said the stranger, looking at Peveril. “Is not that old Chaucer’s phrase?”

“I—I believe so,” said Peveril, not much read in Chaucer, who was then even more neglected than at present; and much surprised at a literary quotation from one of the mean appearance exhibited by the person before him.

“Yes,” answered the stranger, “I see that you, like other young gentlemen of the time, are better acquainted with Cowley and Waller, than with the ‘well of English undefiled.’ I cannot help differing. There are touches of nature about the old bard of Woodstock, that, to me, are worth all the turns of laborious wit in Cowley, and all the ornate and artificial simplicity of his courtly competitor. The description, for instance, of his country coquette,—

‘Winning she was, as is a wanton colt,
Sweet as a flower, and upright as a bolt.’

Then again, for pathos, where will you mend the dying scene of Arcite?

‘Alas, my heartie queen! alas, my life!
Giver at once, and ender of my life.
What is this world?—What axen men to have?
Now with his love—now in his cold grave
Alone, withouten other company.’

But I tire you, sir; and do injustice to the poet, whom I remember but by halves.”

“On the contrary, sir,” replied Peveril, “you make him more intelligible to me in your recitation, than I have found him when I have tried to peruse him myself.”

“You were only frightened by the antiquated spelling, and ‘the letters black,’” said his companion. “It is many a scholar’s case, who mistakes a nut, which he could crack with a little exertion, for a bullet, which he must needs break his teeth on; but yours are better employed.—Shall I offer you some of this fish?”

“Not so, sir,” replied Julian, willing to show himself a man of reading in his turn; “I hold with old Caius, and profess to fear judgment, to fight where I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.”

The stranger cast a startled look around him at this observation, which Julian had thrown out, on purpose to ascertain, if possible, the quality of his companion, whose present language was so different from the character he had assumed at Bridlesley’s. His countenance, too, although the features were of an ordinary, not to say mean cast, had that character of intelligence which education gives to the most homely face; and his manners were so easy and dis- embarrassed, as plainly showed a complete acquaintance with society, as well as the habit of mingling with it in the higher stages. The alarm which he had evidently shown at Peveril’s answer, was but momentary; for he almost instantly replied, with a smile, “I promise you, sir, that you are in no dangerous company; for, notwithstanding my fish dinner, I am much disposed to trifle with some of your sa- voury mess, if you will indulge me so far.”

Peveril accordingly reinforced the stranger's trencher with what remained of the bacon and eggs, and saw him swallow a mouthful or two with apparent relish; but presently after, he began to dally with his knife and fork, like one whose appetite was satiated; then took a long draught of the black jack, and handed his platter to the large mastiff dog, who attracted by the smell of the dinner, had sat down before him for some time, licking his chops, and following with his eye every morsel which the guest raised to his head.

"Here, my poor fellow," said he, "thou hast had no fish, and needest this supernumerary trencher-load more than I do. I cannot withstand thy mute supplication any longer."

The dog answered these courtesies by a civil shake of the tail, while he gobbled up what was assigned him by the stranger's benevolence, in the greater haste, that he heard his mistress's voice at the door.

"Here is the canary, gentlemen," said the landlady; "and the Goodman has set off the mill to come to wait on you yourself. He always does so, when company drink wine."

"That he may come in for the host's, that is, for the lion's share," said the stranger, looking at Peveril. "The shot is mine," said Julian; "and if mine host will share it, I will willingly bestow another quart on him, and on you, sir. I never break old customs."

These sounds caught the ear of Gaffer Whitecraft, who had entered the room, a strapping specimen of his robust trade, prepared to play the civil, or the surly host, as his company should be acceptable or otherwise. At Julian's invitation, he doffed his dusty bonnet—brushed from his sleeve the looser particles of his professional dust—and sitting down on the end of a bench, about a yard from the table, filled a glass of canary, and drank to his guests, and "especially to this noble gentleman," indicating Peveril, who had ordered the canary.

Julian returned the courtesy by drinking his health, and asking what news were about in the country.

"Naught, sir, I hear on naught except this Plot, as they call it, that they are pursuing the Papishers about; but it brings water to my mill, as the saying is. Between expresses hurrying hither and thither, and guards and prisoners riding to and again, and the custom of the neighbours, that come to speak over the news of an evening, nightly I may say, instead of once a week, why the speed is in use, gentlemen, and your land thrives; and then I serving as constable, and being a known Protestant, I have tapped, I may venture to say, it may be ten stands of ale extraordinary, besides a reasonable sale of wine for a country corner. Heaven make us thankful, and keep all good Protestants from Plot and Popery."

"I can easily conceive, my friend," said Julian, "that curiosity is a passion which runs naturally to the alehouse; and that anger, and jealousy, and fear, are all of them thirsty passions, and great consumers of home-brewed. But I am a perfect stranger in these parts; and I would willingly learn from a sensible man like you, a little of this same Plot, of which men speak so much, and appear to know so little."

"Learn a little of it?—Why, it is the most horrible—the most damnable, blood-thirsty beast of a Plot—But hold, hold, my good master: I hope, in the first place, you believe there is a plot? for otherwise, the Justice must have a word with you, so sure as my name is John Whitecraft."

"It shall not need," said Peveril; "for I assure you, mine host, I believe in the Plot as freely and fully as a man can believe in any thing he cannot understand."

"God forbid that any body should pretend to understand it," said the implicit constable; "for his worship the Justice says it is a mile beyond him; and he be as deep as most of them. But men may believe, though they do not understand; and that is what the Romanists say themselves. But this I am sure of, it makes a rare stirring time for justices, and witnesses, and constables. So here's to your health again, gentlemen, in a cup of neat canary."

"Come, come, John Whitecraft," said his wife, "do not you demean yourself by naming witnesses

along with justices and constables. All the world knows how they come by their money."

"Ay, but all the world knows that they do not by it, dame; and that is a great comfort. To rustle in their canonical silks, and swagger in buff and scarlet, who but they?—Ay, ay, the cat fox thieves—and not so cursed neither. Is that Doctor Titus Oates, the saviour of the nation—he he not live at Whitehall, and eat off plate, and be a pension of thousands a-year, for what I know, is he not to be Bishop of Litchfield, so soon as Doddrum dies?"

"Then I hope Doctor Doddrum's revenues will live these twenty years; and I dare say I am fonder that ever wished such a wish," said the hostess, who do not understand these doings, not I; and if a hundred Jesuits came to hold a consult at my house, they did at the White Horse Tavern. I should be quite out of the line of business to bear witness against them, provided they drank well, as per their score."

"Very true, dame," said her elder guest; "but what I call keeping a good publican conscience; so I will pay score presently, and be jogging away."

Peveril, on his part, also demanded a reckoning, and discharged it so liberally, that the miller blushed, that as he bowed, and the hostess cursed at the ground.

The horses of both guests were brought in, and they mounted, in order to depart in company. The host and hostess stood in the doorway, as they departed. The landlord proffered a stirrup-leather to the elder guest, while the landlady offered Peveril a glass from her own peculiar bottle. For this purpose, she mounted on the horse-block, with flask and pail; and so that it was easy for the departing guest, although on horseback, to return the courtesy in the most approved manner, namely, by throwing an arm over his landlady's shoulder, and saluting her parting.

Dame Whitecraft could not decline this familiarity for there is no room for traversing upon a horse-block, and the hands which might have been used for resistance, were occupied with glass and bottle-matters too precious to be thrown away in such a struggle. Apparently, however, she had some other else in her head; for, as, after a brief affectation of reluctance, she permitted Peveril's face to appear, she whispered in his ear, "Beware of impostors—an awful intimation, which, in those days of distrust, suspicion, and treachery, was as deadly as interdicting fire and social intercourse, as the appointment of 'man-traps and spring-guns,' was in an orchard. Pressing her hand, in intimate manner, he comprehended her hint, she shook his waist to return, and bade God speed him. There was a look on John Whitecraft's brow; nor did his final farewell sound half so cordial as that which had been spoken within doors. But then Peveril reflected, that the same guest is not always equally acceptable to the lord and landlady; and unconscious of having done any thing to excite the miller's displeasure, he pursued his journey without thinking farther of the matter."

Julian was a little surprised, and not altogether pleased, to find that his new acquaintance held the same road with him. He had many reasons for wishing to travel alone; and the hostess's countenance still rung in his ears. If this man, possessed of so much shrewdness as his countenance and conversation intimated, versatile, as he had occasion to remark, and disguised beneath his condition, should prove, as was likely to be a concealed Jesuit, or a seminary-priest, travelling upon their great task of the conversion of England, and rooting out of the Northern heresy, a more dangerous companion than a person in his own circumstances, could hardly be imagined; since keeping society with him might seem to authorize whatever reports had been spread concerning the attachment of his family to the Catholic cause. At the same time, it was very difficult, without actual rudeness, to shake off the company of one who seemed determined, whether spoken to or not, to remain alongside of him.

veril tried the experiment of riding slow; but his companion, determined not to drop him, slackened pace, so as to keep close by him. Julian then led his horse to a full trot; and was soon satisfied that the stranger, notwithstanding the meanness of appearance, was so much better mounted than self, as to render vain any thoughts of out-riding. He pulled up his horse to a more reasonable pace, in a sort of despair. Upon his doing so, a companion, who had been hitherto silent, observed, that Peveril was not so well qualified to try upon the road, as he would have been had he been by his first bargain of horse-flesh that morning. Peveril assented dryly, but observed, that the animal would serve his immediate purpose, though he felt it would render him indifferent company for a better mounted.

"No means," answered his civil companion; "none of those who have travelled so much, have been accustomed to make my journey at any rate of motion which may be most agreeable to my own."

Peveril made no reply to this polite intimation, being desirous to tender the thanks which, in courtesy, was the proper answer.—A second pause ensued, when he was broken by Julian asking the stranger whether their roads were likely to lie long together in the same direction.

"I cannot tell," said the stranger, smiling, "unknown which way you were travelling. I am uncertain how far I shall go to-night," said he, willingly misunderstanding the purport of the

other's answer. "But though our roads are better than yours, I think it will be to spare him; and in case our road continues to be the same way, we are likely to sup, as we have together."

Peveril made no answer whatever to this round intimation, but continued to ride on, turning, in his own mind, whether it would not be wisest to come to a full stop, and explain, in so many words, that it was his intention to travel alone. But, besides that the sort of intimation which they had formed during dinner, rendered him unwilling to be directly uncivil towards a person of gentlemanlike manners, he had also to consider that he might very possibly be mistaken in the stranger's character and purpose; in which case, the ill-considered refusal of the society of a sound Protestant, might afford as pregnant matter of suspicion, as an alliance in company with a disguised Jesuit.

After a brief reflection, therefore, he resolved to enhance the embarrassment of the stranger's society, until opportunity should occur to rid himself of it; and in the mean time, to act with as much caution as possibly could, in any communication that might take place between them; for Dame Whitcomb's parting caution still rang anxiously in his ears, and the consequences of his own arrest upon suspicion must deprive him of every opportunity of serving his father, or the Countess, or Major Bridgenorth, whose interest, also, he had promised himself to support.

While he revolved these things in his mind, they journeyed several miles without speaking; and entered upon a more waste country, and worse than they had hitherto found, being, in fact, reaching the more hilly district of Derbyshire. Travelling on a very stony and uneven lane, the stranger's horse repeatedly stumbled; and, had he been supported by the rider's judicious use of the reins, must at length certainly have fallen under

these are times which crave wary riding, sir," said his companion; "and by your seat in the saddle, your hand on the rein, you seem to understand it all."

"I have been long a horseman, sir," answered Peveril.

"And long a traveller, too, sir, I should suppose; by the great caution you observe, you seem to me the human tongue requires a curb, as well as a horse's jaws."

"Wiser men than I have been of opinion," answered Peveril, "that it were a part of prudence to be silent, when men have little or nothing to say."

"I cannot approve of their opinion," answered the stranger. "All knowledge is gained by communication, either with the dead, through books, or, more pleasingly, through the conversation of the living. The deaf and dumb, alone, are excluded from improvement; and surely their situation is not so enviable that we should imitate them."

At this illustration, which awakened a startling echo in Peveril's bosom, the young man looked hard at his companion; but in the composed countenance, and calm blue eye, he read no consciousness of a farther meaning than the words immediately and directly implied. He paused a moment, and then answered, "You seem to be a person, sir, of shrewd apprehension; and I should have thought it might have occurred to you, that, in the present suspicious times, men may, without censure, avoid communication with strangers. You know not me; and to me you are totally unknown. There is not room for much discourse between us, without trespassing on the general topics of the day, which carry in them seeds of quarrel between friends, much more betwixt strangers. At any other time, the society of an intelligent companion would have been most acceptable upon my solitary ride; but at present"—

"At present!" said the other, interrupting him. "You are like the old Romans, who held that *hostis* meant both a stranger and an enemy. I will therefore be no longer a stranger. My name is Ganlesse—by profession I am a Roman Catholic priest—I am travelling here in dread of my life—and I am very glad to have you for a companion."

"I thank you for the information with all my heart," said Peveril; "and to avail myself of it to the uttermost, I must beg of you to ride forward, or lag behind, or take a side-path, at your own pleasure; for as I am no Catholic, and travel upon business of high concernment, I am exposed both to risk, and delay, and even to danger, by keeping such suspicious company. And so, Master Ganlesse, keep your own pace, and I will keep the contrary; for I beg leave to forbear your company."

As Peveril spoke thus, he pulled up his horse, and made a full stop.

The stranger burst out a-laughing. "What!" he said, "you forbear my company for a trifle of danger? Saint Anthony! How the warm blood of the Cavaliers is chilled in the young men of the present day! This young gallant, now, has a father, I warrant, who has endured as many adventures for hunted priests, as a knight-errant for distressed damsels."

"This railery avails nothing, sir," said Peveril. "I must request you will keep your own way."

"My way is yours," said the pertinacious Master Ganlesse, as he called himself; "and we will both travel the safer, that we journey in company. I have the receipt of fern-seed, man, and walk invisible. Besides, you would not have me quit you in this lane, where there is no turn to right or left?"

Peveril moved on, desirous to avoid open violence; for which the indifferent tone of the traveller, indeed, afforded no apt pretext; yet highly disliking his company, and determined to take the first opportunity to rid himself of it.

The stranger proceeded at the same pace with him, keeping cautiously on his bridle hand, as if to secure that advantage in case of a struggle. But his language did not intimate the least apprehension. "You do me wrong," he said to Peveril, "and you equally wrong yourself. You are uncertain where to lodge to-night—trust to my guidance. Here is an ancient hall, within four miles, with an old knightly Pantlodon for its lord—an all-be-ruffed Dame Barbara for the lady gay—a Jesuit in a butler's habit, to say grace—an old tale of Edgehill and Worster fights to relish a cold venison pasty; and a flask of claret mantled with cobwebs—a bed for you in the priest's hiding-hole—and, for aught I know, pretty Mistress Betty, the dairymaid, to make it ready."

"This has no charms for me, sir," said Peveril, who, in spite of himself, could not but be amused with

the ready sketch which the stranger gave of many an old mansion in Cheshire and Derbyshire, where the owners retained the ancient faith of Rome.

"Well, I so. I cannot charm you in this way," continued his companion; "I must strike another key. I am no longer Gaius, the summary priest, but I change his tone, and smothering in the nose Simon Canter, a poor prisoner of the world, who travels thus way to call sinners to repentance; and to strengthen, and to edify, and to fructify, among the scattered remnant who hold fast the truth. What say you to this, sir?"

"I admire your versatility, sir, and could be entertained with it at another time. At present, sincerity is more in request."

"Sincerity!" said the stranger;—"A child's whistle, with but two notes in it—*ya*, *ya*, and *na*, *na*. Why, man, the very Quakers have renounced it, and have got in its stead a gallant reformed, ended Hypocrisy, that is some what like Sincerity in form, but of much greater compass, and combines the whole gamut. Come, be ruled: be a disciple of Simon Canter for the evening, and we will leave the old tumble-down castle of the knight aforesaid, on the left hand, for a new brick-built mansion, erected by an eminent salt-boiler from Nantwich, who expects the said Simon to make a strong spiritual pickle for the preservation of a soul, some what corrupted by the evil communications of this wicked world. What say you? He has two daughters—brighter eyes never beamed under a pinched hood; and for myself, I think there is more fire in those who live only to love and to devotion, than in your court beauties, whose hearts are running on twenty follies besides. You know not the pleasure of being conscience-keeper to a pretty precisian, who in one breath repeats her foibles, and in the next confesses her passion. Perhaps, though, you may have known such in your day? Come, sir, it grows too dark to see your blushes; but I am sure they are burning on your cheek."

"You take great freedom, sir," said Peveril, as they now approached the end of the lane, where it opened on a broad common; "and you seem rather to count more on my forbearance, than you have room to do with safety. We are now nearly free of the lane which has made us companions for this last half hour. To avoid your farther company, I will take the turn to the left, upon that common; and if you follow me, it shall be at your peril. Observe, I am well armed; and you will fight at odds."

"Not at odds," returned the provoking stranger, "while I have my brown jennet, with which I can ride round and around you at pleasure; and this text, of a handful in length, (showing a pistol which he drew from his bosom,) which discharges very convincing doctrine on the pressure of a forefinger, and is apt to equalize all odds, as you call them, of youth and strength. Let there be no strife between us, however—the moor lies before us—choose your path on it—I take the other."

"I wish you good-night, sir," said Peveril to the stranger. "I ask your forgiveness, if I have misconstrued you in any thing; but the times are perilous, and a man's life may depend on the society in which he travels."

"True," said the stranger; "but in your case, the danger is already undergone, and you should seek to counteract it. You have travelled in my company long enough to devise a handsome branch of the Popish Plot. How will you look, when you see come forth, in comely folio form, The Narrative of Simon Canter, otherwise called Richard Gaius, concerning the horrid Popish Conspiracy for the Murder of the King, and Massacre of all Protestants, as given on oath to the Honourable House of Commons; setting forth, how far Julian Peveril, younger of Martindale Castle, is concerned in carrying on the same?"

* There is no more odious feature of this detestable plot than that the foremost witnesses by whose oaths the fraud was supported, claimed a sort of literary interest in their own fabrications by publications under such titles as the following:—"A narrative and impartial discovery of the horrid Popish Plot, carried on for burning and destroying the cities of London and Westminster, with their suburbs, setting forth the several coun-

"How, sir? What mean you?" said Peveril, startled.

"Nay, sir," replied his companion, "do not interrupt my titlepage. Now that Oates and Bedloe have drawn the great prizes, the subordinate due to a little but by the sale of their narrative; and James Newman, Simmons and every bookseller of the trade tell you that the title is half the narrative. Most therefore set forth the various schemes yet but communicated to me, of landing ten thousand soldiers on the Isle of Man upon the coast of Lancashire, and marching into Wales to join the ten thousand who are to be shipped from Spain and so secure the destruction of the Protestant religion, and devoted city of London. Truly, I think such a narrative, well spiced with a few horrors and persecutions, *à la Parliamanti*, might, though the press is somewhat overstocked, be still worth some ten or thirty pence."

"You seem to know me, sir," said Peveril; "if so I think I may fairly ask you to spare this bearing me company, and the making this rhapsody. If it be mere banter, I care not within proper limit; although it is very ill part of a stranger. If you have any farther to speak it out; I am not to be trifled with."

"Good, now," said the stranger, "begin with what an unprofitable chafe you have made of an Italian *fuoruscito*, when he describes to you, takes aim from behind a wall, with musket and prefaces his conference with *Pompey*. So does your man-of-war fire a gun across to a Hans-mogan Indianman, just to bring him to so do I show Master Soly of witness to the one of the honourable society of witnesses, with whom his imagination has been for these two hours past, he is as much in danger now, as what he is ever likely to be suddenly changing his tone to serious, he is in general ironical, he added, "Young men the pestilence is diffused through the streets, is in vain men would avoid the disease, and solitude, and shunning the company of those sufferers."

"In what, then, consists their safety?" said Peveril, willing to ascertain, if possible, the drift of his companion's purpose.

"In following the counsels of wise men," said the stranger, "such was the stranger's answer."

"And as such," said Peveril, "you offer no advice?"

"Pardon me, young man," said the stranger, "I see no reason I should do so.—I am added, in his former tone, "your feed physician offer no advice—I only say it would be well sought it."

"And from whom, or where can I obtain?" said Peveril. "I wander in this country, like a dream; so much a few months have changed. Men who formerly occupied themselves with their own affairs, are now swallowed up in matters of policy; and those tremble under the apprehensions of some strange and sudden convulsion of empire, were formerly only occupied by the fear of a bad supperless. And to sum up the matter, the stranger, apparently well acquainted with my affairs and concerns, who first attaches himself to me, whether I will or no; and then refuses me any protection of his business, while he menaces me with strange accusations."

"Had I meant such infamy," said the stranger, "believe me, I had not given you the threat of

cells, orders, and resolutions of the Jesuits concerning me, by in person so and so named, lately engaged in the design, and one of the Popish committee for carrying on the fire."

At any other period, it would have appeared equally odd and illegal to poison the public mind with stuff of this kind, before the witnesses had made their depositions in open court. But in this moment of frenzy, every thing which could create the existence of these senseless delusions, was eagerly taken up; and whatever seemed to infer doubt of the existence of a conspiracy concerning the existence of the plot, was treated as a strangling, or undervaluing the discovery of the grand conspiracy. In short, as expressed by Dryden,

"'Twas worse than plotting, to suspect the plot."

But be wise, and come on with me. There is a small inn, where, if you can take a warrant for it, we shall sleep in perfect

you yourself," said Peveril, "but now were to avoid observation; and in that case, how protect me."

"I did but silence that tattling landlady, say in which such people are most readily and for Topham, and his brace of night owls, it hawk at other and lesser game than I owe."

could not help admiring the easy and confidence with which the stranger seemed to superiority to all the circumstances of dand him; and after hastily considering the with himself, came to the resolution to keep with him for this night, at least; and to possible, who he really was, and to what he estate he was attached. The boldness om of his talk seemed almost inconsistent following the perilous, though at that time ul, trade of an informer. No doubt, such ssumed every appearance which could insinu into the confidence of their destined victims; a thought he discovered in this man's mand and reckless frankness, which he could nnect with the idea of sincerity in the pres-

He therefore answered, after a moment's on, "I embrace your proposal, sir, although, so, I am reposing a sudden, and perhaps an confidence."

"What am I, then, reposing in you?" said the "Is not our confidence mutual?"

"much the contrary. I know nothing of you — you have named me; and, knowing me to Peveril, know you may travel with me in curity."

"level I do!" answered his companion. "I the same security as with a lighted petard, may expect to explode every moment. Are he son of Peveril of the Peak, with whose lacy and Popery are so closely allied, that man of either sex in Derbyshire concludes r without a petition to be freed from all and do you not come from the Popish Coun- terby, bringing, for aught I know, a whole Manxmen in your pocket, with full comple- arms, ammunition, baggage, and a train of lery?"

"ot very likely I should be so poorly mounted," n, laughing, "if I had such a weight to carry. n, sir. I see I must wait for your confidence, ink proper to confer it; for you are already quainted with my affairs, that I have noth- r you in exchange for it."

s, then," said his companion; "give your spur, and raise the curb rein, lest he mea- ground with his nose, instead of his paces. ot now more than a furlong or two from of entertainment."

nended their pace accordingly, and soon t the small solitary inn which the traveller tioned. When its light began to twinkle em, the stranger, as if recollecting some- had forgotten, "By the way, you must have o pass by; for it may be ill travelling under i, as the fellow who keeps this house is a wellian. What will you call yourself?—My —for the present—Ganlesse."

"is no occasion to assume a name at all," Julian. "I do not incline to use a bor- e, especially as I may meet with some one as my own."

"call you Julian, then," said Master Gan- for Peveril will smell, in the nostrils of mine dolatry, conspiracy, Smithfield faggots, fish rs, the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, ire of purgatory."

spoke thus, they alighted under the great nched oak-tree, that served to canopy the i, which, at an earlier hour, had groaned e weight of a frequent conclave of rustic s. Ganlesse, as he dismounted, whistled

in a particularly shrill note, and was answered from within the house.*

CHAPTER XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb;
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,
Like any courtier at the ordinary.—*The Ordinary.*

The person who appeared at the door of the little inn to receive Ganlesse, as we mentioned in our last chapter, sung as he came forward, this scrap of an old ballad,—

Good even to you, Diccon;
And how have you sped?
Bring you the bonny bride
To banquet and bed?"

To which Ganlesse answered, in the same tone and tune,—

"Content thee, kind Robin;
He need little care,
Who brings home a fat buck
Instead of a hare."

"You have missed your blow, then?" said the other, in reply.

"I tell you I have not," answered Ganlesse; "but you will think of naught but your own thriving occupation—May the plague that belongs to it stick to it! though it hath been the making of thee."

"A man must live, Diccon Ganlesse," said the other.

"Well, well," said Ganlesse, "bid my friend welcome, for my sake. Hast thou got any supper?"

"Recking like a sacrifice—Chaubert has done his best. That fellow is a treasure! give him a farthing candle, and he will cook a good supper out of it.—Come in, sir. My friend's friend is welcome, as we say in my country."

"We must have our horses looked to first," said Peveril, who began to be considerably uncertain about the character of his companions—"that done, I am for you."

Ganlesse gave a second whistle; a groom appeared, who took charge of both their horses, and they themselves entered the inn.

The ordinary room of a poor inn seemed to have undergone some alterations, to render it fit for company of a higher description. There were a baufest, a couch, and one or two other pieces of furniture, of a style inconsistent with the appearance of the place. The tablecloth, which was ready laid, was of the finest damask; and the spoons, forks, &c. were of silver. Peveril looked at this apparatus with some surprise; and again turning his eyes attentively upon his travelling companion Ganlesse, he could not help discovering, (by the aid of imagination, perhaps,) that though insignificant in person, plain in features, and dressed like one in indigence, there lurked still about his person and manners, that indefinable ease of manner which belongs only to men of birth and quality, or to those who are in the constant habit of

* It will be afterwards found, that in the supposed Richard Ganlesse, is first introduced into the story the detestable Edward Christian, a character with as few redeeming good qualities as the author's too prolific pencil has ever attempted to draw. He is a more creature of the imagination; and although he may receive some dignity of character from his talents, energy, and influence over others, he is, in other respects, a moral monster, since even his affection for his brother, and resentment of his death, are grounded on vindictive feelings, which scruple at no means, even the foulest, for their gratification. The author will be readily believed when he affirms, that no original of the present times, or those which preceded them, has given the outline for a character so odious. The personage is a mere fancy piece. In particular the author disclaims all allusion to a gentleman named Edward Christian, who actually existed during those troublesome times, was brother of William Christian, the Dempster, and died in prison in the Isle of Man. With this unfortunate gentleman the character in the novel has not the slightest connexion, nor do the incidents of their lives in any respect agree. There existed, as already stated, an Edward Christian of the period, who was capable of very bad things, since he was a companion and associate of the robber Thomas Blood, and convicted along with him of a conspiracy against the celebrated Duke of Buckingham. This character was probably not unlike that of his namesake in the novel, at least the faults ascribed to him are *ad aliud aliud*. But Mr. Christian of Unwin, if there existed a rogue of his name during that period of general corruption, has the more right to have him distinguished from his unfortunate relative, who died in prison before the period mentioned.

frequenting the best company. His companion, whom he called Will Smith, although tall, and rather good-looking, besides being much better dressed, had not, nevertheless, exactly the same ease of demeanour; and was obliged to make up for the want, by an additional proportion of assurance. Who these two persons could be, Peveril could not attempt even to form a guess. There was nothing for it, but to watch their manner and conversation.

After speaking a moment in whispers, Smith said to his companion, "We must go look after our nags for ten minutes, and allow Chaubert to do his office."

"Will he not appear, and minister before us, then?" said Ganlesse.

"What! he?—he shift a trencher—he hand a cup?—No, you forget whom you speak of. Such an order were enough to make him fall on his own sword—he is already on the borders of despair, because no craw-fish are to be had."

"Alack-a-day!" replied Ganlesse. "Heaven forbid I should add to such a calamity! To stable, then, and see we how our steeds eat their provender, while ours is getting ready."

They adjourned to the stable accordingly, which, though a poor one, had been hastily supplied with whatever was necessary for the accommodation of four excellent horses; one of which, that from which Ganlesse was just dismounted, the groom we have mentioned was cleaning and dressing by the light of a huge wax-candle.

"I am still so far Catholic," said Ganlesse, laughing, as he saw that Peveril noticed this piece of extravagance. "My horse is my saint, and I dedicate a candle to him."

"Without asking so great a favour for mine, which I see standing behind yonder old hen-coop," replied Peveril. "I will at least relieve him of his saddle and bridle."

"Leave him to the lad of the inn," said Smith; "he is not worth any other person's handling; and I promise you, if you slip a single buckle, you will so flavour of that stable duty, that you might as well eat roast-beef as ragouts, for any relish you will have of them."

"I love roast-beef as well as ragouts, at any time," said Peveril, adjusting himself to a task which every young man should know how to perform when need is; "and my horse, though it be but a sorry jade, will champ better on hay and corn, than on an iron bit."

While he was unsaddling his horse, and shaking down some litter for the poor wearied animal, he heard Smith observe to Ganlesse—"By my faith, Dick, thou hast fallen into poor Slender's blunder; missed Anne Page, and brought us a great lubberly postmaster's boy."

"Hush! he will hear thee," answered Ganlesse; "there are reasons for all things—it is well as it is. But, prithee, tell thy fellow to help the youngster."

"What?" replied Smith. "d'ye think I am mad?—Ask Tom Beacon—Tom of Newmarket—Tom of ten thousand, to touch such a four-legged brute as that?—Why, he would turn me away on the spot—discard me, I'faith. It was all he would do to take in hand your own, my good friend; and if you consider him not the better, you are like to stand groom to him yourself to-morrow."

"Well Will," answered Ganlesse, "I will say that for thee, thou hast a set of the most useless, scoundrelly, insolent vermin about thee, that ever eat up a poor gentleman's revenues."

"Useless? I deny it," replied Smith. "Every one of my fellows does something or other so exquisitely, that it were sin to make him do any thing else—it is your jacks-of-all-trades who are masters of none.—But hark to Chaubert's signal! The coxcomb is twanging it on the lute, to the tune of *Eveillez vous, belle endormie*.—Come, Master What d'ye call, [addressing Peveril],—get ye some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand, as Betterton says in the play; for Chaubert's cookery is like Friar Bacon's head—time is—time was—time will soon be no more."

So saying, and scarce allowing Julian time to dip

his hands in a bucket, and dry them on a horse cloth, he hurried him from the stable back to the supper-chamber.

Here all was prepared for their meal, with an epicurean delicacy, which rather belonged to the saloon of a palace, than the cabin in which it was displayed. Four dishes of silver, with covers of the same metal, smoked on the table; and three seats were placed for the company. Beside the lower end of the board, was a small side-table, to answer the purpose of what is now called a dumb waiter; on which several flasks reared their tall, stately, and swanlike crests, above glasses and rummers. Clean covers were also placed within reach; and a small travelling-case of morocco, hooped with silver, displayed a number of bottles, containing the most approved sauces that culinary ingenuity had then invented.

Smith, who occupied the lower seat, and seemed to act as president of the feast, motioned the two travellers to take their places and begin. "I would not stay a grace-time," he said, "to save a whole nation from perdition. We could bring no chaufettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us.—Hum!—ha!—ay—squab-pigeons—wildfowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux escarottes*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month."

"A mere trifle," said Ganlesse; "but, like yourself, Will, he serves a generous master."

The repast now commenced; and Julian, though he had seen his young friend the Earl of Derby, and other gallants, affect a considerable degree of interest and skill in the science of the kitchen, and was not himself either an enemy or a stranger to the pleasures of a good table, found, that, on the present occasion, he was a mere novice. Both his companions, but Smith in especial, seemed to consider that they were now engaged in the only true and real business of life; and weighed all its minutiae with a proportional degree of accuracy. To carve the morsel in the most delicate manner—and to apportion the proper seasoning with the accuracy of the chemist,—to be aware, exactly, of the order in which one dish should succeed another, and to do plentiful justice to all—was a minuteness of science to which Julian had hitherto been a stranger. Smith accordingly treated him as a mere novice in epicurism, cautioning him to eat his soup before the bouilli, and to forget the Manx custom of boiling the boiled meat before the broth, as if Cutlar MacCulloch* and all his whingers were at the door. Peveril took the hint in good part, and the entertainment proceeded with animation.

* This alludes to a singular custom of the inhabitants of the northern coast of the Isle of Man, who used of old to eat the sodden meat before they supped the broth, lest, it is said, they should be deprived of the more substantial part of the meal, if they waited to eat it at the second course.

They account for this anomaly in the following manner:—About the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Earl of Derby, being a fiery young chief, fond of war and honour, made a furious inroad, with all his forces, into the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, and committed great ravages still remembered in Manx song. Mr. Train, with his usual kindness, sent me the following literal translation of the verses:

"There came Thomas Derby, born king;
He it was who wore the golden crupper;
There was not one Lord in wide England itself,
With so many vassals as he had.

"On Scottishmen he avenged himself;
He went over to Kirkcubright,
And there made such havoc of houses,
That some are uninhabitable to this day.

"Was not that fair in a youth,
To avenge himself on his foe while he was so young;
Before his beard had grown round his mouth,
And to bring home his men in safety?"

This incursion of the Earl with the golden crupper was severely revenged. The gentlemen of the name of MacCulloch, a clan then and now powerful in Galloway, had at their head, at the time, a chief of courage and activity, named Cutlar MacCulloch. He was an excellent seaman, and speedily equipped a predatory flotilla, with which he made repeated descents on the northern shores of the Isle of Man, the dominions of the Earl

At length Ganlesse paused, and declared the supper exquisite. "But, my friend Smith," he added, "are your wines curious? When you brought all that trash of plates and trumpery into Derbyshire, I hope you did not leave us at the mercy of the strong ale of the shire, as thick and muddy as the squires who drink it?"

"Did I not know that you were to meet me Dick Ganlesse?" answered their host. "And can you suspect me of such an omission? It is true, you must make champagne and claret serve, for my burgundy would not bear travelling. But if you have a fancy for sherry, or Vin de Cahors, I have a notion Chaubert and Tom Beacon have brought some for their own drinking."

"Perhaps the gentlemen would not care to impart," said Ganlesse.

"O fie!—any thing in the way of civility," replied Smith. "They are, in truth, the best-natured lads alive, when treated respectfully; so that if you would prefer—"

"By no means," said Ganlesse—"a glass of champagne will serve in a scarcity of better."

"The cork shall start obsequious to my thumb."

said Smith; and as he spoke, he untwisted the wire, and the cork struck the roof of the cabin. Each guest took a large rummer glass of the sparkling beverage, which Peveril had judgment and experience enough to pronounce exquisite.

"Give me your hand, sir," said Smith; "it is the first word of sense you have spoken this evening."

"Wisdom, sir," replied Peveril, "is like the best ware in the pedlar's pack, which he never produces till he knows his customer."

"Sharp as mustard," returned the *bon vivant*; "but be wise, most noble pedlar, and take another rummer of this same flask, which you see I have held in an oblique position for your service—not permitting it to retrograde to the perpendicular. Nay, take it off before the bubble bursts on the rim, and the zest is gone."

"You do me honour, sir," said Peveril, taking the second glass. "I wish you a better office than that of my cupbearer."

"You cannot wish Will Smith one more congenial spirit's nature," said Ganlesse. "Others have a selfish delight in the objects of sense. Will thrives, and is happy, by imparting them to his friends."

"Better help men to pleasures than to pains, Master Ganlesse," answered Smith, somewhat angrily.

"Nay, wrath thee not, Will," said Ganlesse; "and speak no words in haste, lest you may have cause to repent at leisure. Do I blame thy social concern for the pleasures of others? Why, man, thou dost therein most philosophically multiply thine own. A man has

of Derby, carrying off all that was not, in the Border phrase, so hot or too heavy.

The following is the deposition of John Machariotic concerning the losses he had suffered by this sea-king and his Galloway sea. It is dated at Peel Castle.—"Taken by Collard MacCulloch and his men by wrongous spoliation, Two box bodles and arkin burdes, i.e. lather, a feder bouter, a cote of Maille, a new burde, two kyatis, five barrels, a xyle-fit, xx pipes, two unys, three bolis of malt, a querne of rosins of vi stane, certain etes (peats) extending to a lea load, viii bolis of threshit corn, ii unthrashin, and xi knowle."—CHALLERSON, p. 47, edit. London, 1653.

This active rover rendered his name so formidable, that the custom of eating the meat before the broth was introduced by the islanders whose festivals he often interrupted. They also remembered him in their prayers and graces; as:

"God keep the house and all within,
From Cut MacCulloch and his kin;"

as I have heard it recited,

"God keep the good corn, and the sheep and the bullock,
From Satan, from sin, and from Cut MacCulloch."

It is said to have chanced, as the master of the house had feared one of these popular benedictions, that Cutlar in person entered the habitation with this reply:

"Gude-man, gude-man, ye pray too late,
MacCulloch's ships are at the Yaite."

The Yaite is a well-known landing-place on the north side of the Isle of Man.

This redoubt'd corsair is, I believe, now represented by the chief of the name, James MacCulloch, Esq. of Ardwell, the author's friend and near connexion.

but one throat, and can but eat, with his best efforts, some five or six times a-day; but thou dinest with every friend that cuts up a capon, and art quaffing wine in other men's gullets, from morning to night—*et sic de cæteris.*"

"Friend Ganlesse," returned Smith, "I prithee beware—thou knowest I can cut gullets as well as tickle them."

"Ay, Will," answered Ganlesse, carelessly; "I think I have seen thee wave thy whinyard at the throat of a Hogan-mogan—a Netherlandish weasand, which expanded only on thy natural and mortal objects of aversion—Dutch cheese, rye-bread, pickled herring, onions, and Geneva."

"For pity's sake, forbear the description!" said Smith; "thy words overpower the perfumes, and flavour the apartment like a dish of salmagundi!"

"But for an epiglottis like mine," continued Ganlesse, "down which the most delicate morsels are washed by such claret as thou art now pouring out, thou couldst not, in thy bitterest mood, wish a worse fate than to be necklaced somewhat tight by a pair of white arms."

"By a tenpenny cord," answered Smith; "but not till you were dead; that thereafter you be presently imbowelled, you being yet alive; that your head be then severed from your body, and your body divided into quarters, to be disposed of at his Majesty's pleasure. How like you that, Master Richard Ganlesse?"

"E'en as you like the thoughts of dining on bran-bread and milk-porridge—an extremity which you trust never to be reduced to. But all this shall not prevent me from pledging you in a cup of sound claret."

As the claret circulated, the glee of the company increased; and Smith, placing the dishes which had been made use of upon the side table, stamped with his foot on the floor, and the table sinking down a trap, again rose, loaded with olives, sliced neat's tongue, caviare, and other provocatives for the circulation of the bottle.

"Why, Will," said Ganlesse, "thou art a more complete mechanist than I suspected; thou hast brought thy scene-shifting inventions to Derbyshire in marvellously short time."

"A rope and pulleys can be easily come by," answered Will; "and with a saw and a plane, I can manage that business in half a day. I love that knack of clean and secret conveyance—thou knowest it was the foundation of my fortunes."

"It may be the wreck of them too, Will," replied his friend.

"True, Diccon," answered Will; "but *dum vivimus vivamus*,—that is my motto; and therewith I present you a brimmer to the health of the fair lady you wot of."

"Let it come, Will," replied his friend; and the flask circulated briskly from hand to hand.

Julian did not think it prudent to seem a check on their festivity, as he hoped in its progress something might occur to enable him to judge of the character and purposes of his companions. But he watched them in vain. Their conversation was animated and lively, and often bore reference to the literature of the period, in which the elder seemed particularly well skilled. They also talked freely of the Court, and of that numerous class of gallants who were then described as "men of wit and pleasure about town;" and to which it seemed probable they themselves appertained.

At length the universal topic of the Popish Plot was started; upon which Ganlesse and Smith seemed to entertain the most opposite opinions. Ganlesse, if he did not maintain the authority of Oates in its utmost extent, contended that at least it was confirmed in a great measure by the murder of Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, and the letters written by Coleman to the confessor of the French King.*

* The unfortunate Coleman, executed for the Popish Plot, was secretary to the late Duchess of York, and had been a correspondent of the French King's confessor, Pere la Chaise. Their correspondence was seized, and although the papers contained nothing to confirm the monstrous fictions of the accusers, yet there was a great deal to show that he and other

With much more noise, and less power of reasoning, Will Smith hesitated not to ridicule and run down the whole discovery, as one of the wildest and most causeless alarms which had ever been sounded in the ears of a credulous public. "I shall never forget," he said, "Sir Godfrey's most original funeral. Two bouncing parsons, well armed with sword and pistol, mounted the pulpit, to secure the third fellow who preached from being murdered in the face of the congregation. Three parsons in one pulpit—three suns in one hemisphere—no wonder men stood aghast at such a prodigy."

"What then, Will," answered his companion, "you are one of those who think the good knight murdered himself, in order to give credit to the Plot?"

"By my faith, not I," said the other; "but some true blue Protestant might do the job for him, in order to give the thing a better colour.—I will be judged by our silent friend, whether that be not the most feasible solution of the whole."

"I pray you, pardon me, gentlemen," said Julian; "I am but just landed in England, and am a stranger to the particular circumstances which have thrown the nation into such ferment. It would be the highest degree of assurance in me to give my opinion betwixt gentlemen who argue the matter so ably; besides, to say truth, I confess weariness—your wine is more potent than I expected, or I have drank more of it than I meant to do."

"Nay, if an hour's nap will refresh you," said the elder of the strangers, "make no ceremony with us. Your bed—all we can offer as such—is that old-fashioned Dutch-built sofa, as the last new phrase calls it. We shall be early stirrers to-morrow morning."

"And that we may be so," said Smith, "I propose that we do sit up this night—I hate lying rough, and detest a pallet-bed. So have at another flask, and the newest lampoon to help it out—

'Now a plague of their votes,
Upon Papists and Plots,
And be d—d Doctor Oates!

Tol de lol!"

"Nay, but our puritanic host," said Ganslesse.

"I have him in my pocket, man—his eyes, ears, nose and tongue," answered his boon companion, "are all in my possession."

"In that case, when you give him back his eyes and nose, I pray you keep his ears and tongue," answered Ganslesse. "Seeing and smelling are organs sufficient

zealous Catholics anxiously sought for and desired to find the means to bring back England to the faith of Rome. "It is certain," says Hume, "that the restless and enterprising spirit of the Catholic church, particularly of the Jesuits, merits attention, and is in some degree dangerous to every other communion. Such zeal of proselytism actuates that sect, that its missionaries have penetrated into every region of the globe, and in one sense there is a Popish plot continually carrying on against all states, Protestant, Pagan, and Mahometan."—*History of England*, vol. vii., p. 72, edit. 1797.

* This solemnity is especially mentioned by North. "The crowd was prodigious, both at the procession and in and about the church, and so heated, that any thing called Papists, were it a cat or a dog, had probably gone to pieces in a moment. The Catholics all kept close in their houses and lodgings, thinking it a good compensation to be safe there, so far were they from acting violently at that time. But there was all that which upheld among the common people an artificial fright, so that every one almost fancied a Popish knife just at his throat; and at the sermon, beside the preacher, two thumping divines stood upright in the pulpit, to guard him from being killed while he was preaching, by the Papists. I did not see this spectacle, but was credibly told by some that affirmed that they did see it, and I never met with any that did contradict it. A most portentous spectacle, sure, three parsons in one pulpit! Enough of itself, on a less occasion, to excite terror in the audience. The like, I guess, was never seen before, and probably will never be seen again; and it had not been so now, as is most evident, but for some stratagem founded upon the impetuosity of the mob."—*Essays*, p. 104.

It may be, however, remarked, that the singular circumstance of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the justice before whom Oates had made his deposition, being found murdered, was the incident upon which most men relied as complete proof of the existence of the plot. As he was believed to have lost his life by the Papists, for having taken Oates's deposition, the panic spread with inconceivable rapidity, and every species of horror was apprehended—every report, the more absurd the better, eagerly listened to and believed. Whether this unfortunate gentleman lost his life by Papist or Protestant, by private enemies, or by his own hand, (for he was a low-spirited and melancholy man,) will probably never be discovered.

for such a knave—to hear and tell, are things he should have no manner of pretensions to."

"I grant you it were well done," answered Smith; "but it were a robbing of the hangman and the pillow; and I am an honest fellow, who would give Dun* and the devil his due. So,

'All joy to great Cesar,
Long life, love, and pleasure;
May the King live for ever!
'Tis no matter for us, boys."

While this Bacchanalian scene proceeded, Julian had wrapt himself closely in his cloak, and stretched himself on the couch, which they had shown to him. He looked towards the table he had left—the tapers seemed to become hazy and dim as he gazed—he heard the sound of voices, but they ceased to convey any impression to his understanding; and in a few minutes, he was faster asleep than he had ever been in the whole course of his life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, awa, awa;
The House of Rhodes is all in flame,
I hault it time to ga'.—*Old Ballad.*

WHEN Julian awakened the next morning, all was still and vacant in the apartment. The rising sun, which shone through the half-closed shutters, showed some relics of the last night's banquet, which his confused and throbbing head assured him had been carried into a debauch.

Without being much of a boon companion, Julian, like other young men of the time, was not in the habit of shunning wine, which was then used in considerable quantities; and he could not help being surprised, that the few cups he had drunk over night had produced on his frame the effects of excess. He rose up, adjusted his dress, and sought in the apartment for water to perform his morning ablutions, but without success. Wine there was on the table; and beside it one stool stood, and another lay, as if thrown down in the heedless riot of the evening. "Surely," he thought to himself, "the wine must have been very powerful, which rendered me insensible to the noise my companions must have made ere they finished their carouse."

With momentary suspicion he examined his weapons, and the packet which he had received from the Countess, and kept in a secret pocket of his upper-coat, bound close about his person. All was safe; and the very operation reminded him of the duties which lay before him. He left the apartment where they had supped, and went into another, wretched enough, where, in a truckle-bed, were stretched two bodies, covered with a rug, the heads belonging to which were amicably deposited upon the same truss of hay. The one was the black shock-head of the groom; the other, graced with a long thrum night-cap, showed a grizzled pate, and a grave caricatured countenance, which the hook-nose and lantern-jaws proclaimed to belong to the Gallic minister of good cheer, whose praises he had heard sung forth on the preceding evening. These worthies seemed to have slumbered in the arms of Bacchus as well as of Morpheus, for there were broken flasks on the floor; and their deep snoring alone showed that they were alive.

Bent upon resuming his journey, as duty and expedience alike dictated, Julian next descended the trap-stair, and essayed a door at the bottom of the steps. It was fastened within. He called—no answer was returned. It must be, he thought, the apartment of the revellers, now probably sleeping as soundly as their dependants still slumbered, and as he himself had done a few minutes before. Should he awake them?—To what purpose? They were men with whom accident had involved him against his own will; and, situated as he was, he thought it wise to take the earliest opportunity of breaking off from society which was suspicious, and might be perilous.

* Dun was the hangman of the day at Tyburn. He was successor of Gregory Brunden, who was by many believed to be the same who dropped the axe upon Charles I., though others were suspected of being the actual regicide.

examining thus, he essayed another door, which admitted him to a bed-room, where lay another harnessed slumberer. The mean utensils, pewter measures, empty cans and casks, with which this room was lumbered, proclaimed it that of the host, who was surrounded by his professional implements of spirituality and stock in trade.

This discovery relieved Peveril from some delicate embarrassment which he had formerly entertained. But upon the table a piece of money, sufficient, he judged, to pay his share of the preceding night's lodging; not caring to be indebted for his entertainment to the strangers, whom he was leaving without the formality of an adieu.

His conscience cleared of this gentlemanlike scruple, Peveril proceeded with a light heart, though somewhat at a dizzy head, to the stable, which he easily recognised among a few other paltry out-houses. His face refreshed with rest, and perhaps not unmindful of his services the evening before, neighed as his steed entered the stable; and Peveril accepted the sound as an omen of a prosperous journey. He paid his augury with a sieveful of corn; and, while his frey profited by his attention, walked into the fresh air to cool his heated blood, and consider what course should pursue in order to reach the Castle of Martindale before sunset. His acquaintance with the country in general, gave him confidence that he could have greatly deviated from the nearest road; and that his horse in good condition, he conceived he might easily reach Martindale before nightfall.

Having adjusted his route in his mind, he returned to the stable to prepare his steed for the journey. He soon led him into the ruinous court-yard of the castle, bridled, saddled, and ready to be mounted. But Peveril's hand was upon the mane, and his left foot in the stirrup, a hand touched his cloak, and the voice of Ganlesse said, "What, Master Peveril, is it your foreign breeding? or have you learned in France to take French leave of your friends?" Julian started like a guilty thing, although a moment's reflection assured him that he was neither doing nor in danger. "I cared not to disturb you," said, "although I did come as far as the door of your chamber. I supposed your friend and you might tarry, after our last night's revel, rather sleep than remonny. I left my own bed, though a rough one, the more reluctance than usual; and as my obligations oblige me to be an early traveller, I thought it best to depart without leave-taking. I have left a key for mine host, on the table of his apartment."

"It was unnecessary," said Ganlesse; "the rascal already overpaid.—But are you not rather premature in your purpose of departing? My mind tells me that Master Julian Peveril had better proceed with care to London, than turn aside for any purpose whatever. You may see already that I am no ordinary reasoner, but a master-spirit of the time. For the clock I travel with, and whom I indulge in his prodigious follies, he also has his uses. But you are of a different cast; and I not only would serve you, but even wish you to be my own."

Julian gazed on this singular person when he spoke. He had already said his figure was mean and slight, with very ordinary and unmarked features, unless we are to distinguish the lightnings of a keen gray eye, which corresponded, in its careless and proud glance, with the haughty superiority which the stranger assumed in his conversation. It was not till after a momentary pause, that Julian replied, "Can you wonder, sir, that in my circumstances—if they are dead known to you so well as they seem—I should decline unnecessary confidence on the affairs of moment which have called me hither, or refuse the company of a stranger, who assigns no reason for serving mine?"

"Be it as you list, young man," answered Ganlesse; "only remember hereafter, you had a fair offer—it is every one to whom I would have made it. If we could meet hereafter, on other, and on worse terms, put it to yourself, and not to me."

"I understand not your threat," answered Peveril, "a threat be indeed implied. I have done no evil—feel no apprehension—and I cannot, in common

sense, conceive why I should suffer for refusing my confidence to a stranger, who seems to require that I should submit me blindfold to his guidance."

"Farewell, then, Sir Julian of the Peak—that may soon be," said the stranger, removing the hand which he had as yet left carelessly on the horse's bridle.

"How mean you by that phrase?" said Julian; "and why apply such a title to me?"

The stranger smiled, and only answered, "Here our conference ends. The way is before you. You will find it longer and rougher than that by which I would have guided you."

So saying, Ganlesse turned his back and walked towards the house. On the threshold he turned about once more, and seeing that Peveril had not yet moved from the spot, he again smiled and beckoned to him; but Julian, recalled by that sign to recollection, spurred his horse, and set forward on his journey.

It was not long ere his local acquaintance with the country enabled him to regain the road to Martindale, from which he had diverged on the preceding evening for about two miles. But the roads, or rather the paths of this wild country, so much satirized by their native poet, Cotton, were so complicated in some places, so difficult to be traced in others, and so unfit for hasty travelling in almost all, that, in spite of Julian's utmost exertions, and though he made no longer delay upon the journey than was necessary to bait his horse at a small hamlet through which he passed at noon, it was nightfall ere he reached an eminence, from which, an hour sooner, the battlements of Martindale Castle would have been visible; and where, when they were hid in night, their situation was indicated by a light constantly maintained in a lofty tower, called the Warder's Turret; and which domestic beacon had acquired, through all the neighbourhood, the name of Peveril's Pole-star.

This was regularly kindled at curfew-toll, and supplied with as much wood and charcoal as maintained the light till sunrise; and at no period was the ceremonial omitted, saving during the space intervening between the death of a Lord of the Castle and his interment. When this last event had taken place, the nightly beacon was rekindled with some ceremony, and continued till fate called the successor to sleep with his fathers. It is not known from what circumstance the practice of maintaining this light originally sprung. Tradition spoke of it doubtfully. Some thought it was the signal of general hospitality, which, in ancient times, guided the wandering knight, or the weary pilgrim, to rest and refreshment. Others spoke of it as a "love-lighted watch-fire," by which the provident anxiety of a former lady of Martindale guided her husband homeward through the terrors of a midnight storm. The less favourable construction of unfriendly neighbours of the dissenting persuasion, ascribed the origin and continuance of this practice, to the assuming pride of the family of Peveril, who thereby chose to intimate their ancient *suzeraineté* over the whole country, in the manner of the admiral, who carries the lantern in the poop, for the guidance of the fleet. And in the former times, our old friend, Master Solsgrace, dealt from the pulpit many a hard hit against Sir Geoffrey, as he that had raised his horn and set up his candlestick on high. Certain it is, that all the Peverils, from father to son, had been especially attentive to the maintenance of this custom, as something intimately connected with the dignity of their family; and in the hands of Sir Geoffrey, the observance was not likely to be omitted.

Accordingly, the polar-star of Peveril had continued to beam more or less brightly during all the vicissitudes of the Civil War; and glimmered, however faintly, during the subsequent period of Sir Geoffrey's depression. But he was often heard to say, and sometimes to swear, that while there was a perch of woodland left to the estate, the old beacon-grate should not lack replenishing. All this his son Julian well knew; and therefore it was with no ordinary feelings of surprise and anxiety, that looking in the direction of the Castle, he perceived that the light was not

visible. He halted—rubbed his eyes—shifted his position—and endeavoured, in vain, to persuade himself that he had mistaken the point from which the polar-star of his house was visible, or that some newly intervening obstacle, the growth of a plantation, perhaps, or the erection of some building, intercepted the light of the beacon. But a moment's reflection assured him, that from the high and free situation which Martindale-Castle bore in reference to the surrounding country, this could not have taken place; and the inference necessarily forced itself upon his mind, that Sir Geoffrey, his father, was either deceased, or that the family must have been disturbed by some strange calamity under the pressure of which their wonted custom and solemn usage had been neglected.

Under the influence of undefinable apprehension, young Peveril now struck the spurs into his jaded steed, and forcing him down the broken and steep path at a pace which set safety at defiance, he arrived at the village of Martindale-Moultrassie, eagerly desirous to ascertain the cause of this ominous eclipse. The street, through which his tired horse paced slow and reluctantly, was now deserted and empty; and scarcely a candle twinkled from a casement, except from the latticed window of the little inn, called the Peveril Arms, from which a broad light shone, and several voices were heard in rude festivity.

Before the door of this inn, the jaded palfrey, guided by the instinct or experience which makes a hackney well acquainted with the outside of a house of entertainment, made so sudden and determined a pause, that, notwithstanding his haste, the rider thought it best to dismount, expecting to be readily supplied with a fresh horse by Roger Raine, the landlord, the ancient dependant of his family. He also wished to relieve his anxiety, by inquiring concerning the state of things at the Castle, when he was surprised to hear, bursting from the tap-room of the loyal old host, a well known song of the Commonwealth time, which some puritanical wag had written in reprehension of the Cavaliers, and their dissolute courses, and in which his father came in for a lash of the satirist.

"Ye thought in the world there was no power to tame ye,
So you tippled and drab'd till the saints overcame ye;
'Fornooth, and 'Ne'er stir, sir, have vanquish'd 'G—d—n
me,"

Which nobody can deny.

"There was bluff old Sir Geoffrey loved brandy and mum well,
And to see a beer glass turn'd o'er the thumb well;
But he fled like the wind, before Fairfax and Cromwell,
Which nobody can deny.

Some strange revolution, Julian was aware, must have taken place, both in the village, and in the Castle, ere these sounds of unseemly insult could have been poured forth in the very inn which was decorated with the armorial bearings of his family; and not knowing how far it might be advisable to intrude on these unfriendly revellers, without the power of repelling or chastising their insolence, he led his horse to a back-door, which, as he recollected, communicated with the landlord's apartment, having determined to make private inquiry of him concerning the state of matters at the Castle. He knocked repeatedly, and as often called on Roger Raine with an earnest but stifled voice. At length a female voice replied, by the usual inquiry, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Dame Raine—I, Julian Peveril—tell your husband to come to me presently."

"Alack, and a well-a-day, Master Julian, if it be really you—you are to know my poor Goodman has gone where he can come to no one; but, doubtless, we shall all go to him, as Matthew Chamberlain says."

"He is dead, then?" said Julian. "I am extremely sorry."

"Dead six months and more, Master Julian; and let me tell you, it is a long time for a lone woman, as Matt Chamberlain says."

"Well, do you or your chamberlain undo the door. I want a fresh horse, and I want to know how things are at the Castle."

"The Castle—lack-a-day!—Chamberlain—Matthew Chamberlain—I say, Matt!"

Matt Chamberlain apparently was at no great distance, for he presently answered her call; and Peveril, as he stood close to the door, could hear them whispering to each other, and distinguish in a great measure what they said. And here it may be noted that Dame Raine, accustomed to submit to the authority of old Roger, who vindicated as well the husband's domestic prerogative, as that of the monarch in the state, had, when left a buxom widow, been so far incommoded by the exercise of her newly acquired independence, that she had recourse, upon all occasions, to the advice of Matt Chamberlain; and as Matt began no longer to go slipshod, and in a red nightcap, but wore Spanish shoes, and a high-crowned beaver, (at least of a Sunday,) and moreover was called Master Matthew, by his fellow-servants, the neighbours in the village argued a speedy change of the name on the sign-post; nay, perhaps, of the very sign itself, for Matthew was a bit of a Puritan, and no friend to Peveril of the Peak.

"Now counsel me, an you be a man, Matt Chamberlain," said Widow Raine; "for never stir, if here be not Master Julian's own self, and he wants a horse, and what not, and all as if things were as they went to be."

"Why, dame, an ye will walk by my counsel," said the Chamberlain, "c'en shake him off—let him be jogging while his boots are green. This is no world for folks to scald their fingers in other folks' broth."

"And that is well spoken, truly," answered Dame Raine; "but then, look you, Matt, we have eaten their bread, and, as your poor Goodman used to say—"

"Nay, nay, dame, they that walk by the counsel of the dead, shall have none of the living; and so you may do as you list; but if you will walk by mine, drop latch, and draw bolt, and bid him seek quarters farther—that is my counsel."

"I desire nothing of you, sirrah," said Peveril; "save but to know how Sir Geoffrey and his lady do?"

"Lack-a-day!—lack-a-day!" in a tone of sympathy, was the only answer he received from the landlady; and the conversation betwixt her and her chamberlain was resumed, but in a tone too low to be overheard.

At length, Matt Chamberlain spoke aloud, and with a tone of authority: "We undo no doors at this time of night, for it is against the Justices' orders, and might cost us our license; and for the Castle, the road up to it lies before you, and I think you know it as well as we do."

"And I know you," said Peveril, remounting his wearied horse, "for an ungrateful churl, whom, on the first opportunity, I will assuredly cudgel to a mummy."

To this menace Matthew made no reply, and Peveril presently heard him leave the apartment, after a few earnest words betwixt him and his mistress.

Impatient at this delay, and at the evil omen implied in these people's conversation and deportment, Peveril, after some vain spurring of his horse, which positively refused to move a step farther, dismounted once more, and was about to pursue his journey on foot, notwithstanding the extreme disadvantage under which the high riding-boots of the period laid those who attempted to walk with such encumbrances, when he was stopped by a gentle call from the window.

Her counsellor was no sooner gone, than the good-nature and habitual veneration of the dame for the house of Peveril, and perhaps some fear for her counsellor's bones, induced her to open the casement, and cry, but in a low and timid tone, "Hist! hist! Master Julian—be ye gone?"

"Not yet, dame," said Julian; "though it seems my stay is unwelcome."

"Nay, but good young master, it is because men counsel so differently; for here was my poor old Roger Raine would have thought the chimney-corner too cold for you; and here is Matt Chamberlain thinks the cold court-yard is warm enough."

mind that dame," said Julian; "do but
e what has happened at Martindale Castle?
eacon is extinguished."

truth?—ay, like enough—then good Sir
s gone to Heaven with my old Roger

Heaven!" exclaimed Peveril; "when was
taken ill?"

as I knows of," said the dame; "but,
e hours since, arrived a party at the Castle,
oats and bandoliers, and one of the Parlia-
ka, like in Oliver's time. My old Roger
ld have shut the gates of the inn against
e in the churchyard, and Matt says it is
v; and so they came in and refreshed men
and sent for Master Bridgenorth, that is at
e-Hall even now; and so they went up to
and there was a fray, it is like, as the old
s no man to take napping, as poor Roger
to say. Always the officers had the best
reason there is, since they had law of their
r Matthew says. But since the pole-star
le is out, as your honour says, why, doubt-
gentleman is dead."

as Heaven!—Dear Dame, for love or gold,
e a horse to make for the Castle!"

istle?" said the Dame; "the Roundheads,

Roger called them, will kill you as they
your father! Better creep into the wood-
I will send Bett with a blanket and some
stay—my old Dobbin stands in the little
le the hen-coop—e'en take him, and make
your way out of the country, for there is no
for you. Hear what songs some of them
at the tap!—so take Dobbin, and do not
ave your own horse instead."

aited to hear no farther, only, that just as
o go off to the stable, the compassionate
heard to exclaim—"O Lord! what will
Chamberlain say?" but instantly added,
ay what he will, I may dispose of what's

haste of a double-focd hostler did Julian
he equipments of his jaded brute with poor
o stood quietly tugging at his rackful of
at dreaming of the business which was
destined for him. Notwithstanding the
f the place, Julian succeeded marvellous
preparing for his journey; and leaving his
to find its way to Dobbin's rack by instinct,
pon his new acquisition, and spurred him
tast the hill, which rises steeply from the
the Castle. Dobbin, little accustomed to
ons, snorted, panted, and trotted as briskly
until at length he brought his rider before
e-gate of his father's ancient seat.

n was now rising, but the portal was hid-
its beams, being situated as we have men-
where, in a deep recess betwixt two large
wers. Peveril dismounted, turned his horse
advanced to the gate, which, contrary to
tion, he found open. He entered the large
; and could then perceive that lights yet
i the lower part of the building, although
before observed them, owing to the height
ard walls. The main door, or great hall-
was called, was, since the partially decayed
family, seldom opened, save on occasions
ceremony. A smaller postern door served
of ordinary entrance; and to that Julian
d. This also was open—a circumstance
ld of itself have alarmed him, had he not
so many causes for apprehension. His
within him as he turned to the left, through
ward hall, towards the great parlour, which
usually occupied as a sitting apartment;
rm became still greater, when, on a nearer
e heard proceeding from thence the murl-
ral voices. He threw the door of the apart-
; and the sight which was thus displayed,
all the evil bodings which he had enter-

of him stood the old Knight, whose arms
ily secured, over the elbows, by a leathern

belt drawn tight round them, and made fast behind;
two ruffianly-looking men, apparently his guards, had
hold of his doublet. The scabbardless sword which
lay on the floor, and the empty sheath which hung by
Sir Geoffrey's side, showed the stout old Cavalier had
not been reduced to this state of bondage without an
attempt at resistance. Two or three persons, having
their backs turned towards Julian, sat round a table,
and appeared engaged in writing—the voices which
he had heard were theirs, as they murmured to each
other. Lady Peveril—the emblem of death, so pallid
was her countenance—stood at the distance of a yard
or two from her husband, upon whom her eyes were
fixed with an intenseness of gaze, like that of one who
looks her last on the object which she loves the best.
She was the first to perceive Julian; and she exclaimed,
"Merciful Heaven!—my son!—the misery of our
house is complete!"

"My son!" echoed Sir Geoffrey, starting from the
sullen state of dejection, and swearing a deep oath—
"thou art come in the right time, Julian. Strike me
one good blow—cleave me that traitorous thief from
the crown to the brisquet! and that done, I care not
what comes next."

The sight of his father's situation made the son
forget the inequality of the contest which he was about
to provoke.

"Villains," he said, "unhand him!" and, rushing
on the guards with his drawn sword, compelled them
to let go Sir Geoffrey, and stand on their own de-
fence.

Sir Geoffrey thus far liberated, shouted to his lady,
"Undo the belt, dame, and we will have three good
blows for it yet—they must fight well that beat both
father and son!"

But one of those men who had started up from the
writing-table when the fray commenced, prevented
Lady Peveril from rendering her husband this assist-
ance; while another easily mastered the hampered
Knight, though not without receiving several severe
kicks from his heavy boots—his condition permitting
him no other mode of defence. A third, who saw that
Julian, young, active, and animated with the fury of
a son who fights for his parents, was compelling the
two guards to give ground, seized on his collar, and
attempted to master his sword. Suddenly dropping
that weapon, and snatching one of his pistols, Julian
fired it at the head of the person by whom he was
thus assailed. He did not drop, but, staggering back
as if he had received a severe blow, showed Peveril, as
he sunk into a chair, the features of old Bridgenorth,
blackened with the explosion, which had even set fire
to a part of his gray hair. A cry of astonishment
escaped from Julian; and in the alarm and horror of
the moment, he was easily secured and disarmed by
those with whom he had been at first engaged.

"Heed it not, Julian," said Sir Geoffrey; "heed
it not, my brave boy—that shot has balanced all
accounts!—but how—what the devil—he lives!—
Was your pistol loaded with chaff? or has the foul
fiend given him proof against lead?"

There was some reason for Sir Geoffrey's surprise,
since, as he spoke, Major Bridgenorth collected him-
self—sat up in the chair as one who recovers from a
stunning blow—then rose, and wiping with his hand-
kerchief the marks of the explosion from his face,
he approached Julian, and said, in the same cold un-
altered tone in which he usually expressed himself,
"Young man, you have reason to bless God, who
has this day saved you from the commission of a
great crime."

"Bless the devil, ye crop-eared knave!" exclaimed
Sir Geoffrey; "for nothing less than the father of all
fanatics saved your brains from being blown about
like the rinsings of Beelzebub's porridge-pot!"

"Sir Geoffrey," said Major Bridgenorth, "I have
already told you, that with you I will hold no argu-
ment; for to you I am not accountable for any of my
actions."

"Master Bridgenorth," said the lady, making a
strong effort to speak, and to speak with calmness,
"whatever revenge your Christian state of con-
science may permit you to take on my husband—I—
I, who have some right to experience compassion at

your hand, for most sincerely did I compassionate you when the hand of Heaven was heavy on you—I implore you not to involve my son in our common ruin!—Let the destruction of the father and mother, with the ruin of our ancient house, satisfy your resentment for any wrong which you have ever received at my husband's hand."

"Hold your peace, housewife," said the Knight; "you speak like a fool and meddle with what concerns you not.—Wrong at my hand? The cowardly knave has ever had but even too much right. Had I cudgelled the cur soundly when he first bayed at me, the cowardly mongrel had been now crouching at my feet, instead of flying at my throat. But if I get through this action, as I have got through worse weather, I will pay off old scores, as far as tough crab-tree and cold iron will bear me out."

"Sir Geoffrey," replied Bridgenorth, "if the birth you boast of has made you blind to better principles, it might have at least taught you civility. What do you complain of? I am a magistrate; and I execute a warrant, addressed to me by the first authority in the state. I am a creditor also of yours; and law arms me with powers to recover my own property from the hands of an improvident debtor."

"You a magistrate!" said the Knight; "much such a magistrate as Noll was a monarch. Your heart is up, I warrant, because you have the King's pardon; and are replaced on the bench, forsooth, to persecute the poor Papist. There was never turmoil in the state, but knaves had their vantage by it—never pot boiled, but the scum was cast uppermost."

"For God's sake, my dearest husband," said Lady Peveril, "cease this wild talk! It cannot but incense Master Bridgenorth, who might otherwise consider, that in common charity"

"Incense him!" said Sir Geoffrey, impatiently interrupting her; "God's-death, madam, you will drive me mad! Have you lived so long in this world, and yet expect consideration and charity from an old starved wolf like that? And if he had it, do you think that I, or you, madam, as my wife, are subjects for his charity?—Julian, my poor fellow, I am sorry thou hast come so unluckily, since thy petronel was not better loaded—but thy credit is lost for ever as a marksman."

This angry colloquy passed so rapidly on all sides, that Julian, scarce recovered from the extremity of astonishment with which he was overwhelmed at finding himself suddenly plunged into a situation of such extremity, had no time to consider in what way he could most effectually act for the succour of his parents. To speak Bridgenorth fair, seemed the more prudent course; but to this his pride could hardly stoop; yet he forced himself to say, with as much calmness as he could assume, "Master Bridgenorth, since you act as a magistrate, I desire to be treated according to the laws of England; and demand to know of what we are accused, and by whose authority we are arrested?"

"Here is another howlet for ye!" exclaimed the impetuous old Knight; "his mother speaks to a Puritan of charity; and thou must talk of law to a roundheaded rebel, with a wannion to you! What warrant hath he, think ye, beyond the Parliament's or the devil's?"

"Who speaks of the Parliament?" said a person entering, whom Peveril recognised as the official person whom he had before seen at the horse-dealer's, and who now bustled in with all the conscious dignity of plenary authority.—"Who talks of the Parliament?" he exclaimed. "I promise you, enough has been found in this house to convict twenty plotters—Here be arms, and that good store. Bring them in, Captain."

"The very same," exclaimed the Captain, approaching, "which I mention in my printed Narrative of Information, lodged before the Honourable House of Commons; they were commissioned from old Vander Huys of Rotterdam, by orders of Don John of Austria, for the service of the Jesuite."

"Now, by this light," said Sir Geoffrey, "they are the pikes, musketoons, and pistols, that have been hidden in the garret ever since Naseby fight!"

"And here," said the Captain's yoke-fellow, "are proper priest's trappings—antiphonera, missals, and copes, I warrant you—ay, and pictures, too, for Papists to mutter and bow over."

"Now plague on thy snuffling whine," said Geoffrey; "here is a rascal will swear my mother's old farthingale to be priest's vestments, the story book of Owteuspiegel, a Popish missal."

"But how's this, Master Bridgenorth?" said ham, addressing the magistrate; "your honour been as busy as we have; and you have caught an knave while we recovered these toys."

"I think, sir," said Julian, "if you look into warrant, which, if I mistake not, names the person whom you are directed to arrest, you will find have no title to apprehend me."

"Sir," said the officer, puffing with importunity, "I do not know who you are; but I would you the best man in England, that I might teach you respect due to the warrant of the House. Sir, steps not the man within the British seas, but I arrest him on authority of this bit of parchment; I do arrest you accordingly.—What do you do him of, gentlemen?"

Dangerfield swaggered forward, and peeping under Julian's hat, "Stop my vital breath," he exclaimed "but I have seen you before, my friend, an I could but think where; but my memory is not worth a farthing since I have been obliged to use it so much of late the behalf of the poor state. But I do know the law; and I have seen him amongst the Papists take that on my assured damnation."

"Why, Captain Dangerfield," said the Captain, smoother, but more dangerous associate,—"verily is the same youth whom we saw at the horse-dealer's yesterday; and we had matter against then, only Master Topham did not desire us to let it out."

"Ye may bring out what ye will against him," said Topham, "for he hath blasphemed the name of the House. I think ye said ye saw him somewhere?"

"Ay, verily," said Everett, "I have seen amongst the seminary pupils at Saint Omer's was who but he with the regents there."

"Nay, Master Everett, collect yourself," said ham; "for, as I think, you said you saw him consult of the Jesuits in London."

"It was I said so, Master Topham," said the daunted Dangerfield; "and mine is the tongue will swear it."

"Good Master Topham," said Bridgenorth, "may suspend farther inquiry at present, as it but fatigue and perplex the memory of the witnesses."

"You are wrong, Master Bridgenorth—clearly wrong. It doth but keep them in wind-breathes them like greyhounds before a cou match."

"Be it so," said Bridgenorth, with his usual interference of manner; "but at present this youth stand committed upon a warrant, which I will sently sign, of having assaulted me while in discharge of my duty as a magistrate, for the rescue of a son legally attached. Did you not hear the report of a pistol?"

"I will swear to it," said Everett.

"And I," said Dangerfield. "While we making search in the cellar, I heard something like a pistol-shot; but I conceived it to be the discharging of a long-corked bottle of sack, to see what there were any Popish relics, in the inside on't."

"A pistol-shot!" exclaimed Topham; "here I have been a second Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey's ter.—Oh, thou real spawn of the red old dragon he too would have resisted the House's warrant had we not taken him something at unawares.—Master Bridgenorth, you are a judicious magistrate; worthy servant of the state—I would we had such sound Protestant justices. Shall I have young fellow away with his parents—what you?—or will you keep him for re-examination?"

"Master Bridgenorth," said Lady Peveril, in deference of her husband's efforts to interrupt her, "for (

sake, if ever you knew what it was to love one of the many children you have lost, or her who is now left to you, do not pursue your vengeance to the blood of my poor boy! I will forgive you all the rest—all the distress you have wrought—all the yet greater misery with which you threaten us; but do not be extreme with one who never can have offended you! Believe that if your ears are shut against the cry of a despairing mother, those which are open to the complaint of all who sorrow, will hear my petition and your answer!"

The agony of mind and of voice with which Lady Peveril uttered these words, seemed to thrill through all present, though most of them were but too much inured to such scenes. Every one was silent, when, ceasing to speak, she fixed on Bridgenorth her eyes, glistening with tears, with the eager anxiety of one whose life or death seemed to depend upon the answer to be returned. Even Bridgenorth's inflexibility seemed to be shaken; and his voice was tremulous, as he answered, "Madam, I would to God I had the present means of relieving your great distress, otherwise than by recommending to you a reliance upon Providence; and that you take heed to your spirit, that it murmur not under this crook in your lot. For me, I am but as a rod in the hand of the strong man, which smites not of itself, but because it is wielded by the arm of him who holds the same."

"Even as I and my black rod are guided by the Commons of England," said Master Topham, who seemed marvellously pleased with the illustration.

Julian now thought it time to say something in his own behalf; and he endeavoured to temper it with as much composure as it was possible for him to assume. "Master Bridgenorth," he said, "I neither dispute your authority, nor this gentleman's warrant!"

"You do not?" said Topham. "O ho, master youngster, I thought we should bring you to your senses presently!"

"Then, if you so will it, Master Topham," said Bridgenorth, "thus it shall be. You shall set out with early day, taking with you, towards London, the persons of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Peveril; and that they may travel according to their quality, you will allow them their coach, sufficiently guarded."

"I will travel with them myself," said Topham; "for these rough Derbyshire roads are no easy riding; and my very eyes are weary with looking on these bleak hills. In the coach I can sleep as sound as if I were in the House, and Master Bodderbrains on his legs."

"It will become you so to take your ease, Master Topham," answered Bridgenorth. "For this youth, I will take him under my charge, and bring him up myself."

"I may not be answerable for that, worthy Master Bridgenorth," said Topham, "since he comes within the warrant of the House."

"Nay, but," said Bridgenorth, "he is only under custody for an assault, with the purpose of a rescue; and I counsel you against meddling with him, unless you have stronger guard. Sir Geoffrey is now old and broken, but this young fellow is in the flower of his youth, and hath at his beck all the debauched young Cavaliers of the neighbourhood—You will scarce cross the country without a rescue."

Topham eyed Julian wistfully, as a spider may be supposed to look upon a stray wasp which has got into his web, and which he longs to secure, though he fears the consequences of attempting him.

Julian himself replied, "I know not if this separation be well or ill meant on your part, Master Bridgenorth; but on mine, I am only desirous to share the fate of my parents; and therefore I will give my word of honour to attempt neither rescue nor escape, on condition you do not separate me from them."

"Do not say so, Julian," said his mother; "abide with Master Bridgenorth—my mind tells me he cannot mean so ill by us as his rough conduct would now lead us to infer."

"And I," said Sir Geoffrey, "know, that between the doors of my father's house and the gates of hell, there steps not such a villain on the ground! And if

I wish my hands ever to be unbound again, it is because I hope for one downright blow at a gray head, that has hatched more treason than the whole Long Parliament."

"Away with thee!" said the zealous officer; "is Parliament a word for so foul a mouth as thine?—Gentlemen," he added, turning to Everett and Dangerfield, "you will bear witness to this."

"To his having reviled the House of Commons—by G—d, that I will!" said Dangerfield; "I will take it on my damnation."

"And verily," said Everett, "as he spoke of Parliament generally, he hath even contemned the House of Lords also."

"Why, ye poor insignificant wretches," said Sir Geoffrey, "whose very life is a lie—and whose bread is perjury—would you pervert my innocent words almost as soon as they have quitted my lips? I tell you the country is well weary of you; and should Englishmen come to their senses, the jail, the pillory, the whipping-post, and the gibbet, will be too good preferment for such base blood-suckers.—And now, Master Bridgenorth, you and they may do your worst; for I will not open my mouth to utter a single word while I am in the company of such knaves."

"Perhaps, Sir Geoffrey," answered Bridgenorth, "you would better have consulted your own safety in adopting that resolution a little sooner—the tongue is a little member, but it causes much strife.—You, Master Julian, will please to follow me, and without remonstrance or resistance; for you must be aware that I have the means of compelling."

Julian was, indeed, but too sensible, that he had no other course but that of submission to superior force; but ere he left the apartment, he knelt down to receive his father's blessing, which the old man bestowed not without a tear in his eye, and in the emphatic words, "God bless thee, my boy; and keep thee good and true to Church and King, whatever wind shall bring foul weather!"

His mother was only able to pass her hand over his head, and to implore him, in a low tone of voice, not to be rash or violent in any attempt to render them assistance. "We are innocent," she said, "my son—we are innocent—and we are in God's hands. Be the thought our best comfort and protection."

Bridgenorth now signed to Julian to follow him, which he did, accompanied, or rather conducted, by the two guards who had first disarmed him. When they had passed from the apartment, and were at the door of the outward hall, Bridgenorth asked Julian whether he should consider him as under parole; in which case, he said, he would dispense with all other security but his own promise.

Peveril, who could not help hoping somewhat from the favourable and unresentful manner in which he was treated by one whose life he had so recently attempted, replied, without hesitation, that he would give his parole for twenty-four hours, neither to attempt to escape by force nor by flight.

"It is wisely said," replied Bridgenorth; "for though you might cause bloodshed, be assured that your utmost efforts could do no service to your parents.—Horses there—horses to the court-yard!"

The trampling of the horses was soon heard; and in obedience to Bridgenorth's signal, and in compliance with his promise, Julian mounted one which was presented to him, and prepared to leave the house of his fathers, in which his parents were now prisoners, and to go, he knew not whither, under the custody of one known to be the ancient enemy of his family. He was rather surprised at observing, that Bridgenorth and he were about to travel without any other attendants.

When they were mounted, and as they rode slowly towards the outer gate of the court-yard, Bridgenorth said to him, "It is not every one who would thus unreservedly commit his safety, by travelling at night, and unaided, with the hot-brained youth who so lately attempted his life."

"Master Bridgenorth," said Julian, "I might tell you truly that I knew you not at the time when I directed my weapon against you; but I must also add, that the cause in which I used it might have rendered me

even had I known you, a slight respecter of your person. At present, I do know you; and have neither malice against your person, nor the liberty of a parent to fight for. Besides, you have my word; and when was a Peveril known to break it?"

"Ay," replied his companion, "a Peveril—a Peveril of the Peak!—a name which has long sounded like a war-trumpet in the land; but which has now perhaps sounded its last note. Look back, young man, on the darksome turrets of your father's house, which uplift themselves as proudly on the brow of the hill, as their owners raised themselves above the sons of their people. Think upon your father, a captive—yourself, in some sort, a fugitive—your light quenched—your glory abased—your estate wrecked and impoverished. Think that Providence has subjected the destinies of the race of Peveril to one, whom, in their aristocratic pride, they held as a plebeian upstart.—Think of this; and when you again boast of your ancestry, remember, that he who raiseth the lowly, can also abase the high in heart."

Julian did indeed gaze for an instant, with a swelling heart, upon the dimly-seen turrets of his paternal mansion, on which poured the moonlight, mixed with long shadows of the towers and trees. But while he sadly acknowledged the truth of Bridgenorth's observation, he felt indignant at his ill-timed triumph. "If fortune had followed worth," he said, "the Castle of Martindale, and the name of Peveril, had afforded no room for their enemy's vainglorious boast. But those who have stood high on Fortune's wheel, must abide by the consequence of its revolutions. Thus much I will at least say for my father's house, that it has not stood unhonoured; nor will it fall—if it is to fall—unlamented. Forbear, then, if you are indeed the Christian you call yourself, to exult in the misfortunes of others, or to confide in your own prosperity. If the light of our house be now quenched, God can rekindle it in his own good time."

Peveril broke off in extreme surprise; for as he spoke the last words, the bright red beams of the family beacon began again to glimmer from its wonted watch-tower, checkering the pale moon-beam with a ruddier glow. Bridgenorth also gazed on this unexpected illumination with surprise, and not, as it seemed, without disquietude. "Young man," he resumed, "it can scarcely be but that Heaven intends to work great things by your hand, so singularly has that augury followed on your words."

So saying, he put his horse once more in motion; and looking back, from time to time, as if to assure himself that the beacon of the Castle was actually rekindled, he led the way through the well-known paths and alleys, to his own house of Moultrasie, followed by Peveril, who, although sensible that the light might be altogether accidental, could not but receive as a good omen an event so intimately connected with the traditions and usages of his family.

They alighted at the hall-door, which was hastily opened by a female; and while the deep tone of Bridgenorth called on the groom to take their horses, the well-known voice of his daughter Alice was heard to exclaim in thanksgiving to God, who had restored her father in safety.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,
Which glide, and sigh, and sign, and move their lips,
But make no sound—or if they utter voice,
'Tis but a low and undistinguish'd moaning,
Which has no word nor sense of utter'd sound.

The Chieftain.

WE said, at the conclusion of the last chapter, that a female form appeared at the door of Moultrasie-Hall; and that the well-known accents of Alice Bridgenorth were heard to hail the return of her father, from what she naturally dreaded as a perilous visit to the Castle of Martindale.

Julian, who followed his conductor with a throbbing heart into the lighted hall, was therefore prepared to see her, whom he best loved, with her arms thrown around her father. The instant she had quitted his paternal embrace, she was aware of the unexpected

guest who had returned in his company. A deep blush, rapidly succeeded by deadly paleness, and again by a slighter suffusion, showed plainly to her lover that his sudden appearance was any thing but indifferent to her. He bowed profoundly—a courtesy which she returned with equal formality, but did not venture to approach more nearly, feeling at once the delicacy of his own situation and of hers.

Major Bridgenorth turned his cold, fixed, gray, melancholy glance, first on the one of them, and then on the other. "Some," he said, gravely, "would, in my case, have avoided this meeting; but I have confidence in you both, although you are young, and beset with the snares incidental to your age. There are those within who should not know that ye have been acquainted. Wherefore, be wise, and be as strangers to each other."

Julian and Alice exchanged glances as her father turned from them, and lifting a lamp which stood in the entrance-hall, led the way to the interior apartment. There was little of consolation in this exchange of looks; for the sadness of Alice's glance was mingled with fear, and that of Julian clouded by an anxious sense of doubt. The look also was but momentary; for Alice, springing to her father, took the light out of his hand, and, stepping before him, acted as the usher of both into the large oaken parlour, which has been already mentioned as the apartment in which Bridgenorth had spent the hours of dejection which followed the death of his consort and family. It was now lighted up as for the reception of company; and five or six persons sat in it, in the plain, black, stiff dress, which was affected by the formal Puritans of the time, in evidence of their contempt of the manners of the luxurious Court of Charles the Second; amongst whom, excess of extravagance in apparel, like excess of every other kind, was highly fashionable.

Julian at first glanced his eyes but slightly along the range of grave and severe faces which composed this society—men, sincere perhaps in their pretensions to a superior purity of conduct and morals, but in whom that high praise was somewhat chastened by an affected austerity in dress and manners, allied to those Pharisees of old, who made broad their phylacteries, and would be seen of men to fast, and to discharge with rigid punctuality the observances of the law. Their dress was almost uniformly a black cloak and doublet, cut straight and close, and undecorated with lace or embroidery of any kind, black Flemish breeches and hose, square-toed shoes, with large roses made of serge ribbon. Two or three had huge loose boots of calf-leather, and almost every one was begirt with a long rapier, which was suspended by leathern thongs, to a plain belt of buff, or of black leather. One or two of the elder guests, whose hair had been thinned by time, had their heads covered with a skullcap of black silk or velvet, which being drawn down betwixt the ears and the skull, and permitting no hair to escape, occasioned the former to project in the ungraceful manner which may be remarked in old pictures, and which procured for the Puritans the term of "prickeared Roundheads," so unceremoniously applied to them by their contemporaries.

These worthies were ranged against the wall, each in his ancient, high-backed, long-legged chair; neither looking towards, nor apparently discoursing with each other; but plunged in their own reflections, or awaiting, like an assembly of Quakers, the quickening power of divine inspiration.

Major Bridgenorth glided along this formal society with noiseless step, and a composed severity of manner, resembling their own. He paused before each in succession, and apparently communicated, as he passed, the transactions of the evening, and the circumstances under which the heir of Martindale Castle was now a guest at Moultrasie-Hall. Each seemed to stir at his brief detail, like a range of statues in an enchanted hall, starting into something like life, as a talisman is applied to them successively. Most of them, as they heard the narrative of their host, cast upon Julian a look of curiosity, blended with haughty scorn and the consciousness of spiritual superiority:

in, in one or two instances, the milder influences of passion were sufficiently visible.—Peveril would undergo this gauntlet of eyes with more innocence, had not his own been for the time engaged by the motions of Alice, who glided through the apartment; and only speaking very briefly, and sparingly, to one or two of the company who addressed her, took her place beside a treble-hooded old woman, the only female of the party, and addressed her in such earnest conversation, as might have been with her raising her head, or looking at any one in the company.

Her father put a question, to which she was obliged to give an answer—"Where was Mistress Deborah?"

"She had gone out," Alice replied, "early after tea, to visit some old acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and she had not yet returned."

Mr. Bridgenorth made a gesture indicative of assent; and, not content with that, expressed his fixed resolution that Dame Deborah should no longer remain a member of his family. "I will have her," he said aloud, and without regarding the presence of his guests, "and those only, around me, who will keep within the sober and modest bounds of a Christian family. Who pretends to more freedom, to go out from among us, as not being of us."

A deep and emphatic humming noise, which was at that time the mode in which the Puritans signified applause, as well of the doctrines expressed by the minister in the pulpit, as of those delivered by the society, ratified the approbation of the assembly, and seemed to secure the dismissal of the guest. The governess, who stood thus detected, and estranged from bounds. Even Peveril, although he reaped considerable advantages, in his early acquaintance with Alice, from the mercenary and ungenerous disposition of her governess, could not hear her dismissal without approbation, so much was it in the hour of difficulty, which might have been approached, Alice might have the benefit of counsel and advice from one of her own sex, of better sense, and less suspicious probity, than Mistress Deborah.

Almost immediately after this communication had taken place, a servant in mourning showed his thin, wrinkled visage in the apartment, announcing, with a voice more like a passing bell than the herald of a banquet, that refreshments were provided in an adjoining apartment. Gravely leading the way, with his daughter on one side, and the principal female whom we have distinguished as Mrs. Bridgenorth himself ushered his company, followed, with little attention to order or ceremony, into the eating-room, where a substantial repast was provided.

In his manner, Peveril, although entitled, according to many ceremonial, to some degree of precedence—was at that time considered of much importance, although now little regarded—was left among the company who quitted the parlour; and might have brought up the rear of all, had not the company, who was himself late in the room, bowed and resigned to Julian the rank in the room which had been usurped by others.

The act of politeness naturally induced Julian to observe the features of the person who had offered him civility; and he started to observe, under the velvet cap, and above the short band of the countenance of Ganlesse, as he called him—his companion on the preceding evening. He looked again and again, especially when all were at the supper board, and when, consequently, frequent opportunities of observing this party, without any breach of good manners. He wavered in his belief, and was much disposed to doubt the reality of his recollection; for the change of dress was such as to effect a complete change of appearance; and the countenance, far from exhibiting any thing marked or memorable, was one of those ordinary visages which we do not without remarking them, and which we forget so soon as the object is withdrawn from our eyes. But the impression upon his mind

returned, and became stronger, until it induced him to watch with peculiar attention the manners of the individual who had thus attracted his notice.

During the time of a very prolonged grace before meat, which was delivered by one of the company—who from his Geneva band and serge doublet, presided, as Julian supposed, over some dissenting congregation—he noticed that this man kept the same demure and severe cast of countenance usually affected by the Puritans, which rather caricatured the reverence unquestionably due upon such occasions. His eyes were turned upward, and his huge penthouse hat, with a high crown and broad brim, held in both hands before him, rose and fell with the cadences of the speaker's voice; thus marking time, as it were, to the periods of the benediction. Yet when the slight bustle took place which attends the adjusting of chairs, &c., as men sit down to table, Julian's eye encountered that of the stranger; and as their looks met, there glanced from those of the latter, an expression of satirical humour and scorn, which seemed to intimate internal ridicule of the gravity of his present demeanour.

Julian again sought to fix his eye, in order to ascertain that he had not mistaken the tendency of this transient expression, but the stranger did not allow him another opportunity. He might have been discovered by the tone of his voice; but the individual in question spoke little, and in whispers, which was indeed the fashion of the whole company, whose demeanour at table resembled that of mourners at a funeral feast.

The entertainment itself was coarse, though plentiful; and must, according to Julian's opinion, be distasteful to one so exquisitely skilled in good cheer, and so capable of enjoying, critically and scientifically, the genial preparations of his companion Smith, as Ganlesse had shown himself on the preceding evening. Accordingly, upon close observation, he remarked that the food which he took upon his plate, remained there unconsumed; and that his actual supper consisted only of a crust of bread with a glass of wine.

The repast was hurried over with the haste of those who think it shame, if not sin, to make mere animal enjoyments the means of consuming time or of receiving pleasure; and when the men wiped their mouths and mustaches, Julian remarked, that the object of his curiosity used a handkerchief of the finest cambric—an article rather inconsistent with the exterior plainness, not to say coarseness, of his appearance. He used also several of the more minute refinements, then only observed at tables of higher rank; and Julian thought he could discern, at every turn, something of courtly manners and gestures, under the precise and rustic simplicity of the character which he had assumed.*

But if this were indeed that same Ganlesse with whom Julian had met on the preceding evening, and who had boasted the facility with which he could assume any character which he pleased to represent for the time, what could be the purpose of his present disguise? He was, if his own words could be credited, a person of some importance, who dared to defy the danger of those officers and informers, before whom all ranks at that time trembled; nor was he likely, as Julian conceived, without some strong purpose, to subject himself to such a masquerade as the present, which could not be otherwise than irksome to one whose conversation proclaimed him of light life and free opinions. Was his appearance here for good or for evil? Did it respect his father's house, or his own person, or the family of Bridgenorth? Was the real character of Ganlesse known to the master of the house, inflexible as he was in all which concerned morals as well as religion? If not, might not the machinations of a brain so subtle, affect the peace and happiness of Alice Bridgenorth?

These were questions which no reflection could

* A Scottish gentleman in 1848, as it was emphatically termed, for some concern in a Jacobite insurrection or plot, was discovered among a number of ordinary persons, by the use of his toothpick.

enable Peveril to answer. His eyes glanced from Alice to the stranger; and new fears, and undefined suspicions, in which the safety of that beloved and lovely girl was implicated, mingled with the deep anxiety which already occupied his mind, on account of his father, and his father's house.

He was in this tumult of mind, when after a thanksgiving as long as the grace, the company arose from the table, and were instantly summoned to the exercise of family worship. A train of domestics, grave and melancholy as their superiors, glided in to assist at this act of devotion, and ranged themselves at the lower end of the apartment. Most of these men were armed with long tucks, as the straight stabbing swords, much used by Cromwell's soldiery, were then called. Several had large pistols also; and the corselets or cuirasses of some were heard to clank, as they seated themselves to partake in this act of devotion. The ministry of him whom Julian had supposed a preacher, was not used on this occasion. Major Bridgenorth himself read and expounded a chapter of Scripture, with much strength and manliness of expression, although so as not to escape the charge of fanaticism. The nineteenth chapter of Jeremiah was the portion of Scripture which he selected; in which, under the type of breaking a potter's vessel, the prophet presages the desolation of the Jews. The lecturer was not naturally eloquent; but a strong, deep, and sincere conviction of the truth of what he said, supplied him with language of energy and fire, as he drew a parallel between the abominations of the worship of Baal, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome—so favourite a topic with the Puritans of that period; and denounced against the Catholics, and those who favoured them, that hissing and desolation which the prophet directed against the city of Jerusalem. His hearers made a yet closer application than the lecturer himself suggested; and many a dark proud eye, intimidated, by a glance on Julian, that on his father's house were already, in some part, realized those dreadful maledictions.

The lecture finished, Bridgenorth summoned them to unite with him in prayer; and on a slight change of arrangements amongst the company, which took place as they were about to kneel down, Julian found his place next to the single-minded and beautiful object of his affection, as she knelt, in her loveliness, to adore her Creator. A short time was permitted for mental devotion; during which, Peveril could hear her half-breathed petition for the promised blessings of peace on earth, and good will towards the children of men.

The prayer which ensued was in a different tone. It was poured forth by the same person who had officiated as chaplain at the table; and was in the tone of a Boanerges, or Son of Thunder—a denouncer of crimes—an invoker of judgments—almost a prophet of evil and of destruction. The testimonies and the sins of the day were not forgotten—the mysterious murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was insisted upon—and thanks and praise were offered, that the very night on which they were assembled, had not seen another offering of a Protestant magistrate, to the blood-thirsty fury of the revengeful Catholics.

Never had Julian found it more difficult, during an act of devotion, to maintain his mind in a frame befitting the posture and the occasion; and when he heard the speaker return thanks for the downfall and devastation of his family, he was strongly tempted to have started upon his feet, and charged him with offering a tribute, stained with falsehood and calumny, at the throne of truth itself. He resisted, however, an impulse which it would have been insanity to have yielded to, and his patience was not without its reward, for when his fair neighbour arose from her knees, the lengthened and prolonged prayer being at last concluded, he observed that her eyes were streaming with tears; and one glance with which she looked at him in that moment, showed more of affectionate interest for him in his fallen fortunes and precarious condition, than he had been able to obtain from her when his worldly estate seemed so much the more exalted of the two.

Cherred and fortified with the conviction that one bosom in the company, and that in which he most eagerly longed to secure an interest, sympathized with his distress, he felt strong to endure whatever was to follow, and shrunk not from the stern still smile with which, one by one, the meeting regarded him, as gliding to their several places of repose, they indulged themselves at parting with a look of triumph on one, whom they considered as their captive enemy.

Alice also passed by her lover, her eyes fixed on the ground, and answered his low obeisance without raising them. The room was now empty, but for Bridgenorth and his guest, or prisoner; for it is difficult to say in which capacity Peveril ought to regard himself. He took an old brazen lamp from the table, and, leading the way, said at the same time, "I must be the uncourteously chamberlain, who am to usher you to a place of repose, more rude, perhaps, than you have been accustomed to occupy."

Julian followed him, in silence, up an old-fashioned winding staircase, within a turret. At the landing-place on the top, was a small apartment, where an ordinary pallet bed, two chairs, and a small stone table, were the only furniture. "Your bed," continued Bridgenorth, as if desirous to prolong the interview, "is not of the softest; but innocence sleeps as sound upon straw as on down."

"Sorrow, Major Bridgenorth, finds little rest on either," replied Julian. "Tell me, for you seem to await some question from me, what is to be the fate of my parents, and why you separate me from them?"

Bridgenorth, for answer, indicated with his finger the mark which his countenance still showed from the explosion of Julian's pistol.

"That," replied Julian, "is not the real cause of your proceedings against me. It cannot be, that you, who have been a soldier, and are a man, can be surprised or displeased by my interference in the defence of my father. Above all, you cannot, and I must needs say you do not, believe that I would have raised my hand against you personally, had there been a moment's time for recognition."

"I may grant all this," said Bridgenorth; "but what the better are you for my good opinion, or for the ease with which I can forgive you the injury which you aimed at me? You are in my custody as a magistrate, accused of abetting the foul, bloody, and heathenish plot, for the establishment of Popery, the murder of the King, and the general massacre of all true Protestants."

"And on what grounds, either of fact or suspicion, dare any one accuse me of such a crime?" said Julian. "I have hardly heard of the plot, save by the mouth of common rumour, which, while it speaks of nothing else, takes care to say nothing distinctly even on that subject."

"It may be enough for me to tell you," replied Bridgenorth, "and perhaps it is a word too much—that you are a discovered intriguer—a sly spy—who carries tokens and messages betwixt the Popish Countess of Derby, and the Catholic party in London. You have not conducted your matters with such discretion, but that this is well known, and can be sufficiently proved. To this charge, which you are well aware you cannot deny, these men, Everett and Dangerfield, are not unwilling to add, from the recollection of your face, other passages, which will certainly cost you your life when you come before a Protestant jury."

"They lie like villains," said Peveril, "who hold me necessary to any plot either against the King, the nation, or the state of religion; and for the Countess her loyalty has been too long, and too highly proved, to permit her being implicated in such injurious suspicions."

"What she has already done," said Bridgenorth, his face darkening as he spoke, "against the faithful champions of pure religion, hath sufficiently shown of what she is capable. She hath betaken herself to her rock, and sits, as she thinks, in security, like the eagle reposing after his bloody banquet. But the arrow of the fowler may yet reach her—the shaft is

how is bended—and it will be soon seen
 lek or Israel shall prevail. But for thee,
 I—why should I conceal it from thee?—
 rns for thee as a woman's for her first-
 e I will give, at the expense of my own
 erhaps at the risk of personal suspicion
 these days of doubt, shall be exempted
 ee, I say, I will give means of escape,
 ere impossible to thee. The staircase
 descends to the gardens—the postern-
 hed—on the right hand lie the stables,
 ill find your own horse—take it, and
 verpool—I will give you credit with a
 he name of Simon Simonson, one per-
 ie prelates; and he will expedite your
 the kingdom.”

idgenorth,” said Julian, “I will not de-
 vere I to accept your offer of freedom,
 o attend to a higher call than that of
 servation. My father is in danger—my
 row—the voices of religion and nature
 eir side. I am their only child—their
 will aid them, or perish with them!”

mad,” said Bridgenorth—“aid them
 ot—perish with them thou well mayst,
 erate their ruin; for, in addition to the
 which thy unhappy father is loaded, it
 ight aggravation, that while he medi-
 ating and calling together the Catholics and
 men of Cheshire and Derbyshire, his
 ove to be the confidential agent of the
 Derby, who aided her in making good
 d against the Protestant commissioners,
 atched by her to open secret communi-
 e Popish interest in London.”

: twice stated me as such an agent,”
 resolved that his silence should not be
 o an admission of the charge, though
 it was in some degree well founded—
 n have you for such an allegation?”

rice for a proof of my intimate acquaint-
 our mystery,” replied Bridgenorth, “if
 eat to you the last words which the
 d to you when you left the Castle of that
 woman? Thus she spoke: ‘I am now
 ow,’ she said, ‘whom sorrow has made

rted, for these were the very words the
 I used; but he instantly recovered him-
 self. “Be your information of what
 ll, I deny, and I defy it, so far as it
 ht like guilt to me. There lives not a
 nnocent of a disloyal thought, or of a
 rpose. What I say for myself, I will
 if my knowledge, say and maintain on
 re noble Countess, to whom I am in-
 rture.”

en, in thy obstinacy!” said Bridgenorth;
 astily from him, he left the room, and
 him hasten down the narrow staircase,
 ng his own resolution.

vy heart, yet with that confidence in an
 rovidence which never forsakes a good
 an, Peveril betook himself to his lowly
 se.

CHAPTER XXV.

of human life is changeful still,
 kile wind and wandering rill;
 light dance which the wild-breeze weaves
 faded race of fallen leaves;
 its breath bears down, now tomes high,
 earth, or wafts to middle sky.
 o varied, the precarious play
 o man, frail tenant of a day!—*Anonymous.*

ercome with fatigue, and worn out by
 in Peveril slumbered as a prisoner in the
 hereditary enemy, Fortune was preparing
 one of those sudden frolics with which
 onfound the calculations and expectan-
 city; and as she fixes on strange agents
 oases, she condescended to employ, on
 occasion, no less a personage than
 orah Debbitch.

2 E

Instigated, doubtless, by the pristine reminiscences
 of former times, no sooner had that most prudent
 and considerate dame found herself in the vicinity
 of the scenes of her earlier days, than she bethought
 herself of a visit to the ancient housekeeper of Mar-
 tinsdale Castle, Dame Ellesmere, by name, who long
 retired from active service, resided at the keeper's
 lodge, in the west thicket, with her nephew, Lance
 Outram, subsisting upon the savings of her better
 days, and on a small pension allowed by Sir Geoffrey
 to her age and faithful services.

Now, Dame Ellesmere and Mistress Deborah had
 not by any means been formerly on so friendly a foot-
 ing, as this haste to visit her might be supposed to
 intimate. But years had taught Deborah to forget
 and forgive; or perhaps she had no special objection,
 under cover of a visit to Dame Ellesmere, to take the
 chance of seeing what changes time had made on
 her old admirer the keeper. Both inhabitants were
 in the cottage, when, after having seen her master
 set forth on his expedition to the Castle, Mistress
 Debbitch, dressed in her very best gown, footed it
 through gutter, and over stile, and by pathway green,
 to knock at their door, and to lift the latch at the
 hospitable invitation which bade her come in.

Dame Ellesmere's eyes were so dim, that, even with
 the aid of spectacles, she failed to recognise, in the
 portly and mature personage who entered their cot-
 tage, the tight well-made lass, who, presuming on her
 good looks and flippant tongue, had so often provoked
 her by insubordination; and her former lover, the
 redoubted Lance, not being conscious that she had
 given rotundity to his own figure, which was for-
 merly so slight and active, and that brandy had
 transferred to his nose the colour which had once
 occupied his cheeks, was unable to discover that
 Deborah's French cap, composed of sars-net and
 Brussels lace, shaded the features which had so often
 procured him a rebuke from Dr. Dummerar, for suf-
 fering his eyes during the time of prayers, to wander
 to the maid-servant's bench.

In brief, the blushing visiter was compelled to
 make herself known; and when known, was re-
 ceived by aunt and nephew with the most sincere
 cordiality.

The home-brewed was produced; and, in lieu of
 more vulgar food, a few slices of venison presently
 hissed in the frying-pan, giving strong room for in-
 ference that Lance Outram, in his capacity of keeper,
 neglected not his own cottage when he supplied the
 larder at the castle. A modest sip of the excellent
 Derbyshire ale, and a taste of the highly-seasoned
 hash, soon placed Deborah entirely at home with her
 old acquaintance.

Having put all necessary questions, and received
 all suitable answers, respecting the state of the
 neighbourhood, and such of her own friends as con-
 tinued to reside there, the conversation began rather
 to flag, until Deborah found the art of again renewing
 its interest, by communicating to her friends the di-
 gmal intelligence that they must soon look for deadly
 bad news from the Castle; for that her present
 master, Major Bridgenorth, had been summoned, by
 some great people from London, to assist in taking
 her old master, Sir Geoffrey; and that all Master
 Bridgenorth's servants, and several other persons
 whom she named, friends and adherents to the same
 interest, had assembled a force to surprise the Castle;
 and that as Sir Geoffrey was now so old, and gouty
 withal, it could not be expected he should make the
 defence he was wont; and then he was known to be
 so stout-hearted, that it was not to be supposed that
 he would yield up without stroke of sword; and then
 if he was killed, as he was like to be, amongst them
 that liked never a bone of his body, and now had him
 at their mercy, why, in that case, she, Dame Deborah,
 would look upon Lady Peveril as little better than a
 dead woman; and undoubtedly there would be a
 general mourning through all that country, where
 they had such great kin; and silks were likely to rise
 on it, as Master Lutestring, the mercer of Chester-
 field was like to feel in his purse bottom. But for her
 part, let matters wag how they would, an if Master
 Julian Peveril was to come to his own, she could

dependent upon him as a faithful servant, which
 need specially dinned into him by the ever-end-
 less importunities of his aunt, he sought not to dis-
 pute as how to conduct himself. "I would to God,"
 said he at last, "that old Whitaker would be
 now, with his long stories about Marston Moor and
 Edge-hill, that made us all yawn our jaws off their
 hinges in spite of broiled fashions and pickled
 When a man is tossed, he is muddled as they say;
 and I would rather than a broiled fashio, I have been
 fore to have sorted this matter, for it is clear out of
 my way as a wood-man, that have to seek of war.
 But dang it, if old Sir Geoffrey go to the wall without
 a knock for it! Here you, Nell!"—(speaking to one of
 the fugitive maidens from the Castle.) "But, no, you
 have not the heart of a cat, and are afraid of your
 own shadowly moonlight! But, Cis, you are a stout-
 hearted wench, and know a buck from a bell-fish.
 Hark thee, Cis, as you would wish to be merry, get
 up to the Castle again, and get thee into the best
 knowest where—for thou hast oft gotten out of post-
 ern to a dance, or junketing, to my knowledge. Go
 thee back to the Castle, as ye hope to be a merry
 See my lady—they cannot hinder thee, of that my
 lady has a head worth twenty of ours. If I can I
 gather force, light up the beacon for a stirring
 spare not a far barn's out. Thou must not be
 enough. I warrant the Roundheads be swarming
 and plunder. And hark thee, say to my lady I
 gone down to the miners' houses at Barncliffe.
 The rogues were mutinying for their wages yesterday;
 day; they will be all ready for good or bad. Let
 send orders down to me; or do you come please?
 your legs are long enough."

"Whether they are or not, Master Lance, I can
 know nothing of the matter; they shall do your
 errand to-night, for love of the old Knight and his
 lady."

"So Cis Sellik, a kind of Derbyshire Cantab, who
 had won the snook at the foot-race at Astbury,
 spring forward towards the Castle, with a speed
 which few could have equalled."

"There goes a mettled wench," said Lance; "and
 now, maunt, give me the old broad sword—let's
 the bed-head—and my wood-knife; and I shall do
 well enough."

"And what is to become of me?" bleated the un-
 fortunate Mistress Deborah Deblatch.

"You must remain here with my aunt, Mistress
 Deb; and, for old acquaintance' sake, she will take
 care no harm befalls you; but take heed how you
 attempt to break bounds."

So saying, and pondering in his own mind the task
 which he had undertaken, the hardy forger snuck
 down the moonlight glade, scarcely hearing the
 blessings and cautions which Dame Elm-mock
 showering after him. His thoughts were not at
 togeth warlike. "What a tight ankle the jade has—
 she trips it like a doe in summer over the dew. Well,
 but here are the huts—let us to this gear. Are ye
 asleep, ye cammers, sinkers, and drift-drivers? Tin
 out, ye subterranean badgers. Here is your master,
 Sir Geoffrey, dead, for aught you know or care. Do
 not you see the beacon is light, and you sit there like
 so many asses?"

"What?" answered one of the miners, who now be-
 gan to creep out of their huts.

"Ah he be dead,
 He've! eat no more bread."

"And you are like to eat none neither," said Lance.
 "For the works will be presently stopped, and all ye
 you turned off!"

"Well, and what of it, Master Lance? As you
 play for naught as work for naught. Here is five
 weeks we have scarce seen the colour of Sir Geoffrey's
 coin; and you ask us to care whether he be dead or
 life! For you, that goes about, trotting upon your
 horse, and doing for work what all men do for
 sure, it may be well enough; but it is another matter
 to be leaving God's light, and burrowing all day an
 night in darkness, like a toad in a hole—that's not to
 be done for naught, I trow; and if Sir Geoffrey
 dead, his soul will suffer for't; and if he's alive, we
 have him in the Barnmoot Court."

"One or two of the female servants, who had fled
 from the Castle during the alarm, now rushed in with
 various reports of the case; but all agreeing that a
 body of armed men were in possession of the Castle,
 and that Major Bridgenorth had taken a young Master
 Julian prisoner, and conveyed him down to Moultrasie-
 Hall, with his feet tied under the belly of the nag—
 a shameful sight to be seen—and he so well born
 and so handsome."

Lance scratched his head; and though feeling the

"Hark ye, gaffer," said Lance, "and take notice, my mates, all of you," for a considerable number of them rude and subterranean people had now assembled to hear the discussion—"Has Sir Geoffroy, think ye, ever put a penny in his pouch out of this same Bonaventure mine?"

"I cannot say as I think he has," answered old Ditchley, the party who maintained the controversy.

"Answer on your conscience, though it be but a lamen one, Do not you know that he hath lost a good penny?"

"Why, I believe he may," said Gaffer Ditchley. "What then?—lose to-day, win to-morrow—the miner must eat in the mean time."

"True; but what will you eat when Master Bridgenorth gets the land, that will not hear of a mine being wrought on his own ground? Will he work on at dead loss, think ye?" demanded trusty Lance.

"Bridgenorth?—he of Moultrasie-Hall, that stopped the great Felicity Work, on which his father laid out, some say, ten thousand pounds, and never got in a penny? Why, what has he to do with Sir Geoffroy's property down here at Bonaventure? It was never his to lose."

"Nay, what do I know?" answered Lance, who saw the impression he had made. "Law and debt will give him half Derbyshire, I think, unless you stand by old Sir Geoffroy."

"But if Sir Geoffroy be dead," said Ditchley, cautiously, "what good will our standing by do to him?"

"I did not say he was dead, but only as bad as dead; in the hands of the Roundheads—a prisoner under, at his own castle," said Lance; "and will they his head cut off, like the good Earl of Derby's, at Bolton-le-Moors?"

"Nay, then, comrades," said Gaffer Ditchley, "an the as Master Lance says, I think we should bear a and for stout old Sir Geoffroy, against a low-born man-spirited fellow like Bridgenorth, who shut up a last had cost thousands, without getting a penny bit out. So hurra for Sir Geoffroy, and down with the Rump! But hold ye a blink—hold!"—(and the iving of his hand stopped the commencing cheer)—"Hark ye, Master Lance, it must be all over, for the moon is as black as night; and you know yourself it marks the Lord's death."

"It will kindle again in an instant," said Lance; earnestly adding, "I pray to God it may!—It will idle in an instant—lack of fuel and the confusion of family."

"Ay, like enow, like enow," said Ditchley; "but I ana budge till I see it blazing."

"Why then, there a goes!" said Lance. "Thank ye, Cis—thank thee, my good wench.—Believe your eyes, my lads, if you will not believe me; and w hurra for Peveril of the Peak—the King and his ends—and down with Rumps and Roundheads!"

The sudden rekindling of the beacon had all the ect which Lance could have desired upon the minds his rude and ignorant hearers, who, in their superstitious humour, had strongly associated the Polar-ur of Peveril with the fortunes of the family. Once ved, according to the national character of their untrymen, they soon became enthusiastic; and once found himself at the head of thirty stout fellows and upwards, armed with their pick-axes and ydy to execute whatever task he should impose on em.

Trusting to enter the Castle by the postern, which d served to accommodate himself and other do-escus upon an emergency, his only anxiety was to ep his march silent; and he earnestly recommended his followers to reserve their shouts for the moment the attack. They had not advanced far on their ead to the Castle, when Cisly Sellok met them, so eathless with haste, that the poor girl was obliged throw herself into Master Lance's arms.

"Stand up, my mettled wench," said he, giving her sly kiss at the same time, "and let us know what going on up at the Castle."

"My lady bids you, as you would serve God and er master, not to come up to the Castle, which can t make bloodshed; for she says Sir Geoffroy is law- lly in hand, and that he must bide the issue; and

that he is innocent of what he is charged with, and is going up to speak for himself before King and Council, and she goes up with him. And besides, they have found out the postern, the roundhead rogues; for two of them saw me when I went out of door, and chased me; but I showed them a fair pair of heels."

"As ever dashed dew from the cowslip," said Lance. "But what the foul fiend is to be done? for if they have secured the postern, I know not how the dickens we can get in."

"All is fastened with bolt and staple, and guarded with gun and pistol, at the Castle," quoth Cisly; "and so sharp are they, that they nigh caught me coming with my lady's message, as I told you. But my lady says, if you could deliver her son, Master Julian, from Bridgenorth, that she would hold it good service."

"What!" said Lance, "is young master at the Castle? I taught him to shoot his first shaft. But how to get in!"

"He was at the Castle in the midst of the ruffe, but old Bridgenorth has carried him down prisoner to the Hall," answered Cisly. "There was never faith nor courtesy in an old Puritan, who never had pike and tabor in his house since it was built."

"Or who stopped a promising mine," said Ditchley, "to save a few thousand pounds, when he might have made himself as rich as the Lord of Chateworth and fed a hundred good fellows all the whilst."

"Why, then," said Lance, "since you are all of a mind, we will go draw the cover for the old badger; and I promise you that the Hall is not like one of your real houses of quality, where the walls are as thick as whinstone-dikes, but foolish brick-work, that your pick-axes will work through as if it were cheese. Huzza once more for Peveril of the Peak! down with Bridgenorth, and all upstart cuckoldy Roundheads!"

Having indulged the throats of his followers with one buxom huzza, Lance commanded them to cease their clamours, and proceeded to conduct them, by such paths as seemed the least likely to be watched, to the court-yard of Moultrasie-Hall. On the road they were joined by several stout yeoman farmers, either followers of the Peveril family, or friends to the High Church and Cavalier party; most of whom, alarmed by the news which began to fly fast through the neighbourhood, were armed with sword and pistol.

Lance Outram halted his party, at the distance, as he himself described it, of a flight-shot from the house, and advanced alone, and in silence, to reconnoitre; and having previously commanded Ditchley and his subterranean allies to come to his assistance whenever he should whistle, he crept cautiously forward, and soon found that those whom he came to surprise, true to the discipline which had gained their party such decided superiority during the Civil War, had posted a sentinel, who paced through the court-yard piously chanting a psalm tune, while his arms, crossed on his bosom, supported a gun of formidable length.

"Now, a true soldier," said Lance Outram to himself, "would put a stop to thy snivelling ditty, by making a broad arrow quiver in your heart, and no great alarm given. But, dang it, I have not the right spirit for a soldier—I cannot fight a man till my blood's up; and for shooting him from behind a wall, it is cruelly like to stalking a deer. I'll e'en face him and try what to make of him."

With this doughty resolution, and taking no farther care to conceal himself, he entered the court-yard boldly, and was making forward to the front door of the Hall, as a matter of course. But the old Cromwellian, who was on guard, had not so learned his duty. "Who goes there?—Stand, friend—stand; or, verily, I will shoot thee to death!" were challenges which followed each other quick, the last being enforced by the levelling and presenting the said long-barrelled gun with which he was armed.

"Why, what a murrain!" answered Lance. "Is it your fashion to go a-shooting at this time o' night? Why, this is but a time for bat-fowling."

"Nay, but hark thee, friend," said the experienced

sentinel, "I am none of those who do this work negligently. Thou canst not snare me with thy crafty speech, though thou wouldst make it to sound simple in mine ear. Of a verity I will shoot, unless thou tell thy name and business."

"Name!" said Lance; "why, what a dickens should it be but Robin Round—honest Robin of Redham; and for business, as you must needs know, I come on a message from some Parliament man, up yonder at the Castle, with letters for worshipful Master Bridgenorth of Moultrassie-Hall; and this be the place, as I think; though why ye be marching up and down at his door, like the sign of the Red Man, with your old firelock there, I cannot so well guess."

"Give me the letters, my friend," said the sentinel, to whom this explanation seemed very natural and probable, "and I will cause them forthwith to be delivered into his worship's own hand."

Rummaging in his pockets, as if to pull out the letters which never existed, Master Lance approached within the sentinel's piece, and, before he was aware, suddenly seized him by the collar, whistled sharp and shrill, and exerting his skill as a wrestler, for which he had been distinguished in his youth, he stretched his antagonist on his back—the musket for which they struggled going off in the fall.

The miners rushed into the court-yard at Lance's signal; and, hopeless any longer of prosecuting his design in silence, Lance commanded two of them to secure the prisoner, and the rest to cheer loudly, and attack the door of the house. Instantly the court-yard of the mansion rang with the cry of "Peveril of the Peak for ever!" with all the abuse which the Royalists had invented to cast upon the Roundheads, during so many years of contention; and at the same time, while some assailed the door with their mining implements, others directed their attack against the angle, where a kind of porch joined to the main front of the building; and there, in some degree protected by the projection of the wall, and of a balcony which overhung the porch, wrought in more security, as well as with more effect, than the others; for the doors being of oak, thickly studded with nails, offered a more effectual resistance to violence than the brick-work.

The noise of this hubbub on the outside, soon excited wild alarm and tumult within. Lights flew from window to window, and voices were heard demanding the cause of the attack; to which the party cries of those who were in the court-yard afforded a sufficient, or at least the only answer, which was vouchsafed. At length the window of a projecting staircase opened, and the voice of Bridgenorth himself demanded authoritatively what the tumult meant, and commanded the rioters to desist, upon their own proper and immediate peril.

"We want our young master, you canting old thief," was the reply; "and if we have him not instantly, the topmost stone of your house shall lie as low as the foundation!"

"We will try that presently," said Bridgenorth; "for if there is another blow struck against the walls of my peaceful house, I will fire my carbine among you, and your blood be upon your own head. I have a score of friends, well armed with musket and pistol, to defend my house; and we have both the means and heart, with Heaven's assistance, to repay any violence you can offer."

"Master Bridgenorth," replied Lance, who, though no soldier, was sportsman enough to comprehend the advantage which those under cover, and using firearms, must necessarily have over his party, exposed to their aim, in a great measure, and without means of answering their fire,—"Master Bridgenorth, let us crave parley with you, and fair conditions. We desire to do you no evil, but will have back our young master; it is enough that you have got our old one and his lady. It is foul chasing, to kill hart, hind, and fawn; and we will give you some light on the subject in an instant."

This speech was followed by a great crash amongst the lower windows of the house, according to a new species of attack which had been suggested by some of the assailants.

"I would take the honest fellow's word, and let young Peveril go," said one of the garrison, who, carelessly yawning, approached on the inside the post at which Bridgenorth had stationed himself.

"Are you mad?" said Bridgenorth; "or do you think me poor enough in spirit to give up the advantages I now possess over the family of Peveril, for the awe of a parcel of bores, whom the first discharge will scatter like chaff before the whirlwind?"

"Nay," answered the speaker, who was the same individual that had struck Julian by his resemblance to the man who called himself Ganlesse, "I love a dire revenge, but we shall buy it somewhat too dear if these rascals set the house on fire, as they are like to do, while you are parleying from the window. They have thrown torches or fire-brands into the hall; and it is all our friends can do to keep the flame from catching the wainscoting, which is old and dry."

"Now, may Heaven judge thee for thy lightness of spirit," answered Bridgenorth; "one would think mischief was so properly thy element, that to thee it was indifferent whether friend or foe was the sufferer."

So saying he ran hastily down stairs towards the hall, into which, through broken casements, and betwixt the iron bars, which prevented human entrance, the assailants had thrust lighted straw, sufficient to excite much smoke and some fire, and to throw the defenders of the house into great confusion; inasmuch, that of several shots fired hastily from the windows, little or no damage followed to the besiegers, who, getting warm in the onset, answered the hostile charges with loud shouts of "Peveril for ever!" and had already made a practicable breach through the brick-wall of the tenement, through which Lance, Ditchley, and several of the most adventurous among their followers, made their way into the hall.

The complete capture of the house remained, however, as far off as ever. The defenders mixed with much coolness and skill, that solemn and deep spirit of enthusiasm which sets life at less than nothing, in comparison to real or supposed duty. From the half-opened doors which led into the hall, they maintained a fire which began to grow fatal. One miner was shot dead; three or four were wounded; and Lance scarce knew whether he should draw his forces from the house, and leave it a prey to the flames, or, making a desperate attack on the posts occupied by the defenders, try to obtain unmolested possession of the place. At this moment his course of conduct was determined by an unexpected occurrence, of which it is necessary to trace the cause.

Julian Peveril had been, like other inhabitants of Moultrassie-Hall on that momentous night, awakened by the report of the sentinel's musket, followed by the shouts of his father's vassals and followers; of which he collected enough to guess that Bridgenorth's house was attacked with a view to his liberation. Very doubtful of the issue of such an attempt, dizzy with the alumber from which he had been so suddenly awakened, and confounded with the rapid succession of events to which he had been lately a witness, he speedily put on a part of his clothes, and hastened to the window of his apartment. From this he could see nothing to relieve his anxiety, for it looked towards a quarter different from that on which the attack was made. He attempted his door; it was locked on the outside; and his perplexity and anxiety became extreme, when suddenly the lock was turned, and in an undress, hastily assumed in the moment of alarm, her hair streaming on her shoulders, her eyes gleaming betwixt fear and resolution, Alice Bridgenorth rushed into his apartment, and seized his hand with the fervent exclamation, "Julian, save my father!"

The light which she bore in her hand served to show those features which could rarely have been viewed by any one without emotion, but which bore an expression irresistible to a lover.

"Alice," he said, "what means this? What is the danger? Where is your father?"

"Do not stay to question," she answered; "but if you would save him, follow me!"

at the same time she led the way, with great speed, way down the turret staircase which led to his room, thence turning through a side door, along a gallery, to a larger and wider stair, at the bottom of which stood her father, surrounded by four or five of his friends, scarce discernible through the haze of the fire which began to take hold in the hall as well as that which arose from the repeated charge of their own fire-arms.

Julian saw there was not a moment to be lost, if he meant to be a successful mediator. He rushed up, Bridgenorth's party ere they were aware of his approach, and throwing himself amongst the assistants who occupied the hall in considerable number, he assured them of his personal safety, and conducted them to depart.

Not without a few more sliches at the Rump, master answered Lance. "I am principally glad to see you safe and well; but here is Joe Rimgap shot as if as a buck in season, and more of us are hurt; we'll have revenge, and roast the Puritans like legs for lamb-wool!"

Then you shall roast me along with them," said an; "for I vow to God, I will not leave the hall, yet bound by parole of honour to abide with Major Bridgenorth till lawfully dismissed."

Now out on you, an you were ten times a Peveril," said Ditchley; "to give so many honest fellows labour on your behalf, and to show them kinder countenance.—I say, beat up the fire, and get it all together!"

Nay, nay; but peace, my masters, and hearken to me," said Julian; "we are all here in evil condition, and you will only make it worse by contention. You help to put out this same fire, which will else take us all dear. Keep yourselves under arms. Let Master Bridgenorth and me settle some grounds of accommodation, and I trust all will be favourably disposed on both sides; and if not, you shall have my sword and countenance to fight it out; and come it what will, I will never forget this night's good fight."

He then drew Ditchley and Lance Outram aside, while the rest stood suspended at his appearance and words, and expressing the utmost thanks and gratitude for what they had already done, urged them, as his greatest favour which they could do towards him, to permit him to negotiate the means of his emancipation from thralldom; at the same time forcing on Ditchley five or six gold pieces, the brave blade of Bonadventure might drink his health; whilst to Lance he expressed the warmest sense of his active kindness, but protested he could never consider it as good service to his house, if he were allowed to manage the matter after his own vision.

Why," answered Lance, "I am well out on it, Master Julian; for it is matter beyond my mastery. That I stand to it, that I will see you safe out of this same Moultrasie Hall; for our old naunt Ellesmere will else give me but cold comfort when I come home. Truth is, I began unwillingly; but when I saw the poor fellow Joe shot beside me, why, I thought I should have some amends. But I put it all in your honour's hands."

During this colloquy both parties had been amicably employed in extinguishing the fire, which might otherwise have been fatal to all. It required a general effort to get it under; and both parties agreed on the necessary labour, with as much unanimity, as if the war they brought in leathern buckets from the well brow upon the fire, had had some effect in slaking its mutual hostility.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention—
Help us to composition.—*Anonymous.*

While the fire continued, the two parties laboured in active union, like the jarring factions of the Jews during the siege of Jerusalem, when compelled to

unite in resisting an assault of the besiegers. But when the last bucket of water had hissed on the few embers that continued to glimmer—when the sense of mutual hostility, hitherto suspended by a feeling of common danger, was in its turn rekindled—the parties, mingled as they had hitherto been in one common exertion, drew off from each other, and began to arrange themselves at opposite sides of the hall, and handle their weapons as if for a renewal of the fight.

Bridgenorth interrupted any further progress of this menaced hostility. "Julian Peveril," he said, "thou art free to walk thine own path, since thou wilt not walk with me that road which is more safe, as well as more honourable. But if you do by my counsel, you will get soon beyond the British seas."

"Ralph Bridgenorth," said one of his friends, "this is but evil and feeble conduct on thine own part. Wilt thou withhold thy hand from the battle, to defend, from these sons of Belial, the captive of thy bow and of thy spear? Surely we are enow to deal with them in the security of our good old cause; nor should we part with this spawn of the old serpent, until we essay whether the Lord will not give us victory therein."

A hum of stern assent followed; and had not Ganelon now interfered, the combat would probably have been renewed. He took the advocate for war apart into one of the window recesses, and apparently satisfied his objections; for as he returned to his companions, he said to them, "Our friend hath so well argued this matter, that, verily, since he is of the same mind with the worthy Major Bridgenorth, I think the youth may be set at liberty."

As no further objection was offered, it only remained with Julian to thank and reward those who had been active in his assistance. Having first obtained from Bridgenorth a promise of indemnity to them for the riot they had committed, a few kind words conveyed his sense of their services; and some broad pieces, thrust into the hand of Lance Outram, furnished the means for affording them a holyday. They would have remained to protect him, but, fearful of farther disorder, and relying entirely on the good faith of Major Bridgenorth, he dismissed them all excepting Lance, whom he detained to attend upon him for a few minutes, till he should depart from Moultrasie. But ere leaving the Hall he could not repress his desire to speak with Bridgenorth in secret; and advancing towards him, he expressed such a desire.

Tacitly granting what was asked of him, Bridgenorth led the way to a small summer saloon adjoining to the Hall, where, with his usual gravity and indifference of manner, he seemed to await in silence what Peveril had to communicate.

Julian found it difficult, where so little opening was afforded him, to find a tone in which to open the subjects he had at heart, that should be at once dignified and conciliating. "Major Bridgenorth," he said at length, "you have been a son, and an affectionate one—You may conceive my present anxiety—My father!—What has been designed for him?"

"What the law will," answered Bridgenorth. "Had he walked by the counsels which I procured to be given to him, he might have dwelt safely in the house of his ancestors. His fate is now beyond my control—far beyond yours. It must be with him as his country shall decide."

"And my mother?" said Peveril.

"Will consult, as she has ever done, her own duty; and create her own happiness by doing so," replied Bridgenorth. "Believe, my designs towards your family are better than they may seem through the mist which adversity has spread around your house. I may triumph as a man; but as a man I must also remember, in my hour, that mine enemies have had theirs.—Have you aught else to say?" he added, after a momentary pause. "You have rejected once, yea and again, the hand I stretched out to you. Methinks little more remains between us."

These words, which seemed to cut short farther discussion, were calmly spoken; so that though they appeared to discourage farther question, they could not interrupt that which still trembled on Julian's

tongue. He made a step or two towards the door; then suddenly returned. "Your daughter?" he said—"Major Bridgenorth—I should ask—I do ask forgiveness for mentioning her name—but may I not inquire after her?—May I not express my wishes for her future happiness?"

"Your interest in her is but too flattering," said Bridgenorth; "but you have already chosen your part; and you must be, in future, strangers to each other. I may have wished it otherwise, but the hour of grace is passed, during which your compliance with my advice might—I will speak it plainly—have led to your union. For her happiness—if such a word belongs to a mortal pilgrimage—I shall care for it sufficiently. She leaves this place to-day, under the guardianship of a sure friend."

"Not of——?" exclaimed Peveril, and stopped short; for he felt he had no right to pronounce the name which came to his lips.

"Why do you pause?" said Bridgenorth; "a sudden thought is often a wise, almost always an honest one. With whom did you suppose I meant to intrust my child, that the idea called forth so anxious an expression?"

"Again I should ask your forgiveness," said Julian, "for meddling where I have little right to interfere. But I saw a face here that is known to me—the person calls himself Ganlesse—Is it with him that you mean to intrust your daughter?"

"Even to the person who calls himself Ganlesse," said Bridgenorth, without expressing either anger or surprise.

"And do you know to whom you commit a charge so precious to all who know her, and so dear to yourself?" said Julian.

"Do you know, who ask me the question?" answered Bridgenorth.

"I own I do not," answered Julian; "but I have seen him in a character so different from what he now wears, that I feel it my duty to warn you, how you intrust the charge of your child to one who can alternately play the profligate or the hypocrite, as it suits his own interest or humour."

Bridgenorth smiled contemptuously. "I might be angry," he said, "with the officious zeal which supposes that his green conceptions can instruct my grey hairs; but, good Julian, I do but only ask from you the liberal construction, that I who have had much converse with mankind, know with whom I trust what is dearest to me. He of whom thou speakest, hath one visage to his friends, though he may have others to the world, living amongst those before whom honest features should be concealed under a grotesque vizard; even as in the sinful sports of the day, called maskings and mummeries, where the wise, if he show himself at all, must be contented to play the apish and fantastic fool."

"I would only pray your wisdom to beware," said Julian, "of one who, as he has a vizard for others, may also have one which can disguise his real features from yourself."

"This is being over careful, young man," replied Bridgenorth, more shortly than he had hitherto spoken; "if you would walk by my counsel, you will attend to your own affairs, which, credit me, deserve all your care, and leave others to the management of theirs."

This was too plain to be misunderstood; and Peveril was compelled to take his leave of Bridgenorth, and of Moultrassie-Hall, without farther parley or explanation. The reader may imagine how oft he looked back, and tried to guess, amongst the lights which continued to twinkle in various parts of the building, which sparkle it was that gleamed from the bower of Alice. When the door turned into another direction, he sunk into a deep reverie, from which he was at length roused by the voice of Lance, who demanded where he intended to quarter for the night. He was unprepared to answer the question, but the honest keeper himself prompted a solution of the problem, by requesting that he would occupy a spare bed in the Lodge; to which Julian willingly agreed. The rest of the inhabitants had retired to rest when they entered; but Dame Ellesmere, apprized by a mes-

ger of her nephew's hospitable intent, had every thing in the best readiness she could, for the son of her ancient patron. Peveril betook himself to rest; and notwithstanding so many subjects of anxiety, slept soundly till the morning was far advanced.

His slumbers were first broken by Lance, who had been long up, and already active in his service. I informed him, that his horse, arms, and small cloa bag, had been sent from the Castle by one of Maj Bridgenorth's servants, who brought a letter, discharging from the Major's service the unfortunate Deborah Debbitch, and prohibiting her return to the Hall. The officer of the House of Commons, escorted by a strong guard, had left Martindale Castle the morning early, travelling in Sir Geoffrey's carriage, his lady being also permitted to attend on him. This he had to add, that the property at the Castle was taken possession of by Master Win-the-fight, a attorney, from Chesterfield, with other officers of law in name of Major Bridgenorth, a large creditor of the unfortunate knight.

Having told these Job's tidings, Lance paused; and after a moment's hesitation, declared he was resolved to quit the country, and go up to London along with his young master. Julian argued the point with him; and insisted he had better stay to take charge of his aunt, in case she should be disturbed by the strangers. Lance replied, "She would have one with her, who would protect her well enough; for she was wherewithal to buy protection amongst them. But for himself, he was resolved to follow Master Julian to the death."

Julian heartily thanked him for his love.

"Nay it is not altogether out of love neither," said Lance, "though I am as loving as another; but it is as it were, partly out of fear, lest I be called over the coals for last night's matter; for as for the miners they will never trouble them, as the creatures only act after their kind."

"I will write in your behalf to Major Bridgenorth who is bound to afford you protection, if you have such fear," said Julian.

"Nay, for that matter, it is not altogether fear more than altogether love," answered the enigmatical keeper; "although it hath a tasting of both in it. And, to speak plain truth, thus it is—Dame Debbitch and Naunt Ellesmere have resolved to set up their horses together, and have made up all their quarrels. And of all ghosts in the world, the worst is, when an old true-love comes back to haunt a poor fellow like me. Mistress Deborah, though distressed enough for the loss of her place, has been already speaking of a broken sapphire, or some such token, as if a man could remember such things for so many years, even if she had not gone over seas, like a woodcock, in the mean while."

Julian could scarce forbear laughing. "I thought you too much of a man, Lance, to fear a woman marrying you whether you would or no."

"It has been many an honest man's luck, for all that," said Lance; "and a woman in the very house has so many deuced opportunities. And then there would be two upon one; for Naunt, though high enough when any of your folks are concerned, hath some look to the main chance; and it seems Mistress Deb is as rich as a Jew."

"And you, Lance," said Julian, "have no mind to marry for cake and pudding?"

"No, truly, master," answered Lance, "unless I knew of what dough they were baked. How the devil do I know how the jade came by so much? And then if she speaks of tokens and love-passages, let her be the same tight lass I broke the sapphire with, and I will be the same true lad to her. But I never heard of true love lasting ten years; and here, if it lives at all, must be nearer twenty."

"Well, then, Lance," said Julian, "since you are resolved on the thing, we will go to London together; where, if I cannot retain you in my service, and if my father recovers not these misfortunes, I will endeavour to promote you elsewhere."

"Nay, nay," said Lance, "I trust to be back to bonny Martindale before it is long, and to keep the greenwood, as I have been wont to do; for, as to

Dame Debbitch, when they have not me for their common butt, Naunt and she will soon bend bows on each other. So here comes old Dame Ellesmere with your breakfast. I will but give some directions about the deer to Rough Ralph, my helper, and saddle my forest pony, and your honour's horse, which is no prime one, and we will be ready to trot."

Julian was not sorry for this addition to his establishment; for Lance had shown himself, on the preceding evening, a shrewd and bold fellow, and attached to his master. He therefore set himself to reconcile his aunt to parting with her nephew for some time. Her unlimited devotion for "the family," readily induced the old lady to acquiesce in his proposal, though not without a gentle sigh over the ruins of a castle in the air, which was founded on the well-saved purse of Mistress Deborah Debbitch. "At any rate," she thought, "it was as well that Lance should be out of the way of that bold, long-legged, beggarly trollop, Cis Scellok." But to poor Deb herself, the expatriation of Lance, whom she had looked to as a sailor to a port under his lee, for which he can run, if weather becomes foul, was a second severe blow, following close on her dismissal from the profitable service of Major Bridgenorth.

Julian visited the disconsolate damsel, in hopes of gaining some light upon Bridgenorth's projects regarding his daughter—the character of this Ganslesse—and other matters, with which her residence in the family might have made her acquainted; but he found her by far too much troubled in mind to afford him the least information. The name of Ganslesse she did not seem to recollect—that of Alice rendered her hysterical—that of Bridgenorth, furious. She numbered up the various services she had rendered in the family—and denounced the plague of swartriness to the linen—of leanness to the poultry—of dearth and dishonour to the housekeeping—and of lingering sickness and early death to Alice;—all which evils, she averred, had only been kept off by her continued watchful, and incessant cares.—Then again turning to the subject of the fugitive Lance, she expressed such a total contempt of that mean-spirited fellow, in a tone between laughing and crying, as satisfied Julian it was not a topic likely to act as a sedative; and that, therefore, unless he made a longer stay than the urgent state of his affairs permitted, he was not likely to find Mistress Deborah in such a state of composure as might enable him to obtain from her any rational or useful information.

Lance, who good-naturedly took upon himself the whole burden of Dame Debbitch's mental alienation, or "taking-on," as such fits of *pseudo hysteria* are usually termed in the country, had too much feeling to present himself before the victim of her own sensibility, and of his obduracy. He therefore intimated to Julian, by his assistant Ralph, that the horses stood saddled behind the Lodge, and that all was ready for their departure.

Julian took the hint, and they were soon mounted, and clearing the road, at a rapid trot, in the direction of London; but not by the most usual route. Julian calculated that the carriage in which his father was transported would travel slowly; and it was his purpose, if possible, to get to London before it should arrive there, in order to have time to consult with the friends of his family, what measures should be taken in his father's behalf.

In this manner, they advanced a day's journey towards London; at the conclusion of which, Julian found his resting-place in a small inn upon the road. No one came, at the first call, to attend upon the guests and their horses, although the house was well lighted up; and there was a prodigious clattering in the kitchen, such as can only be produced by a French cook, when his mystery is in the very moment of projection. It instantly occurred to Julian—so rare was the ministry of these Gallic artists at that time—that the clamour he heard must necessarily be produced by the *Sieur* Chabert, on whose *plats* he had lately feasted, along with Smith and Ganslesse.

One, or both of these, were therefore probably in the little inn; and if so, he might have some opportunity to discover their real purpose and character.—

How to avail himself of such a meeting, he knew not; but chance favoured him more than he could have expected.

"I can scarce receive you, gentlefolks," said the landlord, who at length appeared at the door; "here be a sort of quality in my house to-night, whom less than all will not satisfy; nor all neither, for that matter."

"We are but plain fellows, landlord," said Julian; "we are bound for Mosley-market, and can get no farther to-night. Any hole will serve us, no matter what."

"Why," said the honest host, "if that be the case, I must even put one of you behind the bar, though the gentlemen have desired to be private; the other must take heart of grace, and help me at the tap."

"The tap for me," said Lance, without waiting his master's decision. "It is an element which I could live and die in."

"The bar, then, for me," said Peveril; and stepping back, whispered to Lance to exchange cloaks with him, desirous, if possible, to avoid being recognised.

The exchange was made in an instant; and presently afterwards the landlord brought a light; and as he guided Julian into his hostelry, cautioned him to sit quiet in the place where he should stow him; and if he was discovered, to say that he was one of the house, and leave him to make it good. "You will hear what the gullants say," he added; "but I think thou wilt carry away but little on it; for when it is not French, it is Court gibberish; and that is as hard to construe."

The bar, into which our hero was inducted on these conditions, seemed formed, with respect to the public room, upon the principle of a citadel, intended to observe and bridle a rebellious capital. Here sat the host on the Saturday evenings, screened from the observation of his guests, yet with the power of observing both their wants and their behaviour, and also that of overhearing their conversation—a practice which he was much addicted to, being one of that numerous class of philanthropists, to whom their neighbour's business is of as much consequence, or rather more, than their own.

Here he planted his new guest, with a repeated caution not to disturb the gentleman by speech, or motion; and a promise that he should be speedily supplied with a cold buttock of beef, and a tankard of home-brewed. And here he left him, with no other light than that which glimmered from the well-illuminated apartment within, through a sort of shuttle which accommodated the landlord with a view into it.

This situation, inconvenient enough in itself, was, on the present occasion, precisely what Julian would have selected. He wrapped himself in the weather-beaten cloak of Lance Outrain, which had been stained, by age and climate, into a thousand variations of its original Lincoln green; and with as little noise as he could, set himself to observe the two inmates, who had engrossed to themselves the whole of the apartment, which was usually open to the public. They sat by a table, well covered with such costly rarities, as could only have been procured by much forecast, and prepared by the exquisite Mons. Chabert; to which both seemed to do much justice.

Julian had little difficulty in ascertaining, that one of the travellers was, as he had anticipated, the master of the said Chabert, or, as he was called by Ganslesse, Smith; the other, who faced him, he had never seen before. This last was dressed like a gallant of the first order. His perwig, indeed, as he travelled on horseback, did not much exceed in size the bar-wig of a modern lawyer, but then the essence which he shook from it with every motion, impregnated a whole apartment, which was usually only perfumed by that vulgar herb, tobacco. His riding-coat was laced in the newest and most courtly style; and Grammont himself might have envied the embroidery of his waistcoat, and the peculiar cut of his breeches, which buttoned above the knee, permitting the shape of a very handsome leg to be completely seen. This, by the proprietor thereof, had been stretched out upon a stool,

and he contemplated its proportions, from time, with infinite satisfaction.

The conversation between these worthies was so interesting, that we propose to assign to it another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

— This is some creature of the elements,
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and whistle—
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is loudest—
Take for his shouted couch the restless foam
Of the wild wave-crest—slumber in the calm,
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,
An errant gull, with all this.—*The Cuckoo.*

"And here is to thee," said the fashionable gallant whom we have described, "honest Tom; and a cup of welcome to thee out of Lobby-land. Why, thou hast been so long in the country, that thou hast got a bumpkinly clod-compelling sort of look thyself. That greasy doublet fits thee as if it were thine reserved Sunday's apparel; and the points seem as if they were stay-laces bought for thy true-love Marjory. I marvel thou canst still relish a ragout. Methinks now, to a stomach bound in such a jacket, eggs and bacon were a diet more conforming."

"Rally away, my good lord, while wit lasts," answered his companion; "yours is not the sort of ammunition which will bear much expenditure. Or rather, tell me news from Court, since we have met so opportunely."

"You would have asked me these an hour ago," said the lord, "had not your very soul been under Chaubert's covered dishes. You remembered King's affairs will keep cool, and *entrainments* must be eaten hot."

"Not so, my lord; I only kept common talk whilst that eavesdropping rascal of a landlord was in the room; so that, now the coast is clear once more, I pray you for news from Court."

"The Plot is nonsuited," answered the courtier—"Sir George Wakeman acquitted—the witnesses discredited by the jury—Scroggs, who ranted on one side, is now ranting on t'other."

"Rat the Plot, Wakeman, witnesses, Papists, and Protestants, all together! Do you think I care for such trash as that?—Till the Plot comes up the palace hack-stair, and gets possession of old Rowley's own imagination, I care not a farthing who believes or disbelieves. I hang by him will bear me out."

"Well, then," said my lord, "the next news is Rochester's disgrace."

"Disgraced!—How, and for what? The morning I came off, he stood as fair as any one."

"That's over—the epitaph has broken his neck—and now he may write one for his own Court favour, for it is dead and buried."

"The epitaph!" exclaimed Tom; "why, I was by when it was made; and it passed for an excellent good jest with him whom it was made upon."

"Ay, so it did, among ourselves," answered his companion; "but it got abroad, and had a run like a mill-race. It was in every coffeehouse, and in half the diurnals. Grammont translated it into French

* The first check received by Doctor Oates and his colleagues in the task of supporting the Plot by their testimony, was in this manner:—After a good deal of prevarication, the prime witness at length made a direct charge against Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, of an attempt to poison the King, and even connected the Queen with this accusation, whom he represented as Wakeman's accomplice. This last piece of effrontery recalled the King to some generous sentiments. "The villains," said Charles, "think I am tired of my wife; but they shall find I will not permit an innocent woman to be persecuted." Scroggs, the Lord Chief-Justice, accordingly received instructions to be favourable to the accused; and, for the first time, he was so. Wakeman was acquitted, but thought it more for his safety to retire abroad. His acquittal, however, indicated a turn of the tide, which had so long set in favour of the Plot, and of the witnesses by whom it had hitherto been supported.

The epitaph alluded to is the celebrated epigram made by Rochester on Charles II. It was composed at the King's request, who nevertheless resented its poignancy.

The lines are well known:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on:
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

too; and there is no laughing at so sharp a jest, when it is dinned into your ears on all sides. So, disgraced is the author; and but for his Grace of Buckingham, the Court would be as dull as my Lord Chancellor's wig."

"Or as the head it covers.—Well, my lord, the fewer at Court, there is the more room for those that can bustle there. But there are two mainstrings of Shaftesbury's fiddle broken—the Popish Plot fallen into discredit—and Rochester disgraced. Changeful times—but here is to the little man who shall mend them."

"I apprehend you," replied his lordship; "and meet your health with my love. Trust me, my lord loves you, and longs for you. Nay, I have done you reason.—By your leave, the cup is with me. Here is to his buxom Grace of Bucks."

"As blithe a peer," said Smith, "as ever turned night to day. Nay, it shall be an overflowing bumper, an you will; and I will drink it *super naculum*.—And how stands the great Madam?"

"Stoutly against all change," answered my lord—"Little Anthony can make naught of her."

"Then he shall bring her influence to naught. Hark in thine ear. Thou knowest!"—(Here he whispered so low that Julian could not catch the sound.)

"Know him?" answered the other—"Know Ned of the Island?—To be sure I do."

"He is the man that shall knot the great fiddle-strings that have snapped. Say, I told you so; and thereupon I give thee his health."

"And thereupon I pledge thee," said the young nobleman, "which on any other argument I were loath to do—thinking of Ned as somewhat the cut of a villain."

"Granted, man—granted," said the other,—"a very thorough-paced rascal; but able, my lord, able and necessary; and, in this plan, indispensable. Pshaw!—This champagne turns stronger as it gets older, I think."

"Hark, mine honest fellow," said the courtier; "I would thou wouldst give me some item of all this mystery. Thou hast it, I know; for whom do men intrust but trusty Chiffinch?"

"It is your pleasure to say so, my lord," answered Smith, (whom we shall hereafter call by his real name of Chiffinch,) with much drunken gravity, for his speech had become a little altered by his copious libations in the course of the evening—"few men know more, or say less, than I do; and it will become my station. *Cuticure omnes*, as the grammar hath it—all men should learn to hold their tongue."

"Except with a friend, Tom—except with a friend. Thou wilt never be such a dog-bolt as to refuse a hint to a friend? Come, you get too wise and statesmanlike for your office—The ligatures of thy most peasantly jacket there are like to burst with thy secret. Come, undo a button, man; it is for the health of thy constitution—Let out a reef; and, let thy chosen friend know what is meditating. Thou knowest I am as true as thyself to little Anthony, if he can but get uppermost."

"If, thou lordly infidel!" said Chiffinch—"talk'st thou to me of *ifs*?—There is neither *if* nor *and* in the matter. The great Madam shall be pulled a peg down—the great plot screwed a peg or two up. Thou knowest Ned?—Honest Ned had a brother's death to revenge."

"I have heard so," said the nobleman; "and that his persevering resentment of that injury was one of the few points which seemed to be a sort of heathenish virtue in him."

"Well," continued Chiffinch, "in manœuvring to bring about this revenge, which he hath laboured at many a day, he hath discovered a treasure."

"What!—In the Isle of Man?" said his companion.

"Assure yourself of it.—She is a creature so lovely,

* The Duchess of Portsmouth, Charles II's favourite mistress; very unpopular at the time of the Popish Plot, as well from her religion as her country, being a French woman and a Catholic.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the politician and intriguer of the period.

at she needs but be seen to put down everyone of the favourites, from Portsmouth and Cleaveland down to that three-penny baggage, Mistress Nelly." "By my word, Chiffinch," said my lord, "that is a reinforcement after the fashion of thine own best cues. But bethink thee, man! To make such a request, there wants more than a cherry-cheek and bright eye—there must be wit—wit, man, and manners, and a little sense besides, to keep influence when it is gotten."

"Pshaw! will you tell me what goes to this vociferation?" said Chiffinch. "Here, pledge me her health a brimmer.—Nay, you shall do it on knees, too.—ever such a triumphant beauty was seen—I went church on purpose, for the first time these ten years. Yet I lie, it was not to church neither—it was to chapel."

"To chapel!—What the devil, is she a puritan?" claimed the other courtier.

"To be sure she is. Do you think I would be necessary to bringing a Papist into favour in these times, when, as my good Lord said in the House, ere should not be a Popish man-servant, nor a popish maid-servant, not so much as dog or cat left, bark or mew about the King!"

"But consider, Chiffie, the dislike of her name," said the noble courtier. "What! old wily, with his wit, and love of wit—his wildness, a love of wildness—he form a league with a silly, rumpulous, unidea'd Puritan!—not if she were Venus." "Thou knowest naught of the matter," answered Chiffinch. "I tell thee, the fine contrast between a seeming saint and falling sinner will give zest to the old gentleman's inclinations. If I do not love him, who does?—Her health, my lord, on our bare knees, as you would live to be of the bed-chamber?"

"I pledge you most devoutly," answered his friend. But you have not told me how the acquaintance is to be made; for you cannot, I think, carry her to 'hitchhall."

"Aha, my dear lord, you would have the whole cret! but that I cannot afford—I can spare a friend peep at my ends, but no one must look on the ears by which they are achieved."—So saying, he took his drunken head most wisely.

The villainous design which this discourse implied, and which his heart told him was designed against the Bridgenorth, stirred Julian so extremely, that he voluntarily shifted his posture, and laid his hand on a sword hilt.

Chiffinch heard a rustling, and broke off, exclaiming, "Hark!—Zounds, something moved—I trust I have told the tale to no ears but thine."

"I will cut off any which have drunk in but a libellous of thy words," said the nobleman; and raising candle, he took a hasty survey of the apartment, seeing nothing that could incur his menaced resentment, he replaced the light and continued:—"Well, suppose the Belle Louise de Querouaille shoots on her high station in the firmament, how will you appear on the down-fallen Plot again—for without that one plot, think of it as thou wilt, we have no range of hands—and matters remain as they were, with a Protestant courtesan instead of a Papist—little Anthony can but little speed without that Plot!—I believe, in my conscience, he begot it himself."

"Whoever begot it," said Chiffinch, "he hath doct it; and a thriving babe it has been to him. Felt, then, though it lies out of my way, I will play saint Peter again—up with t'other key, and unlock other mystery."

"Now thou speakest like a good fellow; and I will, with my own hands, unwind this fresh flask, to begin brimmer to the success of thy achievement."

"Well, then," continued the communicative Chiffinch, "thou knowest that they have long had a bbling at the old Countess of Derby.—So Ned was

* Such was the extravagance of Shaftesbury's eloquence.
* Charles's principal mistress called Mrs. She was created Duchess of Portsmouth.

* Shaftesbury himself is supposed to have said that he knew who was the inventor of the Plot, but that he himself had the advantage of the discovery.

2 F

sent down—he owes her an old account, thou knowest—with private instructions to possess himself of the island, if he could, by help of some of his old friends. He hath ever kept up spies upon her; and happy man was he, to think his hour of vengeance was come so nigh. But he missed his blow; and the old girl being placed on her guard, was soon in a condition to make Ned smoke for it. Out of the island he came with little advantage for having entered it; when, by some means—for the devil, I think, stands ever his friend—he obtained information concerning a messenger, whom her old Majesty of Man had sent to London to make party in her behalf. Ned stuck himself to this fellow—a raw, half-bred lad, son of an old blundering Cavalier of the old stamp, down in Derbyshire—and so managed the swain, that he brought him to the place where I was waiting in anxious expectation of the pretty one I told you of. By Saint Anthony, for I will swear by no meaner oath, I stared when I saw this great lout—not that the fellow is so ill looked neither—I stared like—like—good now, help me to a simile."

"Like Saint Anthony's pig, an it were sleek," said the young lord; "your eyes, Chiffie, have the very blink of one. But what hath all this to do with the Plot. Hold—I have had wine enough."

"You shall not baulk me," said Chiffinch; and a jingling was heard, as if he were filling his comrade's glass with a very unsteady hand. "Hey—What the devil is the matter?—I used to carry my glass steady—very steady."

"Well, but this stranger?"

"Why, he swept at game and ragout as he would at spring beef or summer mutton. Never saw so unmurdered a cub—Knew no more what he eat than an infidel—I cursed him by my gods when I saw Chaubert's *chef-d'œuvre* glutted down so indifferent a throat. We took the freedom to spice his goblet a little, and ease him of his packet of letters; and the fool went on his way the next morning with a budget artificially filled with gray paper. Ned would have kept him, in hopes to have made a witness of him, but the boy was not of that mettle."

"How will you prove your letters?" said the courtier.

"La you there, my lord," said Chiffinch; "one may see with half an eye, for all your laced doublet, that you have been of the family of Farnival's, before your brother's death sent you to Court. How prove the letters?—Why, we have but let the sparrow fly with a string round his foot—We have him again so soon as we list."

"Why, thou art turned a very Machiavel, Chiffinch," said his friend. "But how if the youth proved restiff?—I have heard these Peak men have hot heads and hard hands."

"Trouble not yourself—that was cared for, my lord," said Chiffinch—"his pistols might bark, but they could not bite."

"Most exquisite Chiffinch, thou art turned micher as well as padder—Canst both rob a man and kidnap him?"

"Micher and padder—what terms be these?" said Chiffinch. "Methinks these are sounds to lug out upon. You will have me angry to the degree of falling foul—robber and kidnapper?"

"You mistake verb for noun-substantive," replied his lordship; "I said *rob* and *kidnap*—a man may do either once and away without being professional."

"But not without spilling a little foolish noble blood, or some such red-coloured gear," said Chiffinch, starting up.

"Oh yes," said his lordship; "all this may be without these direful consequences, and so you will find to-morrow, when you return to England; for at present you are in the land of Champagne, Chiffie; and that you may continue so, I drink thee this parting cup to line thy nightcap."

"I do not refuse your pledge," said Chiffinch; "but I drink to thee in dudgeon and in hostility—It is a cup of wrath and a gage of battle. To-morrow, by dawn, I will have thee at point of fox, wert thou the last of the Savilles.—What the devil! think you I fear you because you are a lord?"

"Not so, Chiffinch," answered his companion. "I know thou fearest nothing but beans and bacon, washed down with bumpkin-like beer.—Adieu, sweet Chiffinch—to bed—Chiffinch—to bed."

So saying, he lifted a candle, and left the apartment. And Chiffinch, whom the last draught had nearly overpowered, had just strength enough left to do the same, muttering, as he staggered out, "Yes, he shall answer it.—Dawn of day? D—n me—It is come already—Yonder's the dawn—No, d—n me, 'tis the fire glancing on the cursed red lattice—I am whistled drunk, I think—This comes of a country inn—It is the smell of the brandy in this cursed room—It could not be the wine—Well, old Rowley shall send me no more errands to the country again—Steady, steady."

So saying he reeled out of the apartment, leaving Peveril to think over the extraordinary conversation he had just heard.

The name of Chiffinch, the well-known minister of Charles's pleasures, was nearly allied to the part which he seemed about to play in the present intrigue; but that Christian, whom he had always supposed a Puritan as strict as his brother-in-law Bridgenorth, should be associated with him in a plot so infamous, seemed alike unnatural and monstrous. The near relationship might blind Bridgenorth, and warrant him in confiding his daughter to such a man's charge; but what a wretch he must be, that could coolly meditate such an ignominious abuse of his trust! In doubt whether he could credit for a moment the tale which Chiffinch had revealed, he hastily examined his packet, and found that the sealskin case in which it had been wrapt up, now only contained an equal quantity of waste paper. If he had wanted further confirmation, the failure of the shot which he had fired at Bridgenorth, and of which the wadding only struck him, showed that his arms had been tampered with. He examined the pistol which still remained charged, and found that the ball had been drawn. "May I perish," said he to himself, "amid these villainous intrigues, but thou shalt be more surely loaded, and to better purpose! The contents of these papers may undo my benefactress—their having been found on me, may ruin my father—that I have been the bearer of them, may cost, in these fiery times, my own life—that I care least for—they form a branch of the scheme laid against the honour and happiness of a creature so innocent, that it is almost sin to think of her within the neighbourhood of such infamous knaves. I will recover the letters at all risks—But how?—that is to be thought on.—Lance is stout and trusty; and when a bold deed is once resolved upon, there never yet lacked the means of executing it."

His host now entered, with an apology for his long absence; and after providing Peveril with some refreshments, invited him to accept, for his night-quarters, the accommodation of a remote hay-loft, which he was to share with his comrade; professing, at the same time, he could hardly have afforded them this courtesy, but out of deference to the exquisite talents of Lance Outram, an assistant at the tap; where, indeed, it seems probable that he, as well as the admiring landlord, did that evening contrive to drink nearly as much liquor as they drew.

But Lance was a seasoned vessel, on whom liquor made no lasting impression; so that when Peveril awaked that trusty follower at dawn, he found him cool enough to comprehend and enter into the design which he expressed, of recovering the letters which had been abstracted from his person.

Having considered the whole matter with much attention, Lance shrugged, grinned, and scratched his head; and at length manfully expressed his resolution. "Well, my naunt speaks truth in her old saw,—

"He that serves Peveril maunna be slack,
Neither for weather nor yet for wrack."

And then again, my good dame was wont to say, that whenever Peveril was in a broil, Outram was in a stew; so I will never bear a base mind, but even hold a part with you, as my fathers have done with yours, for four generations, whatever more."

"Spoken like a most gallant Outram," said "and were we but rid of that puppy loi retinue, we two could easily deal with the ot

"Two Londoners and a Frenchman?" said "I would take them in mine own hand. my Lord Saville, as they call him. I heard night that he and all his men of gilded gin that looked at an honest fellow like me, were the ore and I the dross—are all to morning to some races, or such like junket Tutbury. It was that brought him down t he met this other civet-cat by accident."

In truth, even as Lance spoke, a tram heard of horses in the yard; and from th their hay-loft, they beheld Lord Saville's mustered, and ready to set out as soon as make his appearance.

"So ho, Master Jeremy," said one of tl to a sort of principal attendant, who just c the house, "methinks the wine has proved cup to my lord this morning."

"No," answered Jeremy, "he hath beer light, writing letters for London; and to t reverence, thou, Jonathan, shalt be the n back with them."

"And so to miss the race?" said Jonatha "I thank you for this good turn, good Mast and hang me if I forget it."

Further discussion was cut short by the s of the young nobleman, who, as he came inn, said to Jeremy, "These be the letters, of the knaves ride to London for life; and deliver them as directed; and the rest of tl horse and follow me."

Jeremy gave Jonathan the packet with a smile; and the disappointed groom turned l head sullenly towards London, while Loi and the rest of his retinue, rode briskly off posite direction, pursued by the benedictions and his family, who stood bowing and cu the door, in gratitude, doubtless, for the re unconscionable reckoning.

It was full three hours after their departure, finch lounged into the room in which they li in a brocade nightgown, and green velvet c up with the most costly Brussels lace. H but half awake; and it was with drowsy he called for a cup of cold small beer. Hi and appearance were those of a man who l led hard with Bacchus on the preceding ev had scarce recovered the effects of his cor the jolly god. Lance, instructed by his watch the motions of the courtier, officious with the cooling beverage he called for, pl an excuse to the landlord, his wish to see a in his morning-gown and cap.

No sooner had Chiffinch taken his mornin than he inquired after Lord Saville.

"His lordship was mounted and away dawn," was Lance's reply.

"What the devil!" exclaimed Chiffinch; "is scarce civil.—What! off for the races with retinue?"

"All but one," replied Lance, "whom hi sent back to London with letters."

"To London with letters!" said Chiffinel I ant for London, and could have saved his labour.—But stop—hold—I begin to recollect can I have blabbed?—I have—I have—I re all now—I have blabbed; and to the very the Court, who sucks the yolk out of eve secret. Furies and fire—that my afternoon ruin my mornings thus!—I must turn boon ion and good fellow in my cups—and have fidences and my quarrels—my friends and my with a plague to me, as if any one could c much good or harm but his own self! His r must be stopped, though—I will put a sp wheel.—Hark ye, drawer-fellow—call m hither—call Tom Beacon."

Lance obeyed; but failed not, when he introduced the domestic, to remain in the a in order to hear what should pass betwixt hi master.

"Hark ye, Tom," said Chiffinch, "here are five pence for you."

"What's to be done now, I trow?" said Tom, without even the ceremony of returning thanks, which he was probably well aware would not be received even in part payment of the debt he was incurring.

"Mount your fleet nag, Tom—ride like the devil—wreak the groom whom Lord Saville despatched to London this morning—lame his horse—break his neck—fill him as drunk as the Baltic sea; or do what ever may best and most effectually stop his journey.—by does the lout stand there without answering me? yet understand me?"

"Why, ay, Master Chiffinch," said Tom; "and so am thinking doth this honest man here, who need not have heard quite so much of your counsel, an it had been your will."

"I am bewitched this morning," said Chiffinch to himself, "or else the champagne runs in my head still. My brain has become the very lowlands of Holland and a gill cup would inundate it.—Hark thou, fellow," he cried, addressing Lance, "keep my counsel—there is a wager betwixt Lord Saville and me, which of us all first have a letter in London. Here is to drink thy health, and bring luck on my side. Say nothing of it; but help Tom to his nag.—Tom, ere thou startest, come for thy credentials—I will give thee a letter the Duke of Bucks, that may be evidence thou wert in town."

Tom Beacon ducked and exit; and Lance, after having made some show of helping him to horse, ran back to tell his master the joyful intelligence, that a lucky accident had abated Chiffinch's party to their number.

Peveril immediately ordered his horses to be got ready; and, so soon as Tom Beacon was despatched towards London on a rapid trot, had the satisfaction to observe Chiffinch, with his favourite Chaubert, bent to pursue the same journey, though at a more moderate rate. He permitted them to attain such a distance, that they might be dogged without suspicion; and said his reckoning, mounted his horse, and followed, keeping his men carefully in view, until he could come to a place proper for the enterprise which he meditated.

It had been Peveril's intention, that when they came some solitary part of the road, they should gradually mend their pace, until they overtook Chaubert—at Lance Outram should then drop behind, in order to assail the man of spits and stoves, while he himself, turning onward, should grapple with Chiffinch. But a scheme presupposed that the master and servant could travel in the usual manner—the latter riding a few yards behind the former. Whereas, such and so interesting were the subjects of discussion betwixt Chiffinch and the French cook, that, without heeding the rules of etiquette, they rode on together, amicably seated, carrying on a conversation on the mysteries of the table, which the ancient Comus, or a modern stratonome, might have listened to with pleasure. It was, therefore, necessary to venture on them both at once.

For this purpose, when they saw a long tract of road before them, unvaried by the least appearance of an beast, or human habitation, they began to mend their pace, that they might come up to Chiffinch, without giving him any alarm, by a sudden and suspicious increase of haste. In this manner, they kept the distance which separated them till they were within about twenty yards, when Peveril, afraid that Chiffinch might recognise him at a nearer approach, did so trust to his horse's heels, made Lance the goal to charge.

At the sudden increase of their speed, and the noise with which it was necessarily attended, Chiffinch looked around, but had time to do no more, for Lance, who had pricked his pony (which was much more ready than Julian's horse) into full gallop, pushed, without ceremony, betwixt the courier and his attendant; and ere Chaubert had time for more than one exclamation, he upset both horse and Frenchman; and, *voilà!* thrilling from his tongue as he rolled on the ground amongst the various articles of his occupation, which, escaping from the budget in which he bore

them, lay tumbled upon the highway in strange disorder; while Lance, springing from his palfrey, commanded his foeman to be still, under no less a penalty than that of death, if he attempted to rise.

Before Chiffinch could avenge his trusty follower's downfall, his own bridle was seized by Julian, who presented a pistol with the other hand, and commanded him to stand or die.

Chiffinch, though effeminate, was no coward. He stood still as commanded, and said, with firmness, "Rogue, you have taken me at surprise. If you are a highwayman, there is my purse. Do us no bodily harm, and spare the budget of spices and sauces."

"Look you, Master Chiffinch," said Peveril, "this is no time for dallying. I am no highwayman, but a man of honour. Give me back that packet which you stole from me the other night; or, by all that is good, I will send a brace of balls through you, and search for it at leisure."

"What night?—What packet?" answered Chiffinch, confused; yet willing to protract the time for the chance of assistance, or to put Peveril off his guard. "I know nothing of what you mean. If you are a man of honour, let me draw my sword, and I will do you right, as a gentleman should do to another."

"Dishonourable rascal!" said Peveril, "you escape not in this manner. You plundered me when you had me at odds; and I am not the fool to let my advantage escape, now that my turn is come. Yield up the packet; and then, if you will, I will fight you on equal terms. But first," he reiterated, "yield up the packet, or I will instantly send you where the tenor of your life will be hard to answer for."

The tone of Peveril's voice, the fierceness of his eye, and the manner in which he held the loaded weapon, within a hand's-breadth of Chiffinch's head, convinced the last there was neither room for compromise, nor time for trifling. He thrust his hand into a side-pocket of his cloak, and with visible reluctance produced those papers and despatches, with which Julian had been intrusted by the Countess of Derby.

"They are five in number," said Julian; "and you have given me only four. Your life depends on full restitution."

"It escaped from my hand," said Chiffinch, producing the missing document.—"There it is. Now sir, your pleasure is fulfilled, unless," he added, sulkily, "you design either murder or farther robbery."

"Base wretch!" said Peveril, withdrawing his pistol, yet keeping a watchful eye on Chiffinch's motions, "thou art unworthy any honest man's sword; and yet, if you dare draw your own, as you proposed but now, I am willing to give you a chance upon fair equality of terms."

"Equality!" said Chiffinch, sneeringly; "yes, a proper equality—sword and pistol against single rapier, and two men upon one, for Chaubert is no fighter. No, sir; I shall seek amends upon some more fitting occasion, and with more equal weapons."

"By backbiting, or by poison, base pander!" said Julian; "these are thy means of vengeance. But mark me—I know your vile purpose respecting a lady who is too worthy that her name should be uttered in such a worthless ear. Thou hast done me one injury, and thou seest I have repaid it. But prosecute this farther villany, and be assured I will put thee to death like a foul reptile, whose very slaver is fatal to humanity. Rely upon this, as if Machiavel had sworn it; for so surely as you keep your purpose, so surely will I prosecute my revenge.—Follow me, Lance, and leave him to think on what I have told him."

Lance had, after the first shock, sustained a very easy part in this rencounter; for all he had to do, was to point the butt of his whip, in the manner of a gun, at the intimidated Frenchman, who, lying on his back, and gazing at random on the skies, had as little the power or purpose of resistance, as any jug which had ever come under his own slaughter-knife.

Summoned by his master from the easy duty of guarding such an unresisting prisoner, Lance remounted his horse, and they both rode off, leaving their discomfited antagonists to console themselves for their misadventure as they best could. But coun-

... a palace, the expense of which may
... employer to a jail. But the most of
... comic musician, or singer, who was in
... receive, in solid gold, the value of the p
... which solved the hanging of the p
...
... and many such like, were to be invited attend
... the Duke of Buckingham, and the becom
... of the daughter of the noble French, whose
... Gave, give

But the love of his Grace contained other active
... characters; and was more as various as
... own opinions and pursuits. Besides the ob
... nobility and wealthy gentry of England, who
... his Grace the glass, at which they amused
... themselves for the day, and who learnt to be
... to travel, with the newest and best equipage,
... general Road to Rome, there were others of a quite
... character—discontented statesmen, political and social
... sion orators, sayable to the of human suffering,
... who put not else where, but who regarded the Duke's
... mansion as a sort of neutral ground, where and there
... was not of their opinion to-day, the very circumstance
... rendered it most likely he should think with them to-mor
... row. The Puritans, themselves, could not but
... intercourse with a man whose talents must have re
... dered him formidable, even if they had not been
... united with high rank and an immense fortune.
... Several grave personages, with black suits, scar
... cloaks, and bandstraps of a formal cut, were ranged
... as we see their portraits in a gallery of portraits,
... among the gallants who ruffled in silk and lace
... dery. It is true they eschewed the sentiment of being
... thought intimates of the Duke, by their haughty
... supposed to refer to money matters. Whether these
... grave and protesting citizens enjoyed the Duke's
... money-lending, was not known; but it is likely that
... observed, that the Jews, who in general confide
... themselves to the latter department, had been
... for some time faithful attendants at the Duke's
... levee.

It was high-tide in the ante-chamber, and had not
... so for more than an hour, ere the Duke's apartment
... in ordinary vented into his bed-chamber, and the
... darkened, so as to make midnight at noon, to
... know his Grace's pleasure. His seat and soft
... whisper, in which he asked whether it were his
... Grace's pleasure to rise, was briefly and snarling
... answered by the counter question, "Who waits?"
... "What's o'clock?"

"It is Jermingham, your Grace," said the grand
... ant. "It is one afternoon; and your Grace appointed
... some of the people without at eleven."

"Who are they?—What do they want?"

"A message from White-hall, your Grace."

"Pshaw! it will keep cold. Those who make
... others wait, will be the better of waiting in their turn.
... Were I to be guilty of ill-breeding, it should rather be
... to a King than a beggar."

"The gentlemen from the city."

"I am tired of them—tired of their all cant, and re
... religion, and Protestantism and in churching. Tell them
... to go to Shoreditch, to Aldersgate Street, with their
... that's the best market for their wares."

"Jockey, my Lord, from Newmarket."

"Let him ride to the devil—he has horse of mine
... and stars of his own. Any more?"

"The whole ante-chamber is full, my Lord—knights
... and squares, doctors and deers."

"The deers, with their doctors* in their pockets. I
... presume."

"Counts, captains, and clergymen."

"You are all the same, Jermingham," said the Duke,
... "and that is a proof you are poetical. Hang me at
... writing things."

Getting half out of bed, thrusting one arm into a
... broad nightgown, deeply hurrowed in saddle, and
... foot into a velvet slipper, while the other pressed in
... primitive nudity the rich carpet. His Grace, who
... thinking rather on the assembly without, began to
... pen a few lines of a satirical poem; then suddenly
... stopped, threw the pen into the air, and exclaimed
... that the humour was past, and asked his attendant

* Doctor, a cant name for a deceiver.

ere any letters. Jerningham produced a et. the devil!" said his Grace, "do you think I all these? I am like Clarence, who asked wine, and was soured into a butt of sack. there any thing which presses?" etter, your Grace," said Jerningham, "con- e Yorkshire mortgage."

not bid thee carry it to old Gatheral, my y lord," answered the other; "but Gath- ere are difficulties."

ie usurers foreclose, then—there is no diffi- rat; and out of a hundred manors I shall iss one," answered the Duke. "And hark ne my chocolate."

my lord, Gatheral does not say it is impos- y difficult."

what is the use of him, if he cannot make it t you are all born to make difficulties," re- Duke.

if your Grace approves the terms in this and pleases to sign it, Gatheral will under- he matter," answered Jerningham.

ould you not have said so at first, you t?" said the Duke, signing the paper with- at the contents—"What other letters? ember, I must be plagued with no more

s-doux, my lord—five or six of them. This porter's lodge by a vizard mask."

v!" answered the Duke, tossing them over, attendant assisted in dressing him—"an ce of a quarter's standing."

iven to one of the pages by my Lady—"s oman."

s on it—a Jeremiad on the subject of per- reachery; and not a single new line to the ' said the Duke, glancing over the billet.

the old cant—*cruel man—broken roses— just revenge*. Why, the woman is thinking

—not of love. No one should pretend to n so threadbare a topic without having at e novelty of expression. *The despairing*

—Lie there, fair desperate. And this—how y?"

g into the window of the hall, by a fellow off at full speed," answered Jerningham.

is a better text," said the duke; "and yet it one too—three weeks old at least—The little

for the jealous lord—I should not care a y for her, save for that same jealous lord—

it's, and he's gone down to the country—*this in silence and safety—written with a quill om the wing of Cupid*—Your ladyship has

en-feathers enough to fly away with—better s wings when you had caught him, my lady

confident of her Buckingham's faith—I hate e in a young person—She must be taught will not go.

Grace will not be so cruel!" said Jerning-

art a compassionate fellow, Jerningham; it must be punished."

your lordship should resume your fancy for

then, you must swear the billet-doux mis- answered the Duke. "And stay, a thought

—it shall miscarry in great style. Hark what is the fellow's name—the poet—is he

are six gentlemen, sir, who, from the realms in their pocket, and the threadbare seams at

wa, appear to wear the livery of the Muses." cal once more, Jerningham. He, I mean,

te the last lampoon," said the Duke.

hom? your Grace said you owed five pieces stinging?" replied Jerningham.

money for his satire, and the cudgel for his ood—find him—give him the five pieces, and

e Countess's billet-doux—Hold—take Ar- nd the rest of them—thrust them all into

lio—All will come out at the Wits' Coffi- nd if the promulgator be not nudged into

all the colours of the rainbow, there is no spite in woman, no faith in crabtree, or pith in heart of oak— Araminta's wrath alone would overburden one pair of mortal shoulders."

"But, my Lord Duke," said his attendant, "this Settle* is so dull a rascal, that nothing he can write will take."

"Then as we have given him steel to head the arrow," said the Duke, "we will give him wings to waft it with—wood he has enough of his own to make a shaft or bolt of. Hand me my own unfinished lampoon—give it to him with the letters—let him make what he can of them all."

"My Lord Duke—I crave pardon—but your Grace's style will be discovered; and though the ladies' names are not at the letters, yet they will be traced."

"I would have it so, you blockhead. Have you lived with me so long, and cannot discover that the eclat of an intrigue is, with me, worth all the rest of it?"

"But the danger, my Lord Duke?" replied Jerningham. "There are husbands, brothers, friends, whose revenge may be awakened."

"And beaten to sleep again," said Buckingham, haughtily. "I have Black Will and his cudgel for plebeian grumblers; and those of quality I can deal with myself. I lack breathing and exercise of late."

"But yet your Grace"—

"Hold your peace, fool! I tell you that your poor dwarfish spirit cannot measure the scope of mine. I tell thee I would have the course of my life a torrent—I am weary of easy achievements, and wish for obstacles, that I can sweep before my irresistible course."

Another gentleman now entered the apartment. "I humbly crave your Grace's pardon," he said; "but Master Christian is so importunate for admission instantly, that I am obliged to take your Grace's pleasure."

"Tell him to call three hours hence. Damn his politic pate, that would make all men dance after his pipe!"

"I thank you for the compliment, my Lord Duke," said Christian, entering the apartment in somewhat a more courtly garb, but with the same unpretending and undistinguished mien, and in the same placid and indifferent manner with which he had accosted Julian Peveril upon different occasions during his journey to London. "It is precisely my present object to pipe to you; and you may dance to your own profit, if you will."

"On my word, Master Christian," said the Duke, haughtily. "the affair should be weighty, that removes ceremony so entirely from betwixt us. If it relates to the subject of our last conversation, I must request our interview be postponed to some further opportunity. I am engaged in an affair of some weight." Then turning his back on Christian, he went on with his conversation with Jerningham. "Find the person you wot of, and give him the papers; and hark ye, give him this gold to pay for the shaft of his arrow—the steel-head and peacock's wing we have already provided."

"This is all well, my lord," said Christian, calmly, and taking his seat at the same time in an easy chair at some distance; "but your Grace's levity is no

* Elkana Settle, the unworthy scribbler whom the envy of Rochester and others tried to raise to public estimation, as a rival to Dryden; a circumstance which has been the means of elevating him to a very painful species of immortality.

It was the unworthy distinction of men of wit and honour about town, to renege their own quarrels with inferior persons by the hands of braves. Even in the days of chivalry, the knights, as may be learned from Don Quixote, turned over to the chastisement of their squires such adversaries as were not dubbed; and thus it was not unusual for men of quality in Charles II.'s time, to avenge their wrongs by means of private assassination. Rochester writes comically concerning a satire imputed to Dryden, but in reality composed by Mulgrave, "If he falls upon me with the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel." And, in conformity with this cowardly and brutal intimation, that distinguished poet was waylaid and beaten severely in Rose Street, Covent Garden, by ruffians who could not be discovered, but whom all concluded to be the agents of Rochester's mean revenge.

"I did but suspect a fresh rival to Araminta and the little Countess," said Jerningham.

"Away to your business, knave," said the Duke, "and let me think of mine.—To subdue a Puritan in Ease—a King's favourite in Posse—the very muster of western beauties—that is point first. The impudence of this Manx mongrel to be corrected—the pride of Madame la Duchesse to be pulled down—an important state intrigue to be furthered, or baffled, as circumstances render most to my own honour and glory—I wished for business but now, and I have got enough of it. But Buckingham will keep his own steerage-way through shoal and through weather."

CHAPTER XXIX.

— Mark you this, Bassanio—
The devil can quote scripture for his purpose.
Merchant of Venice.

AFTER leaving the proud mansion of the Duke of Buckingham, Christian, full of the deep and treacherous schemes which he meditated, hastened to the city, where, in a decent inn, kept by a person of his own persuasion, he had been unexpectedly summoned to meet with Ralph Bridgenorth of Moultrassie. He was not disappointed—the Major had arrived that morning, and anxiously expected him. The usual gloom of his countenance was darkened into a yet deeper shade of anxiety, which was scarcely relieved, even while, in answer to his inquiry after his daughter, Christian gave the most favourable account of her health and spirits, naturally and unaffectedly intermingled with such praises of her beauty and her disposition, as were likely to be most grateful to a father's ear.

But Christian had too much cunning to expatiate on this theme, however soothing. He stopped short exactly at the point where, as an affectionate relative, he might be supposed to have said enough. "The lady," he said, "with whom he had placed Alice, was delighted with her aspect and manners, and undertook to be responsible for her health and happiness. He had not, he said, deserved so little confidence at the hand of his brother, Bridgenorth, as that the Major should, contrary to his purpose, and to the plan which they had adjusted together, have hurried up from the country, as if his own presence were necessary for Alice's protection."

"Brother Christian," said Bridgenorth in reply, "I must see my child—I must see this person with whom she is intrusted."

"To what purpose?" answered Christian. "Have you not often confessed that the over excess of the carnal affection which you have entertained for your daughter, hath been a snare to you?—Have you not more than once, been on the point of resigning those great designs which should place righteousness as a counsellor beside the throne, because you desired to gratify your daughter's girlish passion for this descendant of your old persecutor—this Julian Peveril?"

"I own it," said Bridgenorth; "and worlds would I have given, and would yet give, to clasp that youth to my bosom, and call him my son. The spirit of his mother looks from his eye, and his stately step is as that of his father, when he daily spoke comfort to me in my distress, and said, 'The child liveth!'"

"But the youth walks," said Christian, "after his own lights, and mistakes the meteor of the marsh for the Polar star. Ralph Bridgenorth, I will speak to thee in friendly sincerity. Thou must not think to serve both the good cause and Baal. Obey, if thou wilt, thine own carnal affections, summon this Julian Peveril to thy house, and let him wed thy daughter.—But mark the reception she will meet with from the proud old knight, whose spirit is now, even now, as little broken with his chains, as after the sword of the Saints had prevailed at Worcester. Thou wilt see thy daughter spurned from his feet like an outcast."

"Christian," said Bridgenorth, interrupting him, "thou dost urge me hard; but thou dost it in love, my brother, and I forgive thee—Alice shall never be spurned.—But this friend of thine—this lady—thou art my child's uncle; and after me, thou art next to her in love and affection.—Still, thou art not her

father—hast not her father's fears. Art thou sure of the character of this woman to whom my child is intrusted?"

"Am I sure of my own?—Am I sure that my name is Christian—yours Bridgenorth?—Is it a thing I am likely to be insecure in?—Have I not dwelt for many years in this city?—Do I not know this Court?—And am I likely to be imposed upon? For I will not think you can fear my imposing upon you."

"Thou art my brother," said Bridgenorth—"the blood and bone of my departed Saint—and I am determined that I will trust thee in this matter."

"Thou dost well," said Christian; "and who knows what reward may be in store for thee?—I cannot look upon Alice, but it is strongly borne in on my mind that there will be work for a creature so excellent beyond ordinary women. Courageous Judith freed Beulbia by her valour, and the comely features of Esthe made her a safeguard and a defence to her people in the land of captivity, when she found favour in the sight of King Ahasuerus."

"Be it with her as Heaven wills," said Bridgenorth "and now tell me what progress there is in the great work."

"The people are weary of the iniquity of this Court," said Christian; "and if this man will continue to reign, it must be by calling to his councils men of another stamp. The alarm excited by the damnable practices of the Papists, has called up men's souls, and awakened their eyes to the dangers of their state.—He himself—for he will give up brother and wife to save himself—is not averse to a change of measures; and though we cannot at first see the Court purged as with a winnowing fan, yet there will be enough of the good to control the bad—enough of the sober party to compel the grant of that universal toleration, for which we have sighed so long, as a maiden for her beloved. Time and opportunity will lead the way to more thorough reformation; and that will be done without stroke of sword, which our friends failed to establish on a sure foundation, even when their victorious blades were in their hands."

"May God grant it!" said Bridgenorth; "for I fear me I should scruple to do aught which should once more unseath the civil sword; but welcome all that comes in a peaceful and parliamentary way."

"Ay," said Christian, "and which will bring with it the bitter amends, which our enemies have so long merited at our hands. How long hath our brother's blood cried for vengeance from the altar!—Now shall that cruel Frenchwoman find that neither lapse of years, nor her powerful friends, nor the name of Stanley, nor the Sovereignty of Man, shall stop the stern course of the pursuer of blood. Her name shall be struck from the noble, and her heritage shall another take."

"Nay, but, brother Christian," said Bridgenorth "art thou not over eager in pursuing this thing?—I is thy duty as a Christian to forgive thine enemies."

"Ay, but not the enemies of Heaven—not those who shed the blood of the saints," said Christian his eyes kindling with that vehement and fiery expression which at times gave to his uninteresting countenance the only character of passion which he ever exhibited. "No, Bridgenorth," he continued "I esteem this purpose of revenge holy—I account it a propitiatory sacrifice for what may have been evil in my life. I have submitted to be spurned by the haughty—I have humbled myself to be a servant; but in my breast was the proud thought I, who do this—do it that I may avenge my brother's blood."

"Still, my brother," said Bridgenorth, "although I participate thy purpose, and have aided thee against this Moabitish woman, I cannot but think thy revenge is more after the law of Moses than after the law of love."

"This comes well from thee, Ralph Bridgenorth," answered Christian; "from thee, who hast just smiled over the downfall of thine own enemy!"

"If you mean Sir Geoffrey Peveril," said Bridgenorth, "I smile not on his ruin. It is well he is abased; but if it lies with me, I may humble his pride, but will never ruin his house."

"You know your purpose best," said Christian; "and I do justice, brother Bridgenorth, to the purity of your principles; but men who see with but worldly eyes, would discern little purpose of mercy in the strict magistrate and severe creditor—and such have you been to Peverik."

"And, brother Christian," said Bridgenorth, his colour rising as he spoke, "neither do I doubt your purpose, nor deny the surprising address with which you have procured such perfect information concerning the purposes of yonder woman of Ammon. But is free to me to think, that in your intercourse with the Court, and with courtiers, you may, in your carnal and worldly policy, sink the value of those spiritual gifts, for which you were once so much celebrated among the brethren."

"Do not apprehend it," said Christian, recovering his temper, which had been a little ruffled by the previous discussion. "Let us but work together as heretofore; and I trust each of us shall be found doing the work of a faithful servant to that good old cause for which we have heretofore drawn the sword."

So saying, he took his hat, and bidding Bridgenorth farewell, declared his intention of returning in the evening.

"Fare thee well," said Bridgenorth; "to that use wilt thou find me ever a true and devoted adherent. I will act by that counsel of thine, and will even ask thee—though it may grieve my heart as parent—with whom, or where, thou hast intrusted thy child. I will try to cut off, and cast from me, my right hand, and my right eye; but for thee, Christian, if thou dost deal otherwise than prudently and honestly in this matter, it is what God and man will require at thy hand."

"Fear not me," said Christian, hastily, and left the place, agitated by reflections of no pleasant kind.

"I ought to have persuaded him to return," he said, as he stepped out into the street. "Even his coming in this neighbourhood may spoil the plan, which depends the rise of my fortunes—ay, and my child's. Will men say I have ruined her, when she shall have raised her to the dazzling height of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and perhaps made her other to a long line of Princes? Chiffinch hath sucked for opportunity; and the voluptuary's fortune depends on his gratifying the taste of his master for money. If she makes an impression, it must be a deep one; and once seated in his affections, I fear her being supplanted.—What will her father say? Will he, like a prudent man, put his shame in his pocket, because it is well gilded? or will he think it ting to make a display of moral wrath and parental fury? I fear the latter.—He has ever kept too strict course to admit his conniving at such license. But what will his anger avail?—I need not be seen in the matter—those who are, will care little for the resentment of a country Puritan. And after all, what I am labouring to bring about is best for himself, the duchess, and, above all, for me, Edward Christian."

With such base opiates did this unhappy wretch lull his own conscience, while anticipating the disgrace of his friend's family, and the ruin of a near relative, committed in confidence to his charge. The character of this man was of no common description; nor was it by an ordinary road that he had arrived at the present climax of unfeeling and infamous selfishness.

Edward Christian, as the reader is aware, was the son of that William Christian, who was the principal instrument in delivering up the Island of Man to the Republic, and who became the victim of the Countess of Derby's revenge on that account. Both had been educated as Puritans, but William was a soldier, which somewhat modified the strictness of his religious opinions; Edward, a civilian, seemed to entertain these principles in the utmost rigour. But it was only seeming. The exactness of deportment, which procured him great honour and influence among the sober party, as they were wont to term themselves, covered a voluptuous disposition, the gratification of which was sweet to him as stolen waters, and pleasant as bread eaten in secret. While,

therefore, his seeming godliness brought him worldly gain, his secret pleasures compensated for his outward austerity; until the restoration, and the Countess's violent proceedings against his brother, interrupted the course of both. He then fled from his native island, burning with the desire of revenging his brother's death—the only passion foreign to his own gratification which he was ever known to cherish, and which was also at least partly selfish, since it concerned the restoration of his own fortunes.

He found easy access to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, in right of his Duchess, claimed such of the Derby estates as had been bestowed by the Parliament on his celebrated father-in-law, Lord Fairfax. His influence at the Court of Charles, where a jest was a better plea than a long claim of faithful service, was so successfully exerted, as to contribute greatly to the depression of that loyal and ill-rewarded family. But Buckingham was incapable, even for his own interest, of pursuing the steady course which Christian suggested to him; and his vacillation probably saved the remnant of the large estates of the Earl of Derby.

Mean time, Christian was too useful a follower to be dismissed. From Buckingham, and others of the stamp, he did not affect to conceal the laxity of his morals; but, towards the numerous and powerful party to which he belonged, he was able to disguise them by a seeming gravity of exterior, which he never laid aside. Indeed, so wide and absolute was then the distinction betwixt the Court and the city, that a man might have for some time played two several parts, as in two different spheres, without its being discovered in the one that he exhibited himself in a different light in the other. Besides, when a man of talent shows himself an able and useful partisan, his party will continue to protect and accredit him, in spite of conduct the most contradictory to their own principles. Some facts are, in such cases, denied—some are glossed over—and party zeal is permitted to cover at least as many defects as ever doth charity.

Edward Christian had often need of the partial indulgence of his friends; but he experienced it, for he was eminently useful. Buckingham, and other courtiers of the same class, however dissolute in their lives, were desirous of keeping some connexion with the Dissenting or Puritanic party, as it was termed; thereby to strengthen themselves against their opponents at Court. In such intrigues, Christian was a notable agent; and at one time had nearly procured an absolute union between a class which professed the most rigid principles of religion and morality, and the latitudinarian courtiers, who set all principle at defiance.

Amidst the vicissitudes of a life of intrigue, during which Buckingham's ambitious schemes and his own repeatedly sent him across the Atlantic, it was Edward Christian's boast that he never lost sight of his principal object—revenge on the Countess of Derby. He maintained a close and intimate correspondence with his native island, so as to be perfectly informed of whatever took place there; and he stimulated, on every favourable opportunity, the cupidity of Buckingham to possess himself of this petty kingdom, by procuring the forfeiture of its present Lord. It was not difficult to keep his patron's wild wishes alive on this topic, for his own mercurial imagination attached particular charms to the idea of becoming a sort of sovereign even in this little island; and he was, like Catiline, as covetous of the property of others, as he was profuse of his own.

But it was not until the pretended discovery of the Popish Plot that the schemes of Christian could be brought to ripen; and then, so odious were the Catholics in the eyes of the credulous people of England, that, upon the accusation of the most infamous of mankind, common informers, the scourings of jails, and the refuse of the whipping-post, the most atrocious charges against persons of the highest rank and fairest character, were readily received and credited.

This was a period which Christian did not fail to improve. He drew close his intimacy with Bridgenorth, which had indeed never been interrupted, and

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the same time bent her brows, and shook her head sternly.

After a moment's consideration, Julian could place but one interpretation upon Fenella's appearance and conduct, and that was, by supposing her lady had come up to London, and had despatched this mute attendant, as a confidential person, to apprise him of some change of her intended operations, which might render the delivery of her letters to Barstow, *alias* Fenwicke, superfluous, or perhaps dangerous. He made signs to Fenella, demanding to know whether she had any commission from the Countess. She nodded. "Had she any letter?" he continued, by the same mode of inquiry. She shook her head impatiently, and, walking hastily along the passage, made a signal to him to follow. He did so, having little doubt that he was about to be conducted into the Countess's presence; but his surprise, at first excited by Fenella's appearance, was increased by the rapidity and ease with which she seemed to track the dusky and decayed mazes of the dilapidated Savoy, equal to that with which he had seen her formerly lead the way through the gloomy vaults of Castle Rushin, in the Isle of Man.

When he recollected, however, that Fenella had accompanied the Countess on a long visit to London, it appeared not improbable that she might then have acquired this local knowledge which seemed so accurate. Many foreigners, dependent on the Queen or Queen Dowager, had apartments in the Savoy. Many Catholic priests also found refuge in its recesses, under various disguises, and in defiance of the severity of the laws against Popery. What was more likely, than that the Countess of Derby, a Catholic and a Frenchwoman, should have had secret commissions among such people; and that the execution of such should be intrusted, at least occasionally, to Fenella?

Thus reflecting, Julian continued to follow her light and active footsteps as she glided from the Strand to Spring-Garden, and thence into the Park.

It was still early in the morning, and the Mall was untenanted, save by a few walkers, who frequented these shades for the wholesome purposes of air and exercise. Splendour, gayety, and display, did not come forth, at that period, until noon was approaching. All readers have heard that the whole space where the Horse Guards are now built, made, in the time of Charles II., a part of St. James's Park; and that the old building, now called the Treasury, was a part of the ancient Palace of Whitehall, which was thus immediately connected with the Park. The canal had been constructed, by the celebrated Le Notre, for the purpose of draining the Park; and it communicated with the Thames by a decoy, stocked with a quantity of the rarer waterfowl. It was towards this decoy that Fenella bent her way with unabated speed; and they were approaching a group of two or three gentlemen who sauntered by its banks, when, on looking closely at him who appeared to be the chief of the party, Julian felt his heart beat uncommonly thick, as if conscious of approaching some one of the highest consequence.

The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed perwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good-humour; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants. They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curly-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are

now called, cockers, which attended their master closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement he sometimes checked, and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lackey, a groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the waterfowl.

This, the King's favourite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julia Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indeed closely, near to the person of Charles Stewart, the second of that unhappy name.

While he hesitated to follow his dumb guide any nearer, and felt the embarrassment of being unable to communicate to her his repugnance to further intrusion, a person in the royal retinue touched a light and lively air on the flageolet, at a signal from the King who desired to have some tune repeated which he struck him in the theatre on the preceding evening. While the good-natured Monarch marked time with his foot, and with the motion of his hand, Fenella continued to approach him, and threw into her manner the appearance of one who was attracted, as it were in spite of herself, by the sounds of the instrument.

Anxious to know how this was to end, and astonished to see the dumb girl imitate so accurately the manner of one who actually heard the musical notes Peveril also drew near, though at somewhat greater distance.

The King looked good-humouredly at both, as if he admitted their musical enthusiasm as an excuse for their intrusion; but his eyes became riveted on Fenella, whose face and appearance, although rather singular than beautiful, had something in them wild, fantastic, and, as being so, even captivating, to an eye which had been gratified perhaps to satiety with the ordinary forms of female beauty. She did not appear to notice how closely she was observed; but, as if acting under an irresistible impulse, derived from the sounds to which she seemed to listen, she undid the bodkin round which her long tresses were wound, and flinging them suddenly over her slender person, as if using them as a natural veil, she began to dance with infinite grace and agility, to the tune which the flageolet played.

Peveril lost almost his sense of the King's presence, when he observed with what wonderful grace and agility Fenella kept time to notes, which could only be known to her by the motions of the musician's fingers. He had heard, indeed, among other prodigies, of a person in Fenella's unhappy situation acquiring, by some unaccountable and mysterious tact, the power of acting as an instrumental musician, nay, becoming so accurate a performer as to be capable of leading a musical band; and he had also heard of deaf and dumb persons dancing with sufficient accuracy, by observing the motions of their partner. But Fenella's performance seemed more wonderful than either, since the musician was guided by his written notes, and the dancer by the motions of the others; whereas Fenella had no intimation, save what she seemed to gather, with infinite accuracy, by observing the motion of the artist's fingers on his small instrument.

As for the King, who was ignorant of the particular circumstances which rendered Fenella's performance almost marvellous, he was contented, at her first commencement, to authorize what seemed to him the frolic of this singular-looking damsel, by a good-humoured smile; but when he perceived the exquisite truth and justice, as well as the wonderful combination of grace and agility, with which she executed to his favourite air a dance which was perfectly new to him, Charles turned his mere acquiescence into something like enthusiastic applause. He bore time to her motions with head and with hand—and seemed, like herself, carried away by the enthusiasm of the gestic art.

After a rapid yet graceful succession of *entrechats*, Fenella introduced a slow movement, which terminated the dance; then dropping a profound curtsy, she continued to stand motionless before the King, her arms folded on her bosom, her head stooped, and her eyes cast down, after the manner of an Oriental slave; while through the misty veil of her shadowy locks it might be observed, that the colour which exercise had called to her cheeks was dying fast away, and resigning them to their native dusky hue.

"By my honour," exclaimed the King, "she is like a fairy who trips it in moonlight. There must be more of air and fire than of earth in her composition. It is well poor Nelly Gwyn saw her not, or she would have died of grief and envy.—Come, gentlemen, which of you contrived this pretty piece of morning-pastime?"

The courtiers looked at each other, but none of them felt authorized to claim the merit of a service so agreeable.

"We must ask the quick-eyed nymph herself, then," said the King; and, looking at Fenella, he added, "Tell us, my pretty one, to whom we owe the pleasure of seeing you?—I suspect the Duke of Buckingham; for this is exactly a *tour de son métier*."

Fenella, on observing that the King addressed her, bowed low, and shook her head, in signal that she did not understand what he said. "Odds-fish, that is true," said the King; "she must perforce be a foreigner—her complexion and agility speak it. France or Italy has had the moulding of these elastic limbs, dark cheek, and eye of fire. He then put to her in French, and again in Italian, the question, "By whom she had been sent hither?"

At the second repetition, Fenella threw back her wiling tresses, so as to show the melancholy which sat on her brow; while she sadly shook her head, and intimated by imperfect muttering, but of the softest and most plaintive kind, her organic deficiency.

"Is it possible Nature can have made such a fault?" said Charles. "Can she have left so curious a piece as thou art without the melody of voice, whilst she has made thee so exquisitely sensible to the beauty of sound?—Stay; what means this? and what young fellow are you bringing up there? Oh, the master of the show, I suppose.—Friend," he added, addressing himself to Peveril, who, on the signal of Fenella, stepped forward almost instinctively, and knelt down, "we thank thee for the pleasure of this morning.—My Lord Marquis, you roused me at piquet last night; for which disloyal deed thou shalt now atone, by giving a couple of pieces to this honest youth, and five to the girl."

As the nobleman drew out his purse, an' came forward to perform the King's generous commission, Julian felt some embarrassment ere he was able to explain that he had no title to be benefited by the young person's performance, and that his Majesty had mistaken his character.

"And who art thou, then, my friend?" said Charles; "but, above all, and particularly, who is this dancing nymph, whom thou standest waiting on like an attendant faun?"

"The young person is a retainer of the Countess-Dowager of Derby, so please your Majesty," said Peveril, in a low tone of voice; "and I am!"

"Hold, hold," said the King; "this is a dance to another tune, and not fit for a place so public. Hark thee, friend; do thou and the young woman follow Empson where he will conduct thee.—Empson, carry them—hark in thy ear."

"May it please your Majesty, I ought to say," said Peveril, "that I am guiltless of any purpose of intrusion!"

"Now a plague on him who can take no hint," said the King, cutting short his apology. "Odds-fish, man, there are times when civility is the greatest impertinence in the world. Do thou follow Empson, and amuse thyself for a half hour's space with the fairy's company, till we shall send for you."

Charles spoke this not without casting an anxious eye around, and in a tone which intimated apprehension of being overheard. Julian could only bow obedience, and follow Empson, who was the same person that played so rarely on the flageolet.

When they were out of sight of the King and his party, the musician wished to enter into conversation with his companions, and addressed himself first to Fenella, with a broad compliment of, "By the mass, ye dance rarely—ne'er a slut on the boards shows such a shank! I would be content to play to you till my throat were as dry as my whistle. Come, be a little free—old Rowley will not quit the park till nine. I will carry you to Spring Gardens, and bestow sweet cakes and a quart of Rhenish on both of you; and we'll be cameradoes.—What the devil! no answer?—How's this, brother?—Is this neat wench of yours deaf or dumb, or both? I should laugh at that, and she trip it so well to the flageolet."

To rid himself of this fellow's discourse, Peveril answered him in French, that he was a foreigner, and spoke no English; glad to escape, though at the expense of a fiction, from the additional embarrassment of a fool, who was likely to ask more questions than his own wisdom might have enabled him to answer.

"*Etranger*—that means stranger," muttered their guide; "more French dogs and jades come to lick the good English butter off our bread, or perhaps an Italian puppet-show. Well, if it were not that they have a mortal enmity to the whole *gamut*, this were enough to make any honest fellow turn Puritan. But if I am to play to her at the Duchess's, I'll be d—d but I put her out in the tune, just to teach her to have the impudence to come to England, and to speak no English."

Having muttered to himself this truly British resolution, the musician walked briskly on towards a large house near the bottom of St. James Street, and entered the court, by a grated door, from the Park, of which the mansion commanded an extensive prospect.

Peveril finding himself in front of a handsome portico, under which opened a stately pair of folding-doors, was about to ascend the steps that led to the main entrance, when his guide seized him by the arm, exclaiming, "Hold, Mounseer! What! you'll lose nothing, I see, for want of courage; but you must keep the back way, for all your fine doublet. Here it is not, knock and it shall be opened; but may be instead, knock and you shall be knocked."

Suffering himself to be guided by Empson, Julian deviated from the principal door, to one which opened, with less ostentation, in an angle of the court-yard. On a modest tap from the flute-player, admittance was afforded him and his companions by a footman, who conducted them through a variety of stone passages, to a very handsome summer parlour, where a lady, or something resembling one, dressed in a style of extra elegance, was trifling with a play-book while she finished her chocolate. It would not be easy to describe her, but by weighing her natural good qualities against the affectations which counterbalanced them. She would have been handsome, but for rouge and *minauderie*—would have been civil, but for overstrained airs of patronage and condescension—would have had an agreeable voice, had she spoken in her natural tone—and fine eyes, had she not made such desperate hard use of them. She could only spoil a pretty ankle by too liberal display; but her shape, though she could not yet be thirty years old, had the embonpoint which might have suited better with ten years more advanced. She pointed Empson to a seat with the air of a Duchess, and asked him, languidly, how he did this age, that she had not seen him? and what folk these were he had brought with him?

"Foreigners, madam; d—d foreigners," answered Empson; "starving beggars, that our old friend has picked up in the Park this morning—the wench dances, and the fellow plays on the Jew's trump, I believe. On my life, madam, I begin to be ashamed of old Rowley; I must discard him, unless he keeps better company in future."

"Fie, Empson," said the lady; "consider it is our duty to countenance him, and keep him afloat; and indeed I always make a principle of it. Hark ye, he comes not hither this morning!"

"He will be here," answered Empson, "in the walking of a minuett."

"My God!" exclaimed the lady, with unaffected alarm; and starting up with utter neglect of her usual airs of graceful languor, she tripped as swiftly as a milk-maid into an adjoining apartment, where they heard presently a few words of eager and animated discussion.

"Something to be put out of the way, I suppose," said Empson. "Well for madam I gave her the hint. There he goes, the happy swain."

Julian was so situated, that he could, from the same casement through which Empson was peeping, observe a man in a laced roquelaure, and carrying his rapier under his arm, glide from the door by which he had himself entered, and out of the court, keeping as much as possible under the shade of the buildings.

The lady re-entered at this moment, and observing how Empson's eyes were directed, said, with a slight appearance of hurry, "A gentleman of the Duchess of Portsmouth's with a billet; and so tiresomely pressing for an answer, that I was obliged to write without my diamond pen. I have daubed my fingers, I dare say," she added, looking at a very pretty hand, and presently after dipping her fingers in a little silver vase of rose-water. "But that little exotic monster of yours, Empson, I hope she really understands no English?—On my life she coloured.—Is she such a rare dancer?—I must see her dance, and bear him play on the Jew's harp."

"Dance!" replied Empson; "she danced well enough when I played to her. I can make anything dance. Old Counsellor Clubfoot danced when he had a fit of the gout; you have seen no such *pas seul* in the theatre. I would engage to make the Archbishop of Canterbury dance the hays like a Frenchman. There is nothing in dancing; it all lies in the music. Rowley does not know that now. He saw this poor wench dance; and thought so much on't, when it was all along of me. I would have defied her to sit still. And Rowley gives her the credit of it, and five pence to boot; and I have only two for my morning's work!"

"True, Master Empson," said the lady; "but you are of the family, though in a lower station; and you ought to consider"—

"By G—, madam," answered Empson, "all I consider is, that I play the best flageolet in England; and that they can no more supply my place, if they were to discard me, than they could fill Thames from Fleet-Ditch."

"Well, Master Empson, I do not dispute but you are a man of talents," replied the lady; "still I say, mind the main chance—you please the ear to-day—another has the advantage of you to-morrow."

"Never, mistress, while ears have the heavenly power of distinguishing one note from another."

"Heavenly power, say you, Master Empson?" said the lady.

"Ay, madam, heavenly; for some very neat verses which we had at our festival say,

'What know we of the best above,
But that they sing and that they love.'

It is Master Waller wrote them, as I think; who, upon my word, ought to be encouraged."

"And so should you, my dear Empson," said the dame, yawning, "were it only for the honour you do to your own profession. But in the mean time, will you ask these people to have some refreshment?—and will you take some yourself?—the chocolate is that which the ambassador Portuguese fellow brought over to the Queen."

"If it be genuine," said the musician.

"How, sir?" said the fair one, half rising from her pile of cushions—"not genuine, and in this house!—Let me understand you, Master Empson—I think, when I first saw you, you scarce knew chocolate from coffee."

"By G—, madam," answered the flageolet-player, "you are perfectly right. And how can I show better how much I have profited by your ladyship's excellent cheer, except by being critical?"

"You stand excused, Master Empson," said the petite maitresse, sinking gently back on the downy couch, from which a momentary irritation had startled

her—"I think the chocolate will please you, though scarce equal to what we had from the Spanish resident Mendoza.—But we must offer these strange people something. Will you ask them if they would have coffee and chocolate, or cold wild-fowl, fruit and wine? They must be treated, so as to show them where they are, since here they are."

"Unquestionably, madam," said Empson; "but I have just at this instant forgot the French for chocolate, hot bread, coffee, game, and drinkables."

"It is odd," said the lady; "and I have forgot my French and Italian at the same moment. But it signifies little—I will order the things to be brought, as they will remember the names of them themselves."

Empson laughed loudly at this jest, and panned his soul that the cold sirloin, which entered immediately after, was the best emblem of roast beef all the world over. Plentiful refreshments were offered to all the party, of which both Fenella and Peveril partook."

In the mean while the flageolet-player drew closer to the side of the lady of the mansion—their intimacy was cemented, and their spirits set afloat, by a glass of *liqueur*, which gave them additional confidence in discussing the characters, as well of the superior attendants of the Court, as of the inferior rank, to which they themselves might be supposed to belong.

The Lady, indeed, during this conversation, frequently exerted her complete and absolute superiority over Master Empson; in which that musical gentleman humbly acquiesced whenever the circumstance was recalled to his attention, whether in the way of blunt contradiction, sarcastic insinuation, downright assumption of higher importance, or in any of the other various modes by which such superiority is usually asserted and maintained. But the lady's obvious love of scandal was the lure which very soon brought her again down from the dignified port which for a moment she assumed, and placed her once more on a gossiping level with her companion.

Their conversation was too trivial, and too much allied to petty Court intrigues, with which he was totally unacquainted, to be in the least interesting to Julian. As it continued for more than an hour, he soon ceased to pay the least attention to a discourse consisting of nicknames, patchwork, and innuendo; and employed himself in reflecting on his own complicated affairs, and the probable issue of his approaching audience with the King, which had been brought about by so singular an agent, and by means so unexpected. He often looked to his guide, Fenella; and observed that she was, for the greater part of the time, drowned in deep and abstracted meditation. But three or four times—and it was when the assumed airs and affected importance of the musician and their hostess rose to the most extravagant excess—he observed that Fenella dealt askance on them some of those bitter and almost blighting elfin looks, which in the Isle of Man were held to imply contemptuous excommunication. There was something in all her manner so extraordinary, joined to her sudden appearance, and her demeanour in the King's presence, so oddly, yet so well contrived, to procure him a private audience—which he might by graver means, have sought in vain—that it almost justified the idea, though he smiled at it internally, that the little mute agent was aided in her machinations by the kindred imps, to whom, according to Manx superstition, her genealogy was to be traced.

Another idea sometimes occurred to Julian, though he rejected the question, as being equally wild with those doubts which referred Fenella to a race different from that of mortals—"Was she really afflicted with those organic imperfections which had always seemed to sever her from humanity?—If not, what could be the motives of so young a creature practising so dreadful a penance for such an unremitted term of years? And how formidable must be the strength of mind which could condemn itself to so terrific a sacrifice—How deep and strong the purpose for which it was undertaken?"

But a brief recollection of past events enabled him to dismiss this conjecture as altogether wild and

misery. He had but to call to memory the various outbursts practised by his light-hearted companion, the young Earl of Derby, upon this forlorn girl—the conversations held in her presence, in which the character of a creature so irritable and sensitive on all occasions, was freely, and sometimes ironically discussed, without her expressing the least quittance with what was going forward, to convince him that so deep a deception could never have been practised for so many years, by a being of a mind so peculiarly jealous and irascible. He renounced, therefore, the idea, and turned his thoughts to his own affairs, and in his approaching interview with his Sovereign; in which meditation he proposed to leave him, until we briefly review the scenes which had taken place in the situation of the Bridgenorth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock.
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.—*Anonymous.*

WHEN PEVERIL had scarce set sail for Whitehaven, and Alice Bridgenorth and her governante, at the command of her father, were embarked with all speed and secrecy on board of a burk bound for Liverpool. Christian accompanied them on their voyage, as the friend to whose guardianship Alice was committed during any future separation from her father, and whose amusing conversation, joined to pleasing though cold manners, as well as his nearness to her, induced Alice, in her forlorn situation, to consider her fate as fortunate in having such a guardian.

At Liverpool, as the reader already knows, Christian took the first overt step in the villany which he had striven against the innocent girl, by exposing her to a meeting-house to the unhalloved gaze of Chiffinch, in order to convince him she was possessed of such uncommon beauty as might well deserve the anxious promotion to which they meditated to raise her.

Highly satisfied with her personal appearance, Chiffinch was no less so with the sense and delicacy of her conversation, when he met her in company with her uncle afterwards in London. The simplicity, and at the same time the spirit of her remarks, made him regard her as his scientific attendant the cook might have been a newly invented sauce, sufficiently *piquante* in qualities, to awaken the jaded appetite of a cloyed and gorged epicure. She was, he said and swore, the corner-stone on which, with proper management, and with his instructions, a few honest fellows might build a Court fortune.

That the necessary introduction might take place, the confederates judged fit she should be put under the charge of an experienced lady, whom some called Mrs. Chiffinch, and others Chiffinch's mistress, one of those obliging creatures who are willing to discharge all the duties of a wife, without the inconvenience and indissoluble ceremony.

It was one, and not perhaps the least prejudicial consequence of the license of that ill-governed time, that the bounds betwixt virtue and vice were so far blotted down and levelled, that the frail wife, or the virtuous friend who was no wife, did not necessarily alter their place in society; but, on the contrary, if they moved in the higher circles, were permitted and encouraged to mingle with women whose rank was mean, and whose reputation was untainted.

A regular *liaison*, like that of Chiffinch and his fair friend, inferred little scandal; and such was his influence, as prime minister of his master's pleasures, that

Charles himself expressed it, the lady whom we introduced to our readers in the last chapter, had obtained a brevet commission to rank as a married woman. And to do the gentle dame justice, no wife would have been more attentive to forward his plans, more liberal in disposing of his income.

She inhabited a set of apartments called Chiffinch's, the scene of many an intrigue, both of love and policy; and where Charles often held his private parties on the evening, when, as frequently happened, the ill-

humour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, his reigning Sultana, prevented his supping with her. The hold which such an arrangement gave a man like Chiffinch, used as he well knew how to use it, made him of too much consequence to be slighted even by the first persons in the state, unless they stood aloof from all manner of politics and Court intrigue.

In the charge of Mistress Chiffinch, and of him whose name she bore, Edward Christian placed the daughter of his sister, and of his confiding friend, calmly contemplating her ruin as an event certain to follow; and hoping to ground upon it his own chance of a more assured fortune, than a life spent in intrigue had hitherto been able to procure for him.

The innocent Alice, without being able to discover what was wrong either in the scenes of unusual luxury with which she was surrounded, or in the manners of her hostess, which, both from nature and policy, were kind and caressing—felt nevertheless an instinctive apprehension that all was not right—a feeling in the human mind, allied, perhaps, to that sense of danger which animals exhibit when placed in the vicinity of the natural enemies of their race, and which makes birds cower when the hawk is in the air, and beasts tremble when the tiger is abroad in the desert. There was a heaviness at her heart which she could not dispel; and the few hours which she had already spent at Chiffinch's, were like those passed in a prison by one unconscious of the cause or event of his captivity. It was the third morning after her arrival in London, that the scene took place which we now recur to.

The impertinence and vulgarity of Emson, which was permitted to him as an unrivalled performer upon his instrument, were exhausting themselves at the expense of all other musical professors, and Mistress Chiffinch was listening with careless indifference, when some one was heard speaking loudly, and with animation, in the inner apartment.

"O gemini and gilliflowers water!" exclaimed the damsel, startled out of her fine airs into her natural vulgarity of exclamation, and running to the door of communication—"if he has not come back again after all!—and if old Rowley!"

A tap at the further and opposite door here arrested her attention—she quitted the handle of that which she was about to open as speedily as if it had burnt her fingers, and, moving back towards her couch, asked, "Who is there?"

"Old Rowley himself, madam," said the King, entering the apartment with his usual air of easy composure.

"O crimiini!—your Majesty!—I thought!"

"That I was out of hearing, doubtless," said the King; "and spoke of me as folks speak of absent friends. Make no apology. I think I have heard ladies say of their lace, that a rent is better than a darn.—Nay, be seated.—Where is Chiffinch?"

"He is down at York-House, your Majesty," said the dame, recovering, though with no small difficulty, the calm affectation of her usual demeanour. "Shall I send your Majesty's commands?"

"I will wait his return," said the King.—"Permit me to taste your chocolate."

"There is some fresh frothed in the office," said the lady; and using a little silver call, or whistle, a black boy, superbly dressed like an Oriental page, with gold bracelets on his naked arms, and a gold collar around his equally bare neck, attended with the favourite beverage of the morning, in an apparatus of the richest china.

While he sipped his cup of chocolate, the King looked round the apartment, and observing Pencello, Peveril, and the musician, who remained standing beside a large Indian screen, he continued, addressing Mistress Chiffinch, though with polite indifference, "I sent you the fiddles this morning—or rather the flute—Emson, and a fair elf whom I met in the Park, who dances divinely. She has brought us the very newest saraband from the Court of Queen Mab, and I sent her here, that you may see it at leisure."

"Your Majesty does me by far too much honour," said Chiffinch, her eyes properly cast down, and her accents minced into becoming humility.

"Nay, little Chiffinch," answered the King, in a tone of as contemptuous familiarity as was consistent with his good-breeding. "It was not altogether for thine own private ear, though quite deserving of all sweet sounds; but I thought Nelly had been with thee this morning."

"I can send Bajazet for her, your Majesty," answered the lady.

"Nay, I will not trouble your little heathen Sultan to go so far. Still it strikes me that Chiffinch said you had company—some country cousin, or such a matter—Is there not such a person?"

"There is a young person from the country," said Mistress Chiffinch, striving to conceal a considerable portion of embarrassment; "but she is unprepared for such an honour as to be admitted into your Majesty's presence, and"—

"And therefore the fitter to receive it, Chiffinch. There is nothing in nature so beautiful as the first blush of a little rustic between joy and fear, and wonder and curiosity. It is the dawn on the peach—pity it decays so soon!—the fruit remains, but the first high colouring and exquisite flavour are gone.—Never put up thy lip for the matter, Chiffinch, for it is as I tell you; so pray let us have *la belle cousine*."

Mistress Chiffinch, more embarrassed than ever, again advanced towards the door of communication, which she had been in the act of opening when his Majesty entered. But just as she coughed pretty loudly, perhaps as a signal to some one within, voices were again heard in a raised tone of altercation—the door was flung open, and Alice rushed out of the inner apartment, followed to the door of it by the enterprising Duke of Buckingham, who stood fixed with astonishment on finding his pursuit of the flying fair one had hurried him into the presence of the King.

Alice Bridgenorth appeared too much transported with anger to permit her to pay attention to the rank or character of the company into which she had thus suddenly entered. "I remain no longer here, madam," she said to Mrs. Chiffinch, in a tone of uncontrollable resolution; "I leave instantly a house where I am exposed to company which I detest, and to solicitations which I despise."

The dismayed Mistress Chiffinch could only implore her, in broken whispers, to be silent; adding, while she pointed to Charles, who stood with his eyes fixed rather on his audacious courtier than on the game which he pursued, "The King—the King!"

"If I am in the King's presence," said Alice, aloud, and in the same torrent of passionate feeling, while her eyes sparkled through tears of resentment and insulted modesty, "it is the better—it is his Majesty's duty to protect me; and on his protection I throw myself."

These words, which were spoken aloud, and boldly, at once recalled Julian to himself, who had hitherto stood, as it were, bewildered. He approached Alice, and whispering in her ear that she had beside her one who would defend her with his life, implored her to trust to his guardianship in this emergency.

Clinging to his arm in all the ecstacy of gratitude and joy, the spirit which had so lately invigorated Alice in her own defence, gave way in a flood of tears, when she saw herself supported by him whom perhaps she most wished to recognise as her protector. She permitted Peveril gently to draw her back towards the screen before which he had been standing; where, holding by his arm, but at the same time endeavouring to conceal herself behind him, they waited the conclusion of a scene so singular.

The King seemed at first so much surprised at the unexpected apparition of the Duke of Buckingham, as to pay little or no attention to Alice, who had been the means of thus unceremoniously introducing his Grace into the presence at a most unsuitable moment. In that intriguing Court, it had not been the first time that the Duke had ventured to enter the lists of gallantry in rivalry of his Sovereign, which made the present insult the more intolerable. His purpose of lying concealed in these private apartments was explained by the exclamations of Alice; and Charles, notwithstanding the placidity of his disposition, and

his habitual guard over his passions, resented the attempt to seduce his destined mistress, as an Eastern Sultan would have done the insolence of a vizier, who anticipated his intended purchases of captive beauty in the slave market. The swarthy features of Charles reddened, and the strong lines on his dark visage seemed to become inflated, as he said, in a voice which faltered with passion, "Buckingham, you dared not have thus insulted your equal! To your master you may securely offer any affront, since his rank gives his sword to the scabbard."

The haughty Duke did not brook this taunt unanswered. "My sword," he said, with emphasis, "was never in the scabbard, when your Majesty's service required it should be unsheathed."

Your Grace means, when its service was required for its master's interest," said the King; "for you could only gain the coronet of a Duke by fighting for the royal crown. But it is over—I have treated you as a friend—a companion—almost an equal—you have repaid me with insolence and ingratitude."

"Sir," answered the Duke, firmly, but respectfully, "I am unhappy in your displeasure; yet thus far fortunate, that while your words can confer honour, they cannot impair or take it away.—It is hard," he added, lowering his voice, so as only to be heard by the King,—"It is hard that the squall of a peevish wench should cancel the services of so many years!"

"It is harder," said the King, in the same subdued tone, which both preserved through the rest of the conversation, "that a wench's bright eyes can make a nobleman forget the decencies due to his Sovereign's privacy."

"May I presume to ask your Majesty what decencies are those?" said the Duke.

Charles bit his lip to keep himself from smiling. "Buckingham," he said, "this is a foolish business; and we must not forget, (as we have nearly done,) that we have an audience to witness this scene, and should walk the stage with dignity. I will show you your fault in private."

"It is enough that your Majesty has been displeased, and that I have unhappily been the occasion," said the Duke, reverently; "although quite ignorant of any purpose beyond a few words of gallantry; and I sue thus low for your Majesty's pardon."

So saying, he kneeled gracefully down. "Thou hast it, George," said the placable Prince. "I believe thou wilt be sooner tired of offending, than I of forgiving."

"Long may your Majesty live to give the offence, with which it is your royal pleasure at present to charge my innocence," said the Duke.

"What mean you by that, my lord?" said Charles, the angry shade returning to his brow for a moment.

"My Liege," replied the Duke, "you are too honourable to deny your custom of shooting with Cupid's bird-bolts in other men's warrens. You have taken the royal right of free-forestry over every man's park. It is hard that you should be so much displeased at hearing a chance arrow whizz near your own palace."

"No more on't," said the King; "but let us see where the dove has harboured."

"The Helen has found a Paris while we were quarrelling," replied the Duke.

"Rather an Orpheus," said the King; "and what is worse, one that is already provided with a Eurydice—She is clinging to the fiddler."

"It is mere fright," said Buckingham, "like Rochester's, when he crept into the bass-viol to hide himself from Sir Dermot O'Cleaver."

"We must make the people show their talents," said the King, "and stop their mouths with money and civility, or we shall have this foolish encounter over half the town."

The King then approached Julian, and desired him to take his instrument, and cause his female companion to perform a saraband.

"I had already the honour to inform your Majesty," said Julian, "that I cannot contribute to your pleasure in the way you command me; and that this young person is"—

"A retainer of the Lady Powis," said the King, upon

these mind things not connected with his pleasures made a very slight impression. "Poor lady, she is in trouble about the lords in the Tower."

"Pardon me, sir," said Julian, "she is a dependent of the Countess of Derby."

"True, true," answered Charles; "it is indeed of Lady Derby, who hath also her own distresses in these times. Do you know who taught the young person to dance? Some of her steps mightily resemble Le Jeune's of Paris."

"I presume she was taught abroad, sir," said Julian; "for myself, I am charged with some weighty business by the Countess, which I would willingly communicate to your Majesty."

"We will send you to our Secretary of State," said he King. "But this dancing envoy will oblige us once more, will she not?—Empson, now that I remember, it was to your pipe that she danced—Strike up, man, and put metal into her feet."

Empson began to play a well-known measure; and, as he had threatened, made more than one false note, until the King, whose ear was very accurate, rebuked him with, "Sirrah, art thou drunk at this early hour, or must thou be playing thy slippery ricks with me? Thou thinkest thou art born to beat me, but I will have time beat into thee."

The hint was sufficient, and Empson took good care so to perform his air as to merit his high and deserved reputation. But on Fenella it made not the slightest impression. She rather leant than stood against the wall of the apartment; her countenance as pale as death, her arms and hands hanging down as if stiffened, and her existence only testified by the sobs which agitated her bosom, and the tears which flowed from her half-closed eyes.

"A plague on it," said the King, "some evil spirit is abroad this morning; and the wenches are all bewitched, I think. Cheer up, my girl. What in the devil's name, has changed thee at once from a Nymph to a Niobe? If thou standest there longer, thou wilt grow to the very marble wall!—Or—oddsfish, George, have you been bird-bolting in this quarter also?"

Ere Buckingham could answer to this charge, Julian again knelt down to the King, and prayed to be heard, were it only for five minutes. "The young woman," he said, "had been long in attendance on the Countess of Derby. She was bereaved of the faculties of speech and hearing."

"Oddsfish, man, and dances so well?" said the King. "Nay, all Gresham College shall never make me believe that."

"I would have thought it equally impossible, but for what I to-day witnessed," said Julian; "but only permit me, sir, to deliver the petition of my lady the Countess."

"And who art thou thyself, man?" said the Sovereign; "for though every thing which wears bodice and breast-knot has a right to speak to a King, and be answered, I know not that they have a title to audience through an envoy extraordinary."

"I am Julian Peveril of Derbyshire," answered the supplicant, "the son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, who"—

"Body of me—the old Worcester man?" said the King. "Oddsfish, I remember him well—some harm has happened to him, I think—Is he not dead, or very sick at least?"

"Ill at ease, and it please your Majesty, but not ill in health. He has been imprisoned on account of alleged accession to this Plot."

"Look you there," said the King; "I knew he was in trouble; and yet how to help the stout old Knight, I can hardly tell. I can scarce escape suspicion of the Plot myself, though the principal object of it is to take away my own life. Were I to stir to save a plotter, I should certainly be brought in as an accessory.—Buckingham, thou hast some interest with those who built this fine state engine, or at least who have driven it on—be good-natured for once, though it is scarcely thy wont, and interfere to shelter our old Worcester friend, Sir Godfrey. You have not forgot him?"

"No, sir," answered the Duke; "for I never heard the name."

"It is Sir Geoffrey his Majesty would say," said Julian.

"And if his Majesty did say Sir Geoffrey, Master Peveril, I cannot see of what use I can be to your father," replied the Duke, coldly. "He is accused of a heavy crime; and a British subject so accused, can have no shelter either from prince or peer, but must stand to the award and deliverance of God and his country."

"Now, Heaven forgive thee thy hypocrisy, George," said the King, hastily. "I would rather hear the devil preach religion than thee teach patriotism.—Thou knowest as well as I, that the nation is in a scarlet fever for fear of the poor Catholics, who are not two men to five hundred; and that the public mind is so harassed with new narrations of conspiracy, and fresh horrors every day, that people have as little real sense of what is just or unjust, as men who talk in their sleep of what is sense or nonsense. I have borne, and borne with it—I have seen blood flow on the scaffold, fearing to thwart the nation in its fury—and I pray to God that I or mine be not called on to answer for it. I will no longer swim with the torrent, which honour and conscience call upon me to stem—I will act the part of a Sovereign, and save my people from doing injustice, even in their own despite."

Charles walked hastily up and down the room as he expressed these unwonted sentiments, with energy equally unwonted. After a momentary pause, the Duke answered him gravely, "Spoken like a Royal King, sir; but—pardon me—not like a King of England."

Charles paused, as the Duke spoke, beside a window which looked full on Whitehall, and his eye was involuntarily attracted by the fatal window of the Banqueting House, out of which his unhappy father was conducted to execution. Charles was naturally, or, more properly, constitutionally, brave; but a life of pleasure, together with the habit of governing his course rather by what was expedient than by what was right, rendered him unapt to dare the same scene of danger or of martyrdom, which had closed his father's life and reign; and the thought came over his half-formed resolution, like the rain upon a kindling beacon. In another man, his perplexity would have seemed almost ludicrous; but Charles could not lose, even under these circumstances, the dignity and grace which were as natural to him as his indifference and his good-humour. "Our Council must decide in this matter," he said, looking to the Duke; "and be assured, young man," he added, addressing Julian, "your father shall not want an intercessor in his King, so far as the laws will permit my interference in his behalf."

Julian was about to retire, when Fenella, with a marked look, put into his hand a slip of paper, on which she had hastily written, "The packet—give him the packet."

After a moment's hesitation, during which he reflected that Fenella was the organ of the Countess's pleasure, Julian resolved to obey. "Permit me then, Sir," he said, "to place in your royal hands this packet, intrusted to me by the Countess of Derby. The letters have already been once taken from me; and I have little hope that I can now deliver them as they are addressed. I place them, therefore, in your royal hands, certain that they will evince the innocence of the writer."

The King shook his head as he took the packet reluctantly. "It is no safe office you have undertaken young man. A messenger has sometimes his throat cut for the sake of his despatches—but give them to me; and, Chiffinch, give me wax and a taper." He employed himself in folding the Countess's packet in another envelope. "Buckingham," he said, "you are evidence that I do not read them till the Council shall see them."

Buckingham approached, and offered his services in folding the parcel, but Charles rejected his assistance; and having finished his task, he sealed the packet with his own signet-ring. The Duke bit his lip and retired.

"And now, young man," said the King, "your

Julian's embarrassment in passing Charing-Cross and Northumberland-House was so great as to excite the attention of the passengers; for he had to compose his steps so as to moderate the unequal and rapid pace of Fenella to the timid and faint progress of his left-hand companion; and while it would have been needless to address himself to the former, who could not comprehend him, he dared not speak himself to Alice, for fear of awakening into frenzy the jealousy, or at least the impatience, of Fenella.

Many passengers looked at them with wonder, and some with smiles; but Julian remarked that there were two who never lost sight of them, and to whom his situation, and the demeanour of his companions, seemed to afford matter of undisguised merriment. These were young men, such as may be seen in the same precincts in the present day, allowing for the difference in the fashion of their apparel. They abounded in perwig, and fluttered with many hundred yards of riband, disposed in bow-knots upon their sleeves, their breeches, and their waistcoats, in the very extremity of the existing mode. A quantity of lace and embroidery made their habits rather fine than tasteful. In a word, they were dressed in that caricature of the fashion, which sometimes denotes a hare-brained man of quality who has a mind to be distinguished as a fop of the first order, but is much more frequently the disguise of those who desire to be esteemed men of rank on account of their dress, having no other pretension to the distinction.

These two gallants passed Peveril more than once, linked arm in arm, then sauntered, so as to oblige him to pass them in turn, laughing and whispering during these manoeuvres—staring broadly at Peveril and his female companions—and affording them, as they came into contact, none of those facilities of giving place, which are required on such occasions by the ordinary rules of the pavé.

Peveril did not immediately observe their impertinence; but when it was too gross to escape his notice, his gall began to arise; and in addition to all the other embarrassments of his situation, he had to combat the longing desire which he felt to cudgel handsomely the two coxcombs who seemed thus determined on insulting him. Patience and suifrance were indeed strongly imposed on him by circumstances; but at length it became scarcely possible to observe their dictates any longer.

When, for the third time, Julian found himself obliged, with his companions, to pass this troublesome brace of fops, they kept walking close behind him, speaking so loud as to be heard, and in a tone of perfect indifference whether he listened to them or not.

"This is bumpkin's best luck," said the taller of the two, (who was indeed a man of remarkable size,) alluding to the plainness of Peveril's dress, which was scarce fit for the streets of London—"Two such fine wenches, and under guard of a gray frock and an oaken riding-rod!"

"Nay, Puritan's luck rather, and more than enough of it," said his companion. "You may read Puritan in his pace and in his patience."

"Right as a pint bumper, Tom," said his friend—"Issachar is an ass that stoopeth between two burdens."

"I have a mind to ease long-eared Laurence of one of his encumbrances," said the shorter fellow. "That black-eyed sparkler looks as if she had a mind to run away from him."

"Ay," answered the taller, "and the blue-eyed trembler looks as if she would fall behind into my loving arms."

At these words, Alice, holding still closer by Peveril's arm than formerly, mended her pace almost to running, in order to escape from men whose language was so alarming; and Fenella walked hastily forward in the same manner, having perhaps caught from the men's gestures and demeanour, that apprehension which Alice had taken from their language.

Fearful of the consequences of a fray in the streets, which must necessarily separate him from these unprotected females, Peveril endeavoured to compound betwixt the prudence necessary for their protection and his own rising resentment; and as this

troublesome pair of attendants endeavoured again to pass them close to Hungerford Stairs, he said to them, with constrained calmness, "Gentlemen, I owe you something for the attention you have bestowed on the affairs of a stranger. If you have any pretension to the name I have given you, you will tell me where you are to be found."

"And with what purpose," said the taller of the two, sneeringly, "does your most rustic gravity, or your most grave rusticity, require of us such information?"

So saying, they both faced about, in such a manner as to make it impossible for Julian to advance any farther.

"Make for the stairs, Alice," he said; "I will be with you in an instant." Then freeing himself with difficulty from the grasp of his companions, he cast his cloak hastily round his left arm, and said, sternly, to his opponents, "Will you give me your names, sirs; or will you be pleased to make way?"

"Not till we know for whom we are to give place," said one of them.

"For one who will else teach you what you want—Good manners," said Peveril, and advanced, as it were, to push between them.

They separated, but one of them stretched forth his foot before Peveril, as if he meant to trip him. The blood of his ancestors was already boiling within him, he struck the man in the face with the oaken rod which he had just sneered at, and throwing it from him, instantly unsheathed his sword. Both the others drew, and pushed, at once; but he caught the point of the one rapier in his cloak, and parried the other thrust with his own weapon. He might have been less lucky in the second close, but a cry arose among the watermen, of "Shame, shame! two upon one!"

"They are men of the Duke of Buckingham's," said one fellow—"there's no safe meddling with them."

"They may be the devil's men, if they will," said an ancient Triton, flourishing his stretcher; "but I say snar play, and old England for ever; and I say, knock the gold-laced puppies down, unless they will fight turn-about with gray jerkin, like honest fellows, one down t'other come on."

The lower orders of London have in all times been remarkable for the delight which they have taken in club-law, or fist-law; and for the equity and impartiality with which they see it administered. The noble science of defence was then so generally known, that a bont at single rapier excited at that time as much interest and as little wonder as a boxing-match in our own days. The bystanders, experienced in such affairs, presently formed a ring, within which Peveril and the taller and more forward of his antagonists were soon engaged in close combat with their swords, whilst the other, overawed by the spectators, was prevented from interfering.

"Well done the tall fellow!"—"Well thrust, long-legs!"—"Huzza for two ells and a quarter!" were the sounds with which the fray was at first cheered; for Peveril's opponent not only showed great activity and skill in fence, but had also a decided advantage from the anxiety with which Julian looked out for Alice Bridge-north; the care for whose safety diverted him in the beginning of the onset from that which he ought to have exclusively bestowed on the defence of his life. A slight flesh-wound in the side at once punished, and warned him of, his inadvertence; when, turning his whole thoughts on the business in which he was engaged, and animated with anger against his impertinent intruder, the rencontre speedily began to assume another face, amidst cries of "Well done, gray jerkin!"—"Try the metal of his gold doublet!"—"Finely thrust!"—"Curiously parried!"—"There went another eyelet-hole to his brodered jerkin!"—"Fairly pinked, by G—d!" In fact, the last exclamation was uttered amid a general roar of applause accompanying a successful and conclusive lunge by which Peveril ran his gigantic antagonist through the body. He looked at his prostrate foe for a moment; then, recovering himself, called loudly to know what had become of the lady.

"Never mind the lady if you be wise," said one of the watermen; "the Constable will be here in an instant. I'll give your honour a cast across the water in a moment. It may be as much as your neck's worth. Shall only charge a Jacobus."

"You be—d!" said one of his rivals in profession, "as your father was before you; for a Jacobus, I'll set the gentleman into Alsatia, where neither bailiff nor constable dare trespass."

"The lady, you scoundrels, the lady!" exclaimed Peveril—"Where is the lady?"

"I'll carry your honour where you shall have enough of ladies, if that be your want," said the old Triton; and as he spoke, the clamour amongst the watermen was renewed, each hoping to cut his own profit out of the emergency of Julian's situation.

"A sculler will be least suspected, your honour," said one fellow.

"A pair of oars will carry you through the water like a wild duck," said another.

"But you have got never a tilt, brother," said a third. "Now I can put the gentleman as snug as if he were under hatches."

In the midst of the oaths and clamour attending this aquatic controversy for his custom, Peveril at length made them understand that he would bestow a Jacobus, not on him whose boat was first oars, but on whosoever should inform him of the fate of the lady.

"Of which lady?" said a sharp fellow; "for, to my thought, there was a pair on them."

"Of both, of both," answered Peveril; "but first, of the fair-haired lady?"

"Ay, ay, that was she that shrieked so when gold-jacket's companion handed her into No. 20."

"Who—what—who dared to hand her?" exclaimed Peveril.

"Nay, master, you have heard enough of my tale without a fee," said the waterman.

"Sordid rascal!" said Peveril, giving him a gold piece. "speak out, or I'll run my sword through you!"

"For the matter of that, master," answered the fellow, "not while I can handle this truncheon—but a bargain's a bargain; and so I'll tell you, for your gold piece, that the comrade of the fellow forced one of your wenches, her with the fair hair, will she will she, into Tickling Tom's wherry; and they are far enough up Thames by this time, with wind and tide."

"Sacred Heaven, and I stand here!" exclaimed Julian.

"Why, that is because your honour will not take a boat."

"You are right, my friend—a boat—a boat instantly!"

"Follow me, then, squire.—Here, Tom, bear a hand—the gentleman is our fare."

A volley of water language was exchanged betwixt the successful candidate for Peveril's custom and his disappointed brethren, which concluded by the ancient Triton's bellowing out, in a tone above them all, "that the gentleman was in a fair way to make a voyage to the isle of gulls, for that sly Jack was only bantering him—No. 20 had rowed for York-Buildings."

"To the isle of gallows," cried another; "for here comes one who will mar his trip up Thames, and carry him down to Execution-Dock."

In fact, as he spoke the word, a constable, with three or four of his assistants, armed with the old-fashioned brown-bills, which were still used for arming those guardians of the peace, cut off our hero's farther progress to the water's edge, by arresting him in the King's name. To attempt resistance would have been madness, as he was surrounded on all sides; so Peveril was disarmed, and carried before the nearest Justice of the Peace, for examination and commitment.

The legal sage before whom Julian was taken, was a man very honest in his intentions, very bounded in his talents, and rather timid in his disposition. Before the general alarm given to England, and to the city of London in particular, by the notable discovery of the Popish Plot, Master Maulstatute had taken serene and undisturbed pride and pleasure in the dis-

charge of his duties as a Justice of the Peace, with the exercise of all its honorary privileges and awful authority. But the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey had made a strong, nay, an indelible impression on his mind; and he walked the Courts of Thems with fear and trembling after that memorable and melancholy event.

Having a high idea of his official importance, and rather an exalted notion of his personal consequence, his honour saw nothing from that time but cords and daggers before his eyes, and never stepped out of his own house, which he fortified, and in some measure garrisoned, with half a dozen tall watchmen and constables, without seeing himself watched by a Papist in disguise, with a drawn sword under his cloak. It was even whispered, that, in the agonies of his fears, the worshipful Master Maulstatute mistook the kitchen-wench with a tinder-box, for a Jesuit with a pistol; but if any one dared to laugh at such an error, he would have done well to conceal his mirth, lest he fell under the heavy inculpation of being a banterer and stifier of the Plot—a crime almost as deep as that of being himself a plotter. In fact, the fears of the honest Justice, however ridiculously exorbitant, were kept so much in countenance by the outcry of the day, and the general nervous fever which afflicted every good Protestant, that Master Maulstatute was accounted the bolder man and the better magistrate, while, under the terror of the air-drawn dagger which fancy placed continually before his eyes, he continued to dole forth justice in the recesses of his private chamber, nay, occasionally to attend Quarter-sessions, when the hall was guarded by a sufficient body of the militia. Such was the weight, at whose door, well chained and doubly bolted, the constable who had Julian in custody now gave his important and well-known knock.

Notwithstanding this official signal, the party was not admitted until the clerk, who acted the part of high-warder, had reconnoitred them through a grated wicket; for who could say whether the Papists might not have made themselves master of Master Constable's sign, and have prepared a pseudo watch to burst in and murder the Justice, under pretence of bringing a criminal before him?—Less hopeful projects had figured in the Narrative of the Popish Plot.

All being found right, the key was turned, the bolts were drawn, and the chain unhooked, so as to permit entrance to the constable, the prisoner, and the assistants; and the door was then as suddenly shut against the witnesses, who, as less trustworthy persons, were requested (through the wicket) to remain in the yard, until they should be called in their respective turns.

Had Julian been inclined for mirth, as was far from being the case, he must have smiled at the incongruity of the clerk's apparel, who had belted over his black buckram suit a buff baldric, sustaining a broadsword, and a pair of huge horse-pistols; and, instead of the low flat hat, which, coming in place of the city cap, completed the dress of a scrivener, had placed on his greasy locks a rusted steel cap, which had seen Marston-moor; across which projected his well-used quill, in the guise of a plume—the shape of the morion not admitting of its being stuck, as usual, behind his ear.

This whimsical figure conducted the constable, his assistants, and the prisoner, into the low hall, where his principal dealt forth justice; who presented an appearance still more singular than that of his dependant.

Sundry good Protestants, who thought so highly of themselves as to suppose they were worthy to be distinguished as objects of Catholic cruelty, had taken to defensive arms on the occasion. But it was quickly found that a breast-plate and back-plate of proof, fastened together with iron clasps, was no convenient enclosure for a man who meant to eat venison and custard; and that a buff-coat, or shirt of mail, was scarcely more accommodating to the exertions necessary on such active occasions. Besides, there were other objections, as the alarming and menacing aspects which such warlike habiliments gave to the Exchange, and other places, where merchants most

readily engaged him in his schemes, which, in the eyes of his brother-in-law, were alike honourable and patriotic. But, while he flattered Bridgenorth with the achieving a complete reformation in the state—checking the profligacy of the Court—relieving the consciences of the Dissenters from the pressure of the penal laws—amending, in fine, the crying grievances of the time—while he showed him also, in prospect, revenge upon the Countess of Derby, and a humbling dispensation on the House of Peveril, from whom Bridgenorth had suffered such indignity, Christian did not neglect, in the mean while, to consider how he could best benefit himself by the confidence reposed in him by his unsuspicious relation.

The extreme beauty of Alice Bridgenorth—the great wealth which time and economy had accumulated on her father—pointed her out as a most desirable match to repair the wasted fortunes of some of the followers of the Court; and he flattered himself that he could conduct such a negotiation so as to be in a high degree conducive to his own advantage. He found there would be little difficulty in prevailing on Major Bridgenorth to intrust him with the guardianship of his daughter. That unfortunate gentleman had accustomed himself, from the very period of her birth, to regard the presence of his child as a worldly indulgence too great to be allowed to him; and Christian had little trouble in convincing him that the strong inclination which he felt to bestow her on Julian Peveril, provided he could be brought over to his own political opinions, was a blamable compromise with his more severe principles. Late circumstances had taught him the incapacity and unfitness of Dame Debbitch for the sole charge of so dear a pledge; and he readily and thankfully embraced the kind offer of her maternal uncle, Christian, to place Alice under the protection of a lady of rank in London, whilst he himself was to be engaged in the scenes of bustle and blood, which, in common with all good Protestants, he expected were speedily to take place on a general rising of the Papists, unless prevented by the active and energetic measures of the good people of England. He even confessed his fears, that his partial regard for Alice's happiness might enervate his efforts in behalf of his country; and Christian had little trouble in eliciting from him a promise, that he would forbear to inquire after her for some time.

Thus certain of being the temporary guardian of his niece for a space long enough, he flattered himself, for the execution of his purpose, Christian endeavoured to pave the way by consulting Chiffinch, whose known skill in Court policy qualified him best as an adviser on this occasion. But this worthy person, being, in fact, a purveyor for his Majesty's pleasures, and on that account high in his good graces, thought it fell within the line of his duty to suggest another scheme than that on which Christian consulted him. A woman of such beauty as Alice was described, he deemed more worthy to be a partaker of the affections of the merry Monarch, whose taste in female beauty was so exquisite, than to be made the wife of some worn-out prodigal of quality. And then, doing perfect justice to his own character, he felt it would not be one whit impaired, while his fortune would be, in every respect, gently amended, if, after sharing the short reign of the Gwynns, the Davises, the Robertses, and so forth, Alice Bridgenorth should retire from the state of a royal favourite, into the humble condition of Mrs. Chiffinch.

After cautiously sounding Christian, and finding that the near prospect of interest to himself effectually prevented his starting at this iniquitous scheme, Chiffinch detailed it to him fully, carefully keeping the final termination out of sight, and talking of the favour to be acquired by the fair Alice as no passing caprice, but the commencement of a reign as long and absolute as that of the Duchess of Portsmouth, of whose avarice and domineering temper Charles was now understood to be much tired, though the force of habit rendered him unequal to free himself of her yoke.

Thus chalked out, the scene prepared was no longer the scheme of a Court pander, and a villainous resolution for the ruin of an innocent girl, but became

a state intrigue, for the removal of an obnoxious favourite, and the subsequent change of the King's sentiments upon various material points, in which he was at present influenced by the Duchess of Portsmouth. In this light it was exhibited to the Duke of Buckingham, who, either to sustain his character for daring gallantry, or in order to gratify some capricious fancy, had at one time made love to the reigning favourite, and experienced a repulse which he had never forgiven.

But one scheme was too little to occupy the active and enterprising spirit of the Duke. An appendix of the Popish Plot was easily so contrived as to involve the Countess of Derby, who, from character and religion, was precisely the person whom the credulous part of the public were inclined to suppose the likely accomplice of such a conspiracy. Christian and Bridgenorth, undertook the perilous commission of attacking her even in her own little kingdom of Man, and had commissions for this purpose, which had only to be produced in case of their scheme taking effect.

It miscarried, as the reader is aware, from the Countess's alert preparations for defence; and neither Christian nor Bridgenorth held it sound policy to practise openly, even under parliamentary authority, against a lady so little liable to hesitate upon the measures most likely to secure her feudal sovereignty; wisely considering, that even the omnipotence, as it has been somewhat too largely styled, of Parliament, might fail to relieve them from the personal consequences of a failure.

On the continent of Britain, however, no opposition was to be feared; and so well was Christian acquainted with all the motions in the interior of the Countess's little court, or household, that Peveril would have been arrested the instant he set foot on shore, but for the gale of wind, which obliged the vessel, in which he was a passenger, to run for Liverpool. Here Christian, under the name of Gan-leeze, unexpectedly met with him, and preserved him from the fangs of the well-breathed witnesses of the Plot, with the purpose of securing his despatches, or, if necessary, his person also, in such a manner as to place him at his own discretion—a narrow and perilous game, which he thought it better, however, to undertake, than to permit these subordinate agents, who were always ready to mutiny against all in league with them, to obtain the credit which they must have done by the seizure of the Countess of Derby's papers. It was, besides, essential to Buckingham's schemes that these should not pass into the hands of a public officer like Topham, who, however pompous and stupid, was upright and well-intentioned, until they had undergone the revival of a private committee, where something might have probably been suppressed, even supposing that nothing had been added. In short, Christian, in carrying on his own separate and peculiar intrigue, by the agency of the Great Popish Plot, as it was called, acted just like an engineer, who derives the principle of motion which turns his machinery, by means of a steam-engine, or large water-wheel, constructed to drive a separate and larger engine. Accordingly, he was determined that, while he took all the advantage he could from their supposed discoveries, no one should be admitted to tamper or interfere with his own plans of profit and revenge.

Chiffinch, who, desirous of satisfying himself with his own eyes of that excellent beauty which had been so highly extolled, had gone down to Derbyshire on purpose, was infinitely delighted, when, during the course of a two hours' sermon at the dissenting chapel in Liverpool, which afforded him ample leisure for a deliberate survey, he arrived at the conclusion that he had never seen a form or face more captivating. His eye having confirmed what was told him, he hurried back to the little inn which formed their place of rendezvous, and there awaited Christian and his niece, with a degree of confidence in the success of their project which he had not before entertained; and with an apparatus of luxury, calculated, as he thought, to make a favourable impression on the mind of a rustic girl. He was somewhat surprised, when,

do congregate; and exhortations were bitterly complained of by many, who, not belonging to the artillery company, or trained bands, had no experience in bearing defensive armour.

To obviate these objections, and, at the same time, to secure the persons of all true Protestant citizens against open force or privy assassinations on the part of the Papists, some ingenious artist, belonging, we may presume, to the worshipful Mercers' Company, had contrived a species of armour, of which neither the horse-armory in the Tower, nor Gwynnap's Gothic Hall, no, nor Dr. Meyrick's invaluable collection of ancient arms, has preserved any specimen. It was called silk armour,* being composed of a doublet and breeches of quilted silk, so closely stitched, and of such thickness, as to be proof against either bullet or steel; while a thick bonnet of the same materials, with ear-flaps attached to it, and, on the whole, much resembling a night-cap, completed the equipment, and ascertained the security of the wearer from the head to the knee.

Master Maulstatute, among other worthy citizens, had adopted this singular panoply, which had the advantage of being soft, and warm, and flexible, as well as safe. And he now sat in his judicial elbow-chair—a short, rotund figure, hung round, as it were, with cushions, for such was the appearance of the quilted garments; and with a nose protruded from under the silken casque, the size of which, together with the unwieldiness of the whole figure, gave him worship no indifferent resemblance to the sign of the Hog in Armour, which was considerably improved by the defensive garment being of a dusky orange-colour, not altogether unlike the hue of those wild swine which are to be found in the forests of Hampshire.

Secure in these invulnerable envelopments, worship had rested content, although severed from his own death-doing weapons, of rapier, poniard, pistols, which were placed, nevertheless, at a distance from his chair. One offensive indeed, he thought it prudent to keep on beside his huge Coke upon Lyttleton. That sort of pocket-flail, consisting of a piece of about eighteen inches long, to which was swinging club of *lignum-vite*, nearly two feet as the handle, but jointed so as to be extended. This instrument, which bore at that time the name of the Protestant flail, might be used for the coat, until circumstances denied its usual appearance. A better precaution than his arms, whether offensive or defensive, was strong iron grating, which crossing the arms of the Justice's table, and communicating to the door, which was usually kept locked, the accused party from his Justice Maulstatute, such a

him, chose to hear before calling on P.

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which was destined for his reception.

the road through this sad region, the turnkey

once ejaculated, "Why, the gentleman

mark-mad! Could have had the best crown

himself for less than half the garnish, and

pay double to pig in with Sir Geoffrey! Ha,

Is Sir Geoffrey akin to you, if one may make

to ask?"

"I am his son," answered Peveril, sternly, in hopes

impose some curb on the fellow's impertinence;

but the man only laughed louder than before.

"His son!—Why, that's best of all—Why, you are

a strapping youth—five feet ten, if you be an inch—

and Sir Geoffrey's son!—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Truce with your impertinence," said Julian. "My

situation gives you no title to insult me!"

"No more I do," said the turnkey, smothering his

mirth at the recollection, perhaps, that the prisoner's

purse was not exhausted. "I only laughed because

you said you were Sir Geoffrey's son. But no matter

—tis a wise child that knows his own father. Arc

here is Sir Geoffrey's cell; so you and he may settle

the fatherhood between you."

So saying, he ushered his prisoner into a cell, or

rather a strong room of the better order, in which

there were four chairs, a trundle-bed, and one or two

other articles of furniture.

Julian looked eagerly around for his father; but to

his surprise the room appeared totally empty. He

turned with anger on the turnkey, and charged him

with misleading him; but the fellow answered, "No

no, master; I have kept faith with you. Your father,

if you call him so, is only tapped in some corner. A

small hole will hide him; but I'll rouse him out pre-

sently for you.—Here, hoicks!—Turn out, Sir Geo-

frey!—Here is—Ha, ha, ha!—your son—or your wife's

son—for I think you can have but little share in him

—come to wait on you."

Peveril knew not how to resent the man's insolence;

and indeed his anxiety, and apprehension of some

strange mistake, mingled with, and in some

degree neutralized, his anger. He looked again and

again, around and around the room; until at length

he became aware of something rolled up in a dark

corner, which rather resembled a small bundle of

crimson cloth than any living creature. At the vociferation of the turnkey, however, the object seemed

to acquire life and motion—uncoiled itself in some

degree, and, after an effort or two, gained an erect

posture; still covered from top to toe with the crimson

drapery in which it was at first wrapped. Julian,

at the first glance, imagined from the size that he saw

a child of five years old; but a shrill and peculiar tone

of voice soon assured him of his mistake.

"Warder," said this unearthly sound, "what is the

meaning of this disturbance? Have you more insults

to heap on the head of one who hath ever been the

butt of fortune's malice? But I have a soul that can

wrestle with all my misfortunes; it is as large as any

of your bodies."

"Nay, Sir Geoffrey, if this be the way you welcome

—Ha, ha!" again laughed,

—What is your head

—fellow, belike; but all

the fellocks—the fast-

—good behaviour, my

—the more conforming

—and a curious bosom

—after night. But don't

—and gentle; and you

—as for this here matter,

—chance-medley, or man-

—and then it is but a

—of a twisted neck—always

—about it, for then I warrant

—the gentleman's worship away.

—who was one of the party that had

—into the presence of this Cerberus

—and him out in silence; and, under his

—the prisoner was carried through a second

—passages with cells opening on each side

—which was destined for his reception.

—the road through this sad region, the turnkey

—once ejaculated, "Why, the gentleman

—mark-mad! Could have had the best crown

—himself for less than half the garnish, and

—pay double to pig in with Sir Geoffrey! Ha,

—Is Sir Geoffrey akin to you, if one may make

—to ask?"

—"I am his son," answered Peveril, sternly, in hopes

—impose some curb on the fellow's impertinence;

—but the man only laughed louder than before.

—"His son!—Why, that's best of all—Why, you are

—a strapping youth—five feet ten, if you be an inch—

—and Sir Geoffrey's son!—Ha, ha, ha!"

—"Truce with your impertinence," said Julian. "My

—situation gives you no title to insult me!"

—"No more I do," said the turnkey, smothering his

—mirth at the recollection, perhaps, that the prisoner's

—purse was not exhausted. "I only laughed because

—you said you were Sir Geoffrey's son. But no matter

—tis a wise child that knows his own father. Arc

—here is Sir Geoffrey's cell; so you and he may settle

—the fatherhood between you."

—So saying, he ushered his prisoner into a cell, or

—rather a strong room of the better order, in which

—there were four chairs, a trundle-bed, and one or two

—other articles of furniture.

—Julian looked eagerly around for his father; but to

—his surprise the room appeared totally empty. He

—turned with anger on the turnkey, and charged him

—with misleading him; but the fellow answered, "No

—no, master; I have kept faith with you. Your father,

—if you call him so, is only tapped in some corner. A

—small hole will hide him; but I'll rouse him out pre-

—sently for you.—Here, hoicks!—Turn out, Sir Geo-

—frey!—Here is—Ha, ha, ha!—your son—or your wife's

—son—for I think you can have but little share in him

—come to wait on you."

—Peveril knew not how to resent the man's insolence;

—and indeed his anxiety, and apprehension of some

—strange mistake, mingled with, and in some

—degree neutralized, his anger. He looked again and

—again, around and around the room; until at length

—he became aware of something rolled up in a dark

—corner, which rather resembled a small bundle of

—crimson cloth than any living creature. At the vociferation of the turnkey, however, the object seemed

—to acquire life and motion—uncoiled itself in some

—degree, and, after an effort or two, gained an erect

—posture; still covered from top to toe with the crimson

—drapery in which it was at first wrapped. Julian,

—at the first glance, imagined from the size that he saw

—a child of five years old; but a shrill and peculiar tone

—of voice soon assured him of his mistake.

—"Warder," said this unearthly sound, "what is the

—meaning of this disturbance? Have you more insults

—to heap on the head of one who hath ever been the

—butt of fortune's malice? But I have a soul that can

—wrestle with all my misfortunes; it is as large as any

—of your bodies."

—"Nay, Sir Geoffrey, if this be the way you welcome

* Roger North gives us a ridiculous like habiliments, when talking of Rents. "The conversation and was chiefly on the subject of freedom of liberty and property, and what ought to venture and do, and slavery. There was much and the prudence of being and that Protestants were to be an abundance of these head-pieces, made and self-proof, in which any man for it was impossible wearing, so ridiculous was the an image of derision (viz. that none can intended to be carried off, and recommended to its design and effect. It was for lurking purpose of execution, and by a chronic handle round the neck, to the end by a short of the the poet took. This last cruelly used, some years were tried.

the turnkey; "but you quality best."

"Little figure. "Auda-

Peveril, in the

," said

at

The turnkey sneered, withdrew, and locked the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Degenerate youth, and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind:—*Had.*

LEFT quiet at least, if not alone, for the first time for the events of this troubled and varied day, Julian sat himself on an old oaken seat, beside the embers of a sea-coal fire, and began to muse on the miserable situation of anxiety and danger in which he was placed; where, whether he contemplated the interests of his love, his family affections, or his friendships, all seemed such a prospect as that of a sailor who looks upon breakers on every hand, from the deck of a vessel which no longer obeys the helm.

As Peveril sat sunk in depondency, his companion in misfortune drew a chair to the opposite side of the chimney-corner, and began to gaze at him with a sort of solemn earnestness, which at length compelled him, though almost in spite of himself, to pay some attention to the singular figure who seemed so much engrossed with contemplating him.

Geoffrey Hudson, (we drop occasionally the title of knighthood, which the King had bestowed on him in a frolic, but which might introduce some confusion into our history,) although a dwarf of the least possible size, had nothing positively ugly in his countenance, or actually distorted in his limbs. His head, hands, and feet, were indeed large, and disproportioned to the height of his body, and his body itself much thicker than was consistent with symmetry, but in a degree which was rather ludicrous than disagreeable to look upon. His countenance, in particular, had he been a little taller, would have been accounted, in youth, handsome, and now, in age, striking and expressive; it was but the uncommon disproportion betwixt the head and the trunk which made the features seem whimsical and bizarre—an effect which was considerably increased by the dwarf's mustaches, which it was his pleasure to wear so large, that they almost twisted back amongst, and mingled with, his grizzled hair.

The dress of this singular wight announced that he was not entirely free from the unhappy taste which frequently induces those whom nature has marked by personal deformity, to distinguish, and at the same time to render themselves ridiculous, by the use of showy colours, and garments fantastically and extraordinarily fashioned. But poor Geoffrey Hudson's laces, embroideries, and the rest of his finery, were sorely worn and tarnished by the time which he had spent in jail under the vague and malicious accusation that he was somehow or other an accomplice in this all-involving, all-devouring whirlpool of a Popish conspiracy—an impeachment which, if pronounced by a mouth the foulest and most malicious, was at that time sufficiently predominant to sully the fairest reputation. It will presently appear, that in the poor man's manner of thinking, and tone of conversation, there was something analogous to his absurd fashion of apparel; for, as in the latter, good stuff and valuable decorations were rendered ludicrous by the fantastic fashion in which they were made up; so, such plummings of good sense and honourable feeling as the little man often evinced, were made ridiculous by a restless desire to assume certain airs of importance, and a great jealousy of being despised, on account of the peculiarity of his outward form.

After the fellow-prisoners had looked at each other for some time in silence, the dwarf, conscious of his dignity as first owner of their joint apartment, thought it necessary to do the honours of it to the new-comer. "Sir," he said, modifying the alternate harsh and squeaking tones of his voice into accents as harmonious as they could attain, "I understand you to be the son of my worthy namesake, and ancient acquaintance, the stout Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak. I promise you, I have seen your father where blows have been going more plenty than gold pieces; and for a tall heavy man, who lacked, as we martial-

before you parted with
answered the turnkey;
"That is the big, tall, gray-
the Tower last night; and
has kept his word well enow
with this here Sir Geoffrey
better show of the two."
"Your master," said Peveril; "ex-
and say to him I beg to be sent to

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the fellow.
"Is for lords and knights, and not for
degree—for high treason, and not for
the streets with rapier and dagger; and
go a secretary's warrant to send you

not let me not be a burden on this gentle-
and Julian. "There can be no use in quarter-
gether, since we are not even acquainted. Go
master of the mistake."
"So I should," said Clink, still grinning, "if
ot sure that he knew it already. You paid to
to Sir Geoffrey, and he sent you to Sir Geof-
ou are so put down in the register, and he will
no man. Come, come, be conformable, and
I have light and easy irons—that's all I can
ou."

ance and expostulation being out of the ques-
eril submitted to have a light pair of fetters
on his ankles, which allowed him, neverthe-
power of traversing the apartment.

z this operation, he reflected that the jailer,
taken the advantage of the equivocal betwixt
Sir Geoffrey, must have acted as his assist-
anted, and cheated him from malice prepense,
warrant of committal described him as the
ir Geoffrey Peveril. It was therefore in vain,
is degrading, to make farther application to
man on the subject. Julian determined to
o his fate, as what could not be averted by any
his own.

the turnkey was moved in some degree by his
ood men, and the patience with which, after
effervescence of disappointment, the new pri-
signed himself to his situation. "You seem
young gentleman," he said; "and shall at-
re a good dinner, and as good a pallet to sleep
within the walls of Newgate.—And, Master
frey, you ought to make much of him, since
ot like tall fellows; for I can tell you that
everil is in for pinking long Jack Jenkins,
the Master of Defence—as tall a man as is
n, always excepting the King's Porter, Master
hat carried you about in his pocket, Sir Geof-
ll the world has heard tell."

ne, fellow!" answered the dwarf. "Fellow,
ou!"

ists thought, some of the lightness and activity of our more slightly made Cavaliers, he performed his duty as a man might desire. I am happy to see you, his son; and, though by a mistake, I am glad we are to share this comfortless cabin together."

Julian bowed and thanked his courtesy; and Geoffrey Hudson, having broken the ice, proceeded to question him without farther ceremony. "You are no courtier, I presume, young gentleman?"

Julian replied in the negative.

"I thought so," continued the dwarf; "for although I have now no official duty at Court, the region in which my early years were spent, and where I once held a considerable office, yet I still, when I had my liberty, visited the Presence from time to time, as in duty bound for former service; and am wont, from old habit, to take some note of the courtly gallants, those choice spirits of the age, among whom I was once enrolled. You are, not to compliment you, a marked figure, Master Peveril—though something of the tallest, as was your father's case; I think, I could scarce have seen you any where without remembering you."

Peveril thought he might, with great justice, have returned the compliment, but contented himself with saying, "he had scarce seen the British Court."

"'Tis pity," said Hudson; "a gallant can hardly be formed without frequenting it. But you have been perhaps in a rougher school; you have served, doubtless?"

"My Maker, I hope," said Julian.

"Ere on it, you mistake. I meant," said Hudson, "*à la Francoise*,—you have served in the army?"

"No. I have not yet had that honour," answered Julian.

"What! neither courtier nor soldier, Master Peveril?" said the important little man: "Your father is to blame. By cock and pie he is, Master Peveril! How shall a man be known, or distinguished, unless by his bearing in peace and war? I tell you, sir, that at Newberry, where I charged with my troop abreast with Prince Rupert, and when, as you may have heard, we were both beaten off by those cuckoldly hinds the Trained Bands of London,—we did what men could; and I think it was a matter of three or four minutes after most of our gentlemen had been driven off, that his Highness and I continued to cut at their long pikes with our swords; and I think might have broken in, but that I had a tall, long-legged brute of a horse, and my sword was somewhat short—in fine, at last we were obliged to make volte-face, and then, as I was going to say, the fellows were so glad to get rid of us, that they set up a great jubilee cry of 'There goes Prince Robin and Cock Robin!'—Ay, ay, every scoundrel among them knew me well. But those days are over.—And where were you educated, young gentleman?"

Peveril named the household of the Countess of Derby.

"A most honourable lady, upon my word as a gentleman," said Hudson.—"I knew the noble Countess well, when I was about the person of my royal mistress, Henrietta Maria. She was then the very muster of all that was noble, loyal, and lovely. She was, indeed, one of the fifteen fair ones of the Court, whom I permitted to call me *Piccolominini*; a foolish jest on my somewhat diminutive figure, which always distinguished me from ordinary beings, even when I was young—I have now lost much stature by stooping; but, always the ladies had their jest at me.—Perhaps, young man, I had my own amends of some of them somewhere, and somehow or other—I say nothing if I had or no; far less do I impute disrespect to the noble Countess. She was daughter of the Duc de la Tremouille, or, more correctly, Des Thouars. But certainly to serve the ladies, and condescend to their humours, even when somewhat too free, or too fantastic, is the true decorum of gentle blood."

Depressed as his spirits were, Peveril could scarce forbear smiling when he looked at the pigmy creature, who told these stories with infinite complacency, and appeared disposed to proclaim, as his own herald, that

he had been a very model of valour and gallantry, though love and arms seemed to be pursuits totally irreconcilable to his shrivelled, weatherbeaten countenance, and wasted limbs. Julian was, however, so careful to avoid giving his companion pain, that he endeavoured to humour him, by saying, that, "unquestionably, one bred up like Sir Geoffrey Hudson, in courts and camps, knew exactly when to suffer personal freedom, and when to control them."

The little Knight, with great vivacity, though with some difficulty, began to drag his seat from the side of the fire opposite to that where Julian was seated, and at length succeeded in bringing it near him, in token of increasing cordiality.

"You say well, Master Peveril," said the dwarf; "and I have given proofs both of bearing and forbearing.—Yes, sir, there was not that thing which my most royal mistress, Henrietta Maria, could have required of me, that I would not have complied with, sir; I was her sworn servant, both in war and in its rival, in battle and paycant, sir. At her Majesty's particular request, I once condescended to become—ladies, you know, have strange fancies—to become the tenant, for a time, of the interior of a pie."

"Of a pie!" said Julian, somewhat amazed.

"Yes, sir, of a pie. I hope you find nothing risible in my complaisance?" replied his companion, something jealously.

"Not I, sir," said Peveril; "I have other matters than laughter in my head at present."

"So had I," said the dwarfish champion, "when I found myself imprisoned in a huge platter, of no ordinary dimensions you may be assured, since I could lie at length in it, and when I was entombed, as it were, in walls of standing crust, and a huge cover of pastry, the whole constituting a sort of sarcophagus, of size enough to have recorded the epitaph of a general officer or an archbishop on the lid. Sir, notwithstanding the conveniences which were made to give me air, it was more like being buried alive than aught else which I could think of?"

"I conceive it," said Julian.

"Moreover, sir," continued the dwarf, "there were few in the secret, which was contrived for the Queen's divertisement; for advancing of which I would have

* Geoffrey or Jeffrey Hudson is often mentioned in anecdotes of Charles I.'s time. His first appearance at court was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion, the Duke presented the tenant of the party to the Queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high; and remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped.

This singular *lusus nature* was trusted in some negotiations of consequence. He went to France to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return, he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the Queen from France, and about 2000*l.* of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey-cock, the subject of a poem called *Jefridoes*. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes—

"Jeffrey strait was thrown, when, faint and weak,

The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.

A lady midwife now he there by chance

Esquid, that came along with him from France.

A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before

'This time could bow,' he said, 'doth now implore

'Thou, that delivered hast so many, be

So kind of nature as deliver me.'"

We are not acquainted how far Jeffrey resented this lampoon. But we are assured he was a consequential personage, and endowed with little temper the lessing of the domestics and courtiers, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter.

The fatal duel with Mr. Crofts actually took place, as mentioned in the text. It happened in France. The poor dwarf had also the misfortune to be taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate. He was, however, probably soon set at liberty, for Hudson was a captain for the King during the civil war. In 1644, the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse prison, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty-third year of his age.

Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalized by the brush of Van Dyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloan's Museum.

crept into a filbert nut, had it been possible; and few, as I said, being private in the scheme, there was a risk of accidents. I doubted, while in my darksome abode, whether some awkward attendant might not have let me fall, as I have seen happen to a venison pasty; or whether some hungry guest might not anticipate the moment of my resurrection, by sticking his knife into my upper crust. And though I had my weapons about me, young man, as has been my custom in every case of peril, yet, if such a rash person had plunged deep into the bowels of the supposed pasty, my sword and dagger could barely have served me to avenge, assuredly not to prevent, either of these catastrophes."

"Certainly I do so understand it," said Julian, who began, however, to feel that the company of little Hudson talkative as he showed himself, was likely rather to aggravate than to alleviate the inconveniences of a prison.

"Nay," continued the little man, enlarging on his former topic, "I had other subjects of apprehension; for it pleased my Lord of Buckingham, his Grace's father who now bears the title, in his plenitude of Court favour, to command the pasty to be carried down to the office, and committed anew to the oven, alleging preposterously that it was better to be eaten warm than cold."

"And did this, sir, not disturb your equanimity?" said Julian.

"My young friend," said Geoffrey Hudson, "I cannot deny it.—Nature will claim her rights from the best and boldest of us.—I thought of Nebuchadnezzar and his fiery furnace; and I waxed warm with apprehension. But, I thank Heaven, I also thought of my sworn duty to my royal mistress; and was thereby obliged and enabled to resist all temptations to make myself prematurely known. Nevertheless, the Duke—if of malice, may Heaven forgive him—followed down into the office himself, and urged the master-cook very hard that the pasty should be heated, were it but for five minutes. But the master-cook, being privy to the very different intentions of my royal mistress, did most manfully resist the order; and I was again reconveyed in safety to the royal table."

"And in due time liberated from your confinement, I doubt not?" said Peveril.

"Yes, sir; that happy, and I may say glorious moment, at length arrived," continued the dwarf. "The upper crust was removed—I started up to the sound of trumpet and clarion, like the soul of a warrior when the last summons shall sound—or rather, (if that smile be over audacious,) like a spell-bound champion relieved from his enchanted state. It was then that, with my buckler on my arm, and my trusty Bilboa in my hand, I executed a sort of warlike dance, in which my skill and agility then rendered me pre-eminent, displaying, at the same time, my postures, both of defence and offence, in a manner so totally imitable, that I was almost defended with the applause of all around me, and half-drowned by the scented waters with which the ladies of the Court deluged me from their casting-bottles. I had amends of his Grace of Buckingham also; for as I tripped a hasty morris hither and thither upon the dining-table, now offering my blade, now recovering it, I made a blow at his nose—a sort of *estramarcon*—the dexterity of which consists in coming mighty near to the object you seem to aim at, yet not attaining it. You may have seen a barber make such a flourish with his razor. I promise you his Grace sprang back a half yard at least. He was pleased to threaten to beat me with a chicken-bone, as he disdainfully expressed it; but the King said, 'George, you have but a Rowland for an Oliver.' And so I tripped on, showing a bold heedlessness of his displeasure, which few dared to have done at that time, albeit countenanced to the utmost like me by the smiles of the brave and the fair. But, well-a-day! sir, youth, its fashions, its follies, its frolics, and all its pomp and pride, are as idle and transitory as the crackling of thorns under a pot."

"The flower that is cast into the oven were a better simile," thought Peveril. "Good God, that a

man should live to regret not being young enough to be still treated as baked meat, and served up in a pie!"

His companion, whose tongue had for many days been as closely imprisoned as his person, seemed resolved to indemnify his loquacity, by continuing to indulge on the present occasion at his companion's expense. He proceeded, therefore, in a solemn tone, to moralize on the adventure which he had narrated.

"Young men will no doubt think one to be envied," he said, "who was thus enabled to be the darling and admiration of the Court"—(Julian internally stood self-exculpated from the suspicion)—"and yet it is better to possess fewer means of distinction, and remain free from the back-biting, the slander, and the odium, which are always the share of Court favour. Men, who had no other cause, cast reflections upon me because my size varied somewhat from the common proportion; and jests were sometimes unthinkingly passed upon me by those I was bound to, who did not in that case, peradventure, sufficiently consider that the wren is made by the same hand which formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, out-values ten thousand-fold the rude granite. Nevertheless, they proceeded in the vein of humour; and as I could not in duty or gratitude retort upon nobles and princes, I was compelled to cast about in my mind how to vindicate my honour towards these, who, being in the same rank with myself as servants and courtiers, nevertheless bore themselves towards me as if they were of a superior class in the rank of honour, as well as in the accidental circumstance of stature. And as a lesson to my own pride, and that of others, it so happened, that the pageant which I have but just narrated—which I justly reckon the most honourable moment of my life, excepting perhaps my distinguished share in the battle of Round-way-down—became the cause of a most tragic event, in which I acknowledge the greatest misfortune of my existence."

The dwarf here paused, fetched a sigh, big at once with regret, and with the importance becoming the subject of a tragic history; then proceeded as follows:—

"You would have thought in your simplicity, young gentleman, that the pretty pageant I have mentioned could only have been quoted to my advantage, as a rare masking frolic, prettily devised, and not less deftly executed; and yet the malice of the courtiers, who maligned and envied me, made them strain their wit, and exhaust their ingenuity, in putting false and ridiculous constructions upon it. In short, my ears were so much offended with allusions to pies, puff paste, ovens, and the like, that I was compelled to prohibit such subject of mirth, under penalty of my instant and severe displeasure. But it happened there was then a gallant about the Court, a man of good quality, son to a knight baronet, and in high esteem with the best in that sphere, also a familiar friend of mine own, from whom, therefore, I had no reason to expect any of that species of gibing which I had intimated my purpose to treat as offensive. Howbeit, it pleased the honourable Mr. Crofts, so was this youth called and designed, one night, at the Groom Porter's, being full of wine and waggery, to introduce this threadbare subject, and to say something concerning a goose-pie, which I could not but consider as levelled at me. Nevertheless, I did but calmly and solidly pray him to choose a different subject; failing which, I let him know I should be sudden in my resentment. Notwithstanding, he continued in the same tone, and even aggravated the offence, by speaking of a tomcat, and other unnecessary and obnoxious comparisons; whereupon I was compelled to send him a cartel, and we met accordingly. Now, as I really loved the youth, it was my intention only to correct him by a flesh wound or two; and I would willingly that he had named the sword for his weapon. Nevertheless, he made pistols his election; and being on horseback, he produced, by way of his own weapon, a foolish engine which children are wont, in their roguery, to use for spouting water; a—a—in short I forget the name."

"A squirt, doubtless," said Peveril, who began to recollect having heard something of this adventure.

"You are right," said the dwarf; "you have indeed the name of the little engine, of which I have had experience in passing the yards at Westminster.—Well, sir, this token of slight regard compelled me to give the gentleman such language, as soon rendered it necessary for him to take more serious arms. We fought on horseback—breaking ground, and advancing by signal; and, as I never miss aim, I had the misadventure to kill the Honourable Master Crofts at the first shot. I would not wish my worst foe the pain which I felt, when I saw him reel on his saddle, and so fall down to the earth!—and, when I perceived that the life-blood was pouring fast, I could not but wish to Heaven that it had been my own instead of his. Thus fell youth, hopes, and bravery, a sacrifice to a silly and thoughtless jest; yet, alas! wherein had I choice, seeing that honour is, as it were, the very breath in our nostrils; and that in no sense can we be said to live, if we permit ourselves to be deprived of it?"

The tone of feeling in which the dwarfish hero concluded his story, gave Julian a better opinion of his heart, and even of his understanding, than he had been able to form of one who gloried in having, upon a grand occasion, formed the contents of a pasty. He was indeed enabled to conjecture that the little champion was seduced into such exhibitions, by the necessity attached to his condition, by his own vanity, and by the flattery bestowed on him by those who sought pleasure in practical jokes. The fate of the unlucky Master Crofts, however, as well as various exploits of this diminutive person during the Civil Wars, in which he actually, and with great gallantry, commanded a troop of horse, rendered most men cautious of openly rallying him; which was indeed the less necessary, as, when left alone, he seldom failed voluntarily to show himself on the ludicrous side.

At one hour after noon, the turnkey, true to his word, supplied the prisoners with a very tolerable dinner and a flask of well-flavoured, though light claret; which the old man who was something of a bon-vivant, regretted to observe, was nearly as diminutive as himself. The evening also passed away, but not without continued symptoms of garrulity on the part of Geoffrey Hudson.

It is true these were of a graver character than he had hitherto exhibited, for when the flask was empty, he repeated a long Latin prayer. But the religious act in which he had been engaged, only gave his discourse a more serious turn than belonged to his former themes, of war, lady's love, and courtly splendour.

The little Knight harangued, at first on polemical points of divinity, and diverged from this thorny path, into the neighbouring and twilight walk of mysticism. He talked of secret warnings—of the predictions of sad-eyed prophets—of the visits of monitory spirits, and the Rosicrucian secrets of the Cabala; all which topics he treated of with such apparent conviction, nay, with so many appeals to personal experience, that one would have supposed him a member of the fraternity of gnomes, or fairies, whom he resembled so much in point of size.

In short, he persevered for a stricken hour in such a torrent of unnecessary tattle, as determined Peveril, at all events, to endeavour to procure a separate lodging. Having repeated his evening prayers in Latin, as formerly, (for the old gentleman was a Catholic, which was the sole cause of his falling under suspicion,) he set off on a new score, as they were undressing; and continued to prattle, until he had fairly talked both himself and his companion to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Of airy tongues that syllable men's names.—*COMUS.*

JULIAN had fallen asleep, with his brain rather filled with his own sad reflections, than with the mystical lore of the little Knight; and yet it seemed as if in his visions the latter had been more present to his mind than the former.

He dreamed of gliding spirits, gibbering phantoms,

bloody hands, which dimly seen by twilight, seemed to beckon him forward like errant-knight on sad adventure bound. More than once he started from his sleep, so lively was the influence of these visions on his imagination; and he always awoke under the impression that some one stood by his bedside. The chillness of his ankles, the weight and clatter of the fetters, as he turned himself on his pallet, reminded him on these occasions where he was, and under what circumstances. The extremity to which he saw all that was dear to him at present reduced, struck a deeper cold on his heart than the iron upon his limbs; nor could he compose himself again to rest without a mental prayer to Heaven for protection. But when he had been for a third time awakened from repose by these thick-stirring fancies, his distress of mind vented itself in speech, and he was unable to suppress the almost despairing ejaculation, "God have mercy upon us!"

"Amen!" answered a voice as sweet and "soft as honey dew," which sounded as if the words were spoken close by his bedside.

The natural inference was, that Geoffrey Hudson, his companion in calamity, had echoed the prayer which was so proper to the situation of both. But the tone of voice was so different from the harsh and dissonant sounds of the dwarf's enunciation, that Peveril was impressed with the certainty it could not proceed from Hudson. He was struck with involuntary terror, for which he could give no sufficient reason; and it was not without an effort that he was able to utter the question, "Sir Geoffrey, did you speak?"

No answer was returned. He repeated the question louder; and the same silver-toned voice, which had formerly said "Amen" to his prayers, answered to his interrogatory, "Your companion will not awake while I am here."

"And who are you?—What seek you?—How came you into this place?" said Peveril, huddling, eagerly, question upon question.

"I am a wretched being, but one who loves you well.—I come for your good.—Concern yourself no farther."

It now rushed on Julian's mind, that he had heard of persons possessed of the wonderful talent of counterfeiting sounds to such accuracy, that they could impose on their hearers the belief, that they proceeded from a point of the apartment entirely opposite to that which the real speaker occupied. Persuaded that he had now gained the depth of the mystery, he replied, "This trifling, Sir Geoffrey, is unreasonable. Say what you have to say in your own voice and manner. These apish pleasantries do not become midnight in a Newgate dungeon."

"But the being who speaks with you," answered the voice, "is fitted for the darkest hour, and the most melancholy haunts."

Impatient of suspense, and determined to satisfy his curiosity, Julian jumped at once from his pallet, hoping to secure the speaker, whose voice indicated he was so near. But he altogether failed in his attempt, and grasped nothing save thin air.

For a turn or two, Peveril shuffled at random about the room, with his arms extended; and then at last recollected, that with the impediment of his shackles, and the noise which necessarily accompanied his motions, and announced where he was, it would be impossible for him to lay hands on any one who might be disposed to keep out of his reach. He therefore endeavoured to return to his bed; but, in groping for his way, lighted first on that of his fellow-prisoner. The little captive slept deep and heavy, as was evinced from his breathing; and upon listening a moment, Julian became again certain, either that his companion was the most artful of ventriloquists and of dissemblers, or that there was actually within the precincts of that guarded chamber, some third being, whose very presence there seemed to intimate that it belonged not to the ordinary line of humanity.

Julian was no ready believer in the supernatural; but that age was very far from being so incredulous concerning ghostly occurrences as our own; and it was no way derogatory to his good sense, that he

is prejudices of his time. His hair began and the moisture to stand on his brow, as on his companion to awake, for Heaven's

arf answered—but he spoke without awake he day may dawn and he d—d. Tell the the horse I will not go to the hunting, un-re the little black jennet."

you," said Julian, "there is some one in the t. Have you not a tinder-box to strike a

not how slight my horse be," replied the ; pursuing his own train of ideas, which, carried him back to the green woods of and the royal deer-hunts which he had wit-ere. "I am not overweight.—I will not ride Holstein brute, that I must climb up to by and then sit on his back like a pin-cushion shant."

at length put his hand to the sleeper's and shook him, so as to awake him from ; when, after two or three snorts and re the dwarf asked, peevishly, what the devil ?

evil himself, for what I know," said Pe-at this very moment in the room here be-

arf on this information started up, crossed and began to hammer a flint and steel with h, until he had lighted a little piece of can-he said was consecrated to Saint Bridget, werful as the herb called *fuga demonum*, r of the fish burnt by Tobit in the house of r chasing all goblins, and evil or dubious in the place of its radiance; "if, indeed," arf carefully guarded his proposition, "they y where, save in the imagination of his fel-ier."

ggly, the apartment was no sooner enlight-is holy candle's end, than Julian began to evidence of his own ears; for not only was ne in the room save Sir Geoffrey Hudson df, but all the fastenings of the door were that it seemed impossible that they could e opened and again fixed, without a great ise, which, on the last occasion at least, possibly have escaped his ears, seeing that ave been on his feet, and employed in search-amber, when the unknown, if an earthly s in the act of retreating from it.

azed for a moment with great earnestness, lo perplexity, first on the bolted door, then ed window; and began to accuse his own on of having played him an unpleasant ; answered little to the questions of Hudson, ing to his bed, heard, in silence, a long ation on the merits of Saint Bridget, which ded the greater part of her long-winded d concluded with the assurance, that, from its preserved of her, that holy saint was of all possible women, except those of the d.

ime the dwarf had ceased to speak, Julian's sleep had returned; and after a few glances ; apartment, which was still illuminated by ng beams of the holy taper, his eyes were ed in forgetfulness, and his repose was not urbed in the course of that night.

; dawns on Newgate, as well as on the intain-turf which Welshman or wild goat ; but in so different a fashion, that the very reaven's precious sun, when they penetrate cesses of the prison-house, have the air of mitted to jail. Still, with the light of day n, Peveril easily persuaded himself of the his preceding night's visions; and smiled e-lected that fancies, similar to those to ear was often exposed in the Isle of Man, ble to arrange themselves in a manner so ; when he heard them from the mouth of ; a character as Hudson, and in the soli-ritson.

ulian had awaked, the dwarf had already bed, and was seated in the chimney-corner

of the apartment, where, with his own hands, he had arranged a morsel of fire, partly attending to the simmering of a small pot, which he had placed on the flame, partly occupied with a huge folio volume which lay on the table before him, and seemed well nigh as tall and bulky as himself. He was wrapped up in the dusky crimson cloak already mentioned, which served him for a morning-gown, as well as a mantle against the cold, and which corresponded with a large mon-tero cap, that enveloped his head. The singularity of his features, and of the eyes, armed with spectacles, which were now cast on the subject of his studies, now directed towards his little caldron, would have tempted Rembrandt to exhibit him on canvass, either in the character of an alchymist, or of a necromancer, engaged in some strange experiment, under the direction of one of the huge manuals which treat of the theory of these mystic arts.

The attention of the dwarf was bent, however, upon a more domestic object. He was only preparing soup, of no unsavoury quality, for breakfast, which he invited Peveril to partake with him. "I am an old soldier," he said, "and, I must add, an old prisoner; and understand how to shift for myself better than you can do, young man.—Confusion to the scoundrel Clink he has put the spice-box out of my reach!—Will you hand it me from the mantel-piece!—I will teach you, as the French have it, *faire la cuisine*; and then, if you please, we will divide, like brethren, the labours of our prisonhouse."

Julian readily assented to the little man's friendly proposal, without interposing any doubt as to his continuing an inmate of the same cell. Truth is, that although, upon the whole, he was inclined to regard the whispering voice of the preceding evening as the impression of his own excited fancy, he felt, nevertheless, curiosity to see how a second night was to pass over in the same cell; and the tone of the invisible intruder, which at midnight had been heard by him with terror, now excited on recollection a gentle and not displeasing species of agitation—the combined effect of awe, and of awakened curiosity.

Days of captivity have little to mark them as they glide away. That which followed the night which we have described, afforded no circumstance of note. The dwarf imparted to his youthful companion a volume similar to that which formed his own studies, and which proved to be a tome of one of Scuderi's now forgotten romances, of which Geoffrey Hudson was a great admirer, and which were then very fashionable both at the French and English Courts; although they contrive to unite in their immense folios all the improbabilities and absurdities of the old romances of chivalry, without that tone of imagination which pervades them, and all the metaphysical absurdities which Cowley and the poets of the age had heaped upon the passion of love, like so many load of small-coal upon a slender fire, which it smothers instead of aiding.

But Julian had no alternative, saying only to muse over the sorrows of Artameans and Mandane, or on the complicated distress of his own situation; and in these disagreeable diversions, the morning crept through as it could.

Noon first, and thereafter nightfall, were successively marked by a brief visit from their stern turnkey, who with noiseless step and sullen demeanour, did in silence the necessary offices about the meals of the prisoners, exchanging with them as few words as an official in the Spanish Inquisition might have permitted himself upon a similar occasion. With the same taciturn gravity, very different from the laughing humour into which he had been surprised on a former occasion, he struck their fetters with a small hammer, to ascertain, by the sound thus produced, whether they had been tampered with by file or otherwise. He next mounted on a table to make the same experiment on the window-grating.

Julian's heart throbbed; for might not one of those grates have been so tampered with as to give entrance to the nocturnal visitant? But they returned to the experienced ear of Master Clink, when he struck them in turn with the hammer, a clear and ringing sound, which assured him of their security.

"It would be difficult for any one to get in through these defences," said Julian, giving vent in words to his own feelings.

"Few wish that," answered the surly groom, misconstruing what was passing in Peveril's mind; and let me tell you, master, folks will find it quite as difficult to get out." He retired, and night came on.

The dwarf, who took upon himself for the day the whole duties of the apartment, trundled about the room, making a most important clutter as he extinguished their fire, and put aside various matters which had been in use in the course of the day, talking to himself all the while in a tone of no little consequence, occasionally grounded on the dexterity with which an old soldier could turn his hand to every thing; and at other times, on the wonder that a courtier of the first rank should condescend to turn his hand to any thing. Then came the repetition of his accustomed prayers; but his disposition to converse did not, as on the former occasion, revive after his devotions. On the contrary, long before Julian had closed an eye, the heavy breathing from Sir Geoffrey Hudson's pallet declared that the dwarf was already in the arms of Morpheus.

Amid the total darkness of the apartment, and with a longing desire, and at the same time no small fear, for the recurrence of the mysterious address of the preceding evening, Julian lay long awake without his thoughts receiving any interruption, save when the clock told the passing hour from the neighbouring steeple of St. Sepulchre. At length he sunk into slumber; but had not slept, to his judgment, above an hour, when he was roused by the sound which his waking ear had so long expected in vain.

"Can you sleep?—Will you sleep?—Dare you sleep?" were the questions impressed on his ear, in the same clear, soft, and melodious voice, which had addressed him on the preceding night.

"Who is it asks me the question?" answered Julian. "But be the questioner good or evil, I reply that I am a guiltless prisoner; and that innocence may wish and dare to sleep soundly."

"Ask no questions of me," said the voice; "neither attempt to discover who speaks to you; and be assured that folly alone can sleep, with fraud and danger before him."

"Can you, who tell me of dangers, counsel me how to combat or how to avoid them?" said Julian.

"My power is limited," said the voice; "yet something I can do, as a glow-worm can show a precipice. But you must confide in me."

"Confidence must beget confidence," answered Julian. "I cannot repose trust in I know not what or whom."

"Speak not so loud," replied the voice, sinking almost into a whisper.

"Last night you said my companion would not awake," said Julian.

"To-night I warrant not that he shall sleep," said the voice. And as it spoke, the hoarse, snatching, discordant tones of the dwarf were heard, demanding of Julian why he talked in his sleep—wherefore he did not rest himself, and let other people rest—and, finally, whether his visions of last night were returned upon him again?

"Say yes," said the voice, in a whisper, so low, yet so distinct, that Julian almost doubted whether it was not an echo of his own thought,—"Say but yes—and I part to return no more!"

In desperate circumstances men look to strange and unusual remedies; and although unable to calculate the chances of advantage which this singular communication opened to him, Julian did not feel inclined to let them at once escape from him. He answered the dwarf, that he had been troubled by an alarming dream.

"I could have sworn it, from the sound of your voice," said Hudson. "It is strange, now, that you overgrown men never possess the extreme firmness of nerves proper to us who are cast in a more compact mould. My own voice retains its masculine sounds on all occasions. Dr. Cockerel was of opinion, that there was the same allowance of nerve and

sineu to men of every size, and that nature spun the stock out thinner or stronger, according to the extent of surface which they were to cover. Hence, the least creatures are oftentimes the strongest. Place a beetle under a tall candlestick, and the insect will move it by its efforts to get out; which is, in point of comparative strength, as if one of us should shake his Majesty's prison of Newgate by similar struggles. Cats also, and weasels, are creatures of greater exertion and endurance than dogs or sheep. And in general, you may remark, that little men dance better, and are more unwearied under exertion of every kind, than those to whom their own weight must necessarily be burdensome. I respect you, Master Peveril, because I am told you have killed one of those gigantic fellows, who go about swaggering as if their souls were taller than ours, because their noses are nearer to the clouds by a cubit or two. But do not value yourself on this, as any thing very unusual. I would have you to know it hath been always thus; and that, in the history of all ages, the clean, tight, dapper, little fellow, hath proved an overmatch for his bulky antagonist. I need only instance, out of holy writ, the celebrated downfall of Goliath, and of another lubbard, who had more fingers to his hand, and more inches to his stature, than ought to belong to an honest man, and who was slain by a nephew of good King David; and of many others whom I do not remember; nevertheless, they were all Philistines of gigantic stature. In the classics, also, you have Tydeus, and other tight, compact heroes, whose diminutive bodies were the abode of large minds. And indeed you may observe, in sacred as well as profane history, that your giants are ever heretics and blasphemers, robbers and oppressors, outragers of the female sex, and scoffers at regular authority. Such were Gog and Magog, whom our authentic chronicles vouch to have been slain near to Plymouth, by the good little Knight Corneus, who gave name to Cornwall. Ascapart also was subdued by Bevis, and Colbrand by Guy, as Southampton and Warwick can testify. Like unto these was the giant Hoel, slain in Bretagne by King Arthur. And if Ryence, King of North Wales, who was done to death by the same worthy champion of Christendom, be not actually termed a giant, it is plain he was little better, since he required twenty-four kings' beards, which were then worn full and long, to fur his gown; whereby, computing each beard at eighteen inches, (and you cannot allow less for a beard-royal,) and supposing only the front of the gown trimmed therewith, as we use ermine; and that the back was mounted and lined, instead of cat-skins and squirrels' fur, with the beards of earls and dukes, and other inferior dignitaries—may amount to—But I will work the question to-morrow."

Nothing is more soporific to any (save a philosopher or moneyed man) than the operation of figures; and when in bed, the effect is irresistible. Sir Geoffrey fell asleep in the act of calculating King Ryence's height, from the supposed length of his mantle. Indeed, had he not stumbled on this abstruse subject of calculation, there is no guessing how long he might have held forth upon the superiority of men of little stature, which was so great a favourite with him, that numerous as such narratives are, the dwarf had collected almost all the instances of their victories over giants, which history or romance afforded.

No sooner had unequivocal signs of the dwarf's sound slumbers reached Julian's ears, than he began again to listen eagerly for the renewal of that mysterious communication which was at once interesting and awful. Even whilst Hudson was speaking, he had, instead of bestowing his attention upon his eulogy on persons of low stature, kept his ears on watchful guard, to mark, if possible, the lightest sounds of any sort which might occur in the apartment; so that he thought it scarce possible that even a fly should have left it without its motion being overheard. If, therefore, his invisible monitor was indeed a creature of this world—an opinion which Julian's sound sense rendered him unwilling to renounce—that being could not have left the apartment; and he waited impatiently for a renewal of their communication. He

was disappointed; not the slightest sound reached his ear; and the nocturnal visitor, if still in the room, appeared determined on silence.

It was in vain that Peveril coughed, hemmed, and gave other symptoms of being awake; at length, such became his impatience, that he resolved, at any risk, to speak first, in hopes of renewing the communication betwixt them. "Whoever thou art," he said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by a waking person, but not so high as to disturb his sleeping companion—"Whoever, or whatever thou art, that hast shown some interest in the fate of such a castaway as Julian Peveril, speak once more, I conjure thee; and be your communication for good or evil, believe me, I am equally prepared to abide the issue."

No answer of any kind was returned to this invocation; nor did the least sound intimate the presence of the being to whom it was so solemnly addressed.

"I speak in vain," said Julian; "and perhaps I am but invoking that which is insensible of human feeling, or which takes a malign pleasure in human suffering."

There was a gentle and half-broken sigh from a corner of the apartment, which, answering to this exclamation, seemed to contradict the imputation which it conveyed.

Julian, naturally courageous, and familiarized by this time to his situation, raised himself in bed, and stretched out his arm, to repeat his adjuration, when the voice, as if alarmed at his action and energy, whispered, in a tone more hurried than that which it had hitherto used, "Be still—move not—or I am mute for ever."

"It is then a mortal being who is present with me," was the natural inference of Julian, "and one who is probably afraid of being detected; I have then some power over my visitor, though I must be cautious how I use it.—If your intents are friendly," he proceeded, "there was never a time in which I lacked friends more, or would be more grateful for kindness. The fate of all who are dear to me is weighed in the balance, and with worlds would I buy the tidings of their safety."

"I have said my power is limited," replied the voice. "You I may be able to preserve—the fate of your friends is beyond my control."

"Let me at least know it," said Julian; "and, be it as it may, I will not shun to share it."

"For whom would you inquire?" said the soft, sweet voice, not without a tremulousness of accent, as if the question was put with diffident reluctance.

"My parents," said Julian, after a moment's hesitation; "how fare they?—What will be their fate?"

"They fare as the fort under which the enemy has dug a deadly mine. The work may have cost the labour of years, such were the impediments to the engineers; but Time brings opportunity upon its wings."

"And what will be the event?" said Peveril.

"Can I read the future," answered the voice, "save by comparison with the past?—Who has been hunted on these stern and unmitigable accusations, but has been at last brought to bay? Did high and noble birth, honoured age, and approved benevolence, save the unfortunate Lord Stafford? Did learning, capacity of intrigue, or high Court favour, redeem Coleman, although the confidential servant of the heir presumptive of the Crown of England?—Did subtlety and genius, and the exertions of a numerous set, save Fenwick, or Whitbread, or any other of the accused priests?—Were Groves, Pickering, or the other humble wretches who have suffered, safe in their obscurity?—There is no condition in life, no degree of talent, no form of principle, which affords protection against an accusation, which levels conditions, confounds characters, renders men's virtues their sins, and rates them as dangerous in proportion as they have influence, though attained in the noblest manner, and used for the best purposes. Call such a one but an accessory to the Plot—let him be caught in the evidence of Oates or Dugdale—and the blind shall foresee the issue of their trial."

"Prophet of Evil!" said Julian, "my father has a

shield invulnerable to protect him. He is innocent."

"Let him plead his innocence at the bar of Heaven," said the voice; "it will serve him little where Scroggs presides."

"Still I fear not," said Julian, counterfeiting more confidence than he really possessed; "my father's cause will be pleaded before twelve Englishmen."

"Better before twelve wild beasts," answered the Invisible, "than before Englishmen, influenced with party prejudice, passion, and the epidemic terror of an imaginary danger. They are bold in guilt in proportion to the number amongst whom the crime is divided."

"Ill-omened speaker," said Julian, "thine is indeed a voice fitted only to sound with the midnight bell, and the screech-owl. Yet speak again. Tell me, if thou canst"—(he would have said of Alice Bridgenorth, but the word would not leave his tongue)—"Tell me," he said, "if the noble house of Derby—"

"Let them keep their rock like the sea-fowl in the tempest; and it may so fall out," answered the voice, "that their rock may be a safe refuge. But there is blood on their crine; and revenge has dugged them for many a year, like a blood-hound that hath been distanced in the morning chase, but may yet grapple the quarry ere the sun shall set. At present, however, they are safe. Am I now to speak farther on your own affairs, which involve little short of your life and honour? or are there yet any whose interests you prefer to your own?"

"There is," said Julian, "one from whom I was violently parted yesterday; if I knew but of her safety, I were little anxious for my own."

"One," returned the voice, "only one from whom you were parted yesterday?"

"But in parting from whom," said Julian, "I felt separated from all happiness which the world can give me."

"You mean Alice Bridgenorth," said the invisible, with some bitterness of accent; "but her you will never see more. Your own life and hers depend on your forgetting each other."

"I cannot purchase my own life at that price," replied Julian.

"Then die in your obstinacy," returned the Invisible; nor to all the entreaties which he used was he able to obtain another word in the course of that remarkable night.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A short bough'd man, but full of pride

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The blood of Julian Peveril was so much fevered by the state in which his invisible visitor left him, that he was unable, for a length of time, to find repose. He swore to himself, that he would discover and expose the nocturnal demon which stole on his hours of rest, only to add gail to bitterness, and to pour poison into those wounds which already smarted so severely. There was nothing which his power extended to, that, in his rage, he did not threaten. He proposed a closer and more rigorous survey of his cell, so that he might discover the mod by which his tormenter entered, were it as unnoticeable as an auger-hole. If his diligence should prove unavailing, he determined to inform the jailers, to whom it could not be indifferent to know, that their prison was open to such intrusions. He proposed to himself, to discover from their looks, whether they were already privy to these visits; and if so, to denounce them to the magistrates, to the judges, to the House of Commons, was the least that his resentment proposed. Sleep surprised his worn-out frame in the midst of his projects of discovery and vengeance, and, as frequently happens, the light of the ensuing day proved favourable to calmer resolutions.

He now reflected that he had no ground to consider the motives of his visitor as positively malevolent, although he had afforded him little encouragement to hope for assistance on the points he had most at heart. Towards himself, there had been expressed a

decided feeling, both of sympathy and interest; if through means of these he could acquire his liberty, he might, when possessed of freedom, turn it to the benefit of those for whom he was more interested than for his own welfare. "I have behaved like a fool," he said; "I ought to have temporized with this singular being, learned the motives of its interference, and availed myself of its succour, provided I could do so without any dishonourable conditions. It would have been always time enough to reject such when they should have been proposed to me."

So saying, he was forming projects for regulating his intercourse with the stranger more prudently, in case their communication should be renewed, when his meditations were interrupted by the peremptory summons of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, that he would, in his turn, be pleased to perform those domestic duties of their common habitation, which the dwarf had yesterday taken upon himself.

There was no resisting a request so reasonable, and Peveril accordingly rose and betook himself to the arrangement of their prison, while Sir Hudson, perched upon a stool from which his legs did not by half way reach the ground, sat in a posture of elegant languor, twangling upon an old broken-winded guitar, and singing songs in Spanish, Moorish, and Lingua Franca, most detestably out of tune. He failed not, at the conclusion of each ditty, to favour Julian with some account of what he had sung, either in the way of translation, or historical anecdote, or as the lay was connected with some peculiar part of his own eventful history, in the course of which the poor little man had chance to have been taken by a Sallic rover, and carried captive into Morocco.

This part of his life Hudson used to make the era of many strange adventures; and, if he could himself be believed, he had made wild work among the affections of the Emperor's seraglio. But, although few were in a situation to cross-examine him on gallantries and intrigues of which the scene was so remote, the officers of the garrison of Tangier had a report current amongst them, that the only use to which the tyrannical Moors could convert a slave of such slender corporeal strength, was to employ him to lie a-bed all day, and hatch turkey's eggs. The least allusion to this rumour used to drive him well-nigh frantic, and the fatal termination of his duel with young Crofts, which began in wanton mirth, and ended in bloodshed, made men more coy than they had formerly been, of making the fiery little hero the subject of their railery.

While Peveril did the drudgery of the apartment, the dwarf remained much at his ease, carolling in the manner we have described; but when he beheld Julian attempting the task of the cook, Sir Geoffrey Hudson sprang from the stool on which he sat, and, at the risk of breaking both his guitar and his neck, exclaiming, "That he would rather prepare breakfast every morning betwixt this and the day of judgment, than commit a task of such consequence to an inexperienced bungler like his companion."

The young man gladly resigned his task to the splenetic little Knight, and only smiled at his resentment when he added, that, to be but a mortal of middle stature, Julian was as stupid as a giant. Leaving the dwarf to prepare the meal after his own pleasure, Peveril employed himself in measuring the room with his eyes on every side, and in endeavouring to discover some private entrance, such as might admit his midnight visitant, and perhaps could be employed in case of need for effecting his own escape. The floor next engaged a scrutiny equally minute, but more successful.

Close by his own pallet, and dropped in such a manner that he must have seen it sooner but for the burly with which he obeyed the summons of the impatient dwarf, lay a slip of paper, sealed, and directed with the initial letters J. P., which seemed to ascertain that it was addressed to himself. He took the opportunity of opening it while the soup was in the very moment of projection, and the full attention of his companion was occupied by what he, in common with wiser and taller men, considered as one of the principal occupations of life; so that, without incur-

ring his observation, or awaking his curiosity, Julian had the opportunity to read as follows:—

"Rash and infatuated as you are, there is one who would forfeit much to stand betwixt you and your fate. You are to-morrow to be removed to the Tower, where your life cannot be assured for a single day; for, during the few hours you have been in London, you have provoked a resentment which is not easily slaked. There is but one chance for you,—renounce A. B.—think no more of her. If that be impossible, think of her but as one whom you can never see again. If your heart can resolve to give up an attachment which it should never have entertained, and which it would be madness to cherish longer, make your acquiescence in this condition known by putting on your hat a white band, or white feather, or knot of riband of the same colour, whichever you may most easily come by. A boat will, in that case, run, as if by accident, on board of that which is to convey you to the Tower. Do you in the confusion jump overboard, and swim to the Southwark side of the Thames. Friends will attend there to secure your escape, and you will find yourself with one who will rather lose character and life, than that a hair of your head should fall to the ground; but who, if you reject the warning, can only think of you as of the fool who perishes in his folly. May Heaven guide you to a sound judgment of your condition! So prays one who would be your friend, if you pleased,

"UNKNOWN."

The Tower!—it was a word of terror, even more so than a civil prison; for how many passages to death did that dark structure present! The severe executions which it had witnessed in preceding reigns, were not perhaps more numerous than the secret murders which had taken place within its walls; yet Peveril did not a moment hesitate on the part which he had to perform. "I will share my father's fate," he said; "I thought but of him when they brought me hither; I will think of nothing else when they convey me to yonder still more dreadful place of confinement; it is his, and it is but meet that it should be his son's. And thou, Alice Bridgenorth, the day that I renounce thee, may I be held alike a traitor and a dastard!—Go, false adviser, and share the fate of seducers and heretical teachers!"

He could not help uttering this last expression aloud, as he threw the billet into the fire, with a vehemence which made the dwarf start with surprise. "What say you of burning heretics, young man?" he exclaimed; "by my faith, your zeal must be warmer than mine, if you talk on such a subject when the heretics are the prevailing number. May I measure six feet without my shoes, but the heretics would have the best of it if we came to that work. Beware of such words."

"Too late to beware of words spoken and heard," said the turnkey, who, opening the door with unusual precautions to avoid noise, had stolen unperceived into the room; "however, Master Peveril has behaved like a gentleman, and I am no talebearer, on condition he will consider I have had trouble in his matters."

Julian had no alternative but to take the fellow's hint and administer a bribe, with which Master Clink was so well satisfied, that he exclaimed, "It went to his heart to take leave of such a kind-natured gentleman, and that he could have turned the key on him for twenty years with pleasure. But the best friends must part."

"I am to be removed, then?" said Julian.

"Ay, truly, master, the warrant is come from the Council."

"To convey me to the Tower?"

"When?" exclaimed the officer of the law—"who the devil told you that? But since you do know it, there is no harm to say ay. So make yourself ready to move immediately; and first, hold out your dew-baters till I take off the darbies."

"Is that usual?" said Peveril, stretching out his feet as the fellow directed, while his fetters were unlocked.

"Why, ay, master, these fetters belong to the keeper; they are not a-going to send them to the Lieutenant,

row. No, no, the warders must bring their own with them; they get none here, I promise them. nevertheless, if your honour hath a fancy to go in there, as thinking it may move compassion of your

“I have no intention to make my case seem worse than it is,” said Julian, whilst at the same time it crossed his mind that his anonymous correspondent was well acquainted both with his own personal habits, since the letter proposed a plan of escape which could only be executed by a bold swimmer, and with the fashions of the prison, since it was foreseen that he would not be ironed on his passage to the Tower. The turnkey’s next speech made him carry conjecture ill farther.

“There is nothing in life: I would not do for so brave a guest,” said Clink; “I could nab one of my wife’s hands for you, if your honour had the fancy to mount a white flag in your beaver.”

“To what good purpose?” said Julian, shortly, meeting as was natural, the man’s proposed civility with the advice given and the signal prescribed in the letter.

“Nay, to no good purpose I know of,” said the turnkey; “only it is the fashion to seem white and harmless—a sort of token of not guiltiness, as I may say, rich folks desire to show the world whether they be guilty or not; but I cannot say that guiltiness or guiltiness argues much, saving they be words in a verdict.”

“Strange,” thought Peveril, although the man seemed to speak quite naturally, and without any double meaning, “strange that all should apparently come to realize the plan of escape, could I but give my assent to it! And had I not better consent? Whoer does so much for me must wish me well, and a ill-wisher would never enforce the unjust conditions on which I am required to consent to my liberation.”

But this misgiving of his resolution was but for a moment. He speedily recollected, that whoever aided in escaping, must be necessarily exposed to great risk, and had a right to name the stipulation on which he was willing to incur it. He also recollected that shroud is equally base, whether expressed in words or dumb show; and that he should lie as flatly by the signal agreed upon in evidence of his renouncing Alice Bridgenorth, as he would in direct denial if he made such renunciation without the purpose of abiding by it.

If you would oblige me,” he said to the turnkey, “I will have a piece of black silk crape for the purpose you mention.”

Of crape,” said the fellow; “what should that signify? Why, the bien morts, who bring out to four corners, will think you a chimney-sweeper on May-day.”

It will show my settled sorrow,” said Julian, “as I am my determined resolution.”

As you will, sir,” answered the fellow; “I’ll provide you with a black rag of some kind or other. So, let us be moving.”

Julian intimated his readiness to attend him, and proceeded to bid farewell to his late companion, the late Geoffrey Hudson. The parting was not without emotion on both sides, more particularly on that of the poor little man, who had taken a particular liking to the companion of whom he was now about to be parted.

“Fare ye well,” he said, “my young lord,” taking Julian’s hand in both his own upturned palms, in which action he somewhat resembled the tude of a sailor pulling a rope overhead. “Many a situation would think himself wronged, as a lie and servant of the King’s chamber, in seeing removed to a more honourable prison than that which I am limited unto. But, I thank God, I grudge not the Tower, nor the Rocks of Scilly, nor even Brooke Castle, though the latter was graced with captivity of my blessed and martyred master. Go where you will, I wish you all the distinction of an honourable prison-house, and a safe and speedy deliverance in God’s own time. For myself, my race is a close, and that because I fall a martyr to the

* The smart girl, who turn out to look at you.

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over-tenderness of my own heart. There is a circumstance, good Master Julian Peveril, which should have been yours, had Providence permitted our farther intimacy, but it fits not the present hour. Go, then, my friend, and bear witness in life and death, that Geoffrey Hudson scorns the insults and persecutions of fortune, as he would despise, and has often despised, the mischievous pranks of an overgrown schoolboy.”

So saying, he turned away, and hid his face with his little handkerchief, while Julian felt towards him that tragicomic sensation which makes us pity the object which excites it, not the less that we are somewhat inclined to laugh amid our sympathy. The jailer made him a signal, which Peveril obeyed, leaving the dwarf to disconsolate solitude.

As Julian followed the keeper through the various windings of this penal labyrinth, the man observed, that “he was a rum fellow, that little Sir Geoffrey, and for gallantry, a perfect Cock of Bantam, for as old as he was. There was a certain gay wench,” he said, “that had hooked him; but what she could make of him, save she carried him to Smithfield, and took money for him, as for a motion of puppets, it was,” he said, “hard to gather.”

Encouraged by this opening, Julian asked if his attendant knew why his prison was changed. “To teach you to become a King’s post without commission,” answered the fellow.

He stopped in his title as they approached that formidable central point, in which lay couched on his leathern elbow-chair the fat commander of the fortress, stationed apparently for ever in the midst of his citadel, as the huge Boa is sometimes said to lie stretched as a guard upon the subterranean treasures of Eastern Rajahs. This overgrown man of authority eyed Julian wistfully and sullenly, as the miser the guinea which he must part with, or the hungry mastiff the food which is carried to another kennel. He growled to himself as he turned the leaves of his ominous register, in order to make the necessary entry respecting the removal of his prisoner. “To the Tower—to the Tower—ay, ay, all must to the Tower—that’s the fashion of it—free Britons to a military prison, as if we had neither bolts nor chains here!—I hope Parliament will have it up, this Towering work, that’s all.—Well, the youngster will take no good by the change, and that is one comfort.”

Having finished at once his official act of registration, and his soliloquy, he made a signal to his assistants to remove Julian, who was led along the same stern passages which he had traversed upon his entrance, to the gate of the prison, whence a coach, escorted by two officers of justice, conveyed him to the waterside.

A boat here waited him, with four warders of the Tower, to whose custody he was formally resigned by his late attendants. Clink, however, the turnkey, with whom he was more especially acquainted, did not take leave of him without furnishing him with the piece of black crape which he requested. Peveril fixed it on his hat and the whispers of his new guardians. “The gentleman is in a hurry to go into mourning,” said one; “mayhap he had better wait till he has cause.”

“Perhaps others may wear mourning for him, ere he can mourn for any one,” answered another of these functionaries.

Yet, notwithstanding the tenor of these whispers, their behaviour to their prisoner was more respectful than he had experienced from his former keepers, and might be termed a sullen civility. The ordinary officers of the law were in general rude, as having to do with felons of every description; whereas these men were only employed with persons accused of state crimes—men who were from birth and circumstances usually entitled to expect, and able to reward, decent usage.

The change of keepers passed unnoticed by Julian, as did the gay and busy scene presented by the broad and beautiful river on which he was now launched. A hundred boats shot past them, bearing parties intent on business, or on pleasure. Julian only viewed them

the stern hope, that whoever had endeavoured to sway him from his fidelity by the hope of freedom, might see, from the colour of the badge which he had assumed, how determined he was to resist the temptation presented to him.

It was about high water, and a stout wherry came up the river, with sail and oar, so directly upon that in which Julian was embarked, that it seemed as if luckily to run her aboard. "Get your carabines ready," cried the principal warder to his assistants. "What the devil can these scoundrels mean?"

But the crew in the other boat seemed to have perceived their error, for they suddenly altered their course, and struck off into the middle stream, while a torrent of mutual abuse was exchanged betwixt them and the boat whose course they had threatened to impede.

"The Unknown has kept his faith," said Julian to himself; "I too have kept mine."

It even seemed to him, as the boats neared each other, that he heard from the other wherry, something like a stifled scream or groan; and when the momentary bustle was over, he asked the warder who sat next him, what boat that was.

"Men-of-war's men on a frolic, I suppose," answered the warder. "I know no one else would be so impudent as run foul of the King's boat; for I am sure the fellow put the helm up on purpose. But mayhap you, sir, know more of the matter than I do."

This insinuation effectually prevented Julian from putting farther questions, and he remained silent until the boat came under the dusky bastions of the Tower. The tide carried them up under a dark and lowering arch, closed at the upper end by the well-known Traitor's gate,* formed like a wicket of huge intersecting bars of wood, through which might be seen a dim and imperfect view of soldiers and warders upon duty, and of the steep ascending causeway which leads up from the river into the interior of the fortress. By this gate,—and it is the well-known circumstance which assigned its name,—those accused of state crimes were usually committed to the Tower. The Thames afforded a secret and silent mode of conveyance for transporting thither such whose fallen fortunes might move the commiseration, or whose popular qualities might excite the sympathy, of the public; and even where no cause for especial secrecy existed, the peace of the city was undisturbed by the tumult attending the passage of the prisoner and his guards through the most frequented streets.

Yet this custom, however recommended by state policy, must have often struck chill upon the heart of the criminal, who thus, stolen, as it were, out of society, reached the place of his confinement, without encountering even one glance of compassion on the road; and as, from under the dusky arch, he landed on those flinty steps, worn by many a footstep anxious as his own, against which the tide lapped fitfully with small successive waves, and thence looked forward to the steep ascent into a Gothic state-prison, and backward to such part of the river as the low-brow'd vault suffered to become visible, he must often have felt that he was leaving daylight, hope, and life itself, behind him.

While the warder's challenge was made and answered, Peveril endeavoured to obtain information from his conductors where he was likely to be confined; but the answer was brief and general—"Where the Lieutenant should direct."

"Could he not be permitted to share the imprisonment of his father, Sir Geoffrey Peveril?" He forgot not, on this occasion, to add the surname of his house.

The warder, an old man of respectable appearance, stared, as if at the extravagance of the demand, and said bluntly, "It is impossible."

"At least," said Peveril, "show me where my father is confined, that I may look upon the walls which separate us."

"Young gentleman," said the senior warder, shaking his gray head, "I am sorry for you; but

asking questions will do you no service. In this place we know nothing of fathers and sons."

Yet chance seemed, in a few minutes afterwards, to offer Peveril that satisfaction which the rigour of his keepers was disposed to deny to him. As he was conveyed up the steep passage which leads under what is called the Wakefield Tower, a female voice, in a tone wherein grief and joy were indescriminably mixed, exclaimed, "My son!—My dear son!"

Even those who guarded Julian seemed softened by a tone of such acute feeling. They slackened their pace. They almost paused to permit him to look up towards the casement from which the sounds of maternal agony proceeded; but the aperture was so narrow, and so closely grated, that nothing was visible save a white female hand, which grasped one of those rusty barricados, as if for supporting the person within, while another streamed a white handkerchief, and then let it fall. The casement was instantly deserted.

"Give it me," said Julian to the officer who lifted the handkerchief; "it is perhaps a mother's last gift."

The old warder lifted the napkin, and looked at it with the jealous minuteness of one who is accustomed to detect secret correspondence in the most trifling acts of intercourse.

"There may be writing on it with invisible ink," said one of his comrades.

"It is wetted, but I think it is only with tears," answered the senior. "I cannot keep it from the poor young gentleman."

"Ah, Master Coleby," said his comrade, in a gentle tone of reproach, "you would have been wearing a better coat than a yeoman's to-day, had it not been for your tender heart."

"It signifies little," said old Coleby, "while my heart is true to my King, what I feel in discharging my duty, or what coat keeps my old bosom from the cold weather."

Peveril, mean while, folded in his breast the token of his mother's affection which chance had favoured him with; and when placed in the small and solitary chamber which he was told to consider as his own during his residence in the Tower, he was soothed even to weeping by this trifling circumstance, which he could not help considering as an omen, that his unfortunate house was not entirely deserted by Providence.

But the thoughts and occurrences of a prison are too uniform for a narrative, and we must now convey our readers into a more bustling scene.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Henceforth 'tis done—Fortune and I are friends—
And I must live, for Buckingham commands.—FORD.

THE spacious mansion of the Duke of Buckingham, with the demesne belonging to it, originally bore the name of York House, and occupied a large portion of the ground adjacent to the Savoy.

This had been laid out by the munificence of his father, the favourite of Charles the First, in a most splendid manner, so as almost to rival Whitehall itself. But during the increasing rage for building new streets, and the creating of almost an additional town, in order to connect London and Westminster, this ground had become of very great value; and the second Duke of Buckingham, who was at once fond of scheming, and needy of money, had agreed to a plan laid before him by some adventurous architect, for converting the extensive grounds round his palace into those streets, lanes, and courts, which still perpetuate his name and titles; though those who live in Buckingham Street, Duke Street, Villiers' Street, or in Ol-falley, (for even that connecting particle is locally commemorated,) probably think seldom of the memory of the witty, eccentric, and licentious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose titles are preserved in the names of their residence and its neighbourhood.

This building-plan the Duke had entered upon with all the eagerness which he usually attached to novelty.

* See *Fortunes of Nigel*, vol. v., Note to Chapter XII.

gardens were destroyed—his pavilions levelled—splendid stables demolished—the whole pomp of suburban demesne laid waste, cumbered with ruins, and intersected with the foundations of new wings and cellars, and the process of levelling went on for the intended streets. But the undertaking, although it proved afterwards both lucrative and successful, met with a check at the outset, from want of the necessary funds, partly from impatient and mercurial temper of the Duke, which soon carried him off in pursuit of some more profitable object. So that, though much was demolished, little, in comparison, was reared up in the stead; nothing was completed. The principal part of the ducal mansion still remained uninjured; but the scene in which it stood bore a strange analogy to an irregular mind of its noble owner. Here stood a useful group of exotic trees and shrubs, the remnant of the garden, amid yawning common-sewers and heaps of rubbish. In one place an old tower threatened to fall upon the spectator; and in another, the risk of being swallowed up by a modern vault, under of conception could be discovered in the lurking, but was almost every where marred by petty or negligence of execution. In short, the old place was the true emblem of an understanding and talents run to waste, and become more dangerous than advantageous to society, by the want of steady principle, and the improvidence of the possessor.

There were men who took a different view of the Duke's purpose in permitting his mansion to be thus rounded, and his demesne occupied by modern buildings which were incomplete, and ancient which were but half demolished. They alleged, that, engaged as he was in so many mysteries of love and of politics, and having the character of the most daring and dangerous intriguer of his time, his Grace found it convenient to surround himself with this ruinous mass, into which officers of justice could not penetrate without some difficulty and hazard; and which yet afforded, upon occasion, a safe and secret shelter for such tools as were fit for desperate enterprises, and a private and unobserved mode of access to those whom he might have any special reason for receiving secret.

Leaving Peveril in the Tower, we must once more convey our readers to the levee of the Duke, who, on the morning of Julian's transference to that fortress, as addressed his minister-in-chief, and principal attendant:—"I have been so pleased with your conduct in this matter, Jerningham, that if Old Nick were to arise in our presence, and offer me his best price, as a familiar in thy room, I would hold it but a poor compliment."

"A legion of imps," said Jerningham, bowing, could not have been more busy than I in your Grace's service; but if your Grace will permit me to do so, your whole plan was well nigh marred by my not returning home till last night, or rather this morning."

"And why, I pray you, sage Master Jerningham," said his Grace, "should I have returned home at least sooner than my pleasure and convenience would?"

"Nay, my Lord Duke," replied the attendant, "I owe not; only, when you sent us word by Empson, of Chiffinch's apartment, to command us to make use of the girl at any rate, and at all risks, you said I would be here so soon as you could get freed of the King."

"Freed of the King, you rascal! What sort of release is that?" demanded the Duke.

"It was Empson who used it, my lord, as coming in your Grace."

"There is much very fit for my Grace to say, that becomes such mouths as Empson's or your's to repeat," answered the Duke, haughtily, but instantly changed his tone of familiarity, for his humour was capricious as his pursuits. "But I know what you wouldst have; first, your wisdom would know that because of me since thou hadst my commands Chiffinch's; and next, your valour would fain and another flourish of trumpets on thine own most

artificial retreat, leaving thy comrade in the hands of the Philistines."

"May it please your Grace," said Jerningham, "I did but retreat for the preservation of the baggage."

"What! do you play at cramo with me?" said the Duke. "I would have you know that the common parish fool should be whipt, were he to attempt to pass pun or quodlibet as a genuine jest, even amongst ticket-porters and hackney-chairmen."

"And yet I have heard your Grace indulge in the *jeu de mots*," answered the attendant.

"Sirrah Jerningham," answered the patron, "discard thy memory, or keep it under correction, else it will hamper thy rise in the world. Thou mayest perchance have seen me also have a fancy to play at trap-ball, or to kiss a serving-wench, or to guzzle ale and eat toasted cheese in a portly whimsy; but is it fitting thou shouldst remember such follies? No more on't.—Hark you; how came the long lubberly fool, Jenkins, being a master of the noble science of defence, to suffer himself to be run through the body so simply by a rustic swain like this same Peveril?"

"Please your Grace, this same Corydon is no such novice. I saw the onset; and, except in one hand, I never saw a sword managed with such life, grace, and facility."

"Ay, indeed?" said the Duke, taking his own sheathed rapier in his hand, "I could not have thought that. I am somewhat rusted, and have need of breathing. Peveril is a name of note. As well go to Barns-elms, or behind Montagu House, with him as with another. His father a renowned plotter, too. The public would have noted it in me as becoming a zealous Protestant. Needful I do something to maintain my good name in the city, to atone for non-attendance on prayer and preaching. But your Laertes is fast in the Fleet; and I suppose his blundering blockhead of an antagonist is dead or dying."

"Recovering, my lord, on the contrary," replied Jerningham; "the blade fortunately avoided his vitals."

"D—n his vitals!" answered the Duke. "Tell him to postpone his recovery, or I will put him to death in earnest."

"I will caution his surgeon," said Jerningham, "which will answer equally well."

"Do so; and tell him he had better be on his own deathbed as cure his patient till I send him notice.—That young fellow must be let loose again at no rate."

"There is little danger," said the attendant. "I hear some of the witnesses have got their net flung over him on account of some matters down in the north; and that he is to be translated to the Tower for that, and for some letters of the Countess of Derby, as rumour goes."

"To the Tower let him go, and get out as he can," replied the Duke; "and when you hear he is fast there, let the fencing fellow recover as fast as the surgeon and he can mutually settle it."

The Duke, having said this, took two or three turns in the apartment, and appeared to be in deep thought. His attendant waited the issue of his meditations at leisure, being well aware that such moods, during which his mind was strongly directed in one point, were never of so long duration with his patron as to prove a severe burden to his own patience.

Accordingly, after the silence of seven or eight minutes, the Duke broke through it, taking from the toilette a large silk purse, which seemed full of gold.

"Jerningham," he said, "thou art a faithful fellow, and it would be sin not to cherish thee. I beat the King at Maul on his bold defiance. The honour is enough for me; and thou, my boy, shalt have the winnings."

Jerningham pocketed the purse with due acknowledgments.

"Jerningham," his Grace continued, "I know you blame me for changing my plans too often; and on my soul I have heard you so learned on the subject, that I have become of your opinion, and have been vexed at myself for two or three hours together, for not sticking as constantly to one object, as doubtless I shall, when age, (touching his forehead) shall make this same weathercock too rusty to turn with the

changing breeze. But as yet, while I have spirit and action, let it whirl like the vane at the mast-head, which teaches the pilot how to steer his course; and when I shift mine, think I am bound to follow fortune, and not to control her."

"I can understand nothing from all this, please your Grace," replied Jerningham, "save that you have been pleased to change some purposed measures, and think that you have profited by doing so."

"You shall judge yourself," replied the Duke. "I have seen the Duchess of Portsmouth.—You start. It is true, by Heaven! I have seen her, and from sworn enemies we have become sworn friends. The treaty between such high and mighty powers had some weighty articles; besides, I had a French negotiator to deal with; so that you will allow a few hours' absence was but a necessary interval to make up our matters of diplomacy."

"Your Grace astonishes me," said Jerningham, "Christian's plan of supplanting the great lady is then entirely abandoned? I thought you had but desired to have the fair successor here, in order to carry it on under your own management."

"I forget what I meant at the time," said the Duke; "unless that I was resolved she should not jilt me as she did the good-natured man of royalty; and so I am still determined, since you put me in mind of the fair Dowager. But I had a contrite note from the Duchess while we were at the Mall. I went to see her, and found her a perfect Niobe.—On my soul, in spite of red eyes and swelled features, and dishevelled hair, there are, after all, Jerningham, some women, who do, as the poets say, look lovely in affliction. Out came the cause; and with such humility, such penitence, such throwing herself on my mercy, (she the proudest devil, too, in the whole Court,) that I must have had heart of steel to resist it all. In short, Chiffinch in a drunken fit had played the babbler, and let young Saville into our intrigue. Saville plays the rogue, and informs the Duchess by a messenger, who luckily came a little late into the market. She learned, too, being a very devil for intelligence, that there had been some jarring between the master and me about this new Phillis; and that I was most likely to catch the bird,—as any one may see who looks on us both. It must have been Empon who fluted all this into her Grace's ear; and thinking she saw how her ladyship and I could hunt in couples, she entreats me to break Christian's scheme, and keep the wench out of the King's sight, especially if she were such a rare piece of perfection as fame has reported her."

"And your Grace has promised her your hand to uphold the influence which you have so often threatened to ruin?" said Jerningham.

"Ay, Jerningham; my turn was as much served when she seemed to own herself in my power, and cry me mercy.—And observe, it is all one to me by which ladder I climb into the King's cabinet. That of Portsmouth is ready fixed—better ascend by it than fling it down, to put up another—I hate all unnecessary trouble."

"And Christian?" said Jerningham.

"May go to the devil for a self-conceited ass. One pleasure of this twist of intrigue is, to revenge me of that villain, who thought himself so essential, that, by Heaven! he forced himself on my privacy, and lectured me like a schoolboy. Hang the cold-blooded hypocritical vermin! If he mutters, I will have his nose slit as wide as Coventry's.*—Hark ye, is the Colonel come?"

"I expect him every moment, your Grace."

"Send him up when he arrives," said the Duke. "—Why do you stand looking at me? What would you have?"

"Your Grace's direction respecting the young lady," said Jerningham.

"Odd zoeks," said the Duke, "I had totally forgotten her.—Is she very tearful?—Exceedingly afflicted?"

"She does not take on so violently as I have seen

some do," said Jerningham; "but, for a strong, firm, concentrated indignation, I have seen none to match her."

"Well, we will permit her to cool. I will not face the affliction of a second fair one immediately. I am tired of snivelling, and swelled eyes, and blubbered cheeks, for some time; and, moreover, must husband my powers of consolation. Begone, and send the Colonel."

"Will your Grace permit me one other question?" demanded his confidant.

"Ask what thou wilt, Jerningham, and then be gone."

"Your Grace has determined to give up Christian," said the attendant. "May I ask what becomes of the kingdom of Man?"

"Forgotten, as I have a Christian soul!" said the Duke; "as much forgotten as if I had never nourished that scheme of royal ambition.—D—n it, we must knit up the ravelled skein of that intrigue.—Yet it is but a miserable rock, not worth the trouble I have been bestowing on it; and for a kingdom—it has a sound indeed; but, in reality, I might as well stick a cock-chicken's feather into my hat, and call it a plume. Besides, now I think upon it, it would scarce be honourable to sweep that petty royalty out of Derby's possession. I won a thousand pieces of the young Earl when he was last here, and suffered him to hang about me at Court. I question if the whole revenue of his kingdom is worth twice as much. Easily I could win it of him, were he here, with less trouble than it would cost me to carry on these troublesome intrigues of Christian's."

"If I may be permitted to say so, please your Grace," answered Jerningham, "although your Grace is perhaps somewhat liable to change your mind, no man in England can afford better reasons for doing so."

"I think so myself, Jerningham," said the Duke; "and it may be it is one reason for my changing. One likes to vindicate his own conduct, and to find out fine reasons for doing what one has a mind to.—And now, once again, begone. Or, hark ye—hark ye—I shall need some loose gold. You may leave the purse I gave you; and I will give you one order for as much, and two years' interest, on old Jacob Doubledee."

"As your Grace pleases," said Jerningham, his whole stock of complaisance scarcely able to conceal his mortification at exchanging for a distant order, of a kind which of late had not been very regularly honoured, the sunny contents of the purse which had actually been in his pocket. Secretly but solemnly did he make a vow, that two years' interest alone should not be the compensation for this involuntary exchange in the form of his remuneration.

As the discontented dependant left the apartment, he met, at the head of the grand staircase, Christian himself, who, exercising the freedom of an ancient friend of the house, was making his way unannounced, to the Duke's dressing-apartment. Jerningham, conjecturing that his visit at this crisis would be any thing but well-timed, or well-taken, endeavoured to avert his purpose, by asserting that the Duke was indisposed, and in his bedchamber; and this he said so loud that his master might hear him, and, if he pleased, realize the apology which he offered in his name, by retreating into the bed-room as his last sanctuary, and drawing the bolt against intrusion.

But, far from adopting a stratagem to which he had had recourse on former occasions, in order to avoid those who came upon him, though at an appointed hour, and upon business of importance, Buckingham called, in a loud voice, from his dressing-apartment, commanding his chamberlain instantly to introduce his good friend Master Christian, and censuring him for hesitating for an instant to do so.

"Now," thought Jerningham within himself, "if Christian knew the Duke as well as I do, he would sooner stand the leap of a lion, like the London 'prentice bold, than venture on my master at this moment, who is even now in a humour nearly as dangerous as the animal."

He then ushered Christian into his master's pre-

* The ill usage of Sir John Coventry by some of the Life Guardsmen, in revenge of something said in Parliament concerning the King's theatrical amours, gave rise to what was called Coventry's Act, against cutting and maiming the person.

ances, taking care to post himself within ear-shot of the door.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Speak not of niceness, when there's chance of wreck."
The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck
To see the dying dolphin flap the deck:
"If we go down, on us these gentry sup;
We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
Woe men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the cheaters."
The Sea Voyage.

THERE was nothing in the Duke's manner towards Christian which could have conveyed to that latter personage, experienced as he was in the worst possible ways of the world, that Buckingham would, at that particular moment, rather have seen the devil than himself; unless it was that Buckingham's reception of him, being rather extraordinarily courteous towards so old an acquaintance, might have excited some degree of suspicion.

Having escaped with some difficulty from the vague region of general compliments, which bears the same relation to that of business that Milton informs us the *Limbo Patrum* has to the sensible and material earth, Christian asked his Grace of Buckingham, with the same blunt plainness with which he usually vailed a very deep and artificial character, whether he had lately seen Chiffinch or his helpmate?

"Neither of them lately," answered Buckingham. "Have not you waited on them yourself?—I thought you would have been more anxious about the great scheme."

"I have called once and again," said Christian, "but I can gain no access to the sight of that important couple. I begin to be afraid they are paltering with me."

"Which, by the welkin and its stars, you would not be slow in avenging, Master Christian. I know your puritanical principles on that point well," said the Duke. "Revenge may be well said to be sweet, when so many grave and wise men are ready to exchange for it all the sugar-plums which pleasures offer to the poor sinful people of the world, besides the reversion of those which they talk of expecting in the way of post obit."

"You may jest, my lord," said Christian, "but still—"

"But still you will be revenged on Chiffinch, and his little commodious companion. And yet the task may be difficult—Chiffinch has so many ways of obliging his master—his little woman is such a convenient pretty sort of a screen, and has such winning little ways of her own, that, in faith, in your case, I would not meddle with them. What is this refusing their door, man? We all do it to our best friends now and then, as well as to duns and dull company."

"If your Grace is in a humour of rambling thus wildly in your talk," said Christian, "you know my old faculty of patience—I can wait till it be your pleasure to talk more seriously."

"Seriously?" said his Grace—"Wherefore not?—I only wait to know what your serious business may be."

"In a word, my lord, from Chiffinch's refusal to see me, and some vain calls which I have made at your Grace's mansion, I am afraid either that our plan has miscarried, or that there is some intention to exclude me from the further conduct of the matter." Christian pronounced these words with considerable emphasis.

"That were folly, as well as treachery," returned the Duke, "to exclude from the spoil the very engineer who conducted the attack. But hark ye, Christian—I am sorry to tell bad news without preparation; but as you insist on knowing the worst, and are not ashamed to suspect your best friends, out it must come.—Your niece left Chiffinch's house the morning before yesterday."

Christian staggered, as if he had received a severe blow; and the blood ran to his face in such a current of passion, that the Duke concluded he was struck with an apoplexy. But, exerting the extraordinary command which he could maintain under the most

trying circumstances, he said, with a voice, the composure of which had an unnatural contrast with the alteration of his countenance, "Am I to conclude that in leaving the protection of the roof in which I placed her, the girl has found shelter under that of your Grace?"

"Sir," replied Buckingham, gravely, "the supposition does my gallantry more credit than it deserves."

"Oh, my Lord Duke," answered Christian, "I am not one whom you can impose on by this species of courtly jargon. I know of what your Grace is capable; and that to gratify the caprice of a moment, you would not hesitate to disappoint even the schemes at which you yourself have laboured most busily.—Suppose this jest played off. Take your laugh at those simple precautions by which I intended to protect your Grace's interest, as well as that of others. Let us know the extent of your frolic, and consider how far its consequences can be repaired."

"On my word, Christian," said the Duke, laughing, "you are the most obliging of uncles and of guardians. Let your niece pass through as many adventures as Boccaccio's bride of the King of Garba, you care not. Pure or soiled, she will still make the footstool of your fortune."

An Indian proverb says, that the dart of contempt will even pierce through the shell of the tortoise; but this is more peculiarly the case when conscience tells the subject of the sarcasm that it is justly merited. Christian, stung by Buckingham's reproach, at once assumed a haughty and threatening mien, totally inconsistent with that in which suzerainty seemed to be as much his badge as that of Shylock. "You are a foul-mouthed and most unworthy lord," he said; "and as such I proclaim you, unless you make reparation for the injury you have done me."

"And what," said the Duke of Buckingham, "shall I proclaim you, that can give you the least title to notice from such as I am? What name shall I bestow on the little transaction which has given rise to such unexpected misunderstanding?"

Christian was silent, either from rage or from mental conviction.

"Come, come, Christian," said the Duke, smiling, "we know too much of each other to make a quarrel safe. Hato each other we may—circumvent each other—it is the way of Courts—but proclaim I—a sco for the phrase."

"I used it not," said Christian, "till your Grace drove me to extremity. You know, my lord, I have fought both at home and abroad; and you should not rashly think that I will endure any indignity which blood can wipe away."

"On the contrary," said the Duke, with the same civil and sneering manner, "I can confidently assert, that the life of half a score of your friends would seem very light to you, Christian, if their existence interfered. I do not say with your character, as being a thing of much less consequence, but with any advantage which their existence might intercept.—Fie, upon it, man, we have known each other long. I never thought you a coward; and am only glad to see I could strike a few sparkles of heat out of your cold and constant disposition. I will now, if you please, tell you at once the fate of the young lady, in which I pray you to believe that I am truly interested."

"I hear you, my Lord Duke," said Christian. "The curl of your upper-lip, and your eyebrow, does not escape me. Your Grace knows the French proverb, 'He laughs best who laughs last.' But I hear you."

"Thank Heaven you do," said Buckingham; "for your case requires haste, I promise you, and involves no laughing matter. Well, then, hear a simple truth, on which (if it became me to offer any pledge for what I assert to be such) I could pledge life, fortune, and honour. It was the morning before last, when meeting with the King at Chiffinch's unexpectedly—in fact I had looked in to fool an hour away, and to learn how your scheme advanced—I saw a singular scene. Your niece terrified little Chiffinch—(the hen Chiffinch, I mean;) bid the King defiance to his teeth, and walked out of the presence triumphantly, under

the guardianship of a young fellow of little mark or likelihood, excepting a tolerable personal presence, and the advantage of a most unconquerable impudence. Egad, I can hardly help laughing to think how the King and I were both baffled; for I will not deny, that I had tried to trifle for a moment with the fair Indamora. But, egad, the young fellow swooped her off from under our noses, like my own Drawcanair clearing off the banquet from the two Kings of Brentford. There was a dignity in the gallant's swaggering retreat which I must try to teach Mohnun;* it will suit his part admirably."

"This is incomprehensible, my Lord Duke," said Christian, who by this time had recovered all his usual coolness; "you cannot expect me to believe this. Who dared be so bold as to carry off my niece in such a manner, and from so august a presence? And with whom, a stranger as he must have been, would she, wise and cautious as I know her, have consented to depart in such a manner?—My lord, I cannot believe this."

"One of your priests, my most devout Christian," replied the Duke, "would answer, Die, infidel, in thine unbelief; but I am only a poor worldling sinner, and will add what mite of information I can. The young fellow's name, as I am given to understand, is Julian, son of Sir Geoffrey, whom men call Peveril of the Peak."

"Peveril of the Devil, who hath his cavern there?" said Christian, warmly; "for I know that gallant, and believe him capable of any thing bold and desperate. But how could he intrude himself into the royal presence? Either Hell aids him, or Heaven looks nearer into mortal dealings than I have yet believed. If so, may God forgive us, who deemed he thought not on us at all!"

"Amen, most christian Christian," replied the Duke. "I am glad to see thou hast yet some touch of grace that leads thee to augur so. But Empson, the hen Chiffinch, and half a dozen more, saw the swain's entrance and departure. Please examine these witnesses with your own wisdom, if you think your time may not be better employed in tracing the fugitives. I believe he gained entrance as one of some dancing or masking party. Rowley, you know, is accessible to all who will come forth to make him sport. So in stole this tergitant tearing gallant, like Samson among the Philistines, to pull down our fine scheme about our ears."

"I believe you, my lord," said Christian; "I cannot but believe you; and I forgive you, since it is your nature, for making sport of what is ruin and destruction. But which way did they take?"

"To Derbyshire, I should presume, to seek her father," said the Duke. "She spoke of going into the paternal protection, instead of yours, Master Christian. Something had chanced at Chiffinch's, to give her cause to suspect that you had not altogether provided for his daughter in the manner which her father was likely to approve of."

"Now, Heaven be praised," said Christian, "she knows not her father is come to London! and they must be gone down either to Martindale Castle, or to Moultrasie Hall; in either case they are in my power—I must follow them close. I will return instantly to Derbyshire—I am undone if she meet her father until these errors are amended. Adieu, my lord. I forgive the part which I fear your Grace must have had in balking our enterprise—it is no time for mutual reproaches."

"You speak truth, Master Christian," said the Duke, "and I wish you all success. Can I help you with men or horses, or money?"

"I thank your Grace," said Christian, and hastily left the apartment.

The Duke watched his descending footsteps on the staircase, until they could be heard no longer, and then exclaimed to Jerminham, who entered, "*Victoria! victoria! magna est veritas et prevalebit!*—Had I told the villain a word of a lie, he is so familiar with all the regions of falsehood—his whole life has been such an absolute imposture, that I had stood detected in an instant; but I told him truth, and that

was the only means of deceiving him. Victoria! my dear Jerminham, I am prouder of cheating Christian, than I should have been of circumventing a minister of state."

"Your Grace holds his wisdom very high," said the attendant.

"His cunning, at least I do, which in Court affairs, often takes the weather-gage of wisdom,—as in Yarmouth Roads a herring-buss will baffle a frigate. He shall not return to London if I can help it, until all these intrigues are over."

As his Grace spoke, the Colonel, after whom he had repeatedly made inquiry, was announced by a gentleman of his household. "He met not Christian, did he?" said the Duke hastily.

"No, my lord," returned the domestic, "the Colonel came by the old garden staircase."

"I judged as much," replied the Duke; "'tis an owl that will not take wing in daylight, when there is a thickset left to skulk under. Here he comes from threading lane, vault, and ruinous alley, very near as ominous a creature as the fowl of ill augury which he resembles."

The Colonel, to whom no other appellation seemed to be given than that which belonged to his military station, now entered the apartment. He was tall, strongly built, and past the middle period of life, and his countenance, but for the heavy cloud which dwelt upon it, might have been pronounced a handsome one. While the Duke spoke to him, either from humility or some other cause, his large serious eye was cast down upon the ground; but he raised it when he answered, with a keen look of earnest observation. His dress was very plain, and more allied to that of the Puritans than of the Cavaliers of the time; a shadowy black hat like the Spanish sombrero, a large black mantle or cloak, and a long rapier, gave him something the air of a Castilian, to which his gravity and stiffness of demeanour added considerable strength.

"Well, Colonel," said the Duke, "we have been long strangers—how have matters gone with you?"

"As with other men of action in quiet times," answered the Colonel, "or as a good war-caper* that lies high and dry in a muddy-creek, till seams and planks are rent and riven."

"Well, Colonel," said the Duke, "I have used your valour before now, and I may again; so that I shall speedily see that the vessel is careened, and undergoes a thorough repair."

"I conjecture, then," said the Colonel, "that your Grace has some voyage in hand?"

"No, but there is one which I want to interrupt," replied the Duke.

"'Tis but another stove of the same tune.—Well, my lord, I listen," answered the stranger.

"Nay," said the Duke, "it is but a trifling matter after all.—You know Ned Christian?"

"Ay, surely, my lord," replied the Colonel, "we have been long known to each other."

"He is about to go down to Derbyshire to seek a certain niece of his, whom he will scarcely find there. Now, I trust to your tried friendship to interrupt his return to London. Go with him, or meet him, cajole him, or assail him, or do what thou wilt with him—only keep him from London for a fortnight at least, and then I care little how soon he comes."

"For by that time, I suppose," replied the Colonel, "any one may find the wench that thinks her worth the looking for."

"Thou mayst think her worth the looking for thyself, Colonel," rejoined the Duke; "I promise you she hath many a thousand stitched to her petticoat; such a wife would save thee from skuldering on the public."

"My lord, I sell my blood and my sword, but not my honour," answered the man sullenly; "if I marry, my bed may be a poor, but it shall be an honest one."

"Then thy wife will be the only honest matter in thy possession, Colonel—at least since I have known you," replied the Duke.

"Why, truly, your Grace may speak your pleasure

* Then a noted actor.

* A Privateer.

on that point. It is chiefly your business which I have done of late; and if it were less strictly honest than I could have wished, the employer was to blame as well as the agent. But for marrying a cast-off mistress, the man (saving your Grace, to whom I am bound) lives not who dares propose it to me."

The Duke laughed loudly. "Why, this is mine Ancient Pistol's vein," he replied.

"— 'Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel?—then Lucifer take all!'"

"My breeding is too plain to understand ends of playhouse verse, my lord," said the Colonel sullenly. "Has your Grace no other service to command me?"

"None—only I am told you have published a Narrative concerning the Plot."

"What should ail me, my lord?" said the Colonel; "I hope I am a witness as competent as any that has yet appeared?"

"Truly, I think so to the full," said the Duke; "and it would have been hard, when so much profitable mischief was going, if so excellent a Protestant as yourself had not come in for a share."

"I came to take your Grace's commands, not to be the object of your wit," said the Colonel.

"Gallantly spoken, most resolute and most immaculate Colonel! As you are to be on full pay in my service for a month to come, I pray your acceptance of this purse, for contingents and equipments, and you shall have my instructions from time to time."

"They shall be punctually obeyed, my lord," said the Colonel; "I know the duty of a subaltern officer. I wish your Grace a good morning."

So saying, he pocketed the purse, without either affecting hesitation, or expressing gratitude, but merely as a part of a transaction in the regular way of business, and stalked from the apartment with the same sullen gravity which marked his entrance. "Now, there goes a scoundrel after my own heart," said the Duke; "a robber from his cradle, a murderer since he could hold a knife, a profound hypocrite in religion, and a worse and deeper hypocrite in honour,—would sell his soul to the devil to accomplish any villany, and would cut the throat of his brother, did he dare to give the villany he had so acted its right name.—Now, why stand you amazed, good Master Jerningham, and look on me as you would on some monster of Ind, when you had paid your shilling to see it, and were staring out your pennyworth with your eyes as round as a pair of spectacles? Wink, man, and save them, and then let thy tongue unte the mystery."

"On my word, my Lord Duke," answered Jerningham, "since I am compelled to speak, I can only say, that the longer I live with your Grace, I am the more at a loss to fathom your motives of action. Others lay plans, either to attain profit or pleasure by their execution; but your Grace's delight is to counteract your own schemes, when in the very act of performance; like a child—forgive me—that breaks its favourite toy, or a man who should set fire to the house he has half built."

"And why not, if he wanted to warm his hands at the blaze?" said the Duke.

"Ay, my lord," replied his dependant; "but what if, in doing so, he should burn his fingers?—My lord, it is one of your noblest qualities, that you will sometimes listen to the truth without taking offence; but were it otherwise, I could not, at this moment, help speaking out at every risk."

"Well, say on, I can bear it," said the Duke, throwing himself into an easy-chair, and using his toothpick with graceful indifference and equanimity; "I love to hear what such potsherds as thou art, think of the

proceedings of us who are of the pure porcelain clay of the earth."

"In the name of heaven, my lord, let me then ask you," said Jerningham, "what merit you claim, or what advantage you expect, from having embroiled every thing in which you are concerned to a degree which equals the chaos of the blind old Roundhead's poem which your Grace is so fond of? To begin with the King. In spite of good-humour, he will be incensed at your repeated rivalry."

"His Majesty defied me to it."

"You have lost all hopes of the Isle, by quarrelling with Christian."

"I have ceased to care a farthing about it," replied the Duke.

"In Christian himself, whom you have insulted, and to whose family you intend dishonour, you have lost a sagacious, artful, and cool-headed instrument and adherent," said the monitor.

"Poor Jerningham!" answered the Duke; "Christian would say as much for thee. I doubt not, wert thou discarded to-morrow. It is the common error of such tools as you and he to think themselves indispensable. As to his family, what was never honourable cannot be dishonoured by any connexion with my house."

"I say nothing of Chiffinch," said Jerningham, "offended as he will be when he learns why, and by whom, his scheme has been ruined, and the lady spirited away—He and his wife, I say nothing of them."

"You need not," said the Duke; "for were they even fit persons to speak to me about, the Duchess of Portsmouth has bargained for their disgrace."

"Then this bloodhound of a Colonel, as he calls himself, your Grace cannot even lay him on a quest which is to do you service, but you must do him such indignity at the same time, as he will not fail to remember, and be sure to fly at your throat should he ever have an opportunity of turning on you."

"I will take care he has none," said the Duke; "and yours, Jerningham, is a low-lived apprehension. Beat your spaniel heartily if you would have him under command. Ever let your agents see you know what they are, and prize them accordingly. A rogue, who must needs be treated as a man of honour, is apt to get above his work. Enough, therefore, of your advice and censure, Jerningham; we differ in every particular. Were we both engineers, you would spend your life in watching some old woman's wheel, which spins flax by the ounce; I must be in the midst of the most varied and counteracting machinery, regulating checks and counter-checks, balancing weights, proving springs and wheels, directing and controlling a hundred combined powers."

"And your fortune, in the mean while?" said Jerningham; "pardon this last hint, my lord."

"My fortune," said the Duke, "is too vast to be hurt by a petty wound; and I have, as thou knowest, a thousand salves in store for the scratches and scars which it sometimes receives in greasing my machinery."

"Your Grace does not mean Dr. Wilderhead's powder of projection?"

"Pshaw! he is a quacksalver, and mountebank, and beggar."

"Or Solicitor Drownland's plan for draining the fens?"

"He is a cheat,—ridicet, an attorney."

"Or the Laird of Lackpelt's sale of Highland woods?"

"He is a Scotsman," said the Duke,—"*ridicet*, both cheat and beggar."

"These streets here, upon the site of your noble mansion-house?" said Jerningham.

"The architect's a bite, and the plan's a bubble. I am sick of the sight of this rubbish, and I will soon replace our old alcoves, alleys, and flowerpots, by an Italian garden and a new palace."

"That, my lord, would be to waste, not to improve your fortune," said his domestic.

"Clodpate, and muddy spirit that thou art, thou hast forgot the most hopeful scheme of all—the South Sea Fisheries—their stock is up 50 per cent. already

* Of Blood's Narrative, Roger North takes the following notice:—"There was another sham plot of one Nuttersville. . . . and here the good Colonel Blood, that stole the Duke of Ormond, and, if a timely rescue had not come in, had hanged him at Tyburn, and afterwards stole the crown, though he was not so happy as to carry it off; no player at small games, he, even as the virtuous Colonel, in this sham plot says, was to have been destroyed by the Papists. It seems these Papists would not so eminent Protestant be safe. But some amends were made to the Colonel by sale of the narrative, licensed Thomas Blood. It would have been strange if so much mischief were turning, and he had not come in for a snack."—*Scotsman*, edit. 711, p. 311.

Post down to the Alley, and tell old Manassees to buy 20,000*l.* for me.—Forgive me, Plutus, I forgot to lay my sacrifice on thy shrine, and yet expected thy favours!—Fly post haste, Jerningham—for thy life, for thy life, for thy life!"

With hands and eyes uplifted, Jerningham left the apartment; and the Duke, without thinking a moment further on old or new intrigues—on the friendship he had formed, or the enmity he had provoked—on the beauty whom he had carried off from her natural protectors, as well as from her lover—or on the monarch against whom he had placed himself in rivalry—sat down to calculate chances with all the zeal of Demoi*re*, tired of the drudgery in half an hour, and refused to see the zealous agent whom he had employed in the city, because he was busily engaged in writing a new lampoon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ah! changeful head, and fickle heart!—*Progress of Discontent.*

No event is more ordinary in narratives of this nature, than the abduction of the female on whose fate the interest is supposed to turn; but that of Alice Bridgenorth was thus far particular, that she was spirited away by the Duke of Buckingham, more in contradiction than in the rivalry of passion; and that, as he made his first addresses to her at Chiffinch's, rather in the spirit of rivalry to his Sovereign, than from any strong impression which her beauty had made on his affections, so he had formed the sudden plan of spiriting her away by means of his dependants, rather to perplex Christian, the King, Chiffinch, and all concerned, than because he had any particular desire for her society at his own mansion. Indeed, so far was this from being the case, that his Grace was rather surprised than delighted with the success of the enterprise which had made her an inmate there, although it is probable he might have thrown himself into an uncontrollable passion, had he learned its miscarriage instead of its success.

Twenty-four hours passed over since he had returned to his own roof, before, notwithstanding sundry hints from Jerningham, he could even determine on the exertion necessary to pay his fair captive a visit; and then it was with the internal reluctance of one who can only be stirred from indolence by novelty.

"I wonder what made me plague myself about this wench," said he, "and doom myself to encounter all the hysterical rhapsodies of a country Phillis, with her head stuffed with her grandmother's lessons about virtue and the Bible-book, when the finest and best-bred women in town may be had upon more easy terms. It is a pity one cannot mount the victor's car of triumph without having a victory to boast of; yet, faith, it is what most of our modern gallants do, though it would not become Buckingham.—Well, I must see her," he concluded, "though it were but to rid the house of her. The Portsmouth will not hear of her being set at liberty near Charles, so much is she afraid of a new fair seducing the old sinner from his allegiance. So how the girl is to be disposed of—for I shall have little fancy to keep her here, and she is too wealthy to be sent down to Cheltenham as a house-keeper—is a matter to be thought on."

He then called for such a dress as might set off his natural good mien—a compliment which he considered as due to his own merit; for as to any thing farther, he went to pay his respects to his fair prisoner with almost as little zeal in the cause, as a gallant to fight a duel in which he has no warmer interest than the maintenance of his reputation as a man of honour.

The set of apartments consecrated to the use of those favourites who occasionally made Buckingham's mansion their place of abode, and who were, so far as liberty was concerned, often required to

* Stock-jobbing, as it is called, that is, dealing in shares of monopolies, patents, and joint-stock companies of every description, was at least as common in Charles II.'s time as our own; and as the exercise of ingenuity in this way promised a road to wealth without the necessity of industry, it was then much pursued by dissolute courtiers.

observe the regulations of a convent, were separated from the rest of the Duke's extensive mansion. He lived in the age when what was called gallantry warranted the most atrocious actions of deceit and violence; as may be best illustrated by the catastrophe of an unfortunate actress, whose beauty attracted the attention of the last De Vere, Earl of Oxford. While her virtue defied his seductions, he ruined her under colour of a mock marriage, and was rewarded for a success which occasioned the death of his victim, by the general applause of the men of wit and gallantry who filled the drawing-room of Chelsea.

Buckingham had made provision in the interior of his ducal mansion for exploits of a similar nature; and the set of apartments which he now visited were alternately used to confine the reluctant, and to accommodate the willing.

Being now destined for the former purpose, the key was delivered to the Duke by a hooded and spectacled old lady, who sat reading a devout book in the outer hall which divided these apartments (usually called the Nunnery) from the rest of the house. This experienced dowager acted as mistress of the ceremonies on such occasions, and was the trusty depositary of more intrigues than were known to any dozen of her worshipful calling besides.

"As sweet a linnet," she said, as she undid the outward door, "as ever sung in a cage."

"I was afraid she might have been more for moping than for singing, Dowlas," said the Duke.

"Till yesterday she was so, please your Grace," answered Dowlas; "or, to speak sooth, till early this morning, we heard of nothing but Lachrymæ. But the air of your noble Grace's house is favourable to singing-birds; and to-day matters have been a-much mended."

"Tis sudden, dame," said the Duke; "and 'tis something strange, considering that I have never visited her, that the pretty trembler should have been so soon reconciled to her fate."

"Ah, your Grace has such magic, that it communicates itself to your very walls; as wholesome scripture says, Exodus, first and seventh, 'It cleaveth to the walls and the door-posts.'"

"You are too partial, Dame Dowlas," said the Duke of Buckingham.

"Not a word but truth," said the dame; "and I wish I may be an outcast from the fold of the lambs, but I think this damsel's very frame has changed since she was under your Grace's roof. Methinks she hath a lighter form, a finer step, a more displayed ankle—I cannot tell, but I think there is a change. But, lack-a-day, your Grace knows I am as old as I am trusty, and that my eyes wax something uncertain."

"Especially when you wash them with a cup of canary, Dame Dowlas," answered the Duke, who was aware that temperance was not amongst the cardinal virtues which were most familiar to the old lady's practice.

"Was it canary, your Grace said?—Was it indeed with canary, that your Grace should have supposed me to have washed my eyes?" said the offended matron. "I am sorry that your Grace should know me no better."

"I crave your pardon, dame," said the Duke, shaking aside, fastidiously, the grasp which, in the earnestness of her exculpation, Madam Dowlas had clutched upon his sleeve. "I crave your pardon.—Your nearer approach has convinced me of my erroneous imputation—I should have said nantz, not canary."

So saying, he walked forward into the inner apartments, which were fitted up with an air of voluptuous magnificence.

"The dame said true, however," said the proud deviser and proprietor of the splendid mansion—"A country Phillis might well reconcile herself to such a prison as this, even without a skilful bird-fancier to touch a bird-call. But I wonder where she can be, this rural Phidole. Is it possible she can have retreated, like a despairing commandant, into her bedchamber, the very citadel of the place, without even an attempt to defend the out-works?"

As he made this reflection, he passed through an antechamber and little eating parlour, exquisitely furnished, and hung with excellent paintings of the Venetian school.

Beyond these lay a withdrawing-room, fitted up in a style of still more studied elegance. The windows were darkened with painted glass, of such a deep and rich colour, as made the mid-day beams, which found their way into the apartment, imitate the rich colours of sunset; and, in the celebrated expression of the poet, "taught light to counterfeit a gleam."

Buckingham's feelings and taste had been too much, and too often, and too readily gratified, to permit him, in the general case, to be easily accessible, even to those pleasures which in him had been the business of his life to pursue. The hackneyed voluptuary is like the jaded epicure, the mere flesh-ness of whose appetite becomes at length a sufficient penalty for having made it the primeval object of his enjoyment and cultivation. Yet novelty has always some charms, and uncertainty has more.

The doubt how he was to be received, the change of mood which his prisoner was said to have effected—the curiosity to know how such a creature as Alice Bridgenorth had been described, was likely to bear herself under the circumstances in which she was so unexpectedly placed, had upon Buckingham, the effect of exciting unusual interest. On his own part, he had none of those feelings of anxiety with which a man, even of the most vulgar intellect, comes to the presence of the female whom he wishes to please, far less the more refined sentiments of love, respect, desire, and awe, with which the more refined lover approaches the beloved object. He had been, to use an expressive French phrase, too completely *habitué* even from his earliest youth, to permit him now to experience the animal eagerness of the one, far less the more sentimental pleasure of the other. It is no small aggravation of this pained and uncomfortable state of mind, that the voluptuary cannot renounce the pursuits with which he is saturated, but must continue, for his character's sake, or from the mere force of habit, to take all the toil, fatigue and danger of the chase, while he has so little real interest in the termination.

Buckingham, therefore, felt it due to his reputation as a successful hero of intrigue, to pay his addresses to Alice Bridgenorth with dissimulated eagerness; and, as he opened the door of the inner apartment, he paused to consider, whether the tone of gallantry, or that of passion, was fittest to use on the occasion. This delay enabled him to hear a few notes of a lute, touched with exquisite skill, and accompanied by the still sweeter strains of a female voice, when without executing any complete melody, seemed to sport itself in rivalry of the silver sound of the instrument.

"A creature so well educated," said the Duke, "with the sense she is said to possess, would, rustic as she is, laugh at the assumed raptures of Orondates. It is the vein of Dorimont—once, Buckingham, thine own—that must here do the feat, beside that the part is easier."

So thinking, he entered the room with that easy grace which characterized the gay courtiers among whom he flourished, and approached the fair tenant, whom he found seated near a table covered with books and music, and having on her left hand the large half-open casement, dim with stained glass, admitting only a doubtful light into this lovely retiring room, which, hung with the richest tapestry of the Gobelines, and ornamented with piles of china and splendid mirrors, seemed like a bower built for a prince to receive his bride.

The splendid dress of the inmate corresponded with the taste of the apartment which she occupied, and partook of the Oriental costume which the much-admired Roxalana had then brought into fashion. A slender foot and ankle, which escaped from the wide trower of richly-ornamented and embroidered blue strain, was the only part of her person distinctly seen; the rest was enveloped from head to foot, in a long veil of silver gauze, which, like a feathery and light mist on a beautiful landscape, suffered

you to perceive that what it concealed was rarely lovely, yet induced the imagination even to enhance the charms it shaded. Such part of the dress as could be discovered, was, like the veil and the trowers, in the Oriental taste; a rich turban, and splendid caftan, were rather indicated than distinguished through the folds of the former. The whole attire argued at least coquetry on the part of a fair one, who must have expected, from her situation, a visitor of some pretension; and indeed Buckingham to smile internally at Christian's account of the extreme simplicity and purity of his niece.

He approached the lady *à la grecque*, and addressed her with the air of being conscious, while he acknowledged his offences, that his confessing to do so formed a sufficient apology for them. "Fair Mistress Alice," he said, "I am sensible how deeply I ought to sue for pardon for the mistaken zeal of my servants, who, seeing you deserted and exposed without protection during an unlucky affray, took it upon them to bring you under the roof of one who would expose his life rather than suffer you to sustain a moment's anxiety. Was it my fault that those around me should have judged it necessary to interfere for your preservation; or that, aware of the interest I must take in you, they have detained you till I could myself, in personal attendance, receive your commands?"

"That attendance has not been speedily rendered, my lord," answered the lady. "I have been a prisoner for two days, neglected, and left to the charge of menials."

"How say you, lady?—Neglected?" exclaimed the Duke. "By heaven, if the best in my household has failed in his duty, I will discard him on the instant!"

"I complain of no lack of courtesy from your servants, my lord," she replied; "but methinks it had been but complaisant in the Duke himself to explain to me earlier wherefore he has had the boldness to detain me a state prisoner."

"And can the divine Alice doubt," said Buckingham, "that, had time and space, those cruel enemies to the flight of passion, given promise, in the instant in which you crossed your vessel's threshold, had seen it devoted master at your feet, who had thought, since he saw you, of nothing but the charms which that fatal morning placed before him at Cliffinch's?"

"I understand, then, my lord," said the lady, "that you have been absent, and have had no part in the restraint which has been exercised upon me."

"Absent on the King's command, lady, and employed in the discharge of his duty," answered Buckingham without hesitation. "What could I do?—The moment you left Cliffinch's, his Majesty commanded me to the scaffold, in such haste, that I had no time to change my sum buckskins for riding-boots.* If my absence has occasioned you a moment of inconvenience, blame the facinorous zeal of those who, seeing me depart from London, half distracted at my separation from you, were willing to contribute their unmanured, though well-meant exertions, to preserve your master from despair, by returning the fair Alice within his reach. To whom, indeed, could they have restored you? He whom you selected as your champion is in prison, or fled—your father absent from town—your uncle in the north. To Cliffinch's house you had expressed your well-founded aversion; and what fiercer asylum remained than that of your devoted slave, where you must ever reign a queen?"

"An imprisoned one," said the lady. "I desire not such royalty."

"Alas! how wiffully you misconstrue me!" said the Duke, kneeling on one knee; "and what right can you have to complain of a few hours' gentle restraint—you, who destine so many to hopeless captivity! Be merciful for once, and withdraw that cynical veil; for the divanets are ever most cruel

* This case is not without precedent. Among the rebellious and fears expressed by the Long Parliament, they insisted upon an amendment for the King's servants to be confined so strictly, that he had not time to change a hot court dress into buckskins, to wear, and back silk pantaloons—for an equipment more suitable to travel with.

when they deliver their oracles from such clouded recesses. Suffer at least my rash hand!"

"I will save your Grace that unworthy trouble," said the lady, haughtily; and rising up, she flung back over her shoulders the veil which shrouded her, saying, at the same time, "Look on me, my Lord Duke, and see if these be indeed the charms which have made on your Grace an impression so powerful."

Buckingham did look; and the effect produced on him by surprise was so strong, that he rose hastily from his knee, and remained for a few seconds as if he had been petrified. The figure that stood before him had neither the height nor the rich shape of Alice Bridgenorth; and, though perfectly well made, was so slightly formed, as to seem almost infantine. Her dress was three or four short vests of embroidered satin, disposed one over the other, of different colours, or rather different shades of similar colours; for strong contrast was carefully avoided. These opened in front, so as to show part of the throat and neck, partially obscured by an inner covering of the finest lace; over the uppermost vest was worn a sort of mantle, or coat of rich fur. A small but magnificent turban was carelessly placed on her head, from under which flowed a profusion of coal-black tresses, which Cleopatra might have envied. The taste and splendour of the Eastern dress corresponded with the complexion of the lady's face, which was brunette, of a shade so dark as might almost have served an Indian.

Amidst a set of features, in which rapid and keen expression made amends for the want of regular beauty, the essential points of eyes as bright as diamonds, and teeth as white as pearls, did not escape the Duke of Buckingham, a professed connoisseur in female charms. In a word, the fanciful and singular female who thus unexpectedly produced herself before him, had one of those faces which are never seen without making an impression; which, when removed, are long after remembered; and for which, in our idleness, we are tempted to invent a hundred histories, that we may please our fancy by supposing the features under the influence of different kinds of emotion. Every one must have in recollection countenances of this kind, which, from a captivating and stimulating originality of expression, abide longer in the memory, and are more seductive to the imagination, than even regular beauty.

"My Lord Duke," said the lady, "it seems the lifting of my veil has done the work of magic upon your Grace. Alas, for the captive princess, whose nod was to command a vassal so costly! She runs, methinks, no slight chance of being turned out of doors, like a second Cinderella, to seek her fortune among lackeys and lightermen."

"I am astonished!" said the Duke. "That villain, Jerningham—I will have the scoundrel's blood!"

"Nay, never abuse Jerningham for the matter," said the Unknown; "but lament your own unhappy engagements. While you, my Lord Duke, were posting northward, in white satin buskins, to toil in the King's affairs, the right and lawful princess sat weeping in sables in the uncheered solitude to which your absence condemned her. Two days she was disconsolate in vain; on the third came an African enchantress to change the scene for her, and the person for your Grace. Methinks, my lord, this adventure will tell but ill, when some faithful squire shall recount or record the gallant adventures of the second Duke of Buckingham."

"Fairly bit, and banded to boot," said the Duke—"the monkey has a turn for satire, too, by all that is piquante.—Hark ye, fair princess, how dared you adventure on such a trick as you have been accomplice to?"

"Dare, my lord?" answered the stranger; "put the question to others, not to one who fears nothing."

"By my faith, I believe so; for thy front is bronzed by nature.—Hark ye once more, mistress—What is your name and condition?"

"My condition I have told you—I am a Mauritanian sorceress by profession, and my name is Zarah," replied the Eastern maiden.

"But methinks that face, shape, and eyes"—said

the Duke,—"when didst thou pass for a dancing fairy?—some such imp thou wert, not many days since."

"My sister you may have seen—my twin sister; but not me, my lord," answered Zarah.

"Indeed," said the Duke, "that duplicate of thine, if it was not thy very self, was possessed with a dumb spirit as thou with a talking one. I am still in the mind that you are the same; and that Satan, always so powerful with your sex, had art enough, on our former meeting, to make thee hold thy tongue."

"Believe what you will of it, my lord," replied Zarah, "it cannot change the truth.—And now, my lord, I bid you farewell. Have you any commands to Mauritania?"

"Tarry a little, my princess," said the Duke; "and remember, that you have voluntarily entered yourself as pledge for another; and are justly subjected to any penalty which it is my pleasure to exact. None must brave Buckingham with impunity."

"I am in no hurry to depart, if your Grace hath any commands for me."

"What! are you neither afraid of my resentment, nor of my love, fair Zarah?" said the Duke.

"Of neither, by this glove," answered the lady. "Your resentment must be a petty passion indeed, if it could stoop to such a helpless object as I am; and for your love—good luck! good luck!"

"And why good luck, with such a tone of contempt, lady?" said the Duke, piqued in spite of himself.

"Think you Buckingham cannot love, or has never been beloved in return?"

"He may have thought himself beloved," said the maiden; "but by what slight creatures!—things whose heads could be rendered giddy by a playhouse rant—whose brains were only filled with red-heeled shoes and satin buskins—and who run altogether mad on the argument of a George and a star."

"And are there no such snail fair ones in your climate, most scornful princess?" said the Duke.

"There are," said the lady; "but men rate them as parrots and monkeys—things without either sense or soul, head or heart. The nearness we bear to the sun has purified, while it strengthens, our passions. The icicles of your frozen climate shall as soon hammer hot bars into ploughshares, as shall the foppery and folly of your pretended gallantry make an instant's impression on a breast like mine."

"You speak like one who knows what passion is," said the Duke. "Sit down, fair lady, and grieve not that I detain you. Who can consent to part with a tongue of so much melody, or an eye of such expressive eloquence!—You have known, then, what it is to love?"

"I know—no matter if by experience, or through the report of others—but I do know, that to love as I would love, would be to yield not an iota to avarice, not one inch to vanity, not to sacrifice the slightest feeling to interest or to ambition; but to give up ALL to fidelity of heart and reciprocal affection."

"And how many women, think you, are capable of feeling such disinterested passion?"

"More, by thousands, than there are men who merit it," answered Zarah. "Alas! how often do you see the female, pale, and wretched, and degraded, still following with patient constancy the footsteps of some predominating tyrant, and submitting to all his injustice with the endurance of a faithful and misused spaniel, which prizes a look from his master, though the surliest groom that ever disgraced humanity, more than all the pleasures which the world besides can furnish him? Think what such would be to one who merited and repaid her devotion."

"Perhaps the very reverse," said the Duke; "and for your simile, I can see little resemblance. I cannot charge my spaniel with any perfidy; but for my mistresses—to confess truth, I must always be in a cursed hurry if I would have the credit of changing them before they leave me."

"And they serve you but rightly, my lord," answered the lady; "for what are you?—Nay, frown not; for you must hear the truth for once. Nature has done its part, and made a fair outside, and courtly education hath added its share. You are noble, it is

the accident of birth—handsome, it is the caprice of Nature—generous, because to give is more easy than to refuse—well-appareled, it is to the credit of your tailor—well-natured in the main, because you have youth and health—brave, because to be otherwise were to be degraded—and witty, because you cannot help it."

The Duke darted a glance on one of the large mirrors. "Noble, and handsome, and court-like, generous, well-attired, good-humoured, brave, and witty!—You allow me more, madam, than I have the slightest pretension to, and surely, enough to make my way, at some point at least, to female favour."

"I have neither allowed you a heart nor a head," said Zarah, calmly.—"Nay, never redder as if you would fly at me. I say not but nature may have given you both; but fully has confounded the one, and selfishness perverted the other. The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself;—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies."

She spoke with so much energy that the water sparkled in her eyes, and her cheek coloured with the effluence of her feelings.

"You speak," said the Duke, "as if you had yourself a heart which could pay the full tribute to the merit which you describe so warmly."

"And have I not?" she said, laying her hand on her bosom. "Here beats one that would bear me out in what I have said, whether in life or in death!"

"Were it in my power," said the Duke, "who began to get farther interested in his visiter than he could at first have thought possible—" "Were it in my power to exercise such faithful attachment, methinks it should be my care to requite it."

"Your wealth, your titles, your reputation as a gallant—all you possess, were too little to merit such sincere affection."

"Come, fair lady," said the Duke, a good deal inquired, "do not be quite so disdainful. Bethink you, that if your love be as pure as coined gold, still a poor fellow like myself may offer you an equivalent in silver—The quantity of my affection must make up for a quality."

"But I am not carrying my affection to market, my lord; and therefore I need none of the base coin you offer in change for it."

"How do I know that, my fairest?" said the Duke. This is the realm of Paphos—You have invaded it, with what purpose you best know; but I think with one consistent with your present assumption of civility. Come, come—eyes that are so intelligent can laugh with delight, as well as gleam with scorn and anger. You are here a waif on Cupid's manor, and I must seize on you in name of the deity."

"Do not think of touching me, my lord," said the lady. "Approach me not, if you would hope to learn the purpose of my being here. Your Grace may suppose yourself a Solomon if you please; but I am no travelling princess, come from distant climes, either to flatter your pride, or wonder at your glory."

"A defiance, by Jupiter!" said the Duke. "You mistake the signal," said the "dark ladye;" I came not here without taking sufficient precautions for my retreat."

"You mouth it bravely," said the Duke; "but never distress so boasted its resources but the garrison had some thoughts of surrender. Thus I open the first strait."

They had been hitherto divided from each other by long narrow table, which, placed in the recess of the apartment we have mentioned, had formed a sort of barrier on the lady's side, against the adventurous assailant. The Duke went hastily to remove it as he spoke; but, attentive to all his motions, his visiter instantly darted through the half open window. Buckingham uttered a cry of horror and surprise, giving no doubt, at first, that she had precipitated

herself from a height of at least fourteen feet: for so far the window was distant from the ground. But when he sprung to the spot, he perceived, to his astonishment, that she had effected her descent with equal agility and safety.

The outside of this stately mansion was decorated with a quantity of carving, in the mixed state, betwixt the Gothic and Grecian styles, which marks the age of Elizabeth and her successor; and though the fast seemed a surprising one, the projections of these ornaments were sufficient to afford footing to a creature so light and active, even in her hasty descent.

Inflamed alike by mortification and curiosity, Buckingham at first entertained some thought of following her by the same dangerous route, and had actually got upon the sill of the window for that purpose; and was contemplating what might be his next safe movement, when, from a neighbouring thicket of shrubs, amongst which his visiter had disappeared, he heard her chant a verse of a comic song, then much in fashion, concerning a despairing lover who had recourse to a precipice—

"But when he came near,

Beholding how steep

The sides did appear,

And the bottom how deep—

Though the suit was rejected,

He sadly reflected,

That a lover forsaken

A new love may get;

But a neck that's once broken

Can never be set."

The Duke could not help laughing, though much against his will, at the resemblance which the verses bore to his own absurd situation, and stepping back into the apartment, desisted from an attempt which might have proved dangerous as well as ridiculous. He called his attendants, and contented himself with watching the little thicket, unwilling to think that a female who had thrown herself in a great measure into his way, meant absolutely to mortify him by a retreat.

That question was determined in an instant. A form, wrapped in a mantle, with a slouched hat and shadowy plume, issued from the bushes, and was lost in a moment amongst the ruins of ancient and of modern buildings, with which, as we have already stated, the demesne formerly termed York House was now encumbered in all directions.

The Duke's servants, who had obeyed his impatient summons, were hastily directed to search for this tantalizing siren in every direction. Their master, in the mean time, eager and vehement in every new pursuit, but especially when his vanity was piqued, encouraged their diligence by bribes, and threats, and commands. All was in vain.—They found nothing of the Mauretanian Princess, as she called herself, but the turban and the veil; both of which she had left in the thicket, together with her satin slippers, which articles, doubtless, she had thrown aside as she exchanged them for others less remarkable.

Finding all his search in vain, the Duke of Buckingham after the example of spoiled children of all ages and stations, gave a loose to the frantic vehemence of passion; and fiercely he swore vengeance on his late visiter, whom he termed by a thousand opprobrious epithets, of which the elegant phrase "Jilt" was most frequently repeated.

Even Jerningham, who knew the depths and shallows of his master's mood, and was bold to fathom them at almost every state of his passions, kept out of his way on the present occasion; and, cabined with the pious old house-keeper, declared to her, over a bottle of ratafia, that, in his apprehension, if his Grace did not learn to put some control on his temper, chains, darkness, straw, and Bedlam, would be the final doom of the gifted and admired Duke of Buckingham.

CHAPTER XL.

—Contentions fierce,

Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.—*Admon.*

THE quarrels between man and wife are proverbial; but let not these honest folks think that connexions of a less permanent nature are free from similar jars.

The frolic of the Duke of Buckingham, and the subsequent escape of Alice Bridgenorth, had kindled fierce dissension in Chiffinch's family, when, on his arrival in town, he learned these two stunning events: "I tell you," he said to his obliging helpmate, who seemed but little moved by all that he could say on the subject, "that your d-d carelessness has ruined the work of years."

"I think it is the twentieth time you have said so," replied the dame; "and without such frequent assurance, I was quite ready to believe that a very trifling matter would upset any scheme of yours, however long thought of."

"How on earth could you have the folly to let the Duke into the house when you expected the King?" said the irritated courtier.

"Lord, Chiffinch," answered the lady, "ought not you to ask the porter, rather than me, that sort of question?—I was putting on my cap to receive his Majesty."

"With the address of a madge-howlet," said Chiffinch, "and in the mean while you gave the cat the cream to keep."

"Indeed, Chiffinch," said the lady, "these jaunts to the country do render you excessively vulgar! there is a brutality about your very boots! nay, your muslin ruffles, being somewhat soiled, give to your knuckles a sort of rural rusticity, as I may call it."

"It were a good deed," muttered Chiffinch, "to make both boots and knuckles bang the folly and affectation out of thee." Then speaking aloud, he added, like a man who would fain break off an argument, by extorting from his adversary a confession that he has reason on his side, "I am sure, Kate, you must be sensible that our all depends on his Majesty's pleasure."

"Leave that to me," said she; "I know how to please his Majesty better than you can teach me. Do you think his Majesty is booby enough to cry like a school-boy because his sparrow has flown away? His Majesty has better taste. I am surprised at you, Chiffinch," she added, drawing herself up, "who were once thought to know the points of a fine woman, that you should have made such a roaring about this country wench. Why, she has not even the country quality of being plump as a barn-door fowl, but is more like a Dunstable lark, that one must crack bones and all if you would make a mouthful of it. What signifies whence she came, or where she goes? There will be those behind that are much more worthy of his Majesty's condescending attention, even when the Duchesses of Portsmouth takes the frumps."

"You mean your neighbour, Mistress Nelly," said her worthy helpmate; "but, Kate, her date is out. Wit she has, let her keep herself warm with it in worse company, for the cant of a gang of strollers is not language for a prince's chamber."

"It is no matter what I mean, or whom I mean," said Mrs. Chiffinch; "but I tell you, Tom Chiffinch, that you will find your master quite consoled for loss of the piece of prudish puritanism that you would needs saddle him with; as if the good man were not plagued enough with them in Parliament but you must, forsooth, bring them into his very bed-chamber."

"Well, Kate," said Chiffinch, "if a man were to speak all the sense of the seven wise masters, a woman would find nonsense enough to overwhelm him with; so I shall say no more, but that I would to Heaven I may find the King in no worse humour than you describe him. I am commanded to attend him down the river to the Tower to-day, where he is to make some survey of arms and stores. They are clever fellows who contrive to keep Rowley from engaging in business, for, by my word, he has a turn for it."

"I warrant you," said Chiffinch the female, nodding, but rather to her own figure reflected from a mirror, than to her politic husband,—"I warrant you we will find means of occupying him that will sufficiently fill up his time."

"On my honour, Kate," said the male Chiffinch, "I find you strangely altered, and, to speak truth, grown most extremely opinionative. I shall be happy if you have good reason for your confidence."

The dame smiled superciliously, but declined no other answer, unless this were one,—"I shall order a boat to go upon the Thames to-day with the royal party."

"Take care what you do, Kate; there are none dare presume so far but women of the first rank. Duchess of Bolton—of Buckingham—of—"

"Who cares for a list of names? why may not I be as forward as the greatest B. amongst your string of them?"

"Nay, faith, thou mayst match the greatest B. in Court already," answered Chiffinch; "so 'e'en take thy own course of it. But do not let Chaubert forget to get some collation ready, and a *souper au petit couvert*, in case it should be commanded for the evening."

"Ay, there your boasted knowledge of Court matters begins and ends.—Chiffinch, Chaubert, and Company;—dissolve that partnership, and you break Tom Chiffinch for a courtier."

"Amen, Kate," replied Chiffinch; "and let me tell you, it is as safe to rely on another person's fingers as on our own wit. But I must give orders for the water.—If you will take the pinnace, there are the cloth-of-gold cushions in the chapel may serve to cover the benches for the day. They are never wanted where they lie, so you may make free with them too."

Madam Chiffinch accordingly mingled with the flotilla which attended the King on his voyage down the Thames, amongst whom was the Queen, attended by some of the principal ladies of the Court. The little plump Cleopatra, dressed to as much advantage as her taste could devise, and seated upon her embroidered cushions like Venus in her shell, neglected nothing that effrontery and minauderie could perform to draw upon herself some portion of the King's observation; but Charles was not in the vein, and did not even pay her the slightest passing attention of any kind, until her boatmen, having ventured to approach nearer to the Queen's barge than etiquette permitted, received a peremptory order to back their oars, and fall out of the royal procession. Madam Chiffinch cried for spite, and transgressed Solomon's warning, by cursing the King in her heart; but had no better course than to return to Westminster, and direct Chaubert's preparations for the evening.

In the mean time, the royal barge paused at the Tower; and, accompanied by a laughing train of ladies and of courtiers, the gay Monarch made the echoes of the old prison-towers ring with the unwonted sounds of mirth and revelry. As they ascended from the river side to the centre of the building, where the fine old Keep of William the Conqueror, called the White Tower, predominates over the exterior defences, Heaven only knows how many gallant jests, good or bad, were run on the comparison of his Majesty's state-prison to that of Cupid, and what killing similes were drawn between the ladies' eyes and the guns of the fortresses, which, spoken with a fashionable conge, and listened to with a smile from a fair lady, formed the fine conversation of the day.

This gay swarm of flutterers did not, however, attend close on the King's person, though they had accompanied him upon his party on the river. Charles, who often formed manly and sensible resolutions, though he was too easily diverted from them by indolence or pleasure, had some desire to make himself personally acquainted with the state of the military stores, arms, &c., of which the Tower was then, as now, the magazine; and, although he had brought with him the usual number of his courtiers, only three or four attended him on the scrutiny which he intended. Whilst, therefore, the rest of the train amused

* In Evelyn's Memoirs is the following curious passage respecting Nell Gwyn, who is hinted at in the text:—"I walked with him [King Charles II.] through Saint James' Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . [the King] and Mrs. Nelly, as they called her, an intimate comediatrix, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the King] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."—EVELYN'S MEMOIRS, vol. i. p. 412.

themselves as they might in other parts of the Tower, the King, accompanied by the Dukes of Buckingham, Ormond, and one or two others, walked through the well-known hall, in which is preserved the most splendid magazine of arms in the world, and which, though far from exhibiting its present extraordinary state of perfection, was even then an arsenal worthy of the great nation to which it belonged.

The Duke of Ormond, well known for his services during the Great Civil War, was, as we have elsewhere noticed, at present rather on cold terms with his Sovereign, who nevertheless asked his advice on many occasions, and who required it on the present amongst others, when it was not a little feared, that the Parliament, in their zeal for the Protestant religion, might desire to take the magazines of arms and ammunition under their own exclusive orders. While Charles sadly hinted at such a termination of the popular jealousies of the period, and discussed with Ormond the means of resisting or evading it, Buckingham, filling a little behind, amused himself with ridiculing the antiquated appearance and embarrassed demeanour of the old warder who attended on the occasion, and who chanced to be the very same that escorted Julian Peveril to his present place of confinement. The Duke prosecuted his raillery with the greater activity, that he found the old man, though restrained by the place and presence, was rather upon the whole testy, and disposed to afford what sportsmen call *play* to his persecutor. The various pieces of ancient armour, with which the wall was covered, afforded the principal source of the Duke's wit, as he boasted upon knowing from the old man, who, he said, could best remember matters from the days of King Arthur downwards at the least, the history of the different warlike weapons, and anecdotes of the battles in which they had been wielded. The old man obviously suffered when he was obliged, by repeated questions, to tell the legends (often sufficiently absurd) which the tradition of the place had assigned to particular relics. Far from flourishing his partisanship, and augmenting the emphasis of his voice, as was and is the prevailing fashion of those warlike *Ciceroni*, it was scarcely possible to extort from him a single word concerning those topics on which their information is usually overflowing.

"Do you know, my friend," said the Duke to him at last, "I began to change my mind respecting you? I supposed you must have served as a Yeoman of the Guard since bluff King Henry's time, and expected to hear something from you about the Field of the Cloth of Gold,—and I thought of asking you the colour of Anne Bullen's breast-knot, which cost the Pope three kingdoms; but I am afraid you are but a novice in such recollections of love and chivalry. Art sure thou didst not creep into thy warlike office from some dark shop in the Tower-Hamlets, and that thou hast not converted an unlawful measuring-yard into that glorious halberd?—I warrant, thou canst not even tell one whom this piece of antique panoply pertained to?"

The Duke pointed at random to a cuirass which hung amongst others, but was rather remarkable from being better cleaned.

"I should know that piece of iron," said the warder bluntly, yet with some change in his voice; "for I have known a man withinside of it who would not have endured half the impertinence I have heard spoken to-day."

The tone of the old man, as well as the words, attracted the attention of Charles and the Duke of Ormond, who were only two steps before the speaker. They both stopped, and turned round; the former saying at the same time,—*"How now, sirrah!—what answers are these?—What man do you speak of?"*

"Of one who is none now," said the warder, "whatever he may have been."

"The old man surely speaks of himself," said the Duke of Ormond, closely examining the countenance of the warder, which he in vain endeavoured to turn away. "I am sure I remember these features—Are not you my old friend, Major Coleby?"

"I wish your Grace's memory had been less accu-

rate," said the old man, colouring deeply, and fixing his eyes on the ground.

The King was greatly shocked.—*"Good God,"* he said, "the gallant Major Coleby, who joined us with his four sons and a hundred and fifty men at Warrington!—And is this all we could do for an old Worcester friend?"

The tears rushed thick into the old man's eyes as he said, in broken accents, "Never mind me, sire; I am well enough here—a worn-out soldier rusting among old armour. Where one old cavalier is better, there are twenty worse.—I am sorry your Majesty should know any thing of it, since it grieves you."

With that kindness, which was a redeeming point of his character, Charles, while the old man was speaking, took the partisan from him with his own hand, and put it into that of Buckingham, saying, "What Coleby's hand has borne, can disfigure neither yours nor mine,—and you owe him this atonement. Time has been with him, that, for less provocation, he would have laid it about your ears."

The Duke bowed deeply, but coloured with resentment, and took an immediate opportunity to place the weapon carelessly against a pile of arms. The King did not observe a contemptuous motion, which, perhaps, would not have pleased him, being at the moment occupied with the veteran, whom he exhorted to lean upon him, as he conveyed him to a seat, permitting no other person to assist him. "Rest there," he said, "my brave old friend; and Charles Stewart must be poor indeed if you wear that dress an hour longer.—You look very pale, my good Coleby, to have had so much colour a few minutes since. Be not vexed at what Buckingham says, no one minds his folly.—You look worse and worse. Come, come, you are too much hurried by this meeting. Sit still—do not rise—do not attempt to kneel. I command you to repose yourself till I have made the round of these apartments."

The old cavalier stooped his head in token of acquiescence in the command of his Sovereign, but he raised it not again. The tumultuous agitation of the moment had been too much for spirits which had been long in a state of depression, and health which was much decayed. When the King and his attendants, after half an hour's absence, returned to the spot where they had left the veteran, they found him dead, and already cold, in the attitude of one who has fallen easily asleep. The King was dreadfully shocked; and it was with a low and faltering voice that he directed the body, in due time, to be honourably buried in the Chapel of the Tower.* He was then silent, until he attained the steps in front of the arsenal, where the party in attendance upon his person began to assemble at his approach, along with some other persons of respectable appearance, whom curiosity had attracted.

"This is dreadful," said the King. "We must find some means of relieving the distresses, and rewarding the fidelity of our suffering followers, or posterity will cry fie upon our memory."

"Your Majesty has had often such plans agitated in your Council," said Buckingham.

"True, George," said the King. "I can safely say it is not my fault. I have thought of it for years."

"It cannot be too well considered," said Buckingham; "besides, every year makes the task of relief easier."

"True," said the Duke of Ormond, "by diminishing the number of sufferers. Here is poor old Coleby will no longer be a burden to the Crown."

"You are too severe, my Lord of Ormond," said the King, "and should respect the feelings you trespass on. You cannot suppose that we would have permitted this poor man to hold such a situation, had we known of the circumstance?"

"For God's sake, then, sire," said the Duke of Ormond, "turn your eyes, which have just rested on the corpse of one old friend, upon the distresses of others."

* A story of this nature is current in the legends of the Tower. The affecting circumstances are, I believe, recorded in one of the little manuals which are put into the hands of visitors, but are not to be found in the later editions.

Here is the valiant old Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, who fought through the whole war, wherever blows were going, and was the last man, I believe, in England, who laid down his arms—Here is his son, of whom I have the highest accounts, as a gallant of spirit, accomplishments, and courage—Here is the unfortunate House of Derby—for pity's sake, interfere in behalf of these victims, whom the folds of this hydra-plot have entangled, in order to crush them to death—rebuke the fiends that are seeking to devour their lives, and disappoint the harpies that are gaping for their property. This very day seven-night the unfortunate family, father and son, are to be brought upon trial for crimes of which they are as guiltless, I boldly pronounce, as any who stand in this presence. For God's sake, sire, let us hope that, should the prejudices of the people condemn them, as it has done others, you will at last step between the blood-hunters and their prey."

The King looked, as he really was, exceedingly perplexed.

Buckingham, between whom and Ormond there existed a constant and almost mortal quarrel, interfered to effect a diversion in Charles's favour. "Your Majesty's royal benevolence," he said, "needs never want exercise, while the Duke of Ormond is near your person. He has his sleeve cut in the old and ample fashion, that he may always have store of ruined cavaliers stowed in it to produce at demand, rare old raw-boned boys, with Malmsey noses, bald heads, spindle shanks, and merciless histories of Edgell and Naseby."

"My sleeve is, I dare say, of an antique cut," said Ormond, looking full at the Duke; "but I pin neither bravoes nor ruffians upon it, my Lord of Buckingham, as I see fasten'd to coats of the new mode."

"That is a little too sharp for our presence, my lord," said the King.

"Not if I make my words good," said Ormond.—"My Lord of Buckingham, will you name the man you spoke to as you left the boat?"

"I spoke to no one," said the Duke, hastily—"nay, I mistake, I remember a fellow whispered in my ear, that one, who I thought had left London, was still lingering in town. A person whom I had business with."

"Was yon the messenger?" said Ormond, singling out from the crowd who stood in the court-yard, a tall dark-looking man, muffled in a large cloak, wearing a broad shadowy black beaver hat, with a long sword of the Spanish fashion—the very Colonel, in short, whom Buckingham had despatched in quest of Christian, with the intention of detaining him in the country.

When Buckingham's eyes had followed the direction of Ormond's finger, he could not help blushing so deeply, as to attract the King's attention.

"What new frolic is this, George?" he said. "Gentlemen, bring that fellow forward. On my life a truculent-looking caitiff.—Hark ye, friend, who are

you? If an honest man, Nature has forgot to lay upon your countenance.—Does none here know

'With every symptom of a knave complete, If he be honest he's a devilish cheat.'"

"He is well known to many, sire," replied the King. "and that he walks in this area with his safe, and his limbs unshackled, is an instance, among many, that we live under the sway of the most illustrious Prince of Europe."

"Oddsfish! who is the man, my Lord Duke? the King. "Your Grace talks mysteries—Buckingham blushes—and the rogue himself is dumb."

"That honest gentleman, please your Majesty, replied the Duke of Ormond, "whose modesty I humbly thank, though it cannot make him blush, notorious Colonel Blood, as he calls himself, attempt to possess himself of your Majesty's crown, took place at no very distant date, in the Tower of London."

"That exploit is not easily forgotten," said the King; "but that the fellow lives, shows your Grace's clemency as well as mine."

"I cannot deny that I was in his hands, sire," Ormond, "and had certainly been murdered, had he chosen to take my life on the spot, instead of destining me—I thank him for the honour—hanged at Tyburn. I had certainly been sped had thought me worth knife or pistol, or any short of the cord.—Look at him sire! If he dared, he would say at this moment, like Caliban the play, 'Ho, ho, I would I had done it!'"

"Why, oddsfish!" answered the King, "he is a villainous sneer, my lord, which seems to me much; but, my Lord Duke, we have pardoned and so has your Grace."

"It would ill have become me," said the Duke of Ormond, "to have been severe in prosecuting a tempt on my poor life, when your Majesty was pleased to remit his more outrageous and insolent attempt upon your royal crown. But I must conceive a piece of supreme insolence on the part of this thirteenth bully, by whomsoever he may be now able to appear in the Tower, which was the theatre of his villainies, or before me, who was well nigh a victim of another."

"It shall be amended in future," said the King. "Hark ye, sirrah Blood, if you again presume thrust yourself in the way you have done but will have the hangman's knife and your knavish made acquainted."

Blood bowed, and, with a coolness of impudence which did his nerves great honour, he said he only came to the Tower accidentally, to consult with a particular friend on business of import. "My Lord Duke of Buckingham," he said, "knew had no other intentions."

"Get you gone, you scoundrelly cut-throat; the Duke, as much impatient of Colonel Blood's claim of acquaintance as a town-rake of the low blackguard companions of his midnight rambles when they accost him in daylight amidst better company; "if you dare to quote my name again, have you thrown into the Thames."

Blood, thus repulsed, turned round with the insolent composure, and walked away down the parade, all men looking at him, as at strange and monstrous prodigy, so much was renowned for daring and desperate villainy.

Even followed him, to have a better survey of the notorious Colonel Blood, like the smaller tribe of which keep fluttering round an owl when he is in the light of the sun. But as, in the latter these thoughtless flutterers are careful to keep reach of the beak and claws of the bird of Minerva, so none of those who followed and gazed on as something ominous, cared to bandy looks with him, or to endure and return the lowering and threatening glances which he shot from time to time on who pressed nearest to him. He stalked on in manner, like a daunted, yet sullen wolf, afraid to yet unwilling to fly, until he reached the Tower gate, and getting on board a sculler which waited him, he disappeared from their eyes.

* The conspirator Blood even fought or made his way into good society, and sat at good men's feasts. Evelyn's Diary bears, 10th May, 1671.—"Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where dined Monsieur de Grammont and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow, that had not long ago attempted to steal the Imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending curiosity of seeing the Regalia, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his Majesty service that way, which none alive could do so well as he. But it was certainly, as the bold attempt, so the only treason of the sort that was ever pardoned. The man had not only a daring, but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating."—EVELYN'S *Memoria*, vol. i. p. 413.

This is one of the many occasions on which we might make curious remarks on the disregard of our forefathers for appearances, even in the regulation of society. What should we think of a Lord of the Treasury, who, to make up a party of French nobles and English gentlemen of condition, should invite as a guest Barrington or Major Semple, or any well-known *chevalier d'industrie*? Yet Evelyn does not seem to have been shocked at the man being brought into society, but only at his remaining unchanged.

Charles would fain have obliterated all recollection of his appearance, by the observation, "It were shame that such a reprobate scoundrel should be the subject of discord between two noblemen of distinction;" and he recommended to the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond to join hands, and forget a misunderstanding which rose on so unworthy a subject.

Buckingham answered carelessly, "That the Duke of Ormond's honoured white hairs were a sufficient apology for his making the first overtures to a reconciliation," and he held out his hand accordingly. But Ormond only bowed in return, and said, "The King set no cause to expect that the Court would be disturbed by his personal resentments, since time would yield him back twenty years, nor the grave restore his gallant son Ossory. As to the ruffian who had intruded himself there, he was obliged to him, since, showing that his Majesty's clemency extended even to the very worst of criminals, he strengthened his hopes of obtaining the King's favour for some of his innocent friends as were now in prison, and in danger from the odious charges brought against them on the score of the Popish Plot."

The King made no other answer to this insinuation than by directing that the company should embark on their return to Whitehall; and thus took leave of the officers of the Tower who were in attendance, with one of those well-turned compliments to their charge of duty, which no man knew better how to press; and issued at the same time strict and anxious orders for protection and defence of the important fortress confided to them, and all which it obtained.

Before he parted with Ormond on their arrival at Whitehall, he turned round to him, as one who has made up his resolution, and said, "Be satisfied, my lord Duke—our friends' case shall be looked to." In the same evening the Attorney-General, and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, had interviews with all secrecy, to meet his Majesty that evening on especial matters of state, at the apartments of Chiffinch, the centre of all affairs, whether gallantry or business.

CHAPTER XLII.

Yet, Oersh, thou shalt from oblivion pass,
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
Abdons and Achitophel.

THE morning which Charles had spent in visiting the Tower, had been very differently employed by one unhappy individual, whom their bad fate, and singular temper of the times, had made the innocent tenants of that state prison, and who had received official notice that they were to stand their trial in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, on the seventh succeeding day. The stout old Cavalier at first only railed at the officer for spoiling his breakfast with the news, but evinced great feeling when he was told that Julian was to be put under the same indictment.

We intend to dwell only very generally on the course of their trial, which corresponded, in the outline, with almost all those that took place during the prevalence of the Popish Plot. That is, one or two famous and perjured evidences, whose profession of common informers had become frightfully lucrative, side oath to the prisoner's having expressed themselves interested in the great conspiracy of the Catholics. A number of others brought forward facts suspicious, affecting the character of the parties as honest Protestants and good subjects; and betwixt a direct and presumptive evidence, enough was usually extracted for justifying to a corrupted court a perjured jury, the fatal verdict of Guilty.

The fury of the people had, however, now begun to abate, exhausted even by its own violence. The English nation differ from all others, indeed even from those of the sister kingdoms, in being very easily led with punishment, even when they suppose it not merited. Other nations are like the tamed tiger, which, when once its native appetite for slaughter is

indulged in one instance, rushes on in promiscuous ravages. But the English public have always rather resembled what is told of the sleuth-dog, which, eager, fierce, and clamorous in pursuit of his prey, desists from it so soon as blood is sprinkled upon his path.

Men's minds were now beginning to cool—the character of the witnesses was more closely sifted—their testimonies did not in all cases tally—and a wholesome suspicion began to be entertained of men, who would never say they had made a full discovery of all they knew, but avowedly reserved some point of evidence to bear on future trials.

The King also, who had lain passive during the first burst of popular fury, was now beginning to bestir himself, which produced a marked effect on the conduct of the Crown Counsel, and even the Judges. Sir George Wakem in had been acquitted in spite of Oates's direct testimony; and public attention was strongly excited concerning the event of the next trial; which chanced to be that of the Peverils, father and son, with whom, I know not from what concatenation, little Hudson the dwarf was placed at the bar of the Court of King's Bench.

It was a piteous sight to behold a father and son, who had been so long separated, meet under circumstances so melancholy; and many tears were shed, when the majestic old man—for such he was, though now broken with years—folded his son to his bosom, with a mixture of joy, affection, and a bitter anticipation of the event of the impending trial. There was a feeling in the Court that for a moment overcame every prejudice and party feeling. Many spectators shed tears; and there was even a low moaning, as of those who weep aloud.

Such as felt themselves sufficiently at ease to remark the conduct of poor little Geoffrey Hudson, who was scarcely observed amid the preponderating interest created by his companions in misfortune, could not but notice a strong degree of mortification on the part of that diminutive gentleman. He had soothed his great mind by the thoughts of playing the character which he was called on to sustain, in a manner which should be long remembered in that place; and on his entrance, had saluted the numerous spectators, as well as the Court, with a cavalier air, which he meant should express grace, high-breeding, perfect coolness, with a noble disregard to the issue of their proceedings. But his little person was so obscured and jostled aside, on the meeting of the father and son, who had been brought in different boats from the Tower, and placed at the bar at the same moment, that his distress and his dignity were alike thrown into the background, and attracted neither sympathy nor admiration.

The dwarf's wisest way to attract attention, would have been to remain quiet, when so remarkable an exterior would certainly have received in its turn the share of public notice which he so eagerly coveted. But when did personal vanity listen to the suggestions of prudence?—Our impatient friend scrambled, with some difficulty, on the top of the bench intended for his seat; and there, "painting himself to stand aptly," like Chaucer's gallant Sir Chaunteclere, he challenged the notice of the audience as he stood bowing and claiming acquaintance of his namesake Sir Geoffrey the larger, with whose shoulders, notwithstanding his elevated situation, he was scarcely yet upon a level.

The taller Knight, whose mind was occupied in a very different manner, took no notice of these advances upon the dwarf's part, but sat down with the determination rather to die on the spot than evince any symptoms of weakness before Roundheads and Presbyterians; under which obnoxious epithets, being too old-fashioned to find out party designations of a newer date, he comprehended all persons concerned in his present trouble.

By Sir Geoffrey the larger's change of position, his face was thus brought on a level with that of Sir Geoffrey the less, who had an opportunity of pulling him by the cloak. He of Martinale Castle, rather mechanically than consciously, turned his head towards the large wrinkled visage, which, struggling between an assumed air of easy importance, and an

anxious desire to be noticed, was grimacing within a yard of him. But neither the singular physiognomy, the nods and smiles of greeting and recognition into which it was wreathed, nor the strange little form by which it was supported, had at that moment the power of exciting any recollections in the old Knight's mind; and having stared for a moment at the poor little man, his bulky namesake turned away his head without further notice.

Julian Peveril, the dwarf's more recent acquaintance, had, even amid his own anxious feelings, room for sympathy with those of his little fellow-sufferer. As soon as he discovered that he was at the same terrible bar with himself, although he could not conceive how their causes came to be conjoined, he acknowledged him by a hearty shake of the hand, which the old man returned with affected dignity and real gratitude. "Worthy youth," he said, "thy presence is restorative, like the nepenthe of Homer, even in this synopsis of our mutual fate. I am concerned to see that your father hath not the same alacrity of soul as that of ours, which are lodged within smaller compass; and that he hath forgotten an ancient comrade and fellow-soldier, who now stands beside him to perform, perhaps, their last campaign."

Julian briefly replied, that his father had much to occupy him. But the little man—who, to do him justice, cared no more (in his own phrase) for imminent danger or death, than he did for the puncture of a flea's proboscis—did not so easily renounce the secret object of his ambition, which was to acquire the notice of the large and lofty Sir Geoffrey Peveril, who, being at least three inches taller than his son, was in so far possessed of that superior excellence, which the poor dwarf, in his secret soul, valued before all other distinctions, although, in his conversation, he was constantly depreciating it. "Good comrade and namesake," he proceeded, stretching out his hand, so as again to reach the elder Peveril's cloak, "I forgive your want of reminiscence, seeing it is long since I saw you at Naseby, fighting as if you had as many arms as the fabled Briareus."

The Knight of Martindale, who had again turned his head towards the little man, and had listened, as if endeavouring to make something out of his discourse, here interrupted him with a peevish "Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!" repeated Sir Geoffrey the less; "*Pshaw* is an expression of slight esteem,—nay, of contempt,—in all languages; and were this a befitting place—"

But the Judges had now taken their places, the criers called silence, and the stern voice of the Lord Chief-Justice (the notorious Scroggs) demanded what the officers meant by permitting the accused to communicate together in open court.

It may here be observed, that this celebrated personage was, upon the present occasion, at a great loss how to proceed. A calm, dignified, judicial demeanour, was at no time the characteristic of his official conduct. He always ranted and roared either on the one side or the other; and of late, he had been much unsettled which side to take, being totally incapable of any thing resembling impartiality. At the first trials for the Plot, when the whole stream of popularity ran against the accused, no one had been so loud as Scroggs:—to attempt to impeach the character of Oates or Bedlowe, or any other leading witness, he treated as a crime more heinous than it would have been to blaspheme the Gospel on which they had been sworn—it was a stifling of the Plot, or discrediting of the King's witnesses—a crime not greatly, if at all, short of high treason against the King himself.

But, of late, a new light had begun to glimmer upon the understanding of this interpreter of the laws. Sagacious in the signs of the times, he began to see that the tide was turning; and that Court favour at least, and probably popular opinion also, were likely, in a short time, to declare against the witnesses, and in favour of the accused.

The opinion which Scroggs had hitherto entertained of the high respect in which Shaftesbury, the patron of the Plot, was held by Charles, had been definitively shaken by a whisper from his brother North to the following effect: "His Lordship has no more interest at Court than your footman."

This notice, from a sure hand, and received but that morning, had put the Judge to a sore dilemma; for, however indifferent to actual consistency, he was most anxious to save appearances. He could not but recollect how violent he had been on former occasions in favour of these prosecutions; and being sensible at the same time that the credit of the witnesses, though shaken in the opinion of the more judicious, was, amongst the bulk of the people out of doors, as strong as ever, he had a difficult part to play. His conduct, therefore, during the whole trial, resembled the appearance of a vessel about to go upon another tack, when her sails are shivering in the wind, ere they have yet caught the impulse which is to send her forth in a new direction. In a word, he was so uncertain which side it was his interest to favour, that he might be said on that occasion to have come nearer a state of total impartiality than he was ever capable of attaining, whether before or afterwards. This was shown by his bullying now the accused, and now the witnesses, like a mastiff too much irritated to lie still without baying, but uncertain whom he shall first bite.

The indictment was then read; and Sir Geoffrey Peveril heard, with some composure, the first part of it, which stated him to have placed his son in the household of the Countess of Derby, a recusant Papist, for the purpose of aiding the horrible and blood-thirsty Popish Plot—with having had arms and ammunition concealed in his house—and with receiving a blank commission from the Lord Stafford, who had suffered death on account of the Plot. But when the charge went on to state that he had communicated for the same purpose with Geoffrey Hudson, sometimes called Sir Geoffrey Hudson, now, or formerly, in the domestic service of the Queen Dowager, he looked at his companion as if he suddenly recalled him to remembrance, and broke out impatiently, "These are too gross to require a moment's consideration. I might have had enough of intercourse, though in nothing but what was loyal and innocent, with my noble kinsman, the late Lord Stafford—I will call him so in spite of his misfortunes—and with my wife's relation, the Honourable Countess of Derby. But what likelihood can there be that I should have colluded with a decrepit buffoon, with whom I never had an instant's communication, save once at an Easter fest, when I whistled a hornpipe, as he danced on a trencher to amuse the company?"

The rage of the poor dwarf brought tears in his eyes, while, with an affected laugh, he said, that instead of those juvenile and festive passages, Sir Geoffrey Peveril might have remembered his chafing along with him at Wigan-Lane.

"On my word," said Sir Geoffrey, after a moment's recollection, "I will do you justice, Master Hudson—I believe you were there—I think I heard you did good service. But you will allow you might have been near one, without his seeing you."

A sort of titter ran through the Court at the simplicity of the larger Sir Geoffrey's testimony, which the dwarf endeavoured to control, by standing on his tiptoes, and looking fiercely around, as if to admonish the laughers that they indulged their mirth at their own peril. But perceiving that this only excited further scorn, he composed himself into a semblance of careless contempt, observing, with a smile, that no one feared the glance of a chained lion; a magnificent smile, which rather increased than diminished the mirth of those who heard it.

Against Julian Peveril there failed not to be charged the aggravated fact, that he had been bearer of letters between the Countess of Derby and other Papists and priests, engaged in the universal, treasonable conspiracy of the Catholics; and the attack of the house at Moultrassie-Hall,—with his skirmish with Chiffinch, and his assault, as it was termed, on the person of John Jenkins, servant of the Duke of Buckingham, were all narrated at length, as so many open and overt acts of treasonable import. To this charge Peveril contented himself with pleading—Not Guilty.

His little companion was not satisfied with so simple a plea; for when he heard it read, as a part of the charge applying to him, that he had received from an

ment of the Plot a blank commission as Colonel of a regiment of grenadiers, he replied, in wrath and scorn, at if Goliath of Gath had come to him with such a proposal, and proffered him the command of the whole host of Anak in a body, he should never have had occasion or opportunity to repeat the temptation to either. "I would have slain him," said the little man of loyalty, "even where he stood."

The charge was stated anew by the Counsel for the Crown; and forth came the notorious Doctor Oates, sitting in the full silken canonicals of priesthood, for was at a time when he affected no small dignity of exterior decoration and deportment.

This singular man, who, aided by the obscure ingenuity of the Catholics themselves, and the fortuitous circumstance of Godfrey's murder, had been able to am down the public throat such a mass of absurdity, his evidence amounts to, had no other talent for imposture than an impudence which set conviction at shame alike at defiance. A man of sense or rectitude, by trying to give his plot an appearance of mere probability, would most likely have failed, as we men often do in addressing the multitude, from daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of credulity, especially where the figments presented them involve the fearful and the terrible.

Oates was by nature choleric; and the credit he had acquired made him insolent and conceited. Even his exterior was portentous. A fleece of white perwig covered a most uncouth visage, of great length, having the mouth, as the organ by use of which he was to rise to eminence, placed in the very centre of the countenance, and exhibiting to the astonished spectators as much chin below as there was nose and brow above the aperture. His pronunciation, too, was after the conceited fashion of his own, in which he accented the vowels in a manner altogether peculiar to himself.

This notorious personage, such as we have described him, stood forth on the present trial, and delivered his astonishing testimony concerning the existence of a Catholic Plot for the subversion of the government, in which it may be found in every English history, as the Doctor always had in reserve some special piece of evidence affecting those immediately on trial. He was pleased, on the present occasion, deeply to incaluate the Countess of Derby. "He had seen," as he said, "that honourable lady when he was at the Jesuits' College at Saint Omer's. She had sent for him to an inn, or *auberge*, as it was then termed;—a sign of the Golden Lamb; and had ordered him breakfast in the same room with her ladyship; and afterwards told him, that, knowing he was trusted by the Fathers of the Society, she was determined that he should have a share of her secrets also; and that, therefore, that she drew from her bosom a broad sharpened knife, such as butchers kill sheep with, and commanded of him what he thought of it for the purpose; and when he, the witness, said for what purpose, she rapt him on the fingers with her fan, called him a dull fellow, and said it was designed to kill the king with."

Here Sir Geoffrey Peveril could no longer refrain his indignation and surprise. "Mercy of Heaven!" he said, "did ever any one hear of ladies of quality carrying butchering knives about them, and telling every surly companion she meant to kill the King with them?—Gentlemen of the Jury, do but think if this is reasonable—though, if the villain could prove by any recent evidence, that my Lady of Derby ever let such scum as himself come to speech of her, I would believe all he can say."

"Sir Geoffrey," said the Judge, "rest you quiet—our must not fly out—passion helps you not here—the doctor must be suffered to proceed."

Doctor Oates went on to state, how the lady complained of the wrongs the House of Derby had sustained from the King, and the oppression of her religion, and boasted of the schemes of the Jesuits to seminary priests; and how they would be furthered by her noble kinsman of the House of Stanley; and finally averred that both the Countess and the others of the seminary abroad, founded much upon talents and courage of Sir Geoffrey Peveril and

his son—the latter of whom was a member of her family. Of Hudson he only recollected of having heard one of the Fathers say, "that though but a dwarf in stature, he would prove a giant in the cause of the Church."

When he had ended his evidence, there was a pause, until the Judge, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, demanded of Dr. Oates, whether he had ever mentioned the name of the Countess of Derby in any of the previous informations which he had lodged before the Privy Council, and elsewhere, upon this affair?

Oates seemed rather surprised at the question, and coloured with anger, as he answered, in his peculiar mode of pronunciation, "Whoy, no, maay laard."

"And, pray, Doctor," said the Judge, "how came so great a revealer of mysteries as you have lately proved, to have suffered so material a circumstance as the accession of this powerful family to the Plot to have remained undiscovered?"

"Maay laard," said Oates, with much effrontery, "aye do not come here to have my evidence questioned as touching the Plot."

"I do not question your evidence, Doctor," said Scroggs, for the time was not arrived that he dared treat him roughly; "nor do I doubt the existence of the Plot, since it is your pleasure to swear to it. I would only have you, for your own sake, and the satisfaction of all good Protestants, to explain why you have kept back such a weighty point of information from the King and country."

"Maay laard," said Oates, "I will tell you a pretty fable."

"I hope," answered the Judge, "it may be the first and last which you shall tell in this place."

"Maay laard," continued Oates, "there was once a faux, who having to carry a goose over a frozen river, and being afraid the ice would not bear him and his booty, did carry over a staane, maay laard, in the first instance, to prove the strength of the ice."

"So your former evidence was but the stone, and now, for the first time, you have brought us the goose!" said Sir William Scroggs; "to tell us this, Doctor, is to make geese of the Court and Jury."

"I desire your lordship's honest construction," said Oates, who saw the current changing against him, but was determined to pay the score with effrontery. "All men know at what coast and price I have given my evidence, which has been always, under God, the means of awakening this poor nation to the dangerous state in which it stands. Many here know that I have been obliged to fortify my lodging at Whitehall against the bloody Popists. It was not to be thought that I should have brought all the story out at once. I think your wisdom would have advised me otherwise."

"Nay, Doctor," said the Judge, "it is not for me to direct you in this affair; and it is for the Jury to believe you or not; and as for myself, I sit here to do justice to both—the Jury have heard your answer to my question."

Doctor Oates retired from the witness-box reddening like a turkey-cock, as one totally unused to have such accounts questioned as he chose to lay before the courts of justice; and there was, perhaps for the first time, amongst the counsel and solicitors, as well as the templars and students of law there present, a murmur, distinct and audible, unfavourable to the character of the great father of the Popish Plot.

Everett and Dangerfield, with whom the reader is already acquainted, were then called in succession to sustain the accusation. They were subordinate informers—a sort of under-spar-leathers, as the cant term went—who followed the path of Oates, with all deference to his superior genius and invention, and made their own fictitious clume in and harmonize with his, as well as their talents could devise. But as their

• It was on such terms that Dr. Oates was pleased to claim the extraordinary privilege of desiring out the information which he chose to communicate to a court of justice. The only sense in which his story of the fox, stone, and goose, could be applicable, is by supposing, that he was determined to ascertain the extent of his countrymen's credulity before supplying it with a full meal.

evidence had at no time received the full credence into which the impudence of Oats had cajoled the public, so they now began to fall into discredit rather more hastily than their prototype, as the superadded turrets of an ill-constructed building are naturally the first to give way.

It was in vain that Everett, with the precision of a hypocrite, and Dangerfield, with the audacity of a bully, narrated with added circumstances of suspicion and criminality, their meeting with Julian Peveril in Liverpool, and again at Martindale Castle. It was in vain they described the arms and accoutrements which they pretended to have discovered in old Sir Geoffrey's possession; and that they gave a most dreadful account of the escape of the younger Peveril from Moultrassie-Hall, by means of an armed force.

The Jury listened coldly, and it was visible that they were but little moved by the accusation; especially as the Judge, always professing his belief in the Plot, and his zeal for the Protestant religion, was ever and anon reminding them that presumptions were no proofs—that hearsay was no evidence—that those who made a trade of discovery were likely to aid their researches by invention—and that without doubting the guilt of the unfortunate persons at the bar, he would gladly hear some evidence brought against them of a different nature. "Here we are told of a riot, and an escape achieved by the younger Peveril, at the house of a grave and worthy magistrate, known, I think, to most of us. Why, Master Attorney, bring ye not Master Bridgenorth himself to prove the fact, or all his household, if it be necessary?—A rising in arms is an affair over public to be left on the hearsay tale of these two men—though Heaven forbid that I should suppose they speak one word more than they believe. They are the witnesses for the King—and, what is equally dear to us, the Protestant religion—and witnesses against a most foul and heathenish Plot. On the other hand, here is a worshipful old knight, for such I must suppose him to be since he has bled often in battle for the King—such, I must say, I suppose him to be, until he is proved otherwise. And here is his son, a hopeful young gentleman—we must see that they have right, Master Attorney."

"Unquestionably, my lord," answered the Attorney. "God forbid else! But we will make out these matters against these unhappy gentlemen in a manner more close, if your lordship will permit us to bring in our evidence."

"Go on, Master Attorney," said the Judge, throwing himself back in his seat. "Heaven forbid I hinder proving the King's accusation! I only say, what you know as well as I, that *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*."

"We shall then call Master Bridgenorth, as your lordship advises, who I think is in waiting."

"No!" answered a voice from the crowd, apparently that of a female; "he is too wise and too honest to be here."

The voice was distinct as that of Lady Fairfax, when she expressed herself to a similar effect on the trial of Charles the First; but the researches which were made on the present occasion to discover the speaker were unsuccessful.

After the slight confusion occasioned by this circumstance was abated, the Attorney, who had been talking aside with the conductors of the prosecution, said, "Whoever favoured us with that information, my lord, had good reason for what they said. Master Bridgenorth has become, I am told, suddenly invisible since this morning."

"Look you there now, Master Attorney," said the Judge—"This comes of not keeping the crown witnesses together and in readiness—I am sure I cannot help the consequences."

"Nor I either, my lord," said the Attorney pettishly. "I could have proved by this worshipful gentleman, Master Justice Bridgenorth, the ancient friendship betwixt this party, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, and the Countess of Derby, of whose doings and intentions Doctor Oates has given such a deliberate evidence. I could have proved his having sheltered

her in his Castle against a process of law, and rescued her, by force of arms, from this very Justice Bridgenorth, not without actual violence. Moreover, I could have proved against young Peveril the whole affray charged upon him by the same worshipful evidence."

Here the Judge stuck his thumbs into his girdle, which was a favourite attitude of his on such occasions, and exclaimed, "Pshaw, pshaw, Master Attorney!—Tell me not that you *could* have proved this, and you *could* have proved that, or that, or this—Prove what you will, but let it be through the mouths of your evidence. Men are not to be licked out of their lives by the rough side of a lawyer's tongue."

"Nor is a foul Plot to be smothered," said the Attorney, "for all the haste your lordship is in. I cannot call Master Chiffinch neither, as he is employed on the King's especial affairs, as I am this instant certiorated from the Court at Whitehall."

"Produce the papers, then, Master Attorney, of which this young man is said to be the bearer," said the Judge.

"They are before the Privy Council, my Lord." "Then why do you found on them here?" said the Judge—"This is something like trifling with the Court."

"Since your Lordship gives it that name," said the Attorney, sitting down in a huff, "you may manage the cause as you will."

"If you do not bring more evidence, I pray you to charge the Jury," said the Judge.

"I shall not take the trouble to do so," said the Crown Counsel. "I see plainly how the matter is to go."

"Nay, but be better advised," said Scroggs. "Consider, your case is but half proved respecting the two Peverils, and doth not pinch on the little man at all, saving that Doctor Oates said that he was in a certain case to prove a giant, which seems no very probable Popish miracle."

This sally occasioned a laugh in the Court, which the Attorney-General seemed to take in great dudgeon.

"Master Attorney," said Oates, who always interfered in the management of these lawsuits, "this is a plain and absolute giving away of the cause—I must needs say it, a mere stifling of the Plaat."

"Then the Devil who bred it may blow wind into it again, if he lists," answered the Attorney-General; and, flinging down his brief, he left the Court, as in a huff with all who were concerned in the affair.

The Judge having obtained silence,—for a murmur arose in the Court when the Counsel for the prosecution threw up his brief,—began to charge the Jury, balancing, as he had done throughout the whole day, the different opinions by which he seemed alternately swayed. He protested on his salvation that he had no more doubt of the existence of the horrid and damnable conspiracy called the Popish Plot, than he had of the treachery of Judas Iscariot; and that he considered Oates as the instrument under Providence of preserving the nation from all the miseries of his Majesty's assassination, and of a second Saint Bartholomew, acted in the streets of London. But then he stated it was the candid construction of the law of England, that the worse the crime, the more strong should be the evidence. Here was the case of accessories tried, whilst their principal—for such he should call the Countess of Derby—was unconvicted and at large; and for Dr. Oates, he had but spoke of matters which personally applied to that noble lady, whose words, if she used such in passion, touching aid which she expected in some treasonable matters from these Peverils, and from her kinsmen, or her son's kinsmen, of the House of Stanley, may have been but a burst of female resentment—*dulcis Amaryllidis ira*, as the poet hath it. Who knoweth but Doctor Oates did mistake—he being a gentleman of a comely countenance and easy demeanour—this same rap with the fan as a chastisement for lack of courage in the Catholic cause, when, peradventure, it was otherwise meant, as Popish ladies will put, it is said, such neophytes and youthful candidates for orders, to many severe trials. "I speak these things jocularly," said

edges "having no wish to stain the reputation of the Honourable Countess or the Reverend rector, only I think the bearing between them may be related to something short of high treason. What the Attorney-General hath set forth of sin and force, and I wot not what, sure I am, in a civil country, when such things happen, things may be proved; and that you and I, gentlemen, are not to take them for granted gratuitously. In this other prisoner, this *Galfridus minimus* must needs say," he continued, "he could discover even a shadow of suspicion against him. Was it to be thought so abortive a creature thrust himself into depths of policy, far less stratagems of war? They had but to look at the contrary—the creature was, from its size and appearance, for the inside of a rare than the mysteries of a plot."

The dwarf here broke in upon the Judge by force of arm, to assure him that he had been, simple as he sat there, engaged in seven plots in Cromwell's and, as he proudly added, with some of the men of England. The matchless look and air of Sir Geoffrey Hudson made this vaunt, set laughing, and increased the ridicule with which the trial began to be received; so that it was not shaking sides and watery eyes that a general cry of Not Guilty was pronounced, and the prisoner dismissed from the bar.

A warmer sentiment awakened among those who saw the father and son throw themselves into their arms, and, after a hearty embrace, extend hands to their poor little companion in peril, who, dog, when present at a similar scene, had at last succeeded, by stretching himself up to them and smiling at the same time, to secure to himself a share of their sympathy and gratification.

It was the singular termination of this trial. Sir himself was desirous to have taken consideration with the Duke of Ormond for the evasion law, which had been thus effected by his private aid; and was both surprised and mortified at the decision with which his Grace replied, that he rejoiced at the poor gentlemen's safety, but would have had the King redeem them like a prince, royal prerogative of mercy, than that his Judge convey them out of the power of the law, like a felon with his cups and balls.

CHAPTER XLII.

On fair ground
I could beat forty of them!—*Coriolanus*.

Nothing occurred to many that were present at the trial we have described, that it was managed in a singular manner, and that the quarrel, which had appeared of having taken place between the Duke and the Crown Counsel, might proceed from private understanding betwixt them, the object of which was the miscarriage of the accusation. Though such underhand dealing was much suspected by the greater part of the audience, being well educated and intelligent, had already suspected the plot of the Popish Plot, and were glad to see that the Duke, founded on what had already cost so much blood, could be evaded in any way. But the Duke, who waited in the Court of Requests, and in the end, without doors, viewed in a very different light, in combination, as they interpreted it, between the Duke and the Attorney-General, for the escape of the prisoners.

One, whom less provocation than he had that day received often induced to behave like one frantic, arose, threw himself amongst the crowd, and cried till he was hoarse, "They are stifling the truth—they are strangling the Plant!—My Lord and Master Attorney are in league to secure the escape of the plasters and Papists!"

"It is the device of the Papist whore of Portobello," said one.

"Old Rowley himself," said another.

"He could be murdered by himself, why, hang him, that would hinder it!" exclaimed a third.

"He should be tried," said a fourth, "for conspiring his own death, and hanging in *terrorem*."

In the mean while, Sir Geoffrey, his son, and their little companion, left the hall, intending to go to Lady Peveril's lodgings, which had been removed to Fleet Street. She had been relieved from considerable inconvenience, as Sir Geoffrey gave Julian hastily to understand, by an angel, in the shape of a young friend, and she now expected them doubtless with impatience. Humanity, and some indistinct idea of having unintentionally hurt the feelings of the poor dwarf, induced the honest Cavalier to ask this unprotected being to go with them. "He knew Lady Peveril's lodgings were but small," he said; "but it would be strange, if there was not some cupboard large enough to accommodate the little gentleman."

The dwarf registered this well-meant remark in his mind, to be the subject of a proper explanation, along with the unhappy reminiscence of the trencher-hornpipe, whenever time should permit an argument of such nicety.

And thus they sallied from the hall, attracting general observation, both from the circumstances in which they had stood so lately, and from their resemblance, as a wag of the Inner Temple expressed it, to the three degrees of comparison, Large, Lesser, Least. But they had not passed far along the street, when Julian perceived, that more malevolent passions than mere curiosity began to actuate the crowd, which followed, and, as it were, dogged their motions.

"There go the Papist cut-throats, tantivy for Rome!" said one fellow.

"Tantivy to Whitehall, you mean!" said another.

"Ah! the blood-thirsty villains!" cried a woman; "Shame one of them should be suffered to live, after poor Sir Edmundsbury's cruel murder!"

"Ont upon the mealy-mouthed jury, that turned out the bloodhounds on an innocent town!" cried a fourth.

In short, the tumult thickened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, "Lambe them, lads; Lambe them!"—a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fate of Dr. Lambe, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time.

Julian began to be much alarmed at these symptoms of violence, and regretted that they had not gone down to the city by water. It was now too late to think of that mode of retreating, and he therefore requested his father in a whisper to walk steadily forward towards Charing Cross, taking no notice of the insults which might be cast upon them, while the steadiness of their pace and appearance might prevent the rabble from resorting to actual violence. The execution of this prudent resolution was prevented after they had passed the palace, by the hasty disposition of the elder Sir Geoffrey, and the no less choleric temper of Galfridus Minimus, who had a soul which spurned all odds, as well of numbers as of size.

"Now a murrain take the knaves, with their howling and whooping," said the larger knight; "by this day, if I could but light on a weapon, I would cudgel reason and loyalty into some of their carcasses!"

"And I also," said the dwarf, who was toiling to keep up with the longer strides of his companions, and therefore spoke in a very phisical tone,—"I also will cudgel the plebeian knaves beyond measure—he!—hem!"

Among the crowd who thronged around them, impeded, and did all but assault them, was a mischievous shoemaker's apprentice, who, hearing this unlucky vaunt of the valorous dwarf, repaid it by flapping him on the head with a boot which he was carrying home to the owner, so as to knock the little gentleman's hat over his eyes. The dwarf, thus rendered unable to discover the urchin that had given him the offence, flew with instinctive ambition against the biggest fellow in the crowd, who received the onset with a kick on the stomach, which made the poor little champion reel back to his companions. They were now assaulted on all sides; but fortune, complying with the wish of Sir Geoffrey the larger, ordained that the scuffle should happen near the booth of a cutler, from

amongst whose wares, as they stood exposed to the public, Sir Geoffrey Peveril snatched a broadsword, which he brandished with the formidable address of one who had for many a day been in the familiar practice of using such a weapon. Julian, while at the same time he called loudly for a peace-officer, and reminded the assailants that they were attacking inoffensive passengers, saw nothing better for it than to imitate his father's example, and seized also one of the weapons thus opportunely offered.

When they displayed these demonstrations of defence, the rush which the rabble at first made towards them was so great as to throw down the unfortunate dwarf, who would have been trampled to death in the scuffle, had not his stout old namesake cleared the rascal crowd from about him with a few flourishes of his weapon, and seizing on the fallen champion, put him out of danger, (except from missiles,) by suddenly placing him on the bulkhead, that is to say, the flat wooden roof of the cutler's projecting booth. From the rusty iron-ware which was displayed there, the dwarf instantly snatched an old rapier and target, and covering himself with the one, stood making passes with the other, at the faces and eyes of the people in the street; so much delighted with his post of vantage, that he called loudly to his friends who were skirmishing with the rioters on more equal terms as to position, to lose no time in putting themselves under his protection. But far from being in a situation to need his assistance, the father and son might easily have exercised themselves from the rabble by their own exertions, could they have thought of leaving the manikin in the forlorn situation, in which, to every eye but his own, he stood like a diminutive puppet, tricked out with sword and target as a fencing master's sign.

Stones and sticks began now to fly very thick, and the crowd, notwithstanding the exertions of the Peverils to disperse them with as little harm as possible, seemed determined on mischief, when some gentlemen who had been at the trial, understanding that the prisoners who had been just acquitted were in danger of being murdered by the populace, drew their swords, and made forward to effect their rescue, which was completed by a small party of the King's Life-Guards, who had been despatched from their ordinary post of alarm, upon intelligence of what was passing. When this unexpected reinforcement arrived, the old jolly knight at once recognised, amidst the cries of those who then entered upon action, some of the sounds which had animated his more active years.

"Where be these cuckoldy Roundheads?" cried one.—"Down with the sneaking knaves!" cried others.—"The King and his friends, and the devil a one else!" exclaimed a third set, with more oaths and d—n me's, than, in the present more correct age, it is necessary to commit to paper.

The old soldier, pricking up his ears like an ancient hunter at the cry of the hounds, would gladly have scoured the Strand, with the charitable purpose, now he saw himself so well supported, of knocking the London knaves, who had insulted him, into twiggan bottles; but he was withheld by the prudence of Julian, who, though himself extremely irritated by the unprovoked ill usage which they had received, saw himself in a situation in which it was necessary to exercise more caution than vengeance. He prayed and pressed his father to seek some temporary place of retreat from the fury of the populace, while that prudent measure was yet in their power. The subaltern officer who commanded the party of the Life-Guards, exhorted the old Cavalier eagerly to the same sage counsel, using, as a spice of compulsion, the name of the King; while Julian strongly urged that of his mother. The old Knight looked at his blade, crimsoned with cross-cuts and slashes which he had given to the most forward of the assailants, with the eye of one not half satisfied.

"I would I had pinked one of the knaves at least—but I know not how it was, when I looked on their broad round English faces, I shunned to use my point, and only sliced the rogues a little."

"But the King's pleasure," said the officer, "is, that no tumult be prosecuted."

"My mother," said Julian, "will die with fright, if the rumour of this scuffle reaches her ere we see her."

"Ay, ay," said the Knight, "the King's Majesty, and my good dame—well, their pleasure be done, that's all I can say—Kings and ladies must be obeyed. But which way to retreat, since retreat we needs must?"

Julian would have been at some loss to advise what course to take, for every body in the vicinity had shut up their shops, and chained their doors, upon observing the confusion become so formidable. The poor cutler, however, with whose goods they made some offer, offered them an asylum on the part of his landlord, whose house served as a rest for his shop, and only, intimated gently, he hoped the gentlemen would consider him for the use of his weapons.

Julian was hastily revolving whether they ought in prudence, to accept this man's invitation, aware, by experience, how many trepans, as they were then termed, were used betwixt two contending factions, each too inveterate to be very scrupulous of the character of fair play to an enemy, when the dwarf, exerting his cracked voice to the uttermost, and shrieking like an exhausted herald, from the exalted station which he still occupied on the bulk-head, exhorted them to accept the offer of the worthy man of the mansion. "He himself," he said, as he posed himself after the glorious conquest in which he had some share, "had been favoured with a beneficent vision, too splendid to be described to common and mere mortal ears, but which had commanded him, in a voice to which his heart had bounded as to a trumpet sound, to take refuge with the worthy person of this house, and cause his friends to do so."

"Vision!" said the Knight of the Peak,—"sound of a trumpet!—the little man is stark mad."

But the cutler, in great haste, intimated to them that their little friend had received an intimation from a gentleman of his acquaintance, who spoke to him from the window, while he stood on the bulk-head, that they would find a safe retreat in his landlord's; and desiring them to attend to two or three distant huzzas, made them aware that the rabble were up still, and would soon be upon them with renewed violence, and increased numbers.

The father and son, therefore, hastily thanked the officer and his party, as well as the other gentlemen who had volunteered in their assistance, lifted little Sir Geoffrey Hudson from the conspicuous post which he had so creditably occupied during the skirmish, and followed the footsteps of the tenant of the booth, who conducted them down a blind alley, and through one or two courts, in case, as he said, any one might have watched where they burrowed, and so into a back-door. This entrance admitted them to a staircase carefully hung with straw mats to exclude damp from the upper step of which they entered upon a tolerably large withdrawing-room, hung with coarse green serge edged with gilded leather, which the poorer or more economical citizens at that time used instead of tapestry or wainscoting.

Here the poor cutler received from Julian such a gratuity for the loan of the swords, that he generously abandoned the property to the gentlemen who had used them so well; "the rather," he said, "that he saw, by the way they handled their weapons, that they were men of mettle, and tall fellows."

Here the dwarf smiled on him courteously, and bowed, thrusting, at the same time, his hand into his pocket, which, however, he withdrew carelessly, probably because he found he had not the means of making the small donation which he had meditated.

The cutler proceeded to say, as he bowed and was about to withdraw, that he saw there would be merry days yet in Old England, and that Bilboa blades would fetch as good a price as ever. "I remember," he said, "gentlemen, though I was then but a prentice, the demand for weapons in the years forty-one and forty-two; sword blades were more in request than tooth-picks, and Old Ironsides, my master, took more for rascally Provant rapiers, than I dare ask now-a-days for a Toledo. But, to be sure, a man's life then rested

the blade he carried; the Cavaliers and Roundheads fought every day at the gates of Whitehall, as it ke, gentlemen, by your good example, they may do in, when I shall be enabled to leave my pitiful th, and open a shop of better quality. I hope you recommend me gentlemen, to your friends. I am ays provided with ware which a gentleman may his life on."

"Thank you, good friend," said Julian, "I prithee ne. I trust we shall need thy ware no more for e time at least."

he cutler retired, while the dwarf hollowed after down stairs, that he would call on him soon, equip himself with a longer blade, and one more er for action; although, he said, the little weapon had did well enough, for a walking-sword, or in a mish with such canaille as they had been engaged b.

he cutler returned at this summons, and agreed e little man with a weapon more suit- : to his magnanimity; then, as if the thought suddenly occurred to him, he said, "But, gen- en, it will be but wild work to walk with your ed swords through the Strand, and it can scarce o raise the rabble again. If you please, while repose yourselves here, I can fit the blades with aths."

he proposal seemed so reasonable, that Julian and father gave up their weapons to the friendly cutler, example which the dwarf followed, after a mo- it's hesitation, not caring, as he magnificently ex- sed it, to part so soon with the trusty friend which ne had but the moment before restored to his d. The man retired with the weapons under his i; and, in shutting the door behind him, they rd him turn the key.

"Did you hear that?" said Sir Geoffrey to his son and we are disarmed!"

Julian, without reply, examined the door, which was eured; and then looked at the casements, which e at a story's height from the ground, and grated es with iron. "I cannot think," he said, after oment's pause, "that the fellow means to trepan and, in any event, I trust we should have no diffi- y in forcing the door, or otherwise making an ape. But, before resorting to such violent mea- es, I think it is better to give the rabble leisure to perse, by waiting this man's return with our wea- s within a reasonable time, when, if he does not ear, I trust we shall find little difficulty in extri- ing ourselves." As he spoke thus, the hangings e pulled aside, and, from a small door which was ealed behind them, Major Bridgenorth entered room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

He came amongst them like a new raised spirit.
To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,
And of the wrath to come.—*The Reformer.*

HE astonishment of Julian at the unexpected arition of Bridgenorth, was instantly succeeded apprehension of his father's violence, which he l every reason to believe would break forth against ; whom he himself could not but reverence on out of his own merits, as well as because he was father of Alice. The appearance of Bridgenorth s not, however, such as to awaken resentment. s countenance was calm, his step slow and com- ed, his eye not without the indication of some p-seated anxiety, but without any expression ier of anger or of triumph. "You are welcome," said, "Sir Geoffrey Peveril, to the shelter and ipality of this house; as welcome as you would e been in other days when we called each other ghbours and friends."

"Odzooks," said the old Cavalier, "and had I own it was thy house, man, I would sooner had my urt's blood run down the kennel, than my foot ald have crossed your threshold—in the way of ind safety, that is."

"I forgive your inveteracy," said Major Bridgenorth, n account of your prejudices."

"Keep your forgiveness," answered the Cavalier,

"until you are pardoned yourself. By Saint George, I have sworn, if ever I got my heels out of yon rascally prison, whither I was sent much through your means, Master Bridgenorth,—that you should pay the reckoning for my bad lodging.—I will strike no man in his own house; but if you will cause the fellow to bring back my weapon, and take a turn in that blind court there below, along with me, you shall soon see what chance a traitor hath with a true man, and a kennel-blooded Puritan with Peveril of the Peak."

Bridgenorth smiled with much composure. "When I was younger and more warm-blooded," he replied, "I refused your challenge, Sir Geoffrey; it is not likely I should now accept it, when each is within a stride of the grave. I have not spared, and will not spare, my blood, when my country wants it."

"That is, when there is any chance of treason against the King," said Sir Geoffrey.

"Nay, my father," said Julian, "let us hear Master Bridgenorth! We have been sheltered in his house; and although we now see him in London, we should remember that he did not appear against us this day, when perhaps his evidence might have given a fatal turn to our situation."

"You are right young man," said Bridgenorth; "and it should be some pledge of my sincere good will, that I was this day absent from Westminster, when a few words from my mouth had ended the long line of Peveril of the Peak: It needed but ten minutes to walk to Westminster Hall, to have ensured your condemnation. But could I have done this, knowing, as I now know, that to thee, Julian Peveril, I owe the extrication of my daughter—of my dearest Alice—the memory of her departed mother—from the snares which hell and profligacy had opened around her?"

"She is, I trust, safe," said Peveril, eagerly, and almost forgetting his father's presence; "she is, I trust, safe, and in your own wardship?"

"Not in mine," said the dejected father; "but in that of one in whose protection, next to that of Heaven, I can most fully confide."

"Are you sure—are you very sure of that?" repeated Julian, eagerly. "I found her under the charge of one to whom she had been trusted, and who yet?"

"And who yet was the basest of women," answered Bridgenorth; "but he who selected her for the charge was deceived in her character."

"Say rather you were deceived in his; remember that when we parted at Moultrasie I warned you of that Gaiquesse—that!"

"I know your meaning," said Bridgenorth; "nor did you err in describing him as a worldly-wise man. But he has atoned for his error by recovering Alice from the dangers into which she was plunged when separated from you, and besides, I have not thought meet again to intrust him with the charge that is dearest to me."

"I thank God your eyes are thus far opened!" said Julian.

"This day will open them wide, or close them for ever," answered Bridgenorth.

During this dialogue, which the speakers hurried through without attending to the others who were present, Sir Geoffrey listened with surprise and eagerness, endeavouring to catch something which should render their conversation intelligible; but as he totally failed in gaining any such key to their meaning, he broke in with,—"Sblood and thunder, Julian, what unprofitable gossip is this? What hast thou to do with this fellow, more than to bastinado him, if you should think it worth while to beat so old a rogue?"

"My dearest father," said Julian, "you know not this gentleman—I am certain you do him injustice. My own obligations to him are many; and I am sure when you come to know them?"

"I hope I shall die ere that moment come," said Sir Geoffrey; and continued with increasing violence, "I hope in the mercy of Heaven, that I shall be in the grave of my ancestors, ere I learn that my son—my only son—the last hope of my ancient house—the last remnant of the name of Peveril—hath consented

to receive obligations from the man on earth I am most bound to hate were I not still more bound to condemn him!—Degenerate dogwhelp!" he repeated with great vehemence, "you colour without replying! Speak and disown such disgrace; or, by the God of my fathers!"—

The dwarf suddenly stepped forward, and called out, "Forbear!" with a voice at once so discordant and commanding, that it sounded supernatural. "Man of sin and pride," he said, "forbear; and call not the name of a holy God, to witness thine unhallowed resentments."

The rebuke so boldly and decidedly given, and the moral enthusiasm with which he spoke, gave the despised dwarf an ascendancy for the moment over the fiery spirit of his gigantic namesake. Sir Geoffrey Peveril eyed him for an instant askance and shyly, as he might have done a supernatural apparition, and then muttered, "What knowest thou of my cause of wrath?"

"Nothing," said the dwarf;—"nothing but this—that no cause can warrant the oath thou wert about to swear. Ungrateful man! thou wert to-day rescued from the devouring wrath of the wicked, by a marvellous conjunction of circumstances—Is this a day, thinkest thou, on which to indulge thine own hasty resentments?"

"I stand rebuked," said Sir Geoffrey, "and by a singular monitor—the grasshopper, as the prayer-book saith, hath become a burden to me.—Julian, I will speak to thee of these matters hereafter;—and for you, Master Bridgenorth, I desire to have no farther communication with you, either in peace or in anger. Our time passes fast, and I would fain return to my family. Cause our weapons to be restored; unbar the doors, and let us part without farther altercation, which can but disturb and aggravate our spirits."

"Sir Geoffrey Peveril," said Bridgenorth, "I have no desire to vex your spirit or my own; but, for thus soon dismissing you, that may hardly be, it being a course inconsistent with the work which I have on hand."

"How, sir! Do you mean that we should abide here, whether with or against our inclinations?" said the dwarf. "Were it not that I am laid under charge to remain here, by one who hath the best right to command this poor microcosm, I would show thee that bolts and bars are unavailing restraints on such as I am."

"Truly," said Sir Geoffrey, "I think, upon an emergency, the little man might make his escape through the keyhole."

Bridgenorth's face was moved into something like a smile at the swaggering speech of the pigmy hero, and the contemptuous commentary of Sir Geoffrey Peveril; but such an expression never dwelt on his features for two seconds together, and he replied in these words:—"Gentlemen, each and all of you must be fain to content yourselves. Believe me, no hurt is intended towards you; on the contrary, your remaining here will be a means of securing your safety, which would be otherwise deeply endangered. It will be your own fault if a hair of your head is hurt. But the stronger force is on my side; and, whatever harm you may meet with should you attempt to break forth by violence, the blame must rest with yourselves. If you will not believe me, I will permit Master Julian Peveril to accompany me, where he shall see that I am provided fully with the means of repressing violence."

"Treason!—treason!" exclaimed the old Knight—"Treason against God and King Charles!—O for one half hour of the broadsword which I parted with like an ass!"

"Hold, my father, I conjure you!" said Julian. "I will go with Master Bridgenorth, since he requests it. I will satisfy myself whether there be danger, and of what nature. It is possible I may prevail on him to desist from some desperate measure, if such be indeed in agitation. Should it be necessary, fear not that your son will behave as he ought to do."

"Do your pleasure, Julian," said his father; "I will confide in thee. But if you betray my confidence, a father's curse shall cleave to you."

Bridgenorth now motioned to Peveril to follow him, and they passed through the small door by which he had entered.

The passage led to a vestibule or anteroom, in which several other doors and passages seemed to centre. Through one of these Julian was conducted by Bridgenorth, walking with silence and precaution, in obedience to a signal made by his guide to that effect. As they advanced, he heard sounds, like those of the human voice, engaged in urgent and emphatic declamation. With slow and light steps Bridgenorth conducted him through a door which terminated this passage; and as he entered a little gallery, having a curtain in front, the sound of the preacher's voice—for such it now seemed—became distinct and audible.

Julian now doubted not that he was in one of those conventicles, which, though contrary to the existing laws, still continued to be regularly held in different parts of London and the suburbs. Many of these, as frequented by persons of moderate political principles, though dissenters from the church for conscience' sake, were connived at by the prudence or timidity of the government. But some of them, in which assembled the fiercer and more exalted sects of Independents, Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, and other sectaries whose stern enthusiasm had contributed so greatly to effect the overthrow of the late King's throne, were sought after, suppressed, and dispersed, wherever they could be discovered.

Julian was soon satisfied that the meeting into which he was thus secretly introduced, was one of the latter class; and, to judge by the violence of the preacher, of the most desperate character. He was still more effectually convinced of this, when, at a sign from Bridgenorth, he cautiously unclosed a part of the curtain which hung before the gallery, and thus, unseen himself, looked down on the audience, and obtained a view of the preacher.

About two hundred persons were assembled beneath, in an area filled up with benches, as if for the exercise of worship; and they were all of the male sex, and well armed with pikes and muskets, as well as swords and pistols. Most of them had the appearance of veteran soldiers, now past the middle of life, yet retaining such an appearance of strength as might well supply the loss of youthful agility. They stood, or sat, in various attitudes of stern attention; and, resting on their spears and muskets, kept their eyes firmly fixed on the preacher, who ended the violence of his declamation by displaying from the pulpit a banner, on which was represented a lion, with the motto, "*Vicit Leo ex tribu Jude*."

The torrent of mystical yet animating eloquence of the preacher—an old gray-haired man, whom zeal seemed to supply with the powers of voice and action, of which years had deprived him—was suited to the taste of his audience, but could not be transferred to these pages without scandal and impropriety. He menaced the rulers of England with all the judgments denounced on those of Moab and Assyria—he called upon the saints to be strong, to be up and doing; and promised those miracles which, in the campaigns of Joshua, and his successors the valiant Judges of Israel, supplied all odds against the Amorites, Midianites, and Philistines. He sounded trumpets, opened vials, broke seals, and denounced approaching judgments under all the mystical signs of the Apocalypse. The end of the world was announced, accompanied with all its preliminary terrors.

Julian, with deep anxiety, soon heard enough to make him aware, that the meeting was likely to terminate in open insurrection, like that of the Fifth Monarchy men under Venner, at an earlier period of Charles's reign; and he was not a little concerned at the probability of Bridgenorth's being implicated in so criminal and desperate an undertaking. If he had retained any doubts of the issue of the meeting, they must have been removed when the preacher called on his hearers to renounce all expectation which had hitherto been entertained of safety to the nation, from the execution of the ordinary laws of the land. This, he said, was at best but a carnal seeking after

earthly aid—a going down to Egypt for help, which the jealousy of their Divine Leader would resent as a fleeing to another rock, and a different banner, from that which was this day displayed over their heads, as the only sign under which they ought to seek for life and safety. He then proceeded to insist, that recourse to ordinary justice was vain as well as sinful.

"The event of that day at Westminster," he said, "might teach them that the Man at Whitehall was even as the Man his father;" and he closed a long tirade against the vices of the Court, with assurance "that Tophet was ordained of old—for the King it was made hot."

As the preacher entered on a description of the approaching theocracy, which he dared to prophesy, Bridgenorth, who appeared for a time to have forgotten the presence of Julian, whilst with stern and fixed attention he drank in the words of the preacher, seemed suddenly to collect himself, and, taking Julian by the hand, led him out of the gallery, of which he carefully closed the door, into an apartment at no great distance.

When they arrived there, he anticipated the expostulations of Julian, by asking him, in a tone of severe triumph, whether these men he had seen were likely to do their work negligently, or whether it would not be perilous to attempt to force their way from a house, when all the avenues were guarded by such as he had now seen—men of war from their childhood upwards.

"In the name of Heaven," said Julian, without replying to Bridgenorth's question, "for what desperate purpose have you assembled so many desperate men? I am well aware that your sentiments of religion are peculiar; but beware how you deceive yourself—No views of religion can sanction rebellion and murder; and such are the natural and necessary consequences of the doctrine we have just heard poured into the ears of fanatical and violent enthusiasts."

"My son," said Bridgenorth, calmly "in the days of my nonage, I thought as you do. I deemed it sufficient to pay my tithes of cunning and unwise—my poor petty moral observances of the old law; and I thought I was heaping up precious things, when they were in value no more than the husks of the swine-trough. Praised be Heaven, the scales are ailen from mine eyes; and after forty years' wandering in the desert of Sinai, I am at length arrived in the land of Promise—My corrupt human nature has left me—I have cast my slough, and can now with some unscience put my hand to the plough, certain that there is no weakness left in me wherethrough I may look back. The furrows," he added, bending his brows, while a gloomy fire filled his large eyes, "must be drawn long and deep, and watered by the blood of the mighty."

There was a change in Bridgenorth's tone and manner, when he used these singular expressions, which convinced Julian, that his mind, which had saved for so many years between his natural goodness and the insane enthusiasm of the time, had finally given way to the latter; and, sensible of the danger in which the unhappy man himself, the innocent and beautiful Alice, and his own father, were likely to be placed—to say nothing of the general risk of the community by a sudden insurrection, he at the same time felt that there was no chance of reasoning effectually with one who would oppose spiritual conviction to all arguments which reason could urge against his wild schemes. To touch his feelings seemed a more probable resource; and Julian therefore conjured Bridgenorth to think how much his daughter's honour and safety were concerned in his abstaining from the dangerous course which he meditated. "If you fall," he said, "must she not pass under the power and guardianship of her uncle, whom you allow to have shown himself capable of the grossest mistake in the choice of her female protectress; and whom I believe, upon good grounds, to have made that infamous choice with his eyes open?"

"Young man," answered Bridgenorth, "you make

me feel like the poor bird, around whose wing some wanton boy has fixed a line, to pull the struggling wretch to earth at his pleasure. Know, since thou wilt play this cruel part, and drag me down from higher contemplations, that she with whom Alice is placed, and who hath in future full power to guide her motions and decide her fate, despite of Christian and every one else, is—I will not tell thee who she is—Enough—one no one—thou least of all, needs to fear for her safety."

At this moment a side-door opened, and Christian himself came into the apartment. He started and coloured when he saw Julian Peveril; then turning to Bridgenorth with an assumed air of indifference, asked, "Is Saul among the prophets?—Is a Peveril among the saints?"

"No, brother," replied Bridgenorth, "his time is not come, more than thine own—thou art too deep in the ambitious intrigues of manhood, and he in the giddy passions of youth, to hear the still calm voice—You will both hear it, as I trust and pray."

"Master Ganslesse, or Christian, or by whatever name you are called," said Julian, "by whatever reasons you guide yourself in this most perilous matter, you at least are not influenced by any idea of an immediate divine command for commencing hostilities against the state. Leaving, therefore, for the present, whatever subjects of discussion may be between us, I implore you as a man of shrewdness and sense, to join with me in dissuading Master Bridgenorth from the fatal enterprise which he now meditates."

"Young gentleman," said Christian, with great composure, "when we met in the west, I was willing to have made a friend of you, but you rejected the overture. You might, however, even then have seen enough of me to be assured, that I am not likely to rush too rashly on any desperate undertaking. As to this which lies before us, my brother Bridgenorth brings to it the simplicity, though not the harmlessness of the dove, and I the subtlety of the serpent. He hath the leading of saints who are moved by the spirit; and I can add to their efforts a powerful body, who have for their instigators, the world, the devil, and the flesh."

"And can you," said Julian, looking at Bridgenorth, "accede to such an unworthy union?"

"I unite not with them," said Bridgenorth; "but I may not, without guilt, reject the aid which Providence sends to assist his servants. We are ourselves few, though determined—Those whose swords come to help the cutting down of the harvest, must be welcome—When their work is wrought, they will be converted or scattered.—Have you been at York-Place, brother, with that unstable epicure? We must have his last resolution, and that within an hour."

Christian looked at Julian, as if his presence prevented him from returning an answer; upon which Bridgenorth arose, and taking the young man by the arm, led him out of the apartment, into that in which they had left his father; assuring him by the way, that determined and vigilant guards were placed in every different quarter by which escape could be effected, and that he would do well to persuade his father to remain a quiet prisoner for a few hours.

Julian returned him no answer, and Bridgenorth presently retired, leaving him alone with his father and Hudson. To their questions he could only briefly reply, that he feared they were trepanned, since they were in the house with at least two hundred fanatics, completely armed, and apparently prepared for some desperate enterprise. Their own want of arms precluded the possibility of open violence; and however unpleasant it might be to remain in such a condition, it seemed difficult, from the strength of the fastenings at doors, and windows, to attempt any secret escape without instantaneous detection.

The valiant dwarf alone nursed hopes, with which he in vain endeavoured to inspire his companions in affliction. "The fair one whose eyes," he said, "were like the twin stars of Leda"—for the little man was a great admirer of lofty language—"had not invited him, the most devoted, and, it might be, not the least favoured of her servants, into this place as a harbour,

in order that he might therein suffer shipwreck; and he generously assured his friends, that in his safety they also should be safe."

Sir Geoffrey, little cheered by this intimation, expressed his despair at not being able to get the length of Whitehall, where he trusted to find as many jolly Cavaliers as would help him to stifle the whole nest of wasps in their hive; while Julian was of opinion that the best service he could now render Bridgenorth, would be timously to disclose his plot, and, if possible, to send him at the same time warning to save his person.

But we must leave them to meditate over their plans at leisure; no one of which, as they all depended on their previous escape from confinement, seemed in any great chance of being executed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

And some for safety took the dreadful leap.
Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling on them;
Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—
I leapt in frolic.—*The Dream.*

AFTER a private conversation with Bridgenorth, Christian hastened to the Duke of Buckingham's hotel, taking at the same time such a route as to avoid meeting with any acquaintance. He was ushered into the apartment of the Duke, whom he found cracking and eating filberts, with a flask of excellent white wine at his elbow. "Christian," said his Grace, "come help me to laugh—I have bit Sir Charles Sedley—flung him for a thousand, by the gods!"

"I am glad at your luck, my Lord Duke," replied Christian; "but I am come here on serious business." "Serious?—why, I shall hardly be serious in my life again—ha, ha, ha!—and for luck, it was no such thing—sheer wit, and excellent contrivance; and but that I don't care to affront Fortune, like the old Greek general, I might tell her to her face.—In this thou hadst no share. You have heard, Ned Christian, that Mother Cresswell is dead?"

"Yes, I did hear that the devil hath got his due," answered Christian.

"Well," said the Duke, "you are ungrateful; for I know you have been obliged to her, as well as others. Before George, a most benevolent and helpful old lady; and that she might not sleep in an unblest grave, I betted—do you mark me—with Sedley, that I would write her funeral sermon; that it should be every word in praise of her life and conversation; that it should be all true, and yet that the diocesan should be unable to lay his thumb on Quodling, my little chaplain, who should preach it."

"I perfectly see the difficulty, my lord," said Christian, who well knew that if he wished to secure attention from this volatile nobleman, he must first suffer, nay, encourage him, to exhaust the topic, whatever it might be, that had got temporary possession of his pineal gland.

"Why," said the Duke, "I caused my little Quodling to go through his oration thus—'That whatever evil reports had passed current during the lifetime of the worthy matron whom they had restored to dust that day, malice itself could not deny that she was born well, married well, lived well, and died well; since she was born in Shadwell, married to Cresswell, lived in Camberwell, and died in Bridewell.' Here ended the oration, and with it Sedley's ambitious hopes of overreaching Buckingham—ha, ha, ha!—And now, Master Christian, what are your commands for me to-day?"

"First, to thank your Grace for being so attentive as to send so formidable a person as Colonel Blood, to wait upon your poor friend and servant. Faith, he took such an interest in my leaving town, that he wanted to compel me to do it at point of bow, so I was obliged to spill a little of his malapert blood. Your Grace's swordsmen have had ill luck of late; and it is hard, since you always choose the best hands, and such scrupulous knaves too."

"Come now, Christian," said the Duke, "do not thus exult over me; a great man, if I may so call myself, is never greater than amid miscarriage. I only played this little trick on you, Christian, to im-

press on you a wholesome idea of the interest I take in your motions. The scoundrel's having dared to draw upon you, is a thing not to be forgiven.—What! injure my old friend, Christian?"

"And why not," said Christian, coolly, "if your old friend was so stubborn as not to go out of town, like a good boy, when your Grace desired him to do so, for the civil purpose of entertaining his niece in his absence?"

"How—what!—how do you mean by my entertaining your niece, Master Christian?" said the Duke. "She was a personage far beyond my poor attentions, being destined, if I recollect aright, to something like royal favour."

"It was her fate, however, to be the guest of your Grace's convent for a brace of days, or so. Marry, my lord, the father confessor was not at home, and—for convents have been scaled of late—returned not till the bird was flown."

"Christian, thou art an old reynard—I see there's no doubling with thee. It was thou, then, stole away my pretty prize, but left me something so much prettier in my mind, that, had it not made itself wings to fly away with, I would have placed it in a cage of gold. Never be downcast, man; I forgive thee—I forgive thee."

"Your Grace is of a most merciful disposition, especially considering it is I who have had the wrong; and sages have said, that he who doth the injury, is less apt to forgive than he who only sustains it."

"True, true, Christian," said the Duke, "which, as you say, is something quite new, and places my democracy in a striking point of view. Well, then, thou forgivest me, when shall I see my Maunitarian princess again?"

"Whenever I am certain that a quibble, and a car-whicheit, or a play or a sermon, will not banish her from your Grace's memory."

"Not all the wit of South, or of Etheridge," said Buckingham, hastily, "to say nothing of my own, shall in future make me oblivious of what I owe to Morisco princess."

"Yet to leave the fair lady out of thought for a little while—a very little while," said Christian, "and I swear that in due time your Grace shall see her, and know in her the most extraordinary woman that the age has produced—to leave her, I say, out of sight for a little while, has your Grace had late notice of yet? Duchess's health?"

"Health!" said the Duke. "Umph—no—nothing particular. She has been ill—but—"

"She is no longer so," subjoined Christian; "she died in Yorkshire forty-eight hours since."

"Thou must deal with the devil!" said the Duke.

"It would ill become one of my name to do so," replied Christian. "But, in the brief interval since your Grace hath known of an event which has not yet reached the public ear, you have, I believe, made proposals to the King for the hand of the Lady Anne, second daughter of the Duke of York, and your Grace's proposals have been rejected."

"Fiends and firebrands, villain!" said the Duke, starting up and seizing Christian by the collar. "who hath told thee that?"

"Take your hand from my cloak, my Lord Duke, and I may answer you," said Christian. "I have a scurvy touch of old puritanical humour about me, I abide not the imposition of hands. Take off your grasp from my cloak, or I will find means to make you unloose it."

The Duke, who had kept his right hand on his dagger-hilt, while he held Christian's collar with his left, unloosed it as he spoke, but slowly, and as one who rather suspends than abandons the execution of some hasty impulse; while Christian, adjusting his cloak with perfect composure, said, "Soh—my cloak being at liberty, we speak on equal terms. I come not to insult your Grace, but to offer you vengeance for the insult you have received."

"Vengeance!" said the Duke—"It is the dearest proffer man can present to me in my present mood. I hunger for vengeance—thirst for vengeance—could die to ensure vengeance!—'Sdeath!" he continued, walking up and down the large apartment with the

most unrestrained and violent agitation; "I have chased this repulse out of my brain with ten thousand trifles, because I thought no one knew it. But it is known, and to thee, the very common-swever of Court secrets—the honour of Villiers is in thy keeping, Ned Christian! Speak, thou man of wiles and of intrigue—on whom dost thou promise the vengeance? Speak! and if thy answers meet my desires, I will make a bargain with thee as willingly as with thy master, Satan himself."

"I will not be," said Christian, "so unreasonable in my terms as stories tell of the old apostate; I will offer your Grace, as he might do, temporal prosperity and revenge, which is his frequent recruiting money, but I leave it to yourself to provide, as you may be pleased, for your future salvation."

The Duke, gazing upon him fixedly and sadly, replied, "I would to God, Christian, that I could read what purpose of damnable villany thou hast to propose to me in thy countenance, without the necessity of thy using words!"

"Your Grace can but try a guess," said Christian, calmly smiling.

"No," replied the Duke, after gazing at him again for the space of a minute; "thou art so deeply dyed a hypocrite, that thy mean features, and clear gray eye, are as likely to conceal treason, as any petty scheme of theft or larceny, more corresponding to your degree."

"Treason, my lord?" echoed Christian; "you may have guessed more nearly than you were aware of. I honour your Grace's penetration."

"Treason!" echoed the Duke. "Who dare name such a crime to me?"

"If a name startles your Grace, you may call it vengeance—vengeance on the cabal of counsellors, who have ever countermined you, in spite of your wit and your interest with the King.—Vengeance on Arlington, Ormond—on Charles himself!"

"No," by Heaven," said the Duke, resuming his disordered walk through the apartment—"Vengeance on these rats of the Privy Council,—come at it as you will. But the King!—never—never. I have provoked him a hundred times, when he has stirred me once. I have crossed his path in state intrigue—rivalled him in love—had the advantage in both,—and, d—n it, he has forgiven me! If treason would put me in his throne, I have no apology for it—it were worse than bestial ingratitude."

"Nobly spoken, my lord," said Christian; "and consistent alike with the obligations under which your Grace lies to Charles Stewart, and the sense you have ever shown of them.—But it signifies not. If your Grace patronise not our enterprise, there is Shaftesbury—there is Monmouth!"

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the Duke, even more vehemently agitated than before, "think you that you shall carry on with others an enterprise which I have refused?—No, by every heathen and every Christian god!—Hark ye, Christian, I will arrest you on the spot—I will, by gods and devils, and carry you to unravel your plot at Whitehall."

"Where the first words I speak," answered the imperturbable Christian, "will be to inform the Privy Council in what place they may find certain letters, wherein your Grace has honoured your poor vassal, containing, as I think, particulars which his Majesty will read with more surprise than pleasure."

"Sdeath, villain!" said the Duke, once more laying his hand on his pomard-hilt, "thou hast me again at advantage. I know not why I forbear to pomard you where you stand!"

"I might fall, my Lord Duke," said Christian, slightly colouring, and putting his right hand into his bosom, "though not, I think, unarmed—for I have not put my person into this peril altogether without means of defence. I might fall, but, alas! your Grace's correspondence is in hands, which, by that very act, would be rendered sufficiently active in handing them to the King and the Privy Council. What say you to the Moorish Princess, my Lord Duke? What if I have left her executrix of my will, with certain instructions how to proceed if I return not unharmed from York-Place? O, my lord,

though my head is in the wolf's mouth, I was not goose enough to place it there without settling how many carabines should be fired on the wolf, so soon as my dying cackle was heard.—Pshaw, my Lord Duke! you deal with a man of sense and courage, yet you speak to him as a child and a coward."

The Duke threw himself into a chair, fixed his eyes on the ground, and spoke without raising them. "I am about to call Jerminham," he said; "but fear nothing—it is only for a draught of wine—That stuff on the table may be a vehicle for filberts and walnuts, but not for such communications as yours. Bring me champagne," he said to the attendant who answered on his summons.

The domestic returned, and brought a flask of champagne, with two large silver cups. One of them he filled for Buckingham, who, contrary to the usual etiquette, was always served first at home, and then offered the other to Christian, who declined to receive it.

The Duke drank off the large goblet which was presented to him, and for a moment covered his forehead with the palm of his hand; then instantly withdrew it, and said, "Christian, speak your errand plainly. We know each other. If my reputation be in some degree in your hands, you are well aware that your life is in mine. Sit down," he said, taking a pistol from his bosom and laying it on the table—"Sit down, and let me hear your proposal."

"My lord," said Christian, smiling, "I shall produce no such ultimate argument on my part, though possibly, in time of need, I may not be found destitute of them. But my defence is in the situation of things, and in the composed view which, doubtless, your Majesty will take of them."

"Majesty!" repeated the Duke—"My good friend Christian, you have kept company with the Puritans so long, that you confuse the ordinary titles of the Court."

"I know not how to apologize," said Christian, "unless your Grace will suppose that I spoke by prophecy."

"Such as the devil delivered to Macbeth," said the Duke—again paced the chamber, and again seated himself, and said, "Be plain, Christian—speak out at once, and manfully, what is it you intend?"

"I," said Christian—"What should I do?—I can do nothing in such a matter; but I thought it right that your Grace should know that the godly of this city"—(he spoke the word with a kind of ironical grin)—"are impatient of inactivity, and must needs be up and doing. My brother Bridgenorth is at the head of all old Weiver's congregation; for you must know, that, after floundering from one faith to another, he hath now got beyond ordinances, and is become a Fifth-Monarchy man. He has nigh two hundred of Weiver's people, fully equipped, and ready to fall on; and, with slight aid from your Grace's people, they must carry Whitehall, and make prisoners of all within it."

"Rascal!" said the Duke, "and is it to a Peer of England you make this communication?"

"Nay," answered Christian, "I admit it would be extreme folly in your Grace to appear until all is over. But let me give Blood and the others a hint on your part. There are the four Germans also—right Knipperdoling and Anabaptists—will be specially useful. You are wise, my lord, and know the value of a corps of domestic gladiators, as well as did Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony, when, by such family forces, they divided the world by indenture tripartite."

"Stay, stay," said the Duke. "Even if these bloodhounds were to join with you—not that I would permit it without the most positive assurances for the King's personal safety—but say the villains were to join, what hope have you of carrying the Court?"

"Bully Tom Armstrong,* my lord, hath promised his interest with the Life-Guards. Then there are

* Thomas, or Sir Thomas Armstrong, a person who had distinguished himself in youth by duels and drunken exploits. He was particularly connected with the Duke of Monmouth, and was said to be concerned in the Rye-House Plot, for which he suffered capital punishment, 26th June, 1684.

my Lord Shaftesbury's brisk boys in the city—thirty thousand on the holding up a finger."

"Let him hold up both hands, and if he count a hundred for each finger," said the Duke, "it will be more than I expect. You have not spoken to him?"

"Surely not, till your Grace's pleasure was known. But, if he is not applied to, there is the Dutch train, Hans Snorehout's congregation, in the Strand—there are the French Protestants in Piccadilly—there are the Family of Levi in Lewkenor's Lane—the Muggletonians in Thames Street!"

"Ah, laugh!—Out upon them—out upon them!—How the knaves will stink of cheese and tobacco when they come upon action!—they will drown all the perfumes in Whitehall. Spare me the detail; and let me know, my dearest Ned, the sum total of thy most odorous forces."

"Fifty hundred men, well armed," said Christian, "besides the rabble that will rise to a certainty—they have already nearly torn to pieces the prisoners who were this day acquitted on account of the Plot."

"All, then, I understand. And now, hark ye, most christian Christian," said he, wheeling his chair full in front of that on which his agent was seated, "you have told me many things to-day—Shall I be equally communicative? Shall I show you that my accuracy of information matches yours? Shall I tell you, in a word, why you have at once resolved to push every one, from the Puritan to the free-thinker, upon a general attack of the Palace at Whitehall, without allowing me, a peer of the realm, time either to pause upon or to prepare for a step so desperate? Shall I tell you why you would lead or drive, seduce or compel me, into countenancing your measures?"

"My lord, if you please to form a guess," said Christian, "I will answer with all sincerity, if you have assigned the right cause."

"The Countess of Derby is this day arrived, and attends the Court this evening, with hopes of the kindest reception. She may be surprised amid the *milieu*? Ha! Said I not right, Master Christian? You, who pretend to offer me revenge, know yourself its exquisite sweetness."

"I would not presume," said Christian, half smiling, "to offer your Grace a dish, without acting as your taster as well as purveyor."

"That's honestly said," said the Duke. "Away then, my friend. Give Blood this ring—he knows it, and knows how to obey him who bears it. Let him assemble my gladiators, as thou dost most wittily term my *comp parrels*. The old scheme of the German music may be resorted to, for I think thou hast the instruments ready. But take notice, I know nothing out of Rowley's person must be safe—I will hang and burn on all hands if a hair of his black perwig* be but singed. Then what is to follow—a Lord Protector of the realm—or stay—Cromwell has made the word somewhat slovenly and unpopular—a Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom?—The patriots, who take it on themselves to revenge the injustice done to the country, and to remove evil counsellors from before the King's throne, that it may be henceforward established in righteousness—so I think the rubric runs—cannot fail to make a fitting choice."

"They cannot, my Lord Duke," said Christian, "since there is but one man in the three kingdoms on whom that choice can possibly fall."

"I thank you, Christian," said his Grace; "and I trust you, Away, and make all ready. Be assured your services shall not be forgot. We will have you near to us."

"My Lord Duke," said Christian, "you bind me doubly to you. But remember, that as your Grace is spared any obnoxious proceedings which may befall in the way of military execution, or otherwise, so it will be advisable that you hold yourself in preparation, upon a moment's notice, to put yourself at the head of a band of honourable friends and allies, and come presently to the palace, where you will be re-

* Charles, to suit his dark complexion, always wore a black perwig. He used to say of the players, that if they wished to represent a villain on the stage, "Odds-bob, they always clapp'd on him a black perwig, whereas the greatest rogue in England (meaning, probably, Dr. Oates) wears a white one."—See *Cicilia's Apology*.

ceived by the victors as a commander, and by the vanquished as a preserver."

"I conceive you—I conceive you. I will be in prompt readiness," said the Duke.

"Ay, my lord," continued Christian; "and, for Heaven's sake, let none of those toys, which are the very Delillas of your imagination, come across your Grace this evening, and interfere with the execution of this sublime scheme."

"Why, Christian, dost think me mad?" was his Grace's emphatic reply. "It is you who linger, when all should be ordered for a deed so daring. Go then. —But hark ye, Ned; ere you go, tell me when I shall again see yonder thing of fire and air—yon Eastern Peri, that glides into apartments by the key-hole, and leaves them in through the casement—yon black-eyed houri of the Mahometan paradise—when, I say, shall I see her once more?"

"When your Grace has the truncheon of Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom," said Christian, and left the apartment.

Buckingham stood fixed in contemplation for a moment after he was gone. "Should I have done this?" he said, arguing the matter with himself; "or had I the choice, rather, of doing aught else? Should I not hasten to the Court, and make Charles aware of the treason which besets him? I will, by Heaven!—Here, Jerningham, my coach, with the dispatch of light!—I will throw myself at his feet, and tell him of all the follies which I have dreamed of with this Christian.—And then he will laugh at me, and spurn me?—No, I have knelt to him to-day already, and my repulse was nothing gentle. To be spurned once in the sun's daily round is enough for Buckingham."

Having made this reflection, he seated himself, and began hastily to mark down the young nobles and gentlemen of quality, and others, their very amiable companions, who he supposed might be likely to assume him for their leader in any popular disturbance. He had nearly completed it, when Jerningham entered, to say the coach would be ready in an instant, and to bring his master's sword, hat, and cloaks.

"Let the coachman draw off," said the Duke. "I will be in readiness. And send to the gentlemen they will find named in this list; say I am but ill at ease, and wish their company to a slight collation. Let instant expedition be made, and ere not for expenses you will find most of them at the Club-House in Fetter's Rents.*"

The preparations for festivity were speedily made, and the intended guests, most of them persons who were at leisure for any call that promised pleasure, though sometimes more deaf to those of duty, began speedily to assemble. There were many youths of the highest ranks, and with them, as is usual in those circles, many of a different class, whom talents or impudence, or wit, or a turn for gambling, had reared up into companions for the great and the gay. The Duke of Buckingham was a general patron of persons of this description; and a numerous attendance took place on the present occasion.

The festivity was pursued with the usual appliances of wine, music, and games of hazard; with which, however, there mingled in that period much more wit, and a good deal more gross profligacy of conversation, than the talents of the present generation can supply, or their taste would permit.

The Duke himself proved the complete commander which he possessed over his versatile character, by maintaining the frolic, the laugh, and the jest, while his ear caught up, and with eagerness, the most defiant sounds, as intimating the commencement of Christian's revolutionary project. Such sounds were heard from time to time, and from time to time they died away, without any of those consequences which Buckingham expected.

* The place of meeting of the Green Riband Club. "This place of meeting," says Roger North, "was in a sort of Carriage at Clintworth Lane, in a centre of business, and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in front, as may yet be seen, for the clubbers to wave forth *à fresco*, with hats and no perukes, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and dilated throats for vocal encouragement of the ranagla below on usual and unusual occasions."

At length, and when it was late in the evening, Jerungham announced Master Chiffinch from the court; and that worthy personage followed the announcement.

"Strange things have happened, my Lord Duke," he said; "your presence at Court is instantly required by his Majesty."

"You alarm me," said Buckingham, standing up. "I hope nothing has happened—I hope there is nothing wrong—I hope his Majesty is well?"

"Perfectly well," said Chiffinch; "and desirous to see your Grace without a moment's delay."

"This is sudden," said the Duke. "You see I have had merry fellows about me, and am scarce in case to appear, Chiffinch."

"Your Grace seems to be in very handsome plight," said Chiffinch; "and you know his Majesty is gracious enough to make allowances."

"True," said the Duke, not a little anxious in his mind, touching the cause of this unexpected summons—"True—his Majesty is most gracious—I will order my coach."

"Mine is below," replied the royal messenger; "it will save time, if your Grace will condescend to use it."

Forced from every evasion, Buckingham took a goblet from the table, and requested his friends to remain at his palace so long as they could find the means of amusement there. He expected, he said, to return almost immediately; if not, he would take farewell of them with his usual toast, "May all of us that are not hanged in the interval, meet together again here on the first Monday of next month."

This standing toast of the Duke bore reference to his character of several of his guests; but he did not make it on the present occasion without some anticipation concerning his own fate, in case Christian had betrayed him. He hastily made some addition to his dress, and attended Chiffinch in the chariot to Whitehall.

CHAPTER XLV.

High feasting was there—there—the gilded roofs
Rang to the wassail health—the dancer's step
Sprang to the chord responsive—the gay gambol
To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,
And laugh'd alike when it increased or lessened:
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience
Which schoolmen preach in vain.

Why come ye not to Court?

Upon the afternoon of this eventful day, Charles held his Court in the Queen's apartments, which were opened at a particular hour to invited guests of a certain lower degree, but accessible without restriction to the higher classes of nobility who had been born, and to the courtiers who held by office, the privilege of the *entrée*.

It was one part of Charles's character, which unquestionably rendered him personally popular, and exposed to a subsequent reign the precipitation of his family from the throne, that he banished from his court many of the formal restrictions with which it was in other reigns surrounded. He was conscious of the good-natured grace of his manners, and trusted to it, often not in vain, to remove evil impressions rising from actions, which he was sensible could not be justified on the grounds of liberal or national policy.

In the daytime the King was commonly seen in the public walks alone, or only attended by one or two persons; and his answer to the remonstrance of his brother, on the risk of thus exposing his person, well known;—"Believe me, James," he said, "no one will murder me, to make you King."

In the same manner, Charles's evenings, unless such as were destined to more secret pleasures, were frequently spent amongst all who had any pretence to approach a courtly circle; and thus it was upon the night which we are treating of. Queen Catherine, reconciled or humbled to her fate, had long ceased to express any feelings of jealousy, nay, seemed so absolutely dead to such a passion, that she received her drawing-room, without scruple, and even with encouragement, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and

Cleveland, and others, who enjoyed, though in a less avowed character, the credit of having been royal favourites. Constraint of every kind was banished from a circle so composed, and which was frequented at the same time, if not by the wisest, at least by the wittiest courtiers, who ever assembled round a monarch, and who, as many of them had shared the wants, and shifts, and frolics of his exile, had thus acquired a sort of prescriptive license, with the good-natured prince, when he attained his period of prosperity, could hardly have restrained had it suited his temper to do so. This, however, was the least of Charles's thoughts. His manners were such as secured him from indelicate obtrusion; and he sought no other protection from over-familiarity, than what these and his ready wit afforded him.

On the present occasion, he was peculiarly disposed to enjoy the scene of pleasure which had been prepared. The singular death of Major Coleby, which, taking place in his own presence, had proclaimed, with the voice of a passing bell, the ungrateful neglect of the Prince for whom he had sacrificed every thing, had given Charles much pain. But, in his own opinion at least, he had completely atoned for this negligence, by the trouble which he had taken for Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son, whose liberation he looked upon not only as an excellent good deed in itself, but in spite of the grave rebuke of Ormond, as achieved in a very pardonable manner, considering the difficulties with which he was surrounded. He even felt a degree of satisfaction on receiving intelligence from the city that there had been disturbances in the streets, and that some of the more violent fanatics had betaken themselves to their meeting-houses, upon sudden summons, to inquire, as their preachers phrased it, into the causes of Heaven's wrath, and into the backsliding of the Court, lawyers, and jury, by whom the false and bloody favourites of the Popish Plot were screened and cloaked from deserved punishment.

The King, we repeat, seemed to hear these accounts with pleasure, even when he was reminded of the dangerous and susceptible character of those with whom such suspicions originated. "Will any one now assert," he said, with self-complaisance, "that I am so utterly negligent of the interest of friends?—You see the peril in which I place myself, and even the risk to which I have exposed the public peace, to rescue a man whom I have scarce seen for twenty years, and then only in his buff-coat and bandoleers, with other Train-Band officers who kissed hands upon the Restoration. They say kings have long hands—I think they have as much occasion for long memories, since they are expected to watch over and reward every man in England, who hath but shown his good-will by crying, 'God save the King!'"

"Nay, the rogues are even more unreasonable still," said Sedley; "for every knave of them thinks himself entitled to your Majesty's protection in a good cause, whether he has cried God save the King or no."

The King smiled, and turned to another part of the stately hall, where every thing was assembled which could, according to the taste of the age, make the time glide pleasantly away.

In one place, a group of the young nobility, and of the ladies of the Court, listened to the reader's acquaintance Empson, who was accompanying, with his unrivalled breathings on the flute, a young siren, who, while her bosom palpitated with pride and with fear, warbled to the courtly and august presence the beautiful air, beginning,

"Young I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield," &c.

She performed her task in a manner so corresponding with the strains of the amatory poet, and the voluptuous air with which the words had been invested by the celebrated Purcell, that the men crowded around in ecstasies, while most of the ladies thought it proper either to look extremely indifferent to the words she sung, or to withdraw from the circle as quietly as possible. To the song succeeded a concerto, performed by a select band of most admirable

musicians, which the King, whose taste was indisputable, had himself selected.

At other tables in the apartment, the elder courtiers worshipped Fortune, at the various fashionable games of ombre, quadrille, hazard, and the like; while heaps of gold which lay before the players, augmented or dwindled with every turn of a card or cast of a die. Many a year's rent of fair estates was ventured upon the main or the odds; which, spent in the old deserted manor-house, had repaired the ravages of Cromwell upon its walls, and replaced the sources of good housekeeping and hospitality, that, exhausted in the last age by fine and sequestration, were now in a fair way of being annihilated by careless prodigality. Elsewhere, under cover of observing the gamster, or listening to the music, the gallantries of that all-licensed age were practised among the gay and fair, closely watched the whilst by the ugly or the old, who promised themselves at least the pleasure of observing, and it may be that of proclaiming, intrigues in which they could not be sharers.

From one table to another glided the merry Monarch, exchanging now a glance with a Court beauty, now a jest with a Court wit, now beating time to the music, and anon losing or winning a few pieces of gold on the chance of the game to which he stood nearest;—the most amiable of voluptuaries—the gayest and best-natured of companions—the man that would, of all others, have best sustained his character, had life been a continued banquet, and its only end to enjoy the passing hour, and send it away as pleasantly as might be.

But Kings are least of all exempted from the ordinary lot of humanity; and Seged of Ethiopia is, amongst monarchs, no solitary example of the vanity of reckoning on a day or an hour of undisturbed serenity. An attendant on the Court announced suddenly to her Majesties that a lady, who would only announce herself as a Peeress of England, desired to be admitted into the presence.

The Queen said, hastily, it was impossible. No peeress, without announcing her title, was entitled to the privilege of her rank.

"I could be sworn," said a nobleman in attendance, "that it is some whim of the Duchess of Newcastle."

The attendant, who brought the message, said that he did indeed believe it to be the Duchess, both from the singularity of the message, and that the lady spoke with somewhat a foreign accent.

"In the name of madness, then," said the King, "let us admit her. Her Grace is an entire raree-show in her own person—a universal masquerade—indeed a sort of private Bedlam-hospital, her whole ideas being like so many patients crazed upon the subjects of love and literature, who act nothing in their vagaries, save Minerva, Venus, and the nine Muses."

"Your Majesty's pleasure must always supersede mine," said the Queen. "I only hope I shall not be expected to entertain so fantastic a personage. The last time she came to Court, Isabella,"—(she spoke to one of her Portuguese ladies of honour)—"you had not returned from our lovely Lisbon,—her Grace had the assurance to assume a right to bring a train-bearer into my apartment; and when this was not allowed, what then, think you, she did?—even caused her train to be made so long, that three mortal yards of satin and silver remained in the antechamber, supported by four waiters, while the other end was attached to her Grace's person, as she paid her duty at the upper end of the presence-room. Full thirty yards of the most beautiful silk did her Grace's madness employ in this manner."

"And most beautiful damsels they were who bore this portentous train," said the King. "A train never equalled save by that of the great comet in sixty-six. Sedley and Etherage told us wonders of them; for it is one advantage of this new fashion brought up by the Duchess, that a matron may be totally unconscious of the comeliness of her train and its attendants."

"Am I to understand, then, your Majesty's pleasure is, that the lady is to be admitted?" said the usher.

"Certainly," said the King; "that is, if the incognita be really entitled to the honour.—It may be as well to inquire her title—there are more madwomen abroad than the Duchess of Newcastle. I will walk into the anteroom to see if, and receive your answer."

But ere Charles had reached the lower end of the apartment in his progress to the anteroom, the usher surprised the assembly by announcing a name which had not for many a year been heard in these courtly halls—the Countess of Derby!

Stately and tall, and still, at an advanced period of life, having a person unbroken by years, the noble lady advanced towards her sovereign, with a step resembling that with which she might have met an equal. There was indeed nothing in her manner that indicated either haughtiness or assumption unbefitting that presence; but her consciousness of wrongs, sustained from the administration of Charles, and of the superiority of the injured party over those from whom, or in whose name, the injury had been offered, gave her look dignity and her step firmness. She was dressed in widow's weeds, of the same fashion which were worn at the time her husband was brought to the scaffold; and which, in the thirty years subsequent to that event, she had never permitted her dressmaker to alter.

The surprise was no pleasing one to the King; and cursing in his heart the rashness which had allowed the lady entrance on the gay scene in which they were engaged, he saw at the same time the necessity of receiving her in a manner suitable to his own character, and her rank in the British Court. He approached her with an air of welcome, into which he threw all his natural grace, while he began, "*Chez Comtesse de Derby, puissante Reine de Man, notre très auguste sœur*."

"Speak English, sire, if I may presume to ask such a favour," said the Countess. "I am a Peeress of the nation—mother to one English Earl, and widow, alas, to another! In England I have spent my brief days of happiness, my long years of widowhood and sorrow. France and its language are but to me the dreams of an uninteresting childhood. I know no tongue save that of my husband and my son. Permit me, as the widow and mother of Derby, thus to greet my homage."

She would have kneeled, but the King gracefully prevented her, and, saluting her cheek, according to the form, led her towards the Queen, and himself performed the ceremony of introduction. "Your Majesty," he said, "must be informed that the Countess has imposed a restriction on French—the language of gallantry and compliment. I trust your Majesty will, though a foreigner like herself, find enough of honest English to assure the Countess of Derby, with what pleasure we see her at Court, after the absence of so many years."

"I will endeavour to do so at least," said the Queen, on whom the appearance of the Countess of Derby made a more favourable impression than that of many strangers, whom, at the King's request she was in the habit of receiving with courtesy.

Charles himself again spoke. "To any other lady of the same rank I might put the question, why she was so long absent from the circle? I fear I can only ask the Countess of Derby, what fortunate cause produces the pleasure of seeing her here?"

"No fortunate cause, my liege, though one most strong and urgent."

The King augured nothing agreeable from this commencement; and in truth, from the Countess's first entrance, he had anticipated some unpleasant explanation, which he therefore hastened to parry, having first composed his features into an expression of sympathy and interest.

"If," said he, "the cause is of a nature in which we can render assistance, we cannot expect your ladyship should enter upon it at the present time; but a memorial addressed to our secretary, or, if it is more satisfactory, to ourselves directly, will receive our immediate, and, I trust I need not add, our favourable construction."

The Countess bowed with some state, and answered, "My business, sire, is indeed important; but

so brief, that it need not for more than a few minutes withdraw your ear from what is more pleasing;—yet it is so urgent, that I am afraid to postpone it even for a moment."

"This is unusual," said Charles. "But you, Countess of Derby, are an unwonted guest, and must command my time. Does the matter require my private ear?"

"For my part," said the Countess, "the whole Court might listen; but your Majesty may prefer hearing me in the presence of one or two of your counsellors."

"Ormond," said the King, looking around, "attend us for an instant,—and do you, Arlington, do the same."

The King led the way into an adjoining cabinet, and, seating himself, requested the Countess would also take a chair. "It needs not, sire," she replied; then pausing for a moment, as if to collect her spirits, she proceeded with firmness.

"Your Majesty well said that no light cause had drawn me from my lonely habitation. I came not hither when the property of my son—that property which descended to him from a father who died for your Majesty's rights—was conjured away from him under pretext of justice, that it might first feed the avarice of the rebel Fairfax, and then supply the prodigality of his son-in-law, Buckingham."

"These are over harsh terms, lady," said the King. "A legal penalty was, as we remember, incurred by an act of irregular violence—so our courts and our laws term it, though personally I have no objection to call it, with you, an honourable revenge. But admit it were such, in prosecution of the laws of honour, bitter legal consequences are often necessarily incurred."

"I come not to argue for my son's wasted and forfeited inheritance, sire," said the Countess; "I only take credit for my patience, under that afflicting dispensation. I now come to redeem the honour of the House of Derby, more dear to me than all the treasures and lands which ever belonged to it."

"And by whom is the honour of the House of Derby impeached?" said the King; "for on my word, you bring me the first news of it."

"Has there one Narrative, as these wild fictions are termed, been printed with regard to the Popish Plot—this pretended Plot, as I will call it—in which the honour of our house has not been touched and tainted? And are there not two noble gentlemen, father and son, allies of the House of Stanley, about to be placed in jeopardy of their lives, on account of matters in which we are the parties first impeached?"

The King looked around, and smiled to Arlington and Ormond. "The Countess's courage, methinks, shames ours. What lips dared have called the immaculate Plot *pretended*, or the Narrative of the witnesses, our preservers from Popish knives, a *wild fiction*?—But, Madam," he said, "though I admire the generosity of your interference in behalf of the two Peverils, I must acquaint you, that your interference is unnecessary—they are this morning acquitted."

"Now may God be praised!" said the Countess, folding her hands. "I have scarce slept since I heard the news of their impeachment; and have arrived here to surrender myself to your Majesty's justice, or to the prejudices of the nation, in hopes, by so doing, I might at least save the lives of my noble and generous friends, enveloped in suspicion only, or, *chance*, by their connexion with us.—Are they indeed acquitted?"

"They are, by my honour," said the King. "I marvel you heard it not."

"I arrived but last night, and remained in the strictest seclusion," said the Countess, "afraid to make any inquiries that might occasion discovery ere I saw your Majesty."

"And now that we have met," said the King, taking her hand kindly—"a meeting which gives me the greatest pleasure—may I recommend to you speedily to return to your royal island with as little delay as you came hither? The world, my dear Countess, has

changed since we were young. Men fought in the Civil War with good swords and muskets; but now we fight with indictments and oaths, and such like legal weapons. You are no adept in such warfare; and though I am well aware you know how to hold out a castle, I doubt much if you have the art to parry off an impeachment. This Plot has come upon us like a land storm—there is no steering the vessel in the teeth of the tempest—we must run for the nearest haven, and happy if we can reach one."

"This is cowardice, my liege," said the Countess,—"Forgive the word!—it is but a woman who speaks it. Call your noble friends around you, and make a stand like your royal father. There is but one right and one wrong—one honourable and forward course; and all others which deviate are oblique and unworthy."

"Your language, my venerated friend," said Ormond,—who saw the necessity of interfering betwixt the dignity of the actual Sovereign, and the freedom of the Countess, who was generally accustomed to receive, not to pay observance,—"your language is strong and decided, but it applies not to the times. It might occasion a renewal of the Civil War, and of all its miseries, but could hardly be attended with the effects you sanguinely anticipate."

"You are too rash, my Lady Countess," said Arlington, "not only to rush upon this danger yourself, but to desire to involve his Majesty. Let me say plainly, that in this jealous time, you have done but ill to exchange the security of Castle Rushin for the chance of a lodging in the Tower of London."

"And were I to kiss the block there," said the Countess, "as did my husband at Bolton-on-the-Moors, I would do so willingly, rather than forsake a friend!—and one, too, whom, as in the case of the younger Peveril, I have trusted upon danger."

"But have I not assured you that both of the Peverils, elder and younger, are freed from peril?" said the King; "and, my dear Countess, what can else tempt you to thrust *yourself* on danger, from which, doubtless, you expect to be relieved by my intervention? Methinks a lady of your judgment should not voluntarily throw herself into a river, merely that her friends might have the risk and merit of dragging her out."

The Countess reiterated her intention to claim a fair trial.—The two counsellors again pressed their advice that she should withdraw, though under the charge of absconding from justice, and remain in her own feudal kingdom.

The King, seeing no termination to the debate, gently reminded the Countess that her Majesty would be jealous if he detained her ladyship longer, and offered her his hand to conduct her back to the company. This she was under the necessity of accepting, and returned accordingly to the apartments of state, where an event occurred immediately afterwards, which must be transferred to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Here stand I tight and trim,
Quick of eye, though little of limb;
He who denieth the word I have spoken,
Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.
Lry of the Little Joan de Saintr.

WHEN Charles had re-conducted the Countess of Derby into the presence-chamber, before he parted with her, he entreated her, in a whisper, to be governed by good counsel, and to regard her own safety; and then turned easily from her, as if to distribute his attentions equally among the other guests.

These were a good deal circumscribed at the instant by the arrival of a party of five or six musicians; one of whom, a German, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, was particularly renowned for his performance on the violoncello, but had been detained in inactivity in the antechamber by the non-arrival of his instrument, which had now at length made its appearance.

The domestic who placed it before the owner, shrouded as it was within its wooden case, seemed heartily glad to be rid of his load, and lingered for a moment, as if interested in discovering what sort of instrument was to be produced that could weigh so heavily. His curiosity was satisfied, and in a most extraordinary manner; for, while the musician was fumbling with the key, the case being for his greater convenience placed upright against the wall, the case and instrument itself at once flew open, and out started the dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson,—at sight of whose unearthly appearance, thus suddenly introduced, the ladies shrieked, and ran backwards; the gentlemen started; and the poor German, on seeing the portentous delivery of his fiddle case, tumbled on the floor in an agony, supposing, it might be, that his instrument was metamorphosed into the strange figure which supplied its place. So soon, however, as he recovered, he glided out of the apartment, and was followed by most of his companions.

"Hudson!" said the King—"My little old friend, I am not sorry to see you; though Buckingham, who I suppose is the purveyor of this jest, hath served us up but a stale one."

"Will your Majesty honour me with one moment's attention?" said Hudson.

"Assuredly, my good friend," said the King. "Old acquaintances are springing up in every quarter to-night; and our leisure can hardly be better employed than in listening to them.—It was an idle trick of Buckingham," he added, in a whisper to Ormond, "to send the poor thing hither, especially as he was to-day tried for the affair of the Plot. At any rate, he comes not to ask protection from us, having had the rare fortune to come off *Plot-free*. He is but fishing, I suppose, for some little present or pension."

The little man, precise in Court etiquette, yet impatient of the King's delaying to attend to him, stood in the midst of the floor, most valourously pawing and prancing, like a Scots pony assuming the airs of a war-horse, waving mean while his little hat with the tarnished feather, and howling from time to time, as if impatient to be heard.

"Speak on, then, my friend," said Charles; "if thou hast some poetical address penned for thee, out with it, that thou mayst have time to repose these flourishing little limbs of thine."

"No poetical speech have I, most mighty Sovereign," answered the dwarf; "but, in plain and most loyal prose, I do accuse, before this company, the once noble Duke of Buckingham of high treason!"

"Well spoken, and manfully—Get on, man," said the King, who never doubted that this was the introduction to something burlesque or witty, not conceiving that the charge was made in solemn earnest.

A great laugh took place among such courtiers as heard, and among many who did not hear, what was uttered by the dwarf; the former entertained by the extravagant emphasis and gesticulation of the little champion, and the others laughing not the less loud that they laughed for example's sake, and upon trust.

"What matter is there for all this mirth?" said he, very indignantly—"Is it fit subject for laughing, that I, Geoffrey Hudson, Knight, do, before King and nobles, impeach George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, of high treason?"

"No subject of mirth, certainly," said Charles, composing his features; "but great matter of wonder.—Come, cease this mousing, and prancing, and mummering. If there be a jest, come out with it, man; and if not, even get thee to the buffett, and drink a cup of wine to refresh thee after thy close lodging."

"I tell you, my liege," said Hudson, impatiently, yet in a whisper, intended only to be audible by the King, "that if you spend over much time in trifling, you will be convinced by dire experience of Buckingham's treason. I tell you,—I asseverate to your Majesty,—two hundred armed fanatics will be here within the hour, to surprise the guards."

"Stand back, ladies," said the King, "or you may hear more than you will care to listen to. My Lord of Buckingham's jests are not always, you know, quite fitted for female ears; besides, we want a few

words in private with our little friend. You, my Lord of Ormond—you, Arlington," (and he named one or two others,) "may remain with us."

The gay crowd bore back, and dispersed through the apartment—the men to conjecture what the end of this mummery, as they supposed it, was likely to prove; and what jest, as Sedley said, the base-fiddle had been brought to bed of—and the ladies to admire and criticise the antique dress and richly embroidered ruff and hood of the Countess of Derby, to whom the Queen was showing particular attention.

"And now, in the name of Heaven, and amongst friends," said the King to the dwarf, "what means all this?"

"Treason my lord the King!—Treason to his Majesty of England!—When I was chambered in yonder instrument, my lord, the High-Dutch fellows who bore me, carried me into a certain chapel, to see, as they said to each other, that all was ready. Sire, I went where base-fiddle never went before, even into a conventicle of Fifth-Monarchists; and when they brought me away, the preacher was concluding his sermon, and was within a 'Now to apply' of setting off like the bell-wether at the head of his flock, to surprise your Majesty in your royal Court! I heard him through the sound-holes of my instrument, when the fellow set me down for a moment to profit by this precious doctrine."

"It would be singular," said Lord Arlington, "were there some reality at the bottom of this buffoonery; for we know these wild men have been consulting together to-day, and five conventicles have held a solemn fast."

"Nay," said the King, "if that be the case, they are certainly determined on some villany."

"Might I advise," said the Duke of Ormond, "I would summon the Duke of Buckingham to this presence. His connexions with the fanatics are well known, though he affects to conceal them."

"You would not, my lord, do his Grace the injustice to treat him as a criminal on such a charge as this?" said the King. "However," he added, after a moment's consideration, Buckingham is accessible to every sort of temptation, from the flightiness of his genius. I should not be surprised if he nourished hopes of an aspiring kind—I think we had some proof of it but lately.—Hark ye, Chiffinch; go to him instantly, and bring him here on any fair pretext thou canst devise. I would fain save him from what lawyers call an overt act. The Court would be dull as a dead horse, were Buckingham to miscarry."

"Will not your Majesty order the Horse Guards to turn out?" said young Selby, who was present and an officer.

"No, Selby," said the King, "I like not horse-play. But let them be prepared; and let the High Bailiff collect his civil officers, and command the Sheriff to summon their worshipful attendants, from javelin-men to hangmen,* and have them in readiness, in case of any sudden tumult—double the sentinels on the doors of the palace—and see no strangers get in."

"Or out," said the Duke of Ormond. "Where are the foreign fellows who brought in the dwarf?"

They were sought for, but they were not to be found. They had retreated, leaving their instruments—a circumstance which seemed to bear hard on the Duke of Buckingham, their patron.

* It can hardly be forgotten that one of the great difficulties of Charles II.'s reign was to obtain for the crown the power of choosing the sheriffs of London. Roger North gives a lively account of his brother, Sir Dudley North, who agreed to serve for the court. "I omit the share he had in composing the tumults about burning the Pope, because that is accounted for in the Examen, and the life of the Lord Keeper North. Neither is there occasion to say any thing of the rise and discovery of the Rye Plot, for the same reason. Nor is my subject much concerned with this latter, farther than that the conspirators had taken especial care of Sir Dudley North. For he was one of those who, if they had succeeded, was to have been knocked on the head, and his skin to be stuffed, and hung up in Guildhall. But, all that apart, he reckoned it a great unhappiness, that so many trials for high treason, and executions, should happen in his year. However in these affairs, the sheriffs were passive; for all returns of panels, and other deputations of the law, were issued and done by under-officers; which was a fair screen for them. They attended at the trials and executions, to coerce the crowds, and keep order, which was enough for them to do. I have heard Sir Dudley North say, that, striking with his case, he wondered to

Hasty preparations were made to provide resistance to any effort of despair which the supposed conspirators might be driven to; and in the mean while, the King, withdrawing with Arlington, Ormond, and a few other counsellors, into the cabinet where the Countess of Derby had had her audience, resumed the examination of the little discoverer. His declaration, though singular, was quite coherent; the strain of romance intermingled with it, being in fact a part of his character, which often gained him the fate of being laughed at, when he would otherwise have been pitied, or even esteemed.

He commenced with a flourish about his sufferings for the Plot, which the impatience of Ormond would have cut short, had not the King reminded his Grace, that a top, when it is not flogged, must needs go down of itself at the end of a definite time, while the application of the whip may keep it up for hours.

Geoffrey Hudson was, therefore, allowed to exhaust himself on the subject of his prison-house, which he informed the King was not without a beam of light—an emanation of loveliness—a mortal angel—quick of sight and beautiful of eye, who had more than once visited his confinement with words of cheering and comfort.

"By my faith," said the King, "they fare better in Newgate than I was aware of. Who would have thought of the little gentleman being solaced with female society in such a place?"

"I pray your Majesty," said the dwarf, after the manner of a solemn protest, "to understand nothing amiss. My devotion to this fair creature is rather like what we poor Catholics pay to the blessed saints, than mixed with any grosser quality. Indeed, she seems rather a syphilid of the Rosicrucian system, than ought more carnal; being slighter, lighter, and less than the females of common life, who have something of that coarseness of make which is doubtless derived from the sinful and gigantic race of the antediluvians."

"Well, say on, man," quoth Charles. "Didst thou not discover this syphilid to be a mere mortal wench after all?"

"Who?—I, my liege?—O fie!"

"Nay, little gentleman, do not be so particularly scandalized," said the King; "I promise you I suspect you of no audacity of gallantry."

"Time wears fast," said the Duke of Ormond, impatiently, and looking at his watch. "Chiffinch hath been gone ten minutes, and ten minutes will bring him back."

"True," said Charles gravely. "Come to the point, Hudson; and tell us what this female has to do with your coming hither in this extraordinary manner."

"Every thing, my lord," said little Hudson. "I saw her twice during my confinement in Newgate, and, in my thought, she is the very angel who guards my life and welfare; for, after my acquittal, as I walked towards the city with two tall gentlemen, who had been in trouble along with me, and just while we stood to our defence against a rascally mob, and just as I had taken possession of an elevated situation to have some vantage against the great odds of numbers, I heard a heavenly voice sound, as it were, from a window behind me, counselling me to take refuge in a certain house; to which measure I readily persuaded my gallant friends the Peverils, who have always shown themselves willing to be counselled by me."

"Showing therein their wisdom at once and moreover what blows his countrymen would take upon their bare heads, and never look up at it. And indeed, nothing can match the zeal of the common people to see executions. The worst grievance was the executioner coming to him for orders, touching the absconded members, and to know where to dispose of them. Once, while he was abroad, a cart, with some of them, came into the court-yard of his house, and frightened his lady almost out of her wits; and she could never be reconciled to the dog hangman's saying he came to speak with his master. These are inconveniences that attend the notions of public magistracy, and are necessary to be borne with, as magistracy itself is necessary. I have now no more to say of any incidents during the strategy; but that, at the year's end, he delivered up his charges to his successor in like manner as he had received them from his predecessor, and, having reinstated his family, he lived well and easy at his own house, as he did before these disturbances put him out of order."

desty," said the King. "But what chanced next? Be brief—he like thyself, man."

"For a time, sire," said the dwarf, "it seemed as if I were not the principal object of attention. First, the younger Peveril was withdrawn from us by a gentleman of venerable appearance, though somewhat smacking of a Puritan, having boots of neat's leather, and wearing his weapon without a sword-knot. When Master Julian returned, he informed us, for the first time, that we were in the power of a body of armed fanatics, who were, as the poet says, prompt for direful act. And your Majesty will remark, that both father and son were in some measure desperate, and disregarding from that moment of the assurances which I gave them that the star which I was bound to worship, would, in her own time, shine forth in signal of our safety. May it please your Majesty, in answer to my hilarious exhortations to confidence, the father did but say *ush*, and the son *ushare*, which showed how men's prudence and manners are disturbed by affliction. Nevertheless, these two gentlemen, the Peverils, forming a strong opinion of the necessity there was to break forth, were it only to convey a knowledge of these dangerous passages to your Majesty, commenced an assault on the door of the apartment, I also assisting with the strength which Heaven hath given, and some threescore years have left me. We could not, as it unhappily proved, manage our attempt so silently, but that our guards overheard us, and, entering in numbers, separated us from each other, and compelled my companions, at point of pike and poniard, to go to some other and more distant apartment, thus separating our fair society. I was again enclosed in the now solitary chamber, and I will own that I felt a certain depression of soul. But when bale is at its highest, as the poet singeth, boot is at its highest, for a door of hope was suddenly opened."

"In the name of God, my liege," said the Duke of Ormond, "let this poor creature's story be translated into the language of common sense by some of the scribblers of romances about Court, and we may be able to make meaning of it."

Geoffrey Hudson looked with a frowning countenance of reproof upon the impatient old Irish nobleman, and said, with a very dignified air, "That one duke upon a poor gentleman's hand was enough at a time, and that, but for his present engagement and dependency with the Duke of Buckingham, he would have endured no such terms from the Duke of Ormond."

"Abate your valour, and diminish your choler, at our request, most puissant Sir Geoffrey Hudson," said the King; "and forgive the Duke of Ormond for my sake; but at all events go on with your story."

Geoffrey Hudson laid his hand on his bosom, and bowed in proud and dignified submission to his Sovereign; then waved his forgiven-ness graciously to Ormond, accompanied with a horrible grin, which he designed for a smile of gracious forgiveness and conciliation. "Under the Duke's favour, then," he proceeded, "when I said the door of hope was opened to me, I meant a door behind the tapestry, from whence issued that fair vision—yet not so fair as lustrously dark, like the beauty of a continental night, where the cloudless azure sky shrouds us in a veil more lovely than that of day!—But I note your Majesty's impatience;—enough. I followed my beautiful guide into an apartment, where there lay, strangely intermingled, warlike arms and musical instruments. Amongst these I saw my own late place of temporary obscurity—a violoncello. To my astonishment, she turned round the instrument, and opening it behind by pressure of a spring, showed that it was filled with pistols, daggers, and ammunition made up in bandoleers. 'These,' she said, 'are this night destined to surprise the Court of the unwary Charles—your Majesty must pardon my using her own words; 'but if thou dar'st go in their stead, thou may'st be the saviour of king and kingdoms; if thou art afraid, keep a secret, I myself will try the adventure.' Now, may Heaven forbid, that Geoffrey Hudson were craven enough, said I, to let thee run such a risk! You know not—you cannot know, what belongs to such

ambuscades and concealments—I am accustomed to them—have lurked in the pocket of a giant, and have formed the contents of a pasty. ‘Get in, then,’ she said, ‘and lose no time.’ Nevertheless, while I prepared to obey, I will not deny that some cold apprehensions came over my hot valour, and I confessed to her, if it might so be, I would rather find my way to the palace on my own feet. But she would not listen to me, saying hastily, ‘I would be intercepted, or refused admittance, and that I must embrace the means she offered me of introduction into the presence, and when there, tell the King to be on his guard—little more is necessary; for once the scheme is known it becomes desperate. Rashly and boldly, I bid adieu to the daylight which was then fading away. She withdrew the contents of the instrument destined for my concealment, and having put them behind the chimney-board, introduced me in their room. As she clasped me in, I implored her to warn the men who were to be intrusted with me, to take heed and keep the neck of the violoncello uppermost; but ere I had completed my request, I found I was left alone, and in darkness. Presently, two or three fellows entered, whom, by their language, which I in some sort understood, I perceived to be Germans, and under the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. I heard them receive from the leader a charge how they were to deport themselves, when they should assume the concealed arms—and—for I will do the Duke no wrong—I understood their orders were precise, not only to spare the person of the King, but also those of the courtiers, and to protect all who might be in the presence against an irruption of the fanatics. In other respects, they had charge to disarm the gentleman-pensioners in the guard-room, and, in fine, to obtain the command of the Court.”

The King looked disconcerted and thoughtful at this communication, and bade Lord Arlington see that Selby quietly made search into the contents of the other cases which had been brought as containing musical instruments. He then signed to the dwarf to proceed in his story, asking him again and again, and very solemnly, whether he was sure that he heard the Duke’s name mentioned, as commanding or approving this action.

The dwarf answered in the affirmative.

“This,” said the King, “is carrying this frolic somewhat far.”

The dwarf proceeded to state, that he was carried after his metamorphosis into the chapel, where he heard the preacher seemingly about the close of his harangue, the tenor of which he also mentioned. Words, he said, could not express the agony which he felt when he found that his bearer, in placing the instrument in a corner, was about to invert its position, in which case, he said, human frailty might have proved too great for love, for loyalty, for true obedience, nay, for the fear of death, which was like to ensue on discovery; and he concluded, that he greatly doubted he could not have stood on his head for many minutes without screaming aloud.

“I could not have blamed you,” said the King; “placed in such a posture in the royal oak, I must needs have roared myself.—Is this all you have to tell us of this strange conspiracy?” Sir Geoffrey Hudson replied in the affirmative, and the King presently subjoined:—“Go my little friend, your services shall not be forgotten. Since thou hast crept into the bowels of a fiddle for our service, we are bound, in duty and conscience, to find you a more roomy dwelling in future.”

“It was a violoncello, if your Majesty is pleased to remember,” said the little jealous inan, “not a common fiddle; though, for your Majesty’s service, I would have crept even into a kit.”

“Whatever of that nature could have been performed by any subject of ours, thou wouldst have enacted in our behalf—of that we hold ourselves certain. Withdraw for a little; and hark ye, for the present, beware what you say about this matter. Let your appearance be considered—do you mark me—as a frolic of the Duke of Buckingham; and not a word of conspiracy.”

“Were it not, better to put him under some restraint, sire?” said the Duke of Ormond, when Hudson had left the room.

“It is unnecessary,” said the King. “I remember the little wretch of old. Fortune, to make him the model of absurdity, has closed a most lofty soul within that little miserable carcass. For wielding his sword and keeping his word, he is a perfect Don Quixote in decimo-octavo. He shall be taken care of.—But, oddefish, my lords, is not this freak of Buckingham too villainous and ungrateful?”

“He had not had the means of being so, had your Majesty,” said the Duke of Ormond, “been less lenient on other occasions.”

“My lord, my lord,” said Charles, hastily—“your lordship is Buckingham’s known enemy—we will take other and more impartial counsel.—Arlington, what think you of all this?”

“May it please your Majesty,” said Arlington, “I think the thing is absolutely impossible, unless the Duke has had some quarrel with your Majesty, of which we know nothing. His Grace is very flighty, doubtless, but this seems actual insanity.”

“Why, faith,” said the King, “some words passed betwixt us this morning—his Duchess it seems is dead—and to lose no time, his Grace had cast his eyes about for means of repairing the loss, and had the assurance to ask our consent to woo my niece Lady Anne.”

“Which your Majesty of course rejected?” said the statesman.

“And not without rebuking his assurance,” added the King.

“In private, sir, or before any witness?” said the Duke of Ormond.

“Before no one, said the King,—“excepting, indeed, little Chiffinch; and he, you know, is no one.”

“*Mine ille lachryma*,” said Ormond, “I know his Grace well. While the rebuke of his aspiring penulience was a matter betwixt your Majesty and him, he might have let it pass by; but a check before a fellow from whom it was likely enough to travel through the Court was a matter to be revenged.”

Here Selby came hastily from the other room, to say, that his Grace of Buckingham had just entered the presence chamber.

The King rose. “Let a boat be in readiness, with a party of the yeomen,” said he. “It may be necessary to attach him of treason, and send him to the Tower.”

“Should not a Secretary of State’s warrant be prepared?” said Ormond.

“No, my Lord Duke,” said the King, sharply. “I still hope that the necessity may be avoided.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

High reaching Buckingham grows circum-pert.
Richard III.

BEFORE giving the reader an account of the meeting betwixt Buckingham and his injured Sovereign, we may mention a trifling circumstance or two which took place betwixt his Grace and Chiffinch, in the short drive betwixt York-Place and Whitehall.

In the outset, the Duke endeavoured to learn from the courtier the special cause of his being summoned so hastily to the Court. Chiffinch answered, cautiously, that he believed there were some gambols going forward, at which the King desired the Duke’s presence.

This did not quite satisfy Buckingham, for, conscious of his own harsh purpose, he could not but apprehend discovery. After a moment’s silence, Chiffinch, he said, abruptly, “did you mention to any one what the King said to me this morning touching the Lady Anne?”

“My Lord Duke,” said Chiffinch, hesitating, “surely my duty to the King—my respect to your Grace!”

“You mentioned it to no one, then?” said the Duke, sternly.

“To no one,” replied Chiffinch, faintly, for he was

intimidated by the Duke's increasing severity of manner.

"You lie, like a scoundrel!" said the Duke—"You told Christian!"

"Your Grace," said Chiffinch—"your Grace—your Grace ought to remember that I told you Christian's secret, that the Countess of Derby was come up."

"And you think the one point of treachery may balance for the other? But no. I must have a better atonement. Be assured I will blow your brains out, ere you leave this carriage, unless you tell me the truth of this message from Court."

As Chiffinch hesitated what reply to make, a man, who, by the blaze of the torches, then always borne, as well by the lackeys who hung behind the carriage, as by the footmen who ran by the side, might easily see who sat in the coach, approached, and sung in a deep manly voice, the burden of an old French song on the battle of Marignan, in which is intimated the German French of the defeated Swiss—

*"Tout est en l'air
La victoire,
Tout est en l'air
Bei Got."*

"I am betrayed," said the Duke, who instantly conceived that this chorus, expressing "all is lost," was sung by one of his faithful agents, as a hint to him that their machinations were discovered.

He attempted to throw himself from the carriage, but Chiffinch held him with a firm, though respectful grasp. "Do not destroy yourself, my lord," he said, in a tone of deep humility—"there are soldiers and officers of the peace around the carriage, to enforce your Grace's coming to Whitehall, and to prevent your escape. To attempt it would be to confess guilt; and I advise you strongly against that—the King is your friend—be your own."

The Duke, after a moment's consideration, said sullenly, "I believe you are right. Why should I fly, when I am guilty of nothing but sending some fireworks to entertain the Court, instead of a concert of music?"

"And the dwarf, who came so unexpectedly out of the bass-viol?"

"Was a masking device of my own. Chiffinch," said the Duke, though the circumstance was then first known to him. "Chiffinch, you will bind me for ever, if you will permit me to have a minute's conversation with Christian."

"With Christian, my lord?—Where could you find him?—You are aware we must go straight on to the Court."

"True," said the Duke, "but I think I cannot miss finding him; and you, master Chiffinch, are no officer, and have no warrant either to detain me prisoner, or prevent my speaking to whom I please."

Chiffinch replied, "My Lord Duke, your genius is so great, and your escapes so numerous, that it will be from no wish of my own if I am forced to hurt a man so skilful and so popular."

"Nay, then, there is life in it yet," said the Duke, and whistled; when, from beside the little cutler's booth, with which the reader is acquainted, appeared, suddenly, Master Christian, and was in a moment at the side of the coach. "*Ganz ist verloren*," said the Duke.

"I know it," said Christian; "and all our godly friends are dispersed upon the news. Lucky the Colonel and these German rascals gave a hint. All a safe—You go to Court.—Hark ye I will follow."

"You, Christian? that would be more friendly than was."

"Why, what is there against me?" said Christian. "I am innocent as the child unborn—so is your Grace. There is but one creature who can bear witness to our guilt; but I trust to bring her on the stage in our favour—besides, if I went not, I should presently be sent for."

"The familiar of whom I have heard you speak, I warrant?"

"Hark in your ear again."

"I understand," said the Duke, "and will delay Master Chiffinch,—for he, you must know, is my conductor,—no longer.—Well, Chiffinch, let them

drive on.—*Vogue la Galere!*" he exclaimed as the carriage went onward; "I have sailed through worse perils than this yet."

"It is not for me to judge," said Chiffinch; "your Grace is a bold commander; and Christian hath the cunning of the devil for a pilot; but—However, I remain your Grace's poor friend, and will heartily rejoice in your extrication."

"Give me a proof of your friendship," said the Duke. "Tell me what you know of Christian's familiar, as he calls her."

"I believe it to be the same dancing wench who came with Empson to my house on the morning that Mistress Alice made her escape from us. But you have seen her, my lord?"

"I?" said the Duke; "when did I see her?"

"She was employed by Christian, I believe, to set his niece at liberty, when he found himself obliged to gratify his fanatical brother-in-law, by restoring his child; besides being prompted by a private desire, as I think, of bantering your Grace."

"Umph! I suspected so much. I will repay it," said the Duke. "But first to get out of this dilemma.—That little Numidian witch, then, was his familiar; and she joined in the plot to tantalize me?—But here we reach Whitehall.—Now, Chiffinch, be no worse than thy word, and—now, Buckingham, be thyself!"

But ere we follow Buckingham into the presence, where he had so difficult a part to sustain, it may not be amiss to follow Christian after his brief conversation with him. On re-entering the house, which he did by a circuitous passage, leading from a distant alley, and through several courts, Christian hastened to a low matted apartment, in which Bridgenorth sat alone, reading the Bible by the light of a small brazen lamp, with the utmost serenity of countenance.

"Have you dismissed the Peverils?" said Christian, hastily.

"I have," said the Major.

"And upon what pledge—that they will not carry information against you to Whitehall?"

"They gave me their promise voluntarily, when I showed them our armed friends were dismissed. Tomorrow, I believe, it is their purpose to lodge informations."

"And why not to-night, I pray you?" said Christian.

"Because they allow us that time for escape."

"Why, then, do you not avail yourself of it? Wherefore are you here?" said Christian.

"Nay, rather, why do you not fly?" said Bridgenorth. "Of a surety, you are as deeply engaged as I."

"Brother Bridgenorth, I am the fox, who knows a hundred modes of deceiving the hounds; you are the deer, whose sole resource is in hasty flight. Therefore lose no time—begone to the country—or rather, Zedekiah Fish's vessel, the Good Hope, lies in the river, bound for Massachusetts—take the wings of the morning, and begone—she can fall down to Gravesend with the tide."

"And leave to thee, brother Christian," said Bridgenorth, "the charge of my fortune and my daughter? No, brother; my opinion of your good faith must be re-established ere I again trust thee."

"Go thy ways, then, for a suspicious fool," said Christian, suppressing his strong desire to use language more offensive; "or rather stay where thou art, and take thy chance of the gallows!"

"It is appointed to all men to die once," said Bridgenorth; "my life hath been a living death. My fairest boughs have been stripped by the axe of the forester—that which survives must, if it shall blossom, be grafted elsewhere and at a distance from my aged trunk. The sooner, then, the root feels the axe, the stroke is more welcome. I had been pleased, indeed, had I been called to bringing yonder licentious Court to a purer character, and relieving the yoke of the suffering people of God. That youth too—son to that precious woman, to whom I owe the last tie that feebly links my wearied spirit to humanity—could I have travelled with him in the good cause!—But that with all my other hopes, is broken for ever; and

since I am not worthy to be an instrument in so great a work, I have little desire to abide longer in this vale of sorrow."

"Farewell, then, desponding fool!" said Christian, unable, with all his calmness, any longer to suppress his contempt for the resigned and hopeless predestinarian. "That fate should have clogged me with such confederates!" he muttered, as he left the apartment—"this bigoted fool is now nearly irreclaimable—I must to Zarah; for she, or no one, must carry us through these straits. If I can but soothe her sullen temper, and excite her vanity to action,—betwixt her address, the King's partiality for the Duke, Buckingham's matchless effrontery, and my own hand upon the helm, we may yet weather the tempest that darkens around us. But what we do must be hastily done."

In another apartment he found the person he sought—the same who visited the Duke of Buckingham's harem, and, having relieved Alice Bridgenorth from her confinement there, had occupied her place, as has been already narrated, or rather intimated. She was now much more plainly attired than when she had tantalized the Duke with her presence; but her dress had still something of the Oriental character, which corresponded with the dark complexion and quick eye of the wearer. She had the kerchief at her eyes as Christian entered the apartment, but suddenly withdrew it, and, flashing on him a glance of scorn and indignation, asked him what he meant by intruding where his company was alike unsought for and undesired.

"A proper question," said Christian, "from a slave to her master!"

"Rather say, a proper question, and of all questions the most proper, from a mistress to her slave! Know you not, that from the hour in which you discovered your ineffable baseness, you have made me mistress of your lot? While you seemed but a demon of vengeance, you commanded terror, and to good purpose; but such a foul fiend as thou hast of late shown thyself—such a very worthless, base trickster of the devil—such a sordid grovelling imp of perdition, can gain nothing but scorn from a soul like mine."

"Gallantly mouthed," said Christian, "and with good emphasis."

"Yes," answered Zarah, "I can speak—sometimes—I can also be mute; and that no one knows better than thou."

"Thou art a spoiled child, Zarah, and dost but abuse the indulgence I entertain for your freakish humour," replied Christian; "thy wits have been disturbed since ever you landed in England, and all for the sake of one who cares for thee no more than for the most worthless object who walks the streets, amongst whom he left you to engage in a brawl for one he loved better."

"It is no matter," said Zarah, obviously repressing very bitter emotion; "it signifies not that he loves another better; there is none—no, none—that ever did or can love him so well."

"I pity you, Zarah!" said Christian, with some scorn.

"I deserve your pity," she replied, "were your pity worth my accepting. Whom have I to thank for my wretchedness but you?—You bred me up in thirst of vengeance, ere I knew that good and evil were any thing better than names;—to gain your applause, and to gratify the vanity you had excited, I have for years undergone a penance, from which a thousand would have shrunk."

"A thousand, Zarah!" answered Christian; "ay, a hundred thousand, and a million to boot; the creature is not on earth, being mere mortal woman, that would have undergone the thirtieth part of thy self-denial."

"I believe it," said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure; "I believe it—I have gone through a trial that few indeed could have sustained. I have renounced the dear intercourse of my kind; compelled my tongue only to utter, like that of a spy, the knowledge which my ear had only collected as a base eaves-

dropper. This I have done for years—for years—and all for the sake of your private applause—and the hope of vengeance on a woman, who, if she did ill in murdering my father, has been bitterly repaid by nourishing a serpent in her bosom, that had the tooth, but not the deafened ear, of the adder."

"Well—well—well," reiterated Christian; "and had you not your reward in my approbation—in the consciousness of your own unequalled dexterity—by which, superior to any thing of thy sex that history has ever known, you endured what woman never before endured, insolence without notice, admiration without answer, and sarcasm without reply?"

"Not without reply!" said Zarah, fiercely. "Gave not Nature to my feelings a course of expression more impressive than words? and did not those tremble at my shrieks, who would have little minded my entreaties or my complaints? And my proud lady, who sauced her charities with the taunts she thought I heard not—she was justly paid by the passing of her dearest and most secret concerns into the hands of her mortal enemy; and the vain Earl—yet he was a thing as insignificant as the plume that nodded in his cap; and the maidens and ladies who taunted me—I had, or can easily have, my revenge upon them. But there is *one*," she added, looking upward, "who never taunted me; one whose generous feelings could treat the poor dumb girl even as his sister; who never spoke word of her but it was to excuse or defend—and you tell me I must not love him, and that it is madness to love him!—I will be mad then, for I will love him till the latest breath of my life!"

"Think but an instant, silly girl—silly but in one respect, since in all others thou mayst brave the world of women. Think that I have proposed to thee, for the loss of this hopeless affection, a career so brilliant!—Think only that it rests with thyself to be the wife—the wedded wife—of the princely Buckingham! With my talents—with thy wit and beauty—with his passionate love of these attributes—a short space might rank you among England's Princesses.—Be but guided by me—he is now at a deadly pass—needs every assistance to retrieve his fortunes—above all, that which we alone can render him. Put yourself under my conduct, and not fate itself shall prevent your wearing a Duchess's coronet."

"A coronet of thistle-down, entwined with thistle-leaves," said Zarah.—"I know not a slighter thing than your Buckingham! I saw him at your request—saw him when, as a man, he should have shown himself generous and noble—I stood the proof at your desire, for I laugh at those dangers from which the poor blushing wailers of my sex shrink and withdraw themselves. What did I find him?—a poor wavering voluptuary—his nearest attempt to passion like the fire on a wretched stubble-field, that may singe, indeed, or smoke, but can neither warm nor devour. Christian! were his coronet at my feet this moment, I would sooner take up a crown of gilded gingerbread, than extend my hand to raise it."

"You are mad, Zarah—with all your taste and talent, you are utterly mad! But let Buckingham pass—Do you owe me nothing on this emergency?—Nothing to one who rescued you from the cruelty of your owner, the posture-master, to place you in ease and affluence?"

"Christian," she replied, "I owe you much. Had I not felt I did so, I would, as I have been often tempted to do, have denounced thee to the fierce Countess, who would have gibbeted you on her feudal walls of Castle Rushin, and bid your family seek redress from the eagles, that would long since have thatched their nest with your hair, and fed their young ospreys with your flesh."

"I am truly glad you have had so much forbearance for me," answered Christian.

"I have it, in truth and in sincerity," replied Zarah.—"Not for your benefits to me—such as they were, they were every one interested, and conferred from the most selfish considerations. I have overpaid them a thousand times by the devotion to your will, which I have displayed at the greatest personal risk. But till of late I respected your powers of mind—

your inimitable command of passion—the force of intellect which I have ever seen you exercise over all others, from the bigot Bridgenorth to the debauched Buckingham—in that, indeed, I have recognised my master."

"And those powers," said Christian, "are unlimited as ever; and with thy assistance, thou shalt see the strongest meshes that the laws of civil society ever wove to limit the natural dignity of man, broke asunder like the spider's web."

She paused and answered, "While a noble motive fired thee—ay, a noble motive, though irregular—for I was born to gaze on the sun which the pale daughters of Europe shrink from—I could serve thee—I could have followed, while revenge or ambition had guided thee—but love of wealth, and by what means acquired?—What sympathy can I hold with that?—Wouldst thou not have pandered to the lust of the King, though the object was thine own orphan niece?—You smile?—Smile again when I ask you whether you meant not my own prostitution, when you charged me to remain in the house of that wretched Buckingham?—Smile at that question, and by Heaven I stab you to the heart!" And she thrust her hand into her bosom, and partly showed the hilt of a small poniard.

"And if I smile," said Christian, "it is but in scorn of so odious an accusation. Girl, I will not tell thee the reason, but there exists not on earth the living thing over whose safety and honour I would keep watch as over thine. Buckingham's wife, indeed, I wished thee; and through thy own beauty and thy wit, I doubted not to bring the match to pass."

"Vain flatterer," said Zarah, yet seeming soothed even by the flattery which she scoffed at, "you would persuade me that it was honourable love which you expected the Duke was to have offered me. How durst you urge so gross a deception, to which time, place, and circumstance, gave the lie?—How dare you now again mention it, when you well know, that at the time you mention, the Duchess was still in life?"

"In life, but on her deathbed," said Christian; "and for time, place, and circumstance, had your virtue, my Zarah, depended on these, how couldst thou have been the creature thou art? I knew thee all-sufficient to bid him defiance—else—for thou art dearer to me than thou thinkest—I had not risked thee to win the Duke of Buckingham; ay, and the kingdom of England to boot.—So now, wilt thou be ruled and go on with me?"

Zarah, or Fenella, for our readers must have been long aware of the identity of these two personages, cast down her eyes, and was silent for a long time.

"Christian," she said at last, in a solemn voice, "if my ideas of right and of wrong be wild and incoherent, I owe it, first, to the wild fever which my native sun communicated to my veins; next, to my childhood, trained amidst the shifts, tricks, and feats of jugglers and mountebanks; and then, to a youth of fraud and deception, through the course thou didst prescribe me, in which, I might, indeed, hear every thing, but communicate with no one. The last cause of my wild errors, if such they are, originates, O Christian, with you alone; by whose intrigues I was placed with yonder lady, and who taught me, that to revenge my father's death, was my first great duty on earth, and that I was bound by nature to hate and ignore her by whom I was fed and fostered, though as she would have fed and caressed a dog, or any other mate animal. I also think—for I will deal fairly with you—that you had not so easily deceived your niece, in the child whose surprising agility was making yonder brutal mountebank a fortune; nor so readily induced him to part with his bond-slave, had you not, for your own purposes, placed me under his charge, and reserved the privilege of claiming me when you pleased. I could not, under any other tuition, have identified myself with the personage of a mate, which it has been your desire that I should perform through life."

"You do me injustice, Zarah," said Christian—"I

found you capable of discharging, to an uncommon degree, a task necessary to the avenging of your father's death—I consecrated you to it, as I consecrated my own life and hopes; and you held the duty sacred, till these mad feelings towards a youth who loves your cousin!"

"Who—loves—my—cousin?" repeated Zarah, (for we will continue to call her by her real name,) slowly, and as if the words dropped unconsciously from her lips. "Well—be it so!—Man of many wiles, I will follow thy course for a little, a very little further; but take heed—tease me not with remonstrances against the treasure of my secret thoughts—I mean my most hopeless affection to Julian Peveril—and bring me not as an assistant to any snare which you may design to cast around him. You and your Duke shall rue the hour most bitterly, in which you provoke me. You may suppose you have me in your power; but remember, the snakes of my burning climate are never so fatal as when you grasp them."

"I care not for these Peverils," said Christian—"I care not for their fate a poor straw, unless where it bears on that of the destined woman, whose hands are red in your father's blood. Believe me, I can divide her fate and theirs. I will explain to you how. And for the Duke, he may pass among men of the town for wit, and among soldiers for valour, among courtiers for manners and for form; and why, with his high rank and immense fortune, you should throw away an opportunity, which, as I could now improve it!"

"Speak not of it," said Zarah, "if thou wouldst have our truce—remember it is no peace—if, I say, thou wouldst have our truce grow to be an hour old!"

"This, then," said Christian, with a last effort to work upon the vanity of this singular being, "is she who pretended such superiority to human passion, that she could walk indifferently and unmoved thro' the halls of the prosperous, and the prison cells of the captive, unknowing and unknown—sympathizing neither with the pleasures of the one, nor the woes of the other, but advancing with sure, though silent steps, her own plans, in despite and regardless of either!"

"My own plans?" said Zarah—"Thy plans, Christian—thy plans of extorting from the surprised prisoners, means whereby to convict them—thine own plans, formed with those more powerful than thyself, to sound men's secrets, and, by using them as matter of accusation, to keep up the great delusion of the nation."

"Such access was indeed given you as my agent," said Christian, "and for advancing a great national change. But how did you use it?—to advance your own insane passion."

"Insane!" said Zarah—"Had he been less than insane whom I addressed, he and I had ere now been far from the toils which you have pitched for us both. I had means prepared for every thing; and ere this, the shores of Britain had been lost to our sight for ever."

"The miserable dwarf, too, said Christian—"Was it worthy of you to delude that poor creature with flattering visions—lull him asleep with drugs? Was that my doing?"

"He was my destined tool," said Zarah, haughtily. "I remembered your lessons too well not to use him as such. Yet scorn him not too much. I tell you, that you very miserable dwarf, whom I made my sport in the prison,—yon wretched abortion of nature, I would select for a husband, ere I would marry your Buckingham!—the vain and imbecile pigmy has yet the warm heart and noble feelings that a man should hold his highest honour."

"In God's name, then, take your own way," said Christian; "and, for my sake, let never man hereafter limit a woman in the use of her tongue, since he must make it amply up to her, in allowing her the privilege of her own will. Who would have thought it? But the colt has slipped the bridle, and I must needs follow, since I cannot guide her."

Our narrative returns to the Court of King Charles, at Whitehall.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

—But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature! ...
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have cou'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use.—Henry V.

At no period of his life, not even when that life was in imminent danger, did the constitutional gaiety of Charles seem more overclouded, than when waiting for the return of Chiffinch with the Duke of Buckingham. His mind revolted at the idea, that the person to whom he had been so particularly indulgent, and whom he had selected as the friend of his lighter hours and amusements, should prove capable of having tampered with a plot apparently directed against his liberty and life. He more than once examined the dwarf anew, but could extract nothing more than his first narrative contained. The apparition of the female to him in the cell of Newgate, he described in such fanciful and romantic colours, that the King could not help thinking the poor man's head a little turned; and, as nothing was found in the kettledrum, and other musical instruments brought for the use of the Duke's band of foreigners, he nourished some slight hope that the whole plan might be either a mere jest, or that the idea of an actual conspiracy was founded in mistake.

The persons who had been despatched to watch the motions of Mr. Weivier's congregation, brought back word that they had quietly dispersed. It was known, at the same time, that they had met in arms, but this assured no particular design of aggression, at a time when all true Protestants conceived themselves in danger of immediate massacre; when the fathers of the city had repeatedly called out the Train-Bands, and alarmed the citizens of London, under the idea of an instant insurrection of the Catholics; and when, to sum the whole up, in the emphatic words of an alderman of the day, there was a general belief that they would all waken some unhappy morning with their throats cut. Who was to do these dire deeds, it was more difficult to suppose; but all admitted the possibility that they might be achieved, since one Justice of the Peace was already murdered. There was, therefore, no inference of hostile intentions against the State, to be decidedly derived from a congregation of Protestants *par excellence*, military from old associations, bringing their arms with them to a place of worship, in the midst of a panic so universal.

Neither did the violent language of the minister, supposing that to be proved, absolutely infer meditated violence. The favourite parables of the preachers, and the metaphors and ornaments which they selected, were at all times of a military cast; and the taking the kingdom of heaven by storm, a strong and beautiful metaphor, when used generally, as in Scripture, was detailed in their sermons in all the technical language of the attack and defence of a fortified place. The danger, in short, whatever might have been its actual degree, had disappeared as suddenly as a bubble upon the water, when broken by a casual touch, and had left as little trace behind it. It became, therefore, matter of much doubt, whether it had ever actually existed.

While various reports were making from without, and while their tenor was discussed by the King, and such nobles and statesmen as he thought proper to consult on the occasion, a gradual sadness and anxiety mingled with, and finally silenced, the mirth of the evening. All became sensible that something unusual was going forward; and the unwonted distance which Charles maintained from his guests, while it added greatly to the dullness that began to predominate in the presence-chamber, gave intimation that something unusual was labouring in the King's mind.

Thus play was neglected—the music was silent, or played without being heard—gallants ceased to make compliments, and ladies to expect them; and a sort of apprehensive curiosity pervaded the circle. Each asked the others why they were grave; and no an-

swer was returned, any more than could have been rendered by a herd of cattle instinctively disturbed by the approach of a thunder-storm.

To add to the general apprehension, it began to be whispered, that one or two of the guests, who were desirous of leaving the palace, had been informed no one could be permitted to retire until the general hour of dismissal. And these, gliding back into the hall, communicated in whispers that the sentinels at the gates were doubled, and that there was a troop of the Horse Guards drawn up in the court—circumstances so unusual, as to excite the most anxious curiosity.

Such was the state of the Court, when wheels were heard without, and the bustle which took place denoted the arrival of some person of consequence.

"Here comes Chiffinch," said the King, "with his prey in his clutch."

It was indeed the Duke of Buckingham; nor did he approach the royal presence without emotion. On entering the court, the flambeaux which were borne around the carriage gleamed on the scarlet coats, laced hats, and drawn broadswords of the Horse Guards—a sight unusual, and calculated to strike terror into a conscience which was none of the clearest.

The Duke alighted from the carriage, and only said to the officer, whom he saw upon duty, "You are late under arms to-night, Captain Carleton."

"Such are our orders, sir," answered Carleton, with military brevity; and then commanded the four dismounted sentinels at the under gate to make way for the Duke of Buckingham. His Grace had no sooner entered, than he heard behind him the command, "Move close up, sentinels—closer yet to the gate." And he felt as if all chance of rescue were excluded by the sound.

As he advanced up the grand staircase, there were other symptoms of alarm and precaution. The Yeomen of the Guard were mustered in unusual numbers, and carried carbines instead of their halberds; and the Gentleman Pensioners, with their partisans, appeared also in proportional force. In short, all that sort of defence which the royal household possesses within itself, seemed, for some hasty and urgent reason, to have been placed under arms, and upon duty.

Buckingham ascended the royal staircase with an eye attentive to these preparations, and a step steady and slow, as if he counted each step on which he trode. "Who," he asked himself, "shall insure Christian's fidelity? Let him but stand fast, and we are secure. Otherwise"—

As he shaped the alternative, he entered the presence-chamber.

The King stood in the midst of the apartment, surrounded by the personages with whom he had been consulting. The rest of the brilliant assembly, scattered into groups, looked on at some distance. All were silent when Buckingham entered, in hopes of receiving some explanation of the mysteries of the evening. All bent forward, though etiquette forbade them to advance, to catch, if possible, something of what was about to pass betwixt the King and his intriguing statesman. At the same time, those counsellors who stood around Charles, drew back on either side, so as to permit the Duke to pay his respects to his Majesty in the usual form. He went through the ceremonial with his accustomed grace, but was received by Charles with much unwonted gravity.

"We have waited for you for some time, my Lord Duke. It is long since Chiffinch left us, to request your attendance here. I see you are elaborately dressed. Your toilette was needless on the present occasion."

"Needless to the splendour of your Majesty's Court," said the Duke, "but not needless on my part. This chanced to be Black Monday at York-Place, and my club of *Pendables* were in full glee when your Majesty's summons arrived. I could not be in the company of Ogle, Maniduc, Dawson, and so forth, but what I must needs make some preparation, and some ablution, ere entering the circle here."

"I trust the purification will be complete," said the King, without any tendency to the smile which always

features, that, ungilded by its influence, were sh, and even severe. "We wished to ask concerning the import of a sort of musical ich you designed us here, but which miscare are given to understand."

"Ist have been a great miscarriage indeed," Duke, "since your Majesty looks so serious thought to have done your Majesty a pleasure have seen you condescend to be pleased passages,) by sending the contents of that ; but I fear the jest has been unacceptable—fire-works may have done mischief. to mischief they were designed for, perhaps," King, gravely; "you see, my lord, we are all unsunged."

"may your Majesty remain so," said the yet I see that there is something miscom-my part—it must be a matter unpardonable, little intended, since it hath displeased so a master."

"ndulgent a master, indeed, Buckingham," e King; "and the fruit of my indulgence has range loyal men into traitors." t please your Majesty, I cannot understand l the Duke.

w us, my lord," answered Charles, "and we 1 your to explain our meaning."

d by the same lords who stood around him, wed by the Duke of Buckingham, on whom ere fixed, Charles retired into the same cabi- had been the scene of repeated consulta- course of the evening. There, leaning arms crossed on the back of an easy chair, roceeded to interrogate the suspected noble-

is be plain with each other. Speak out, am. What, in one word, was to have been : intended for us this evening?"

ty mask, my liege. I had destined a little girl to come out of that instrument, who, I would have performed to your Majesty's few Chinese fireworks there were, which, the entertainment was to have taken place arble hall, might, I hoped, have been dis- with good effect, and without the slightest the first appearance of my little sorceress, : designed to have masked, as it were, her upon the stage. I hope there have been no inged—no ladies frightened—no hopes of no- rt interrupted by my ill-fancied jest?"

ave seen no such fireworks, my lord; and sic dancer, of whom we now hear for the came forth in the form of our old acquaint- frey Hudson, whose dancing days are surely

Majesty surprises me! I beseech you, let be sent for—Edward Christian—he will be ing in a large old house near Sharper the in the Strand. As I live by bread, sire, I im with the arrangement of this matter, as e dancing-girl was his property. If he has ht to dishonour my concert, or disparage my ; he shall die under the baton." singular," said the King, "and I have often it that this fellow Christian bears the blame n's enormities—he performs the part which t family is usually assigned to that mischief- sonage, Nobody. When Chiffinch blunders, s quotes Christian. When Sheffield writes n, I am sure to hear of Christian having cor- copied, or dispersed it—he is the *ami d'année* one about my Court—the scapegoat who is way all their iniquities; and he will have a l to bear into the wilderness. But for Buck- wins, in particular, he is the regular and uni- nor; and I am convinced his Grace expects should suffer every penalty which he has in- in this world or the next."

so," with the deepest reverence replied the "I have no hope of being either hanged or by proxy; but it is clear some one hath tan- bled and altered my device. If I am accused, let me at least hear the charge, and see my

"That is but fair," said the King. "Bring our little friend from behind the chimney-board. [Hudson being accordingly produced, he continued.] There stands the Duke of Buckingham. Repeat before him the tale you told us. Let him hear what were those contents of the bass-viol which were removed that you might enter it. Be not afraid of any one, but speak the truth boldly."

"May it please your Majesty," said Hudson, "fear is a thing unknown to me."

"His body has no room to hold such a passion; or there is too little of it to be worth fearing for," said Buckingham.—"But let him speak."

Ere Hudson had completed his tale, Buckingham interrupted him by exclaiming, "Is it possible that I can be suspected by your Majesty on the word of this pitiful variety of the baboon tribe?"

"Villain-Lord, I appeal thee to the combat!" said the little man, highly offended at the appellation thus bestowed on him.

"La you there now!" said the Duke—"The little animal is quite crazed, and defies a man who need ask no other weapon than a corking-pin to run him through the lungs, and whose single kick could hoist him from Dover to Calais without yacht or wherry. And what can you expect from an idiot, who is *engoué* of a common rope-dancing-girl, that capered on a packthread at Ghent in Flanders, unless they were to club their talents to set up a booth at Bartholomew-Fair?—Is it not plain, that supposing the little animal is not malicious, as indeed his whole kind bear a general and most cankered malice against those who have the ordinary proportions of humanity—Grant, I say, that this were not a malicious falsehood of his, why, what does it amount to?—That he has mistaken squibs and Chinese crackers for arms! He says not he himself touched or handled them; and judging by the sight alone, I question if the infirm old creature, when any whim or preconception hath possession of his noddle, can distinguish betwixt a blunderbuss and a black-pudding."

The horrible clamour which the dwarf made so soon as he heard this disparagement of his military skill—the haste with which he blundered out a detail of his warlike experiences—and the absurd grimaces which he made in order to enforce his story, provoked not only the risibility of Charles, but even of the statesmen around him, and added absurdity to the motley complexion of the scene. The King terminated this dispute, by commanding the dwarf to withdraw.

A more regular discussion of his evidence was then resumed, and Ormond was the first who pointed out, that it went farther than had been noticed, since the little man had mentioned a certain extraordinary and treasonable conversation held by the Duke's dependents, by whom he had been conveyed to the palace.

"I am sure not to lack my lord of Ormond's good word," said the Duke, scornfully; "but I defy him alike, and all my other enemies, and shall find it easy to show that this alleged conspiracy, if any grounds for it at all exist, is a mere sham-plot, got up to turn the odium justly attached to the Papists upon the Protestants. Here is a half-hanged creature, who, on the very day he escapes from the gallows, which many believe was his most deserved destiny, comes to take away the reputation of a Protestant peer—and, on what?—on the treasonable conversation of three or four German fiddlers, heard through the sound-holes of a violoncello, and that, too, when the creature was incased in it, and mounted on a man's shoulders! The urchin, too, in repeating their language, shows he understands German as little as my horse does; and if he did rightly hear, truly comprehend, and accurately report what they said, still, is my honour to be touched by the language held by such persons as these are, with whom I have never communicated, otherwise than men of my rank do with those of their calling and capacity!—Pardon me, sire, if I presume to say, that the profound statesmen who endeavoured to stifle the Polish conspiracy by the pretended Meal-tub Plot, will take little more credit by their figments about fiddles and concertos."

The assistant counsellors looked at each other; and

Charles turned on his heel, and walked through the room with long steps.

At this period the Peverils, father and son, were announced to have reached the palace, and were ordered into the royal presence.

These gentlemen had received the royal mandate at a moment of great interest. After being dismissed from their confinement by the elder Bridgenorth, in the manner and upon the terms which the reader must have gathered from the conversation of the latter with Christian, they reached the lodgings of Lady Peveril, who awaited them with joy, mingled with terror and uncertainty. The news of the acquittal had reached her by the exertions of the faithful Lance Outram, but her mind had been since harassed by the long delay of their appearance, and rumours of disturbances which had taken place in Fleet-Street and in the Strand.

When the first rapturous meeting was over, Lady Peveril, with an anxious look towards her son, as if recommending caution, said she was now about to present to him the daughter of an old friend, whom he had never (there was an emphasis on the word) seen before. "This young lady," she continued, "was the only child of Colonel Mitford, in North Wales, who had sent her to remain under her guardianship for an interval, finding himself unequal to attempt the task of her education."

"Ay, ay," said Sir Geoffrey, "Dick Mitford must be old now—beyond the threescore and ten, I think. He was no chicken, though a cock of the game, when he joined the Marquis of Hertford at Nampwich with two hundred wild Welshmen.—Before George, Julian, I love that girl as if she were my own flesh and blood! Lady Peveril would never have got through this work without her; and Dick Mitford sent me a thousand pieces, too, in excellent time, when there was scarce a cross to keep the devil from dancing in our pockets, much more for these law-doin'gs. I used it without scruple, for there is wood ready to be cut at Martindale when we get down there, and Dick Mitford knows I would have done the like for him. Strange that he should have been the only one of my friends to reflect I might want a few pieces."

Whilst Sir Geoffrey thus ran on, the meeting between Alice and Julian Peveril was accomplished, without any particular notice on his side, except to say, "Kiss her, Julian—kiss her. What the devil! is that the way you learned to accost a lady at the Isle of Man, as if her lips were a red-hot horse-shoe?—And do not you be offended, my pretty one; Julian is naturally bashful, and has been bred by an old lady, but you will find him, by and by, as gallant as thou hast found me, my princess.—And now, Dame Peveril, to dinner, to dinner!—the old fox must have his belly-timber, though the hounds have been after him the whole day."

Lance, whose joyous congratulations were next to be undergone, had the consideration to cut them short, in order to provide a plain but hearty meal from the next cook's-shop, at which Julian sat like one enchanted, betwixt his mistress and his mother. He easily conceived that the last was the confidential friend to whom Bridgenorth had finally committed the charge of his daughter, and his only anxiety now was, to anticipate the confusion that was likely to arise when her real parentage was made known to his father. Wisely, however, he suffered not these anticipations to interfere with the delight of his present situation, in the course of which, many slight but delightful tokens of recognition were exchanged, without censure, under the eye of Lady Peveril, under cover of the boisterous mirth of the old Baronet, who spoke for two, ate for four, and drank wine for half-a-dozen. His progress in the latter exercise might have proceeded rather too far, had he not been interrupted by a gentleman bearing the King's orders, that he should instantly attend upon the presence at Whitehall, and bring his son along with him.

Lady Peveril was alarmed, and Alice grew pale with sympathetic anxiety; but the old Knight, who never saw more than what lay straight before him, set it down to the King's hasty anxiety to congratulate him on his escape; an interest on his Majesty's

part which he considered by no means extravagant, conscious that it was reciprocal on his own side. It came upon him, indeed, with the more joyful surprise, that he had received a previous hint, ere he left the court of justice, that it would be prudent in him to go down to Martindale before presenting himself at Court,—a restriction which he supposed as repugnant to his Majesty's feelings as it was to his own.

While he consulted with Lance Outram about cleaning his buff-belt and sword-hilt, as well as time admitted, Lady Peveril had the means to give Julian more distinct information, that Alice was under her protection by her father's authority, and with his consent to their union, if it could be accomplished. She added, that it was her determination to employ the mediation of the Countess of Derby, to overcome the obstacles which might be foreseen on the part of Sir Geoffrey.

CHAPTER XLIX.

In the King's name,
Let fall your swords and daggers!—*Critic.*

WHEN the father and son entered the cabinet of audience, it was easily visible that Sir Geoffrey had obeyed the summons as he would have done the trumpet's call to horse; and his dishevelled gray locks and half-arranged dress, though they showed zeal and haste, such as he would have used when Charles I. called him to attend a council of war, seemed rather indecorous in a pacific drawing-room. He paused at the door of the cabinet, but when the King called on him to advance, came hastily forward, with every feeling of his earlier and later life aloft and contending in his memory, threw himself on his knees before the King, seized his hand, and, without even an effort to speak, wept aloud. Charles, who generally fit deeply so long as an impressive object was before his eyes, indulged for a moment the old man's rapture.

"My good Sir Geoffrey," he said, "you have had some hard measure; we owe you amends, and will find time to pay our debt."

"No suffering—no debt," said the old man; "I cared not what the rogues said of me—I knew they could never get twelve honest fellows to believe a word of their most damnable lies. I did long to beat them when they called me traitor to your Majesty—that I confess—but to have such an early opportunity of paying my duty to your Majesty, overpays it all. The villains would have persuaded me I ought not to come to Court—aha!"

The Duke of Ormond perceived that the King coloured much; for in truth it was from the Court that the private intimation had been given to Sir Geoffrey to go down to the country, without appearing at Whitehall; and he, moreover, suspected that the jolly old Knight had not risen from his dinner altogether dry-lipped, after the fatigues of a day so agitating. "My old friend," he whispered, "you forget that your son is to be presented—permit me to have that honour."

"I crave your Grace's pardon humbly," said Sir Geoffrey, "but it is an honour I design for myself, as I apprehend no one can so utterly surrender and deliver him up to his Majesty's service as the father that begot him is entitled to do.—Julian, come forward, and kneel.—Here he is, please your Majesty—Julian Peveril—a chip of the old block—as stout, though scarce so tall a tree, as the old trunk when at the freshest. Take him to you, sir, for a faithful servant, *à rendre et à perdre*, as the French say; if he fears fire or steel, axe or gallows, in your Majesty's service, I renounce him—he is no son of mine—I disown him, and he may go to the Isle of Man, the Isle of Dogs, or the Isle of Devils, for what I care."

Charles winked to Ormond, and having, with his wounded courtesy, expressed his thorough conviction that Julian would imitate the loyalty of his ancestors, and especially of his father, added, that he believed his Grace of Ormond had something to communicate which was of consequence to his service. Sir Geoffrey made his military reverence at this hint, and marched off in the rear of the Duke, who proceeded to

him concerning the even's of the day.—In the mean while, having, in the first place, said that the son was not in the same genial with the father, demanded and received from one account of all the proceedings subsequent to the trial.

with the plainness and precision which object demanded, when treated in such a narrated all that had happened, down to the time of Bridgenorth; and his Majesty was pleased with his manner, that he congratulated on their having gained the evidence of one man of sense to these dark and mysterious. But when Bridgenorth was brought scene, Julian hesitated to bestow a name; and although he mentioned the chapel had seen filled with men in arms, and the language of the preacher, he added, with respect, that notwithstanding all this, the men without coming to any extremity, and had placed before his father and he were set at

you retired quietly to your dinner in Fleet-street man," said the King, severely, "with a magistrate notice of the dangerous meeting was held in the vicinity of our palace, and not conceal their intention of proceeding to us?"

flushed, and was silent. The King frowned, and said to communicate with Ormond, who had the father seemed to have known nothing of the matter.

"My son, I am sorry to say," said the King, more unwilling to speak the truth than I expected. We have all variety of evidence, regular investigation—a mad witness like the drunken witness like the father, and now a new one.—Young man," he continued, addressing

"your behaviour is less frank than I expect in your father's son. I must know who this with whom you held such familiar intercourse know him, I presume?"

acknowledged that he did, but, kneeling on the ground, entreated his Majesty's forgiveness for concealing his name; "he had been freed," he said, "from prison, on promising to that effect."

was a promise, made, by your own account, compulsion," answered the King, "and I cannot your keeping it; it is your duty to speak—if you are afraid of Buckingham, the Duke will draw."

no reason to fear the Duke of Buckingham," said the King, "that I had an affair with one of his was the man's own fault, and not mine." "I wish," said the King, "the light begins to dawn on me—I thought I remembered thy physiognomy thou not the very fellow whom I met at the yonder morning?—The matter escaped me, but now I recollect thou saidst then, that the son of that jolly old three-bottle Baronet

me," said Julian, "that I met your Majesty Chiffinch's, and I am afraid had the misfortune to displease you; but"—

more of that, young man—no more of that—collect you had with you that beautiful creature.—Buckingham, I will hold you good that she was the intended tenant of that

Majesty has rightly guessed it," said the King, "and I suspect she has put a trick upon me, using the dwarf in her place; for Christian

Christian?" said the King, hastily—"I would bring him hither, that universal And as the wish was uttered, Christian's name was announced. "Let him attend," said the King. But hark—a thought strikes me.—Here, verily—yonder dancing maiden, that intrudes on us by the singular agility of her performance, not, by your account, a dependant on the Countess of Derby?"

known her such for years," answered

"Then will we call the Countess hither," said the King: "It is fit we should learn who this little fairy really is; and if she be now so absolutely at the beck of Buckingham, and this Master Christian of his—why I think it would be but charity to let her ladyship know so much, since I question if she will wish, in that case, to retain her in her service. Besides," he continued, speaking apart, "this Julian, to whom suspicion attaches in these matters from his obstinate silence, is also of the Countess' household. We will sift this matter to the bottom, and do justice to all."

The Countess of Derby, hastily summoned, entered the royal closet at one door, just as Christian and Zarah, or Fenella, were ushered in by the other. The old Knight of Martindale, who had ere this returned to the presence, was scarce controlled, even by the signs which she made, so much was he desirous of greeting his old friend; but as Ormond laid a kind restraining hand upon his arm, he was prevailed on to sit still.

The Countess, after a deep reverence to the King, acknowledged the rest of the nobility present by a slighter reverence, smiled to Julian Peveril, and looked with surprise at the unexpected apparition of Fenella. Buckingham bit his lip, for he saw the introduction of Lady Derby was likely to confuse and embroil every preparation which he had arranged for his defence; and he stole a glance at Christian, whose eye, when fixed on the Countess, assumed the deadly sharpness which sparkles in the adder's, while his cheek grew almost black under the influence of strong emotion.

"Is there any one in this presence whom your ladyship recognises?" said the King graciously, "besides your old friends of Ormond and Arlington?"

"I see, my liege, two worthy friends of my husband's house," replied the Countess; "Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son—the latter a distinguished member of my son's household."

"Any one else?" continued the King.

"An unfortunate female of my family, who disappeared from the Island of Man at the same time when Julian Peveril left it upon business of importance. She was thought to have fallen from the cliff into the sea."

"Had your ladyship any reason to suspect—pardon me," said the King, "for putting such a question—any improper intimacy between Master Peveril and this same female attendant?"

"My liege," said the Countess, colouring indignantly, "my household is of reputation."

"Nay, my lady, be not angry," said the King; "I did but ask—such things will befall in the best-regulated families."

"Not in mine, sire," said the Countess. "Besides that, in common pride and in common honesty, Julian Peveril is incapable of intriguing with an unhappy creature, removed by her misfortune almost beyond the limits of humanity."

Zarah looked at her, and compressed her lips, as if to keep in the words that would fain break from them.

"I know not how it is," said the King—"What your ladyship says may be true in the main, yet men's tastes have strange vagaries. This girl is lost in Man so soon as the youth leaves it, and is found in Saint James's Park, bouncing and dancing like a fairy, so soon as he appears in London."

"Impossible!" said the Countess; "she cannot dance."

"I believe," said the King, "she can do more feats than your ladyship either suspects or would approve of."

The Countess drew up, and was indignantly silent. The King proceeded—"No sooner is Peveril in Newgate, than, by the account of the venerable little gentleman, this merry maiden is even there also for company. Now, without inquiring how she got in, I think charitably that she had better taste than to come there on the dwarf's account.—Ah ha! I think Master Julian is touched in conscience!"

Julian did indeed start as the King spoke, for it reminded him of the midnight visit in his cell.

The King looked fixedly at him, and then proceeded—"Well, gentlemen, Peveril is carried to his trial."

and is no sooner at liberty, than we find him in the house where the Duke of Buckingham was arranging what he calls a musical mask.—Egad, I hold it next to certain, that this wench put the change on his Grace, and popt the poor dwarf into the bass-viol, reserving her own more precious hours to be spent with Master Julian Peveril.—Think you not so, Sir Christian, you, the universal referee? Is there any truth in this conjecture?”

Christian stole a glance on Zarah, and read that in her eye which embarrassed him. “He did not know,” he said; “he had indeed engaged this unrivalled performer to take the proposed part in the mask; and she was to have come forth in the midst of a shower of lambent fire, very artificially prepared with perfumes, to overcome the smell of the powder; but he knew not why—excepting that she was wilful and capricious, like all great geniuses,—she had certainly spoiled the concert by cramming in that more bulky dwarf.”

“I should like,” said the King, “to see this little maiden stand forth, and bear witness, in such manner as she can express herself, on this mysterious matter. Can any one here understand her mode of communication?”

Christian said, he knew something of it since he had become acquainted with her in London. The Countess spoke not till the King asked her, and then owned drily, that she had necessarily some habitual means of intercourse with one who had been immediately about her person for so many years.

“I should think,” said Charles, “that this same Master Julian Peveril has the more direct key to her language, after all we have heard.”

The King looked first at Peveril, who blushed like a maiden at the inference which the King’s remark implied, and then suddenly turned his eyes on the supposed mute, on whose cheek a faint colour was dying away. A moment afterwards, at a signal from the Countess, Fenella, or Zarah, stepped forward, and having knoeled down and kissed her lady’s hand, stood with her arms folded on her breast, with an humble air, as different from that which she wore in the harem of the Duke of Buckingham, as that of a Magdalen from a Judith. Yet this was the least show of her talent of versatility, for so well did she play the part of the dumb girl, that Buckingham, sharp as his discernment was, remained undecided whether the creature which stood before him could possibly be the same with her, who had, in a different dress, made such an impression on his imagination, or indeed was the imperfect creature she now represented. She had at once all that could mark the imperfection of hearing, and all that could show the wonderful address by which nature so often makes up for the deficiency. There was the lip that trembled not at any sound—the seeming insensibility to the conversation which passed around; while, on the other hand, was the quick and vivid glance, that seemed anxious to devour the meaning of those sounds, which she could gather no otherwise than by the motion of her lips.

Examined after her own fashion, Zarah confirmed the tale of Christian in all its points, and admitted that she had deranged the project laid for a mask, by placing the dwarf in her own stead; the cause of her doing so she declined to assign, and the Countess pressed her no farther.

“Every thing tends to exculpate my Lord of Buckingham,” said Charles, “from so absurd an accusation; the dwarf’s testimony is too fantastic, that of the two Peverils does not in the least affect the Duke; that of the dumb damsel completely contradicts the possibility of his guilt. Methinks, my lords, we should acquaint him that he stands acquitted of a complaint, too ridiculous to have ever been subjected to a more serious scrutiny than we have hastily made upon this occasion.”

Arlington bowed in acquiescence, but Ormond spoke plainly.—“I should suffer, sire, in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham, brilliant as his talents are known to be, should I say that I am satisfied in my own mind on this occasion. But I subscribe to the spirit of the times; and I agree it would be highly

dangerous, on such accusations as we have been able to collect, to impeach the character of a zealous Protestant like his Grace—Had he been a Catholic, under such circumstances of suspicion, the Tower had been too good a prison for him.”

Buckingham bowed to the Duke of Ormond, with a meaning which even his triumph could not disguise.—“*Tu me la pagherai!*” he muttered in a tone of deep and abiding resentment; but the stout old Irishman, who had long since braved his utmost wrath, cared little for this expression of his displeasure.

The King then, signing to the other nobles to pass into the public apartments, stopped Buckingham as he was about to follow them; and, when they were alone, asked with a significant tone, which brought all the blood in the Duke’s veins into his countenance, “When was it, George, that your useful friend Colonel Blood became a musician?—You are silent,” he said; “do not deny the charge, for yonder villain once seen, is remembered for ever. Down, down on your knees, George, and acknowledge that you have abused my easy temper.—Seek for no apology—none will serve your turn. I saw the man myself, among your Germans as you call them; and you know what I must needs believe from such a circumstance.”

“Believe that I have been guilty—most guilty, my liege and King,” said the Duke, conscience-struck and kneeling down: “believe that I was misguided—that I was mad—Believe any thing but that I was capable of harming, or being accessory to harm, your person.”

“I do not believe it,” said the King; “I think of you, Villiers, as the companion of my dangers and my exile, and am so far from supposing you mean worse than you say, that I am convinced you acknowledge more than you ever meant to attempt.”

“By all that is sacred,” said the Duke, still kneeling, “had I not been involved to the extent of life and fortune with the villain Christian?”—

“Nay, if you bring Christian on the stage again,” said the King, smiling, “it is time for me to withdraw. Come, Villiers, rise—I forgive thee, and only recommend one act of penance—the curse you yourself bestowed on the dog who bit you—marriage; and retirement to your country-seat.”

The Duke rose abashed, and followed the King into the circle, which Charles entered, leaning on the shoulder of his repentant peer; to whom he showed so much countenance, as led the most acute observers present, to doubt the possibility of there existing any real cause for the surmises to the Duke’s prejudice.

The Countess of Derby had in the mean while consulted with the Duke of Ormond, with the Peverils, and with her other friends; and, by their unanimous advice, though with considerable difficulty, became satisfied, that to have thus shown herself at Court, was sufficient to vindicate the honour of her house; and that it was her wisest course, after having done so, to retire to her insular dominions, without farther provoking the resentment of a powerful faction. She took fare-well of the King in form, and demanded his permission to carry back with her the helpless creature who had so strangely escaped from her protection, into a world where her condition, rendered her so subject to every species of misfortune.

“Will your ladyship forgive me?” said Charles. “I have studied your sex long—I am mistaken if your little maiden is not as capable of caring for herself as any of us.”

“Impossible!” said the Countess.

“Possible, and most true,” whispered the King. I will instantly convince you of the fact, though the experiment is too delicate to be made by any but your ladyship. Yonder she stands, looking as if she heard no more than the marble pillar against which she leans. Now, if Lady Derby will contrive either to place her hand near the region of the damsel’s heart, or at least on her arm, so that she can feel the sensation of the blood when the pulse increases, then do you, my Lord of Ormond, beckon Julian Peveril out of sight—I will show you in a moment that it can stir at sounds spoken.”

The Countess, much surprised, afraid of some embarrassing pleasantry on the part of Charles, yet

he to repress her curiosity, placed herself near him, as she called her little mute; and, while signs to her, contrived to place her hand on wrist.

At this moment the King, passing near them said, "Is it a horrid deed—the villain Christian has slain young Peveril?"

He made evidence of the pulse, which bounded as cannon had been discharged close by the poor's ear, was accompanied by such a loud scream of joy, as distressed, while it startled, the good-zed monarch himself. "I did but jest," he said; "dian is well, my pretty maiden. I only used the aid of a certain blind deity, called Cupid, to bring off and dumb vassal of his to the exercise of her diana."

"I am betrayed!" she said with her eyes fixed on ground—"I am betrayed!—and it is fit that she who has been spent in practising treason on us, should be caught in her own snare.—But she is my tutor in iniquity?—Where is Christian, who taught me to play the part of spy on this suspicious lady, until I had well nigh delivered her in bloody hands?"

"This," said the King, "craves more secret examination. Let all leave the apartment who are not immediately connected with these proceedings, and this Christian be again brought before us.—Tutched man," he continued, addressing Christian, "but wiles are these you have practised, and by it extraordinary means?"

"She has betrayed me, then?" said Christian— "trayed me to bonds and death, merely for an idle son, which can never be successful!—But know, ah," he added, addressing her sternly, "when my s forfeited through thy evidence, the daughter has derided the father!"

The unfortunate girl stared on him with astonishment. "You said," at length she stammered forth, "I was the daughter of your slaughtered brother?"

"That was partly to reconcile thee to the part thou art to play in my destined drama of vengeance—to hide what men call the infamy of thy birth. My daughter thou art! and from the Eastern isle, in which thy mother was born, you derive that torrent of passion which I laboured to train to purposes, but which, turned into another channel, becomes the cause of your father's destruction.—destiny is the Tower, I suppose?"

"He spoke these words with great composure, and she seemed to regard the agonies of his daughter, throwing herself at his feet, sobbed and wept bitterly.

"This must not be," said the King, moved with compassion at this scene of misery. "If you consent, within a week to leave this country, there is a vessel in river bound for New England—Go, carry your intrigues to other lands."

"I might dispute the sentence," said Christian, "but if I submit to it, it is a matter of my choice.—One half hour had made me even with good woman, but fortune hath cast the balance not me.—Rise, Zarah, Fenella no more! Tell the

this little piece of superstition was suggested by the following incident. The Author of Waverley happened to be standing with other gentlemen, while the captain of the Selkirk navy was purchasing a horse for the use of his trumpet. Several officers were a handsome one, and neither the officer, was an excellent jockey, nor any one present, could see imperfection in wind or limb. But a person happened to who was asked to give an opinion. This man was called Willie, who drove a small trade in cattle and horses, and seemed an extraordinary, in watches, notwithstanding his eyes were born blind. He was accustomed to possess a rare sense in these subjects of traffic. So soon as he had examined the horse in question, he immediately pronounced it to be something of his own complaint, and in plain words, if it to be blind, or verging upon that imperfection, which would be the case on close examination. None present suspected this fault in the animal: which is not wonderful, considering that it may frequently exist, without any reason in the organs affected. Blind Willie, being asked he made a discovery imperceptible to so many gentlemen and their eyesight, explained, that after feeling the horse's eye, he laid one hand on its heart, and drew the other briskly across the animal's eyes, when finding no increase of pulsation, he repeated the latter motion, he had come to the conclusion that the horse must be blind.

Lady of Derby, that, if the daughter of Edward Christian, the niece of her murdered victim, served her as a menial, it was but for the purpose of vengeance—miserably, miserably frustrated!—Thou seest thy folly now—thou wouldst follow yonder ungrateful stripling—thou wouldst forsake all other thoughts to gain his slightest notice; and now, thou art a forlorn outcast, ridiculed and insulted by those on whose necks you might have trod, had you governed yourself with more wisdom!—But come, thou art still my daughter—there are other aims than that which canopies Britain."

"Stop him," said the King; "we must know by what means this maiden found access to those confined in our prisons."

"I refer your Majesty to your most Protestant jailer, and to the most Protestant Peers, who, in order to obtain perfect knowledge of the depth of the Popish Plot, have contrived these ingenious apertures for visiting them in their cells by night or day. His Grace of Buckingham can assist your Majesty, if you are inclined to make the inquiry."

"Christian," said the Duke, "thou art the most barefaced villain who ever breathed!"

"Of a commoner, I may," answered Christian, and led his daughter out of the presence.

"See after him, Selby," said the King; "lose not sight of him till the ship sail; if he dare return to Britain, it shall be at his peril. Would to God we had as good riddance of others as dangerous! And I would also," he added, after a moment's pause, "that all our political intrigues and feverish alarms could terminate as harmlessly as now. Here is a plot without a drop of blood; and all the elements of a romance, without its conclusion. Here we have a wandering island princess, (I pray my Lady of Derby's pardon,) a dwarf, a Moorish sorcerer, an impenitent rogue, and a repentant man of rank, and yet all ends without either hanging or marriage."

"Not altogether without the latter," said the Countess, who had an opportunity, during the evening, of much private conversation with Julian Peveril. "There is a certain Major Bridgenorth, who, since your Majesty relinquishes further inquiry into these proceedings, which he had otherwise intended to abide, designs, as we are informed, to leave England for ever. Now, this Bridgenorth, by dint of the law, hath acquired strong possession over the domains of Peveril, which he is desirous to restore to the ancient owners, with much fair land besides, conditionally, that our young Julian will receive them as the dowery of his only child and heir."

"By my faith," said the King, "she must be a foul-favoured wench indeed, if Julian requires to be pressed to accept her on such fair conditions."

"They love each other like lovers of the last age," said the Countess; "but the stout old Knight likes not the roundheaded alliance."

"Our royal recommendation shall put that to rights," said the King; "Sir Geoffrey Peveril, has not suffered hardship so often at our command, that he will refuse our recommendation when it comes to make him amends for all his losses."

It may be supposed the King did not speak without being fully aware of the unlimited ascendancy which he possessed over the spirit of the old Tory; for, within four weeks afterwards, the bells of Martindale-Moultrassie were ringing for the union of the families, from whose estates it takes its compound name, and the beacon light of the Castle blazed high over hill and dale, and summoned all to rejoice who were within twenty miles of its gleam.*

* It was said that very unfair means were used to compel the prisoners, committed on account of the Popish Plot, to make disclosures, and that several of them were privately put to the torture.

† History of Colonel Thomas Blood.—This person, who was capable of framing and carrying into execution the most desperate enterprises, was one of those extraordinary characters, who can only arise amid the bloodshed, confusion, destruction of morality, and wide-spreading violence, which take place during civil war. The arrangement of the present volume admitting of a lengthened digression, we cannot, perhaps, enter upon a subject more extraordinary or entertaining, than the history of this notorious desperado, who exhibited all the elements of a most accomplished ruffian. As the account of

In particular, about 1663, Mr. Blood was one of the revolutionary committee, or secret council, which continued its sittings, notwithstanding that government knew of its meetings. For their security, they had about thirty stout fellows posted around the council chamber, and were armed with good swords. When it fell out, that two of the members of the council were themselves, and perhaps for the sake of a reward, betrayed all their transactions to the ministry, which Mr. Blood soon suspected, in a short time got to the bottom of the whole affair. He appeared before the council, and was examined in the city, where he had his guard ready, who secured them without noise, and carried them to a private place provided for the purpose, where he called a kind of court-martial, before whom they were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot two by two, and the execution was performed in the same manner. They were brought out, and all the noisier and more tumultuous, for putting the sentence in execution : and the new men were

It was out of fear, or that the person was tired expectation, the sentinel brought them no tidings prisoner or his guard, inasmuch that Mr. Blood nions began to think their friend so far before road, that it would be in vain to follow him. They gave over an enterprise so generously for Blood, and commenced the route of their success, still finding it grew towards evening, a convenient inn upon the road, in a small village, near the town of London, they resolved to lie there all night. London the next morning. In that inn they were met by a friend, who had been successful in the success of such a tedious journey, and the friend, before the convoy came thundering up, said inn with their prisoner, Captain Mason had of that inn, as being best known to him, to get the refreshment of a dozen of drink. There Mr. Blood and his friends were met by a friend, who with. He had bespoken a small supper, which so that he had but very little time for consulta Captain Mason's party did not intend to alight he only gave general directions to his associate example in whatever they saw him do. In this manner, they were met by a friend, who was reckoning, telling the woman of the house, that with such good company, they were met by Captain Mason went off first upon a sorry beast the commander of the party, and four more; him make an end of their liquor, when a more sin, and a friend, who was met by a friend, who Mr. Blood and one of his friends being the two that were hindmost, and soon overtook four rode some little time together, Mr. Blood of the two soldiers, and his friend on the left. Mr. Blood said to his friend, who was met by a friend, who while his friend, in observation to his direction on the other hand; and having presently by the soldiers, pulled off their bridles, and so pick their grass where they pleased. These two were of, Mr. Blood pursued his game, intending to make an end of his liquor, when a more sin, and a friend, who was met by a friend, who now reduced to six, and a barber of York, that company, Mr. Blood made up, heads the whole them; of which some of the foremost, looking either drunk or mad, thought the rebuke of sufficient chastisement of such a rash presumption. Mr. Blood, who was met by a friend, who his compliments in return, he gave them to us not in jest, but in very good earnest. He was a friend that was with him in his first exploit being several rough blows dealt between the us his to take before Mr. Blood, two other friends to the assistance of his side, and a barber of York, whether out of his natural propensity or that his pot-valiantness had made him so, as his fellow-travellers, would needs show his valuing of the fray; but better had he been at the end of the road, where his presence would have been guessed by the number, because he was alone, which was often given him not to trust him.

it to be his friend's voice when he heard it; but as the thoughts of military men are soon summoned together, and never hold Spanish councils, the Captain presently settled his resolution, mounts the next horse that wanted a rider, and puts it in for a share of his own self-preservation. In this bloody conflict, Mr. Blood was three times unhorsed, occasioned by his forgetfulness, as having omitted to new girth his saddle, which the ostler had unlashed upon the wadding at his first coming into the man. Being then so often dismounted, and not knowing the reason, which the occasion would not give him leave to consider, he resolved to fight it out on foot; of which two of the soldiers taking the advantage, singled him out, and drove him into a court-yard, where he made a stand with a full body, his sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other. One of the soldiers taking that advantage of his open body, shot him near the shoulder-blade of his pistol arm, at which time he had four other bullets in his body, that he had received before; which the soldier observing, flung his discharged pistol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a stunning blow just under the forehead, upon the upper part of the nose between the eyes, which for the present so amazed him, that he gave himself over for a dead man; yet resolving to give one sparring blow before he expired, such is the strange provocation and success of despair, with one vigorous stroke of his sword, he brought his adversary with a single blow from his horse, and laid him in a far worse condition than himself at his horse's feet. At that time full of anger and revenge, he was just going to make an end of his comest, by giving him the fatal stab, but that in the very nick of time, Captain Mason, having, by the help of his friends, done his business where they had fought, by the death of some, and the disabling of others that opposed them, came in, and bid him hold, and spare the life of one that had been the civilised person to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindness in the one, and of gratitude in the other; which Mr. Blood easily condescending to, by the joint assistance of the Captain, the other soldier was soon mastered, and the victory, after a sharp fight, that lasted above two hours, was at length completed. You may be sure the fight was well maintained on both sides, while two of the soldiers, besides the barber, were slain upon the place, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded. And it was observable, that though the encounter happened in a village, where a great number of people were spectators of the combat, yet none would adventure the rescue of either party, as not knowing whether it was the wrong or which in the right, and were therefore wary of being arbitrators in such a desperate contest, where they saw the reward of assistance to be nothing but present death. After the combat was over, Mr. Blood and his friends divided themselves, and parted several ways.

Before he had engaged in this adventure, Blood had placed his wife and son in an apothecary's shop at Runcorn, under the name of Weston. He himself afterwards affected to practise as a physician under that of Ayliffe, under which guise he remained concealed until his wounds were cured, and the hue and cry against him and his accomplices were somewhat abated.

In the mean time this extraordinary man, whose spirits tilted in framing the most daring enterprises, had devised a plot, which, as it respected the person at whom it was aimed, was of a much more ambitious character than that for the delivery of Mason. It had for its object the seizure of the person of the Duke of Ormond, his ancient enemy, in the streets of London. In this some have thought he only meant to gratify his resentment, while others suppose that he might hope to extort some important advantage by detaining his Grace in his hands as a prisoner.

The Duke's historian, Carte, in the following account of this extraordinary enterprise:—"The Prince of Orange came this year (1670) into England, and being invited on Dec. 8, to an entertainment in the city of London, his Grace attended him thither. As he was returning homewards in a dark night, and going up to James's Street, at the end of which, facing the palace of Clarendon House, where the Duke lived, he was attacked by Blood, and five of his accomplices. The Duke always used to go attended with six footmen; but as they were too heavy a load to ride upon a coach, he always had iron spikes behind it to keep them from getting up; and continued this practice to his dying day, even after this attempt of assassination. These six footmen used to walk on both sides of the street over against the coach; but by some contrivance or other, they were all stopped and out of the way, when the Duke was taken out of his coach by Blood and his son, and mounted on horseback behind one of the horsemen in his company. The coachman drove on to Clarendon House, and told the porter that the Duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Piccadilly. The porter immediately ran that way, and Mr. James Clarke chancing to be at that time in the court of the house, followed with all possible haste, having first alarmed the family, and ordered the servants to come after him as fast as they could. Blood, it seems, either to gratify the humour of his patron, who had set him upon this work, or to glut his own revenge by putting his Grace to the same cruel promise death, which his accomplices in the treasonable design upon Dublin Castle had suffered, had taken a strong fancy into his head to hang the Duke at Tyburn. Nothing could have saved his Grace's life, but that extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who, leaving the Duke mounted and buckled to one of his consorted ruffians before, (as is said) fastened a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what was become of his accomplices, whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman to whom the Duke was tied, was a person of great strength, but being embarrassed by his Grace's dragging, could not advance as fast as he desired. He was, however, got a good way beyond Berkeley (now Devonshire) House, towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke having got his foot under the man's, unhorsed him, and they both fell down together in the mud, where they were struggling, when the porter and Mr. Clarke came up. The villain then disengaged himself, and seeing the neighbourhood alarmed, and numbers of people running towards them, got on horseback, and having,

with one of his comrades, fired their pistols at the Duke, (but missed him, as taking their aim in the dark, and in a hurry,) rode off as fast as they could to save themselves. The Duke (now sixty years of age) was quite spent with struggling, so that when Mr. Clarke and the porter came up, they knew him rather by feeling his star, than by any sound of voice he could utter; and they were forced to carry him home, and lay him on a bed to recover his spirits. He received some wounds and bruises in the struggle, which confined him within doors for some days. The King, when he heard of this intended assassination of the Duke of Ormond, expressed a great resentment at that occasion, and issued a proclamation for the discovery and apprehension of the miscreants concerned in the attempt."

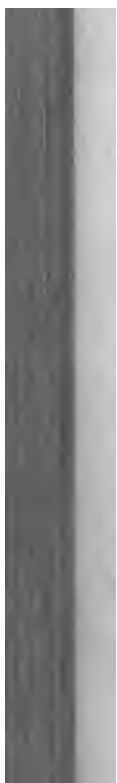
Blood, however, lay concealed, and with his usual success, escaped apprehension. While thus lurking, he entertained and digested an exploit, evincing the same atrocity which had characterized the undertakings he had formerly been engaged in; there was also to be traced in his new device something of that peculiar disposition which inclined him to be desirous of adding to the murder of the Duke of Ormond, the singular infamy of putting him to death at Tyburn. With something of the same spirit he now resolved to show his contempt of monarchy, and all its symbols, by stealing the crown, sceptre, and other articles of the regalia out of the office in which they were deposited, and enriching himself and his peedy associates with the produce of the spoils. This feat, by which Blood is now chiefly remembered, is, like all his transactions, marked with a daring strain of courage and duplicity, and like most of his undertakings, was very likely to have proved successful. John Bayley, Esq. in his History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, gives the following distinct account of this curious exploit. At this period, Sir Gilbert Talbot was Keeper, as it was called, of the Jewel House.

"It was soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot, that the Regalia in the Tower first became objects of public inspection, which King Charles allowed. In consequence of the reduction in the emoluments of the master's office. The profits, which arose from showing the jewels to strangers, Sir Gilbert assigned in lieu of a salary, to the person whom he had appointed to the care of them. This was an old confidential servant of his father's, one Talbot Edwards, whose name is handed down to posterity as keeper of the regalia, when the notorious attempt to steal the crown was made in the year 1674; and the following account of which is chiefly derived from a relation which Mr. Edwards himself made of the transaction.

"About three weeks before this audacious villain Blood made his attempt upon the crown, he came to the Tower in the habit of a parson, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, accompanied by a woman, whom he called his wife. They descended to see the regalia, and, just as their wishes had been gratified, the lady feigned sudden indisposition; this called forth the kind offices of Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, who, having courteously invited her into their house to repose herself, she soon recovered, and, on their departure, professed themselves thankful for this civility. A few days after, Blood came again, bringing a present to Mrs. Edwards, of four pairs of white gloves from his pretended wife; and having thus begun the acquaintance, they made frequent visits to improve it. After a short respite of their compliments, the disguised ruffian returned again; and in conversation with Mrs. Edwards, said that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people in the Tower, that she had long studied, and at length brought herself of a handsome way of requital. You have, quoth he, a pretty young gentleman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred a-year in lend, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match. This was the first time that old Mr. Edwards, who invited the parson to dine with him on that day; he readily accepted the invitation; and taking upon him to say grace, performed it with great seeming devotion, and casting up his eyes, concluded it with a prayer for the King, Queen, and royal family. After dinner, he went up to see the rooms, and observing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them, to present to a young lord, who was his neighbour; a pretence by which he thought of disarming the house against the period intended for the execution of his design. At his departure, which was a canonical benediction of the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress, which was the very day that he made his daring attempt. The good old gentleman had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the Jewel-house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and every one a dagger, and a brace of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, on pretence of seeing the rooms, and the third stood at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down till she was called, sent the maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant, conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who staid at the door, being the roushest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person. Blood told Mr. Edwards that they would not go up stairs till his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown to pass the time till then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and the door, as usual, shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, and a gag put in his mouth. Thus secured, they told him that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and, if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life; otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He there-upon endeavoured to make all the noise he possibly could, to be heard above; they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him, that, if yet he would lie quietly, they would

QUENTIN DURWARD.

La guerre est ma patrie,
Mon harnois ma maison,
Et en toute saison
Combattre c'est ma vie.



Pope himself, and to gain his good-will founded two cloisters.

It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition, that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only objects. Making any mention of his sins when talking on the state of his health, was strictly prohibited; and when at his command a priest recited a prayer to Saint Eutropius, in which he recommended the King's welfare both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought by being silent on his crimes, he might suffer them to pass out of the recollection of the celestial patrons, whose aid he invoked for his body.

So great were the well-merited tortures of this tyrant's death-bed, that Philip des Comines enters into a regular comparison between them and the numerous cruelties inflicted on others by his order; and, considering both, comes to express an opinion, that the worldly pangs and agony suffered by Louis were such as might compensate the crimes he had committed, and that, after a reasonable quarantine in purgatory, he might in mercy be found duly qualified for the superior regions.

Fénelon also has left his testimony against this prince, whose mode of living and governing he has described in the following remarkable passage:—

"*Pygmalion, tourmenté par une soif insatiable des richesses, se rend de plus en plus misérable et odieux à ses sujets. C'est un crime à Tyr qu'il a d'avoir de grands biens; l'avarice le rend débauché, soupçonneux, cruel; il persécute les riches, et il craint les pauvres.*

"*C'est un crime encore plus grand à Tyr d'avoir de la vertu; car Pygmalion suppose que les bons ne peuvent souffrir ses injustices et ses infamies; la vertu le condamne, il s'aigrit et s'irrite contre elle. Tout l'agite, l'inquiète, le ronge; il a peur de son ombre; il ne dort ni nuit ni jour; les Dieux, pour le confondre, l'accablent de trésors dont il n'ose jouir. Ce qu'il cherche pour être heureux est précisément ce qui l'empêche de l'être. Il regrette tout ce qu'il donne, et craint toujours de perdre; il se tourmente pour gagner.*

"*On ne le voit presque jamais; il est seul, triste, abattu, au fond de son palais; ses amis mêmes n'osent l'aborder, de peur de lui devenir suspects. Une garde terrible tient toujours des épées nues et des piques levées autour de sa maison. Trente chambres qui communiquent les unes aux autres, et dont chacune a une porte de fer avec six gros verrous, sont le lieu où il se renferme; on ne sait jamais dans laquelle de ces chambres il couche; et on assure qu'il ne couche jamais deux nuits de suite dans la même, de peur d'y être égaré. Il ne connoît ni les doux plaisirs, ni l'amitié encore plus douce. Si on lui parle de chercher la joie, il sent qu'elle fuit loin de lui, et qu'elle refuse d'entrer dans son cœur. Ses yeux creux sont pleins d'un feu âpre et farouche; ils sont sans cesse errans de tous côtés; il prête l'oreille au moindre bruit, et se sent tout ému; il est pâle, défait, et les noirs soucis sont peints sur son visage toujours ridé. Il se tait, il soupire, il tire de son cœur de profonds*

emancipate themselves from its control, while gundy by main force, and Louis more artfully laboured to subject them to subservience to sovereignties. Louis, while with one hand he subdued his own rebellious vassals, laboured the other to aid and encourage the large traders to rebel against the Duke of Burgundy, wealth and irritability naturally disposed the woodland districts of Flanders, the Duke of G liam de la Marck, called from his ferocity the demons, were throwing off the habits of knight to practise the violence and brutalities of con

A hundred secret combinations existed in the provinces of France and Flanders; numerous private restless Louis, Bohemians, pilgrims, beggars, disguised as such, were every where spreading the it was his policy to maintain in the dominion

Amidst so great an abundance of materials, select such as should be most intelligible and reader; and the author had to regret, that the liberal use of the power of departing from the he felt by no means confident of having brought a pleasing, compact, and sufficiently intelligible mainspring of the plot is that which all who the feudal system can easily understand, though absolutely fictitious. The right of a feudal thing more universally acknowledged than in the feudal use of the power of departing from the exist as a contradiction both of the civil and the declare that marriage shall be free, while the feudal jurisprudence, in case of a fief passing to a ledge an interest in the superior of the fief to of her companion in marriage. This is according to the principle that the superior was, by his bon grantor of the fief, and is still interested that the vassal shall place no one there who may liege lord. On the other hand, it might be re that this right of dictating to the vassal to the choice of a husband, is only competent to whom the fief is originally derived. There is a great improbability in a vassal of Burgundy himself was vassal; nor is it a great stretch to affirm, that Louis, unscrupulous as he was, at the design of betraying the fugitive into son might prove inconvenient, if not dangerous, kinsman and vassal of Burgundy.

I may add, that the romance of *QUENTIN* acquired a popularity at home more extensive predecessors, found also unusual success where the historical allusions awakened mor

ABBOTSFORD, 1st December, 1831.

INTRODUCTION.

And one who hath had losses—go to.
Much Ado About Nothing.

JOSEPH DOGHERTY sums up and recites all the claims had to respectability, and which, as he opined, ought suited him from the injurious appellation conferred Master Gentleman Conrade, it is remarkable that he ore emphasis even upon his double gown, (a matter portance is a certain ci-devant capital which I wot a his being "a pretty piece of flesh as any in Mos- res upon the conclusive argument of his being "a enough," than upon his being one that *kata had losses*. have always observed your children of prosperity, y way of hiding their full glow of splendour from m fortune has treated more harshly, or whether that in spite of calamity is as honourable to their for- s to a fortress to have undergone a siege,—however ave observed that such persons never fail to enter- ring an account of the damage they sustain by the f the times. You seldom dine at a well-supplied ta; intervals between the Champagne, the Burgundy, ick, are filled, if your entertainer be a moneyed man, all of interest and the difficulty of finding invest- ment, which is therefore lying idle on his hands; or, ended proprietor, with a woful detail of arrears and rents. This hath its effects. The guests sigh and heads in evidence with their landlord, look on the loaded with plate, sip once more the rich wines around them in quick circulation, and think of the nevelness, which, thus stinted of its means, still la- hat it yet possesses on hospitality; and, what is yet ring, on the wealth, which, diminished by these continuance, like the inexhaustible hoard of the gene- lossness, to sustain, without impoverishment, such tins.

relous humour, however, hath its limits, like to the grievances, which all valetudinarians know is a nating pastime, so long as there is nothing to com- ent chronic complaints. But I never heard a man it was actually verging to decay talk of the dimini- funds; and my kind and intelligent physician as- hat it is a rare thing with those afflicted with a good ner, or any such active disorder, which

With mortal crisis both preloved
His life to appropriate an end,

teer agitates the subject of amusing conversation. deeply considered all these things, I am no longer guine from my readers, that I am neither so unpopu- low in fortune, as not to have my share in the dis- ch at present afflict at the mongered and landed interest seems. Your authors who live upon a mutton chop s that it has fallen to threepence per pound, and, if children, gratulate themselves that the peck-loaf f for sixpence; but we who belong to the tribe which r peace and plenty—we who have lands and beoves, at these poor gleaners must buy—we are driven to the very events which would make all Grub-street its attic, if Grub-street could spare candle-ends for l. I therefore put in my proud claim to share in the which only affect the wealthy; and write myself i Dogberry, "a rich fellow enough," but still "one sad losses."

same generous spirit of emulation, I have had lately the universal remedy for the brief incipienosity of explain—a brief residence in a southern climate, by ve not only saved many cart-loads of coals, but have he pleasure to excite general sympathy for my de- distances among those, who, if my revenues had con- spent among them, would have cared little if I had d. Thus, while I drink my *vin ordinaire*, my brever le of his small-bere diminished—while I discuss my y francs, my modicum of port hangs on my wine- hands—while my *cotelet a la Maitreton* is smoking e, the mighty sirion hangs on its peg in the shop of romeo friend in the village. Whatever, in short, I is missed at home, and the few soug gained by the quater, say, the very crust I give to my little bare- red-eyed poodle, are *astax de perdu* to his old friend and honest Trusty, the mastiff-lion in the yard. So : the happiness of knowing at every turn, that my both missed and moaned by those, who would care in my coffin, were they one of the custom of my From this charge of self-seeking and indifference, solemnly except Trusty, the yard dog, whose cour- rds me, I have reason to think, were of a more di- character than those of any other person who assist- inme the bounty of the Public.

"advantage of exciting such general sympathies at et be secured without incurring considerable person- ence. "If thou wishest me to weep, thou must e thyself," says Horace; and, truly, I could some- myself at the exchange I have made of the domestic rich custom had rendered necessary, for the fo- cery necessary to say, that all that follows is imaginary.

V. 2 P

reign substitutes which caprice and love of change had rendered fashionable, cannot but confound with shame, that my home- fashioned stomach longs for the genuine steak, after the fashions of Dolly's, hot from the gridiron, brown without, and scarlet when the knife is applied; and that all the delicacies of Verry's *carre*, with his thousand various orthographies of *Biflocks de Mouton*, do not supply the vacancy. Then my mother's son cannot learn to delight in thin potations; and, in these days when malt is laid for nothing, I am convinced that a double *strutch* of John Barleycorn must have converted "the poor domestic creature, small-beer," into a liquor twenty times more generous than the acid unsubstantial tiple, which here bears the ho- noured name of wine, though, in substance and qualities, much similar to your Seine water. Their higher wines, indeed, are well enough—there is nothing to except against in their Chateau Margout, or Sillery; yet I cannot but remember the ge- nuous qualities of my sound old Oporto. Nay, down to the gar- cen and his poodle, though they are both amusing animals, and play ten thousand monkey-tricks which are diverting enough, yet there was more sound humour in the wink with which our village Packwood used to communicate the news of the morn- ing, than all Antoine's gambols could have expressed in a week, and more of human and dog-like sympathy in the wag of old Trusty's tail, than if his rival, Touton, had stood on his hind- logs for a twelvemonth.

These signs of repentance come perhaps a little late, and I own, (for I must be entirely candid with my dear friend the Public,) that they have been somewhat matured by the perva- sion of my niece Christy to the ancient Popish faith by a cer- tain whacking priest in our neighbourhood, and the marriage of my aunt Dorothy to a *dem-solde* captain of horse, a ci-devant member of the Legion of Honour, and who would, he assures us, have been a Field-Marshal by this time, had our old friend Bonaparte continued to live and to triumph. For the matter of Christy, I must own her heart had been so fairly turned at Edinburgh with five routs a night, that, though I somewhat distrusted the means and medium of her conversation, I was at the same time glad to see that she took a serious thought of any kind;—besides, there was little loss in the matter, for the Convent took her off my hands for a very reasonable pension. But aunt Dorothy's marriage on earth was a very different mat- ter from Christian's celestial espousals. In the first place, there were two thousand three per-cent as much lost to my family as if the sponge had been drawn over the national slate—for who the deuce could have thought aunt Dorothy would have married? Above all, who would have thought a woman of fifty years' experience would have married a French anatomy, his lower branch of limbs corresponding with the upper branch, as if one pair of half-extended compasses had been placed perpen- dicularly upon the top of another, while the space on which the hinges revolved, quite sufficed to represent the body? All the rest was mustache, pelisse, and calico trowser. She might have commanded a poik of real Cossacks in 1815, for half the wealth which she surrendered to this military scarecrow. How- ever, there is no more to be said upon the matter, especially as she had come the length of quoting Rousseau for sentiment—and so let that pass.

Having thus expecorated my bile against a land, which is, notwithstanding, a very merry land, and which I cannot blame, because I sought it, and it did not seek me, I come to the more immediate purpose of this Introduction, and which, my dear Public, if I do not reckon too much on the continuance of your favours, (though, to say truth, consistency and uniformity of taste are scarce to be reckoned upon by those who court your good graces,) may perhaps go far to make me amends for the loss and damage I have sustained by bringing aunt Dorothy to the country of thick calves, slender ankles, black mustaches, bodiless limbs, (I assure you the fellow is, as my friend Lord L.—— said, a complete piblet-pie, all legs and wings,) and fine sentiments. If she had taken from the half-pay list, a ranting Highlandman, ay, or a dashing son of Erin, I would never have mentioned the subject; but as the affair has happened, it is scarce possible not to resent such a gratuitous plundering of her own lawful heirs and executors. But "be hushed my dark spirit!" and let us invite our dear Public to a more pleasing theme to us, a more interesting one to others.

By dint of drinking acid tiff, as above mentioned, and smok- ing cigars, in which I am no novice, my Public am to be in- formed, that I gradually sip'd and smoked myself into a cer- tain degree of acquaintance with an *homme croisé*. That, other the few fine old specimens of nobility who are still to be found in France; who, like mutilated statues of an antiquated and obsolete worship, still command a certain portion of awe and estimation in the eyes even of those by whom neither one nor other are voluntarily rendered.

On visiting the coffee-house of the village, I was, at first, struck with the singular dignity and gravity of this gentleman's manager, his sedulous attachment to shoes and stockings, in consist of half-boots and pantaloons, the *croix de Saint Louis* at his button-hole, and a small white cockade in the loop of his old-fashioned *chaëlos*. There was something interesting in his whole appearance; and besides, his gravity among the lively group around him, seemed, like the shade of a tree, to give the glare of a sunny landscape, more interesting than its rarity: I made such advances towards acquaintance as the circum-

INTRODUCTION.

and the manners of the country, author drew near him, smoked my cigar by puff, which were scarcely visible, and questions which good-breeding everywhere in France, permits strangers to put, without imputation of impertinence. The Marquis's rank, was as short and senseless permitted—he answered every thing, and encouraged no farther in-

terference was, that, not very accessible to foreigners of any rank, or even to strangers among his own countrymen, the Marquis was peculiarly shy towards the English. A remnant of ancient national prejudice might dictate this feeling; or it might arise from his idea that they are a haughty, purse-proud people, to whom rank, united with strained circumstances, affords as much subject for scorn as for pity; or, finally, when he reflected on certain recent events, he might perhaps feel mortified as a Frenchman, even for those successes, which had restored his master to the throne, and himself to a diminished property and dilapidated *chateau*. His dislike, however, never assumed a more active form than that of alienation from English society. When the affairs of strangers required the intervention of his influence in their behalf, it was uniformly granted with the courtesy of a French gentleman, who knew what is due to himself and to national hospitality.

At length, by some chance, the Marquis made the discovery, that the new frequenter of his ordinary was a native of Scotland, a circumstance which told mightily in his favour. Some of his own ancestors, he informed me, had been of Scottish origin, and he believed his house had still some relations in what he was pleased to call the province of Hanguise, in that country. The connexion had been acknowledged early in the last century on both sides, and he had once almost determined, during his exile, (for it may be supposed that the Marquis had joined the ranks of Condé, and shared all the misfortunes and distresses of emigration) to claim the acquaintance and protection of his Scottish friends. But, after all, he said, he cared not to present himself before them in circumstances which could do them but small credit, and which they might think entailed some little burden, perhaps even some little disgrace; so that he thought it best to trust in Providence, and do the best he could for his own support. What that was I never could learn; but I am sure it inferred nothing which could be creditable to the excellent old man, who held fast his opinions and his loyalty, through good and bad repute, till time restored him, aged, indigent, and broken-spirited, to the country which he had left in the prime of youth and health, and sobered by age into patience, instead of that tone of high resentment, which prompted speedy vengeance upon those who expelled him. I might have laughed at some points of the Marquis's character, at his prejudices, particularly, both of birth and politics; if I had known him under more prosperous circumstances; but, situated as he was, even if they had not been fair and honest prejudices, turning on no base or interested motive, one must have respected him as we respect the confessor or the martyr of a religion which is not entirely our own.

By degrees we became good friends, drank our coffee, smoked our cigar, and took our *beverage* together, for more than six weeks, with little interruption from avocations on either side. Having, with some difficulty, got the key-note of his inquiries concerning Scotland, by a fortunate conjecture that the province of Hanguise could only be our shire of Angus, I was enabled to answer the most of his queries concerning his allies there in a manner more or less satisfactory, and was much surprised to find the Marquis much better acquainted with the genealogy of some of the distinguished families in that country, than I could possibly have expected.

On his part, his satisfaction at our intercourse was so great, that he at length wound himself to such a pitch of resolution, as to invite me to dine at the *Château de Hautlieu*, well deserving the name, as occupying a commanding eminence on the banks of the Loire. This building lay about three miles from the town at which I had settled my temporary establishment; and when I first beheld it, I could easily forgive the mortified feelings which the owner testified, at receiving a guest in the asylum which he had formed out of the ruins of the palace of his fathers. He gradually, with much gayety, which yet evidently covered a deeper feeling, prepared me for the sort of place I was about to visit; and for this he had full opportunity whilst he drove me in his little cabriolet, drawn by a large heavy Norman horse, towards the ancient building.

Its remains run along a beautiful terrace overhanging the river Loire, which had been formerly laid out with a succession of flights of steps, highly ornamented with statues, rock-work, and other artificial embellishments, descending from one terrace to another, until the very verge of the river was attained. All this architectural decoration, with its accompanying parterres of rich flowers and exotic shrubs, had, many years since, given place to the more profitable scene of the vine-dresser's labour; yet the remains, too massive to be destroyed, are still visible, and, with the various artificial slopes and levels of the high bank, bear perfect evidence how actively Art had been here employed to decorate Nature.

Few of these scenes are now left in perfection; for the fickleness of fashion has accomplished in England the total change which devastation and popular fury have produced in the French pleasure-grounds. For my part, I am contented to subscribe to the opinion of the best qualified judge of our time,* who thinks we have carried to an extreme our taste for simplicity, and that the neighbourhood of a stately mansion requires some more or less artificial embellishments than can be derived from the natural scene.

* See Price's Essay on the Picturesque, in many passages. I shall would particularize the beautiful and highly poetical account which he gives of his own feelings on destroying, at the dictate of an improver, an ancient ungraced garden, with its yew hedges, ornamented oak gates, and secluded wilderness.

companions of grass and gravel. A highly romantic situation may be degraded, perhaps, by an attempt at such artificial ornaments; but then, in by far the greater number of sites, the intervention of more architectural decoration than is now in use, seems necessary to redeem the naked tameness of a large house, placed by itself in the midst of a lawn, where it looks as much unconnected with all around, as if it had walked out of town upon an airing.

How the scene came to change so suddenly and absolutely, is rather a singular circumstance, unless we explain it on the same principle on which the three friends of the Father in Molière's comedy recommend a cure for the melancholy of his daughter—that he should furnish her apartments, viz. with paintings—with tapestry—or with china, according to the different commodities in which each of them was a dealer. Tried by this scale, we may perhaps discover, that, of old, the architect laid out the garden and the pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood of the mansion, and, naturally enough, displayed his own art there in statues and vases, and paved terraces and flights of steps, with ornamented balustrades; while the gardeners, subordinate in rank, endeavoured to make the vegetable kingdom correspond to the prevailing taste, and cut his evergreens into verdant walls, with towers and battlements, and his detached trees into a resemblance of statuary. But the wheel has since revolved, so as to place the landscape-gardener, as he is called, almost upon a level with the architect; and hence a liberal and somewhat violent use is made of spade and pick-axe, and a conversion of the ostentatious labours of the architect into a *ferme ornée*, as little different from the simplicity of Nature, as a castle of the surrounding country. As the comforts of convenience and cleanly walks, imperiously demanded in the vicinity of a gentleman's residence, can possibly admit.

To return from this digression, which has given the Marquis's cabriolet (its activity greatly retarded by the downward propensities of Jean Roast-beef, which I suppose the Roman horse carried as heartily as his countrymen of old time carried the stolid obesity of a Saxon slave) time to ascend the hill by a winding causeway, now much broken, we came in sight of a long range of roofless buildings, connected with the western extremity of the castle, which was totally ruinous. "I should apologize," he said, "to you, as an Englishman, for the taste of my ancestors, in connecting that row of stables with the architecture of the chateau. I know in your country it is usual to remove them to some distance; but my family had an hereditary pride in horses, and were fond of visiting them more frequently than would have been convenient if they had been kept at a greater distance. Before the Revolution, I had thirty five horses in that ruinous line of buildings.

This recollection of past magnificence escaped from him accidentally, for he was generally sparing in alluding to his former opulence. It was quietly said, without any affectation either of the importance attached to early wealth, or as demanding sympathy for its having passed away. It awakened unpleasant reflections, however, and we were both silent, till, from a partially repaired corner of what had been a porter's lodge, a gleam of French payanne, with eyes as black as jet, and as brilliant as diamonds, came out with a smile, which showed a lot of teeth that duchesses might have envied, and took the measure of the little carriage.

"Madelon must be groom to-day," said the Marquis, after graciously nodding in return for her deep reverence to M. de la Jeunesse, "and I am going to see her, and for La Jeunesse, he is almost distracted with his various occupations." Madelon, he continued, as we walked forward under the entrance-arch, crowned with the mutilated armorial bearings of former lords, now half-obscured by moss and re-grass, not to mention the vagrant branches of some unpruned shrubs,—"Madelon was my wife's god-daughter, and was educated to be fille-de-chambre to my daughter."

This passing intimation, that he was a widowed husband and childless father, increased my respect for the unfortunate nobleman, to whom every particular attached to his present situation brought doubtless its own share of food for melancholy reflection. He proceeded, after the pause of an instant, with something of a gay tone—"You will be entertained with my poor La Jeunesse," he said, "who, by the way, is ten years older than I am!"—(the Marquis is above sixty);—"he reminds me of the player in the *Roman Comique*, who acted a whole play in his own proper person—he insists on being maître d'hôtel, maître de cuisine, valet-de-chambre, a whole suite of attendants in his own poor individuality. He sometimes reminds me of a character in the *Bridle of Launmorice*, which you must have read, as it is the work of one of your *gens de lettres*: *qu'on appelle, le chevalier, le Chevalier Krot*."

"I presume you mean Sir Walter?"

"Yes—the same—the same," answered the Marquis. We were now led away from more painful recollections; for I had to put my French friend right in two particulars. In the first I prevailed with difficulty; for the Marquis, though he disliked the English, yet, having been three months in London, picked himself on understanding the most intricate difficulties of our language, and appealed to every dictionary, from *Flou* downwards, that *le Brûlé* must mean the *Bride*. Nay, so correct was he with the respect his *calais* deserved, was not responsible for the slight works which the humour of the public had too generously, as well as too rashly, ascribed to him. Surprised by the impulse of the moment, I might even have gone further.

* It is scarce necessary to remind the reader that this passage was published during the author's ignorance; and, as La Jeunesse is, upon "according to the trick."

the negative by positive evidence, owing to my not one else could possibly have written these I myself was the author, when I was saved from imputation of myself by the calm reply of the Marquis was glad to hear these sort of trifles were not person of condition. "We read them," he said, "to the pleasures of a comedian, or as our audience of those of a professed family-jester, with a good amount, which, however, should be sorry to the mouth of one who has better claims to our

letely recalled to my constitutional caution by this and became so much afraid of committing myself, even venture to explain to my aristocratic friend, man whom he had named owed his advancement, I ever heard, to certain works of his, which may, y, be compared to romances in rhyme. a, that, amongst some other unjust prejudices, at already hinted, the Marquis had contracted a horri- vith contempt, for almost every species of author- than that which compounds a folio volume of nity, and looked upon the author of a romance, y poem, or periodical piece of criticism, as men de as reptile, with fear at once and with loathing, the press, he contended, especially in its lighter had poisoned the whole morality of Europe, and e gradually regaining an influence which had been at the voice of war. All writers, except those of a heaviest calibre, he conceived to be devoted to y, from Rousseau and Voltaire down to Piquart le author of the Scotch Novels; and although he ad them *pour passer le temps*, yet, like Pistol eating is not without execrating the tendency, as he de- rry, of the work with which he was engaged.

his peculiarity, I backed out of the could confes- y vanity had related the Marquis sarks on the mansion of his ancestors. "There," i the theatre where my father used to procure an special attendance of some of the principal actors in Francoise, when the King and Madame Pompa- once visited him at this place:—yonder, more was the Baron's hall, where his feudal jurisdiction when criminals were to be tried by the Seigneur y; for we had, like your old Scottish nobles, the id gallows, or *fossa cum furca*, as the civilians path that lies the Question-chamber, or apartment and truly, I am sorry a right so liable to abuse sen lodged in the hands of any living creature. d, with a feeling of dignity derived even from the ch his ancestors had committed beneath the grate to which he pointed, "such is the effect of super- stion this day, the peasants dare not approach the which, it is said, the wrath of my ancestors had a former times, much cruelty."

ached the window, while I expressed some curio- s about of terror, there arose from its subterranean t shout of laughter, which we easily detected as a group of playful children, who had made the ne- a theatre, for a joyous romp at Colin Maillard. is was somewhat disconcerted, and had recourse re; but, recovering in a moment, observed, these s's children, and in alliar with the supposed terrors anean recesses. "Besides," he added, "to speak se poor children have been born after the period of mination, which dispelled our superstition and our s; and this bide me to remind you, that this is a

The Cure of the parish is my only guest, besides e would not voluntarily offend his opinions. Be- stituted, more manfully, and throwing off his res- rity has taught me other thoughts on these sub- sence which prosperity dictated; and I thank God I ed to avow, that I follow the observances of my

to answer, that, though they might differ from wn, I had every possible respect for the religious Christian community, sensible that we addressed y, on the same grand principle of salvation, though forms; which variety of worship, had it pleased not to permit, our observances would have been rescribed to us as they are laid down under the

is was no shaker of hands, but upon the present rasped mine, and shook it kindly—the only mode ce in my sentiments which perhaps a zealous Can- or ought consistently to have given upon such an

stances of explanation and remark, with others ut of the ruins of the extensive ruins, occupied us e three turns upon the long terrace, and a seat of er of an hour's duration in a vaulted pavilion of orated with the Marquis's armorial bearings, the y, though disjoined in some of its goined arches, I and entire. "Here," said he, resuming the tone art of his conversation, "I love to sit, either at e alcove affords me shelter from the heat, or in the e sun's beams are dying on the broad face of re, in the words of your great poet, whom, French- I am more intimately acquainted with than most I love to rest myself,

ring the code of sweet and bitter faith."

various reading of a well-known passage in Shak- care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare sferred in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the I proved his having written "chewing the cud," all other authorities. Besides, I had had enough sippets, having been long convinced, (though not

till ten years after I had left Edinburgh College), that the pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own super- rior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in cal- ing, improving, and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others. I therefore let the Marquis *show his code* at his pleasure, and was rewarded by his entering into a learned and well-informed disquisition on the florid style of archi- tecture introduced into France during the seventeenth cen- tury. He pointed out its merits and its defects with considerable taste, and having touched on topics similar to those upon which I have formerly digressed, he made an appeal of a different kind in their favour, founded on the associations with which they were combined. "Who," he said, "would willingly destroy the terraces of the Chateau of Sully, since we cannot tread them without recalling the image of that statesman, alike distin- guished for severe integrity and for strong and unerring sagacity of mind? Were they an inch less broad, a ton's weight less massive, or were they deprived of their formality by the slight- est inflections, could we suppose them to remain the scene of his patriotic musings? Would an ordinary root-house be a fit scene for the Duke occupying an arm-chair, and his Duchesse a *fauteuil*—teaching from thence lessons of courage and fidelity to his son, of modesty and submission to his daughters,—of rigid morality to both; while the circle of young nobles lis- tened with ears attentive, and eyes modestly fixed on the ground, in a standing posture, neither replying nor sitting down, without the express command of their prince and parent?—No, Mon- sieur," he said, with enthusiasm; "destroy the princely pavil- ion in which this edifying family-scene was represented, and you remove from the mind the *vraisemblance*, the verities, of the whole representation. Or can your mind suppose this dis- tinguished peer and patriot walking in a *jardin Anglais*? Why, you might as well fancy him dressed with a blue frock and white waistcoat, instead of his Henri Quatre coat and *chausses a piques*. Consider how he could have moved in the tortuous maze of what you have called a *ferme ornée*, with his usual at- tendants of two files of Swiss guards preceding, and the same number following him. To recall his figure, with his beard— *haut-de-chausses a canon*, united to his doublet by ten thousand *angillettes* and knots of riband, you could not, supposing him in a modern *jardin Anglais*, distinguish the picture in your ima- gination from the sketch of some mad old man, who has adopted the humour of dressing like his great-grandfather, and whom a party of *gens-d'armes* were conducting to the *Hopital des Fous*. But look on the long and magnificent terrace, if it yet exists, which the loyal and exalted Sully was wont to make the scene of his solitary walk (twice-a-day, while he pon- dered over the patriotic schemes which he nourished for ad- vancing the glory of France; or, at a later, and more sorrowful period of life, brooded over the memory of his murdered mas- ter, and the fate of his distracted country;—throw in that no- ble back-ground of arcades, vases, images, urns, and whatever could compress the vicinity of a ducal palace, and the landscape becomes consistent at once. The *fachionnaires*, with their har- quebuses ported, placed at the extremities of the long and level walk, intimate the presence of the feudal prince; while the same is more clearly shown by the guard of honour which pre- cede and follow him, their halberds carried upright, their mien martial and stately, as if in the presence of an enemy, yet mo- ved, as it were, with the same soul as their princely superior—teaching their steps to attend upon his, marching as he marches, halting as he halts, accommodating their pace to his slight irregularities of pause and advance dictated by the fluc- tuations of his reverie, and wheeling with military precision be- fore and behind him, who seems the centre and animating prin- ciple of their armed files, as the heart gives life and energy to the human body. Or, if you smile," added the Marquis, look- ing suddenly at my countenance, "at a promenade so inconsis- tent with the light freedom of modern manners, could you bring your mind to demolish that other terrace trod by the fas- cinating Marchioness de Sevigné, with which are united so many recollections connected with passages in her enchanting letters?"

A little tired of this disquisition, which the Marquis certainly dwelt upon to exalt the natural beauties of his own terrace, which, dilapidated as it was, required no such formal recom- mendation, I informed my companion, that I had just received from England a journal of a tour made in the south of France by a young Oxonian friend of mine, a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar,—in which he gives such an animated and interesting description of the Chateau-Grignan, the dwelling of Madame de Sevigné's beloved daughter, and frequently the place of her own residence, that no one who ever read the book would be within forty miles of the same, without going a pilgrimage to the spot. The Marquis smiled, seemed very much pleased, and asked the title at length of the work in question; and writing down to my dictation, "An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1719, by John Hughes, A. B., of Oriel College, Oxford,"—observed, he could now purchase no books for the chateau, but would recommend that the Itine- raire should be commissioned for the library to which he was *abonné* in the neighbouring town. "And here," he said, "comes the Curé, to save us farther disquisition; and I see La Jeunesse gliding round the old portico on the terrace, with the purpose of ringing the dinner-bell—a most unnecessary ceremony for as- sembling three persons, but which it would break the old man's heart to forego. Take no notice of him at present, as he wishes to perform the duties of the inferior departments incognito; when the bell has ceased to sound, he will blaze forth on us in the character of major-domo."

As the Marquis spoke, we had advanced towards the eastern extremity of the Chateau, which was the only part of the edifice that remained still habitable.

"The *Bande Noire*," said the Marquis, "when they pulled the rest of the house to pieces, for the sake of the lead, timber, and other materials, have, in their ravages, done me the unde- signed favour to reduce it to dimensions better fitting the cir-

cumstances of the owner. There is enough of the leaf left for the caterpillar to coil up his chrysalis in, and what needs he care though reptiles have devoured the rest of the bush?"

As he spoke, thus, he reached the door, at which La Jeunesse appeared, with an air at once of prompt service and deep respect, and a countenance, which, though puckered by a thousand wrinkles, was ready to answer the first good-natured word of his master with a smile, which showed his white set of teeth firm and fair, in despite of age and suffering. His clean silk stockings, washed till their tint had become yellowish—his coat tied with a rosette—his thin grey curl on either side of his lank head—the pearl-coloured coat, without a collar—the solitaire, the fabel, the ruffles at the wrist, and the *chapeau-bras*—all announced that La Jeunesse considered the arrival of a guest at the Château as an unusual event, which was to be met with a corresponding display of magnificence and parade on his part.

As I looked at the faithful though fantastic follower of his master, who doubtless inherited his prejudices as well as his cast-clothes, I could not but own, in my own mind, the resemblance pointed out by the Marquis betwixt him and my own Caleb, the trusty squire of the Master of Ravenwood. But a Frenchman, a Jack-of-all-trades by nature, can, with much more ease and suppleance, address himself to a variety of services, and suffice in his person to discharge them all, than is possible for the formality and slowness of a Scottishman. Superior to Caleb in dexterity, though not in zeal, La Jeunesse seemed to multiply himself with the necessities of the occasion, and discharged his several tasks with such promptitude and assiduity, that farther attendance than his was neither missed nor wished for.

The dinner, in particular, was exquisite. The soup, although bearing the term of *sautee*, which Englishmen use in scorn, was most delicately flavoured, and the matelot of pike and eels reconciled me, though a Scottishman, to the latter. There was even a petit plat of *beault* for the heretic, so exquisitely dressed as to retain all the juices, and, at the same time, rendered so thoroughly tender, that nothing could be more delicate. The *potage*, with another small dish or two, were equally well arranged. But what the old maître d'hôtel valued himself upon as something superb, smiling with self-satisfaction, and in enjoyment of my surprise, as he placed it on the table, was an immense *assiette* of spinnage, not smoothed into a uniform surface, as for our unimagined cooks upon your side of the water, but swelling into hills, and declining into vales, over which swept a gallant stag, pursued by a pack of hounds in full cry, and a noble field of horsemen with bugle-horns, and whips held upright, and brandished after the manner of broadsword-hounds, huntsman, and stag, being all very artificially cut out of toasted bread. Enjoying the praises which I failed not to bestow on this chef d'œuvre, the old man acknowledged it had cost the best part of two days to bring it to perfection; and added, giving honour where honour was due, that an idea so brilliant was not entirely his own, but that Monsieur himself had taken the trouble to give him several valuable hints, and even condescended to assist in the execution of some of the most capital figures. The Marquis blushed a little at this eulogium, which he might probably have wished to suppress, but acknowledged he had wished to surprise me with a scene from the popular poem of my country, *Miladi Lac*. I answered, that so splendid a cortège much more resembled a grand chase of Louis Quatorze than of a poor King of Scotland, and that the *potage* was rather like Fontainebleau than the wilds of Calender. He bowed gracefully in answer to this compliment, and acknowledged the recollections of the great old of the French Court, when in its splendour, might have misled his imagination—and so the conversation passed on to other matters.

Our dessert was exquisite—the cheese, the fruits, the salad, the olives, the *cerneux*, and the delicious white wine, each in their way were *irresistible*; and the good Marquis, with an air of great satisfaction, observed, that his guest's sincere homage to their merits. "After all," he said, "and yet it is but confessing a foolish weakness—but, after all, I cannot but rejoice in feeling myself equal to offering a stranger a sort of hospitality which seems pleasing to him. Believe me, it is not entirely out of pride that we *petits seigneurs* live so very retired, and avoid the duties of hospitality. It is true, that too many of us wander about the halls of our fathers, rather like ghosts of their deceased proprietors, than like living men restored to their own possessions—yet it is rather on your account, than to spare our own feelings, that we do not cultivate the society of our foreign visitors. We have an idea that your opulent nation is particularly attached to *faste*, and to *grande chère*—to your ease and enjoyment of every kind; and the means of entertainment left to us are, in most cases, so limited, that we feel ourselves totally precluded from such expense and ostentation. No one wishes to offer his best where he has reason to think it will not give pleasure; and as many of you publish your journals, Monsieur le Marquis would not probably be much gratified, by seeing the poor dinner which he was able to present to Milord Angolia put upon permanent record."

I interrupted the Marquis, that were I to wish an account of my entertainment published, it would be only in order to preserve the memory of the very best dinner I ever had eaten in my life. He bowed in return, and presumed "that I either differed much from the national taste, or the accounts of it were grossly exaggerated. He was particularly obliged to me for showing the value of the possessions which remained to him. The useful," he said, "had no doubt survived the sumptuous at Hantles as elsewhere. Grottoes, statues, curious conservatories of exotics, temple and tower, had gone to the ground; but the vineyard, the *potager*, the orchard, the *étang*, still existed; and once more he expressed himself happy to find, that their combined productions could make what even a Briton accepted as a tolerable meal. I only hope," he continued, "that you will convince me your compliments are sincere, by accepting the hospitality of the Château de Hantles as often as better engagements will permit during your stay in this neighbourhood."

I readily promised to accept an invitation offered with such grace, as to make the guest appear the person conferring the obligation.

The conversation then changed to the history of the Château and its vicinity—a subject which was strong ground to the Marquis, though he was no great antiquary, and even no very profound historian, when other topics were discussed. The Curé, however, chanced to be both, and withal a very conversable pleasing man, with an air of *prevenance*, and ready civility of communication, which I have found a leading characteristic of the Catholic clergy, whether they are well-informed or otherwise. It was from him that I learned there still existed the remnant of a fine library in the Château de Hantles. The Marquis shrugged his shoulders as the Curé gave me this information, looked to the one side and the other, and displayed the same sort of petty embarrassment which he had been unable to suppress when La Jeunesse blabbed something of his interference with the arrangements of the *cuisine*. "I should be happy to show the books," he said, "but they are in such a wild condition, so dismantled, that I am ashamed to exhibit them to any one."

"Forgive me, my dear sir," said the Curé. "you know you permitted the great English Bibliomane, Dr. Dibdin, to catalogue your curious relics, and you know how highly he spoke of them."

"What could I do, my dear friend?" said the Marquis; "the good Doctor had heard some exaggerated account of them remnants of what was once a library—he had stationed himself in the *esplanade* below, determined to carry his point or to suffer the war of libraries to continue, that he availed himself of the turret, in order to provide scaling-ladders. You would not have had me reduce a respectable divine, though of another church, to such an act of desperation? I could not have answered it in conscience."

"But you know, besides, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Curé, "that Dr. Dibdin was so much grieved at the dilapidation of your library, that he sustained great personal privations, and the powers of our church, so much did he long to launch an anathema at the heads of the perpetrators."

"His resentment was in proportion to his disappointment. I suppose," said our entertainer.

"Not so," said the Curé; "for he was so enthusiastic on the value of what remains, that I am convinced nothing but the positive request to the contrary prevented the Chateau of Hantles occupying at least twenty pages in that splendid work of which he sent us a copy, and which will remain a lasting monument of his zeal and erudition."

"Dr. Dibdin is extremely polite," said the Marquis; "and, when we have had our coffee—here it comes—we will go to the turret; and I hope, as Monsieur has not despised my poor fare, so he will pardon the state of my confused library, while I shall be equally happy if it can afford any thing which can give him amusement. Indeed," he added, "were it otherwise, you, my good father, have every right over books, which, without your intervention, would never have returned to the owner."

Although this additional act of courtesy was evidently evaded by the importunity of the Curé from his reluctant friend, whose desire to conceal the nakedness of the land, and the extent of his losses, seemed always to struggle with his disposition to be obliging, I could not help accepting an offer, which, in strict politeness, I ought perhaps to have refused. But then the remains of a collection of such curiosity as had given to our bibliomaniacal friend the desire of leading the forlorn hope in an escalade—it would have been a desperate and self-sufficient to have declined an opportunity of seeing it. La Jeunesse brought coffee, such as we only taste on the continent, upon a silver, covered with a napkin, that it might be *carried* for silver; and *chaise-coffe* from Martinique on a small waiter, which was certainly so. Our repast thus finished, the Marquis led me, up an escalade—it would have been a desperate and self-sufficient to have declined an opportunity of seeing it. 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use of walnut-tree, curiously carved, and brought to me by time, nearly resembling that of a ripe chestnut, of common deal, employed to repair and supply the occasioned by violence and devastation. On these were deposited the wrecks, or rather the precious remains of an splendid library. The proprietor, and his father had been a man of information, and his name was famous, even in the Court of Louis XIV., where he was in some degree considered as the fashion, for the acquisitions. Those two proprietors, opulent in means, and liberal in the indulgence of their taste, had added to a curious old Gothic library, which had come from their ancestors, that there were few collections which could be compared to that of Hautlieu. It had lately dispersed, in consequence of an ill-judged attack on the present Marquis, in 1790, to defend his Chateau from the revolutionary mob. Luckily, the Curé, who, by his moderate conduct, and his evangelical virtues, much interest among the neighbouring peasantry, on many of them to buy, for the petty sum of a few sometimes at the vulgar rate of a glass of brandy, which had cost large sums, but which were carried off by the ruffians who pillaged the Castle. He himself purchased as many of the books as his funds could reach, and to his care it was owing that they were rescued from the fire in which I found them. It was no wonder, that the good Curé had some pride and pleasure in his collection to strangers. Of odd volumes, imperfections, and all the other morbid which an amateur encounters in looking through an library, there were many articles in that of Hautlieu,

calculated, as Bayes says, "to elevate and surprise" the Bibliomaniac. There were,

"The small rare volume, dark with tarnish'd gold."

as Dr. Ferrier feelingly sings—curious and richly painted missals, manuscripts of 1389, 1323, and even earlier, and works in Gothic type, printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But of these I intend to give a more detailed account, should the Marquis grant his permission.

In the meantime, it is sufficient to say, that, delighted with the day I had spent at Hautlieu, I frequently repeated my visit, and that the key of the octagonal tower was always at my command. In those hours I became deeply enamoured of a part of French history, which, although most important to that of Europe at large, and illustrated by an inimitable old historian, I had never sufficiently studied. At the same time, to gratify the feelings of my excellent host, I occupied myself occasionally with some family memorials, which had fortunately been preserved, and which contained some curious particulars respecting the connexion with Scotland, which first found me favour in the eyes of the Marquis de Hautlieu.

I pondered on these things, *meis mes*, until my return to Britain, to beef and sea-coal fires, a change of residence which took place since I drew up these Gallic reminiscences. At length, the result of my meditations took the form of which my readers, if not startled by this preface, will presently be enabled to judge. Should the Public receive it with favour, I shall not regret having been for a short time an Absentee.



QUENTIN DURWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONTRAST.

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeits presentment of two brothers.—*Hamlet.*

The latter part of the fifteenth century prepared a state of formidable power, which has ever been, from time to time, the principal object of envy to the other European nations. Before that time, she had to struggle for her very existence with England, already possessed of her fairest provinces; the utmost exertions of her King, and the gallantry of her people, could scarcely protect the realm from a foreign yoke. Nor was this her sole danger. The princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal armor so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting standard against their liege and sovereign lord, King of France, on the slightest pretence. When once, they reigned as absolute princes in their own right; and the House of Burgundy, possessed of a district so called, together with the fairest and richest part of Flanders, was itself so wealthy, and so powerful, as to yield nothing to the crown, either in splendour or in strength.

The imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior to the crown assumed as much independence as distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his chateau, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made more than three hundred of these independent lords, to whom incest, murder, and rapine, were most ordinary and familiar actions. Besides these evils, another, springing out of the continued wars betwixt the French and English, added small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers, collected into bands, or officers chosen by themselves, from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had formed in various parts of France out of the remnant of all other countries. These hiring combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; when such service was not to be had, they made on their own account, seizing castles and towers, and using as the places of their retreat,—prisons, and ransoming them,—exactings tribute from the open villages, and the country around,—and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the private epithets of *Tondeurs* and *Ecorcheurs*, or *Clippers* and *Flayers*.

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless profuse expense distinguished the courts of the nobles, as well as of the superior princes; and dependants, in imitation, expended in rude, but magnificent display, the wealth which they extorted from the people. A tone of romantic and chivalrousetry (which, however, was often disgraced by undue license) characterised the intercourse between the sexes; and the language of knight-errantry was used, and its observances followed, though the spirit of honourable love, and benevolent pride, which it inculcates, had ceased to qualify the tone for its extravagances. The jousts and tournaments, the entertainments and revels, which petty court displayed, invited to France every daring adventurer; and it was seldom that, when dethroned, he failed to employ his rash courage

and headlong spirit of enterprise, in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save this fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself met, combated, and in a great degree neutralized, the mischiefs of the time—as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, "that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire." No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been manoeuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch; for human nature is rarely uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

Two other points may be noticed to complete the sketch of this formidable character, by which he rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to pre-

dominate over those, who, if unsubdued by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions, Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty sovereign of his time, he was fond of low life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom little consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character; and he was so fond of this species of humble gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit for any other) the right edition is very precious.*

By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, though most unamiable character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost.

Ere he succeeded to the crown, Louis had given evidence of his vices rather than of his talents. His first wife, Margaret of Scotland, was "done to death by slanderous tongues" in her husband's Court, where, but for the encouragement of Louis himself, not a word would have been breathed against that amiable and injured princess. He had been an ungrateful and a rebellious son, at one time conspiring to seize his father's person, and at another, levying open war against him. For the first offence, he was banished to his appanage of Dauphine, which he governed with much sagacity—for the second, he was driven into absolute exile, and forced to throw himself on the mercy, and almost on the charity, of the Duke of Burgundy and his son, where he enjoyed hospitality, afterwards indifferently requited, until the death of his father in 1461.

In the very outset of his reign, Louis was almost overpowered by a league formed against him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charolais, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fought a battle of doubtful issue under its very walls, and placed the French monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in such cases, that the more sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame of the disputed field. Louis, who had shown great personal bravery during the battle of Montlhéry, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its undecided character, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporized until the enemy had broken up their leaguer, and showed so much dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance "for the public weal," as they termed it, but, in reality, for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, dissolved itself, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, Louis, relieved of all danger from England, by the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged for several years, like an unfeeling but able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The brigandage of the Free Companies, and the un-

* This edite princeps, which, when in good preservation, is much sought after by connoisseurs, is entitled, *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, contenant Cent Histoires Nouvelles, qui sont moraliplaisans à raconter en toutes bonnes compaignies par maniere de jorace.* Paris, Antoine Verard. Sans date d'impression d'impression. See Du Bona.

punished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gradually gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminution of those by whom it was counterbalanced.

Still the King of France was surrounded by doubt and danger. The members of the league "for the public weal," though not in unison, were in existence, and, like a scotched snake, might re-unite and become dangerous again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest Princes of Europe, and little diminished in rank by the very slight dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this Duke was in every respect the direct contrast to that of Louis XI.

The latter was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprise, and never abandoning one likely to be successful, however distant the prospect. The genius of the Duke was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his humour, to any other consideration. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Louis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mutual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he sought by leagues, purchases, and other indirect means, those advantages, which, in his place, the Duke would have matched with an armed hand. He likewise hated the King, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him, when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege, and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their wealth, were frequently in a state of insurrection against their liege lords, the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find underhand countenance at the Court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity, which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense, that they were mingled with fear; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and the mass of that crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the verge of rashness, and beyond it—profuse in expenditure—splendid in his court, his person, and his retinue, in all which he displayed the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy, Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age whose tempers were congenial; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of resolute adventurers, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his overgrown nephew. He owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of dealing with him, and even of enduring bursts of insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, being able to treat him otherwise than as his vassal of Burgundy."

About the year 1468, when their feuds were at their height, though a dubious and hollow truce, as it happened, existed for the time between them. The present narrative opens. The person introduced on the stage will be found indeed to rank and condition, the illustration of whose career scarcely called for a dissertation on the relations of two great princes; but the passions that rent their quarrels, and their reconciliations, the fortunes of all who approach them; and the events, on proceeding farther in our story, the preliminary Chapter is necessary for coming to the history of the individual whose adventures we are about to relate.

CHAPTER II.

THE WANDERER.

"The world is my oyster, which I with sword will—*Ancient Psalm.*"

It was upon a delicious summer morning, before dawn had assumed its scorching power, and while the air yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth coming from the north-eastward, approached the bank of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the royal Castle of Plessis-lez-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements he beheld in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands, adorned with a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by an ancient wall, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *mur*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and village of Plessis-lez-Tours, was particularly distinguished from others, and was built some miles to the southward of the fair town of Tours, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose ruins have been termed the garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to which the traveller was approaching, stood a man, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, however, to watch his motions; for as they were much more elevated, they could remark a considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about twenty, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face son, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now travelling. His short gray cloak and hose were of Flemish than of French fashion, while the blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and a feather, was already recognised as the head-gear. His dress was very neat, and adorned with the precision of a youth conscious of being a fine person. He had at his back a satchel, seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawk-knife in his left hand, though he carried no sword in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was used by fowling of distinction to carry their food, and other matters belonging to that dainty sport. This was crossed by another belt, to which was hung a hunting knife, and a de chasse. Instead of the boots of the peasant buskins of half-dressed deer's skin, which his form had not yet attained its full stature, he was tall and active, and the lightness of step with which he advanced, showed that his mode of travelling was pleasure rather than business. His complexion was fair, in spite of a shade of darker hue, with which the foreign perhaps constant exposure to the atmosphere of his own country, had, in some degree, embrown-

ed. His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed, now and then, that his teeth were well set, and as pure as ivory; whilst his bright blue eye, with a corresponding gaiety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good-humour, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of the few travellers who frequented the road in those dangerous times, with the action which suited each. The strolling spearman, half soldier, half brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance; and read such indications of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger, that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly "Good morrow, comrade," which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen tone. The wandering pilgrim, or the begging friar, answered his reverend greeting with a paternal benediction; and the dark-eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step after they had passed each other, and interchanged a laughing good-morrow. In short, there was an attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which was derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good-humour, with sprightly looks, and a handsome face and person. It seemed, too, as if his whole demeanour bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and small means for struggling with its hardships, except a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom chiefly age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described, had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, "It is our man—it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost man—the water is up, and the ford impassable."

"Let him make that discovery himself, gossip," said the elder personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face.—Hark, sir—he hallooos to know whether the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other—"let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without farther hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, "*Mort dieu*—gossip—you have made another mistake—this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it, being already in the deep stream. To one less alert, and practised in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

"By Saint Anne! but he is a proper youth," said the elder man—"Run, gossip, and help your blunder, by giving him aid, if you canst. He belongs to thine own troop—if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed the young traveller swam so strongly, and buffeted the waves so well, that notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow.—By my halldome, he is ashore, and grasps his pole!—If I make

not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform; or attempt to perform, in the whole course of his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words—"Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion!"

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole, which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarrelling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said he would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burghers, such as they seemed to be.

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us, as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

"For substantial burghers, unquestionably," said the youth; "or, hold—you, master, may be a money-broker, or a corn-merchant; and this man a butcher, or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to trade in as much money as I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going; for, in these times, the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback, who have any thing in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

The young man cast another keen and penetrating glance on him who spoke, and on his silent companion, as if doubtful whether they, on their part, merited the confidence they demanded; and the result of his observation was as follows.

The eldest, and most remarkable of these men, in dress and appearance resembled the merchant or shopkeeper of the period. His jerkin, hose, and cloak, were of a dark uniform colour, but worn so threadbare, that the acute young Scot conceived that the wearer must be either very rich or very poor, probably the former. The fashion of the dress was close and short—a kind of garments which were not then held decorous among gentry, or even the superior class of citizens, who generally wore loose gowns which descended below the middle of the leg.

The expression of this man's countenance was partly attractive, and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunk cheeks, and hollow eyes, had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humour congenial to the character of the young adventurer. But then, those same sunken eyes, from under the shroud of thick black eyebrows, had something in them that was at once commanding and sinister. Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap,

much depressed on the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out; but it is certain that the young stranger had some difficulty to reconcile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in particular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin, in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-forned, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage, and a very ominous smile, when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never, except in reply to certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger; and underneath his plain habit, the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jaccon*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at that perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture, that the wearer was by profession a butcher, grazier, or something of that description, called upon to be much abroad.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause, "I am ignorant whom I may have the honour to address," making a slight reverence at the same time, "but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland; and that I come to seek my fortune in France, or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

"*Pasques-dieu!* and a gallant custom it is," said the elder stranger. "You seem a fine young sprig-gald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among men or women. What say you? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic—I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery?"

"Fair sir," said the youth, "if your offer be seriously made—of which I have my doubts—I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service."

"What!" said the senior, "I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow, than how to draw a bill of charges,—canst handle a broadsword better than a pen—ha!"

"I am, master," answered the young Scot, "a braman, and therefore, as we say, a bowman. But besides that, I have been in a convent, where the good fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cipher."

"*Pasques-dieu!* that is too magnificent," said the merchant. "By our lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!"

"Rest you merry, fair master," said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularity, "I must go dry myself, instead of standing dripping here, answering questions."

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered, "*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails—*comme un Ecossois*—but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time—an honest poor set of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. But, *tableau!* what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?"

"I was taught that lesson," answered the youth. "By a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me to some note, at a heron near Peronne, and the rascally scelm shot my bird with an arrow."

"What did you do?" said the merchant.

"Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, "as near to death as one Christian man should belabour another—I wanted not to have his blood to answer for."

"Know you," said the burgher, "that had you fallen

like of Burgundy's hands, he would have played like a chestnut?"

"I told he is as prompt as the King of that sort of work. But, as this happened to me, I made a leap over the frontiers, and hunc. If he had not been so hasty, I might have taken service with him."

"I have a heavy miss of such a paladin as the truce should break off," said the merchant, throwing a look at his own companion, who came with one of the downcast lowering which gleamed along his countenance, enlightened by a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky. The Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet right eyebrow, as one that would not be told said firmly. "My masters, and especially the elder, and who should be the wiser, I, I presume, no sound or safe jesting at. I do not altogether like the tone of your jest. I can take a jest with any man, and a jest from my elder, and say thank you, sir, if I am deserved; but I do not like being borne if I were a child, when, God wot, I find enough to belabour you both, if you proceed far."

The man seemed like to choke with laughter and demeanour—his companion's hand stole to his hilt, which the youth observing, dealt a blow across the wrist, which made him incapable of it; while his companion's mirth was checked by the incident. "Hold, hold," he said to the doughty Scot, even for thine own dear sake: and you, gossip, forbear your menage. *Pasques-dieu!* let us be just traders, and wetting against the knock on the wrist, given with so much grace and alacrity.—"Ah, my young friend," he said to the young man, grave sternness, which, in spite of all the do, damped and overawed him, "no more can I fit object for it, and my gossip, as you have had enough of it. Let me know"

"answer a civil question civilly," said the old man, will pay fitting respect to your age, if you urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been in France and Flanders, men have in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet tassel of this hawk purse which I carry by my true name, when at home, is Quentin"

"d!" said the quicrist; "is it a gentleman's"

"on descents in our family," said the young man, that makes me reluctant to follow any other than arms."

"Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and scarcity of ducats, I warrant thee.—Well, said to his companion, "go before us, and have some breakfast ready yonder at the rove; for this youth will do as much honest starved mouse to a house-wife's cheese. Bohemian—hark in thy ear!"

"He answered by a gloomy, but intelligent and set forward at a round pace, while the man continued, addressing young Durward and I will walk leisurely forward to—we may take a mass at Saint Hubert's our way through the forest; for it is not sink of our fleshly before our spiritual"

"as a good Catholic, had nothing to object: this proposal, although he might probably be desirous, in the first place, to have others and refreshed himself. Meanwhile, out of sight of their downward-looking continued to follow the same path which he, until it led them into a wood of tall trees with thickets and brushwood, traversed avenues, through which were seen, as the deer trotting in little herds with security which argued their consciousness completely protected."

"I asked me if I were a good bowman," said the Scot—"Give me a bow and a brace of"

shafts, and you shall have a piece of venison in a moment."

"*Pasques-dieu!* my young friend," said his companion, "take care of that; my gossip yonder hath a special eye to the deer; they are under his charge, and he is a strict keeper."

"He hath more the air of a butcher, than of a gay forester," answered Durward. "I cannot think you hang-dog look of his belongs to any one who knows the gentle rules of woodcraft."

"Ah, my young friend," answered his companion, "my gossip hath somewhat an ugly favour to look upon at the first; but those who become acquainted with him, never are known to complain of him."

Quentin Durward found something singularly and disagreeably significant in the tone with which this was spoken; and looking suddenly at the speaker, thought he saw in his countenance, in the slight smile that curled his upper lip, and the accompanying twinkle of his keen dark eye, something to justify his unpleasing surprise. "I have heard of robbers," he thought to himself, "and of wily cheats and cut-throats—what if yonder fellow be a murderer, and this old rascal his decoy-luck? I will be on my guard—they will get little by me but good Scottish knocks."

While he was thus reflecting they came to a glade, where the large forest trees were more wildly separated from each other, and where the ground beneath, cleared of underwood and bushes, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, which, screened from the scorching heat of the sun, was here more beautifully tender than it is usually to be seen in France. The trees in this secluded spot were chiefly beeches and elms of huge magnitude, which rose like great hills of leaves into the air. Amidst these magnificent sons of the earth, there peeped out, in the most open spot of the glade, a lowly chapel, near which trickled a small rivulet. Its architecture was of the rudest and most simple kind; and there was a very small lodge beside it, for the accommodation of a hermit or solitary priest, who remained there for regularly discharging the duty of the altar. In a small niche, over the arched doorway, stood a stone image of Saint Hubert, with the bugle-horn around his neck, and a leash of greyhounds at his feet. The situation of the chapel in the midst of a park or chase, so richly stocked with game, made the dedication to the Sainted Huntsman peculiarly appropriate.*

Towards this little devotional structure the old man directed his steps, followed by young Durward; and as they approached, the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal garments, made his appearance, in the act of proceeding from his cell to the chapel, for the discharge, doubtless, of his holy office. Durward bowed his body reverently to the priest, as the respect due to his sacred office demanded; whilst his companion, with an appearance of still more deep devotion, knelt on one knee to receive the holy man's blessing, and then followed him into church, with a step and manner expressive of the most heartfelt contrition and humility.

The inside of the chapel was adorned in a manner adapted to the occupation of the patron-saint while on earth. The richest furs of such animals as are made the objects of the chase in different countries, supplied the place of tapestry and hangings around the altar and elsewhere, and the characteristic em-

* Every vocation had, in the middle ages, its protecting saint. The chase, with its fortunes and its hazards, the business of so many, and the amusement of all, was placed under the direction of St. Hubert.

This sylvan saint was the son of Bertrand, Duke of Aquitaine, and, while in the secular state, was a courtier of King Pepin.—He was passionately fond of the chase, and used to neglect attendance on divine worship for this amusement. While he was once engaged in this pastime, a stag appeared before him, having a crucifix bound betwixt his horns, and he heard a voice which menaced him with eternal punishment if he did not repent of his sins. He retired from the world and took orders, his wife having also retreated into the cloister. Hubert afterwards became Bishop of Maastricht and Liège; and from his zeal in destroying remnants of idolatry, is called the Apostle of Ardenne and of Brabant. Those who were descended of his race were supposed to possess the power of curing persons bitten by mad dogs.

blazonments of bugles, bows, quivers, and other emblems of hunting, surrounded the walls, and were mingled with the heads of deer, wolves, and other animals considered beasts of sport. The whole adornments took an appropriate and sylvan character; and the mass itself, being considerably shortened, proved to be of that sort which is called a *hunting-mass*, because in use before the noble and powerful, who, while assisting at the solemnity, are usually impatient to commence their favourite sport.

Yet, during this brief ceremony, Durward's companion seemed to pay the most rigid and scrupulous attention; while Durward, not quite so much occupied with religious thoughts, could not forbear blaming himself in his own mind, for having entertained suspicions derogatory to the character of so good and so humble a man. Far from now holding him as a companion and accomplice of robbers, he had much to do to forbear regarding him as a saint-like personage.

When mass was ended, they retired together from the chapel, and the elder said to his young comrade, "It is but a short walk from hence to the village—you may now break your fast with an unprejudiced conscience—follow me."

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he recommended to his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

"You are now near the Court, young man," answered his guide; "and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own healthy hills. Every yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and wellnigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill lops a hawthorn-sprig—and culthrops that would pierce your foot through, and pit-falls deep enough to bury you in them for ever; for you are now within the precincts of the royal demesne, and we shall presently see the front of the Chateau."

"Were I the King of France," said the young man, "I would not take so much trouble with traps and gins, but would try instead to govern so well, that no man should dare to come near my dwelling with a bad intent; and for those who came there in peace and good-will, why, the more of them the merrier we should be."

His companion looked around, affecting an alarmed gaze, and said, "Hush, hush, Sir Varlet with the Velvet Pouch! for I forgot to tell you, that one great danger of these precincts is, that the very leaves of the trees are like so many ears, which carry all which is spoken to the King's own cabinet."

"I care little for that," answered Quentin Durward; "I bear a Scottish tongue in my head, bold enough to speak my mind to King Louis's face, God bless him—and, for the ears you talk of, if I could see them growing on a human head, I would crop them out of it with my wood-knife."

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTLE.

Full in the midst a mighty pile arose,
Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose
To each invading step—and, strong and steep,
The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.
Slow round the fortress roll'd the sluggish stream,
And high in middle air the warder's turret gleam.

Anonymous.

WHILE Durward and his new acquaintance thus spoke, they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which, even in those dangerous times, when the great found themselves obliged to reside within places of fortified strength, was distinguished for the extreme and jealous care with which it was watched and defended.

From the verge of the wood where young Durward halted with his companion, in order to take a view

of this royal residence, extended, or rather a though by a very gentle elevation, an open expanse, devoid of trees and bushes of every description excepting one gigantic and half-withered old tree. This space was left open, according to the rule of fortification in all ages, in order that an enemy might not approach the walls under cover, or unobserved from the battlements, and beyond it arose the Castle itself.

There were three external walls, battlements and turreted from space to space, and at each the second enclosure rising higher than the first, being built so as to command the exterior defence in case it was won by the enemy; and being again the same manner, itself commanded by the third and innermost barrier. Around the external wall the Frenchman informed his young companion (for, as they stood lower than the foundation of the wall, he could not see it), was sunk a ditch of twenty feet in depth, supplied with water by a head on the river Cher, or rather on one of its tributary branches. In front of the second enclosure said, there ran another fosse, and a third, of the same unusual dimensions, was led between the second and the innermost enclosure. The whole both of the outer and inner circuit of this triple wall was strongly fenced with palisades of iron, so the purpose of what are called *chateaux-de-fron* modern fortification, the top of each pale being provided into a cluster of sharp spikes, which seem to render any attempt to climb over an act of destruction.

From within the innermost enclosure arose the Castle itself, containing buildings of different periods crowded around, and united with the ancient grim-looking donjon-keep, which was older than any of them, and which rose, like a black Ethiope, high into the air, while the absence of windows larger than shot holes, irregularly disposed for defence, gave the spectator the same unpleasant feeling which we experience on looking at a man. The other buildings seemed scarcely adapted for the purposes of comfort, for the windows opened to an inner and enclosed court-yard; so the whole external front looked much more like a prison than a palace. The reigning King even increased this effect; for, desirous that the conditions which he himself had made to the fortifications should be of a character not easily distinguishable from the original building, (for like many persons, he loved not that his suspicions should be observed,) the darkest-coloured brick and freestone were employed, and soot mingled with the lime as to give the whole Castle the same uniform of extreme and rude antiquity.

This formidable place had but one entrance; at least Durward saw none along the spacious court except where, in the centre of the first and outer boundary, arose two strong towers, the usual defence of a gateway; and he could observe their ordinary companions, portcullis and drawbridge—of which the first was lowered, and the last raised. The entrance-towers were visible on the second and bounding wall, but not in the same line with the outward circuit; because the passage did not cut right through the whole three enclosures at the same point, but, on the contrary, those who entered had to proceed nearly thirty yards betwixt the first and second wall, exposed, if their purpose were to take to missiles from both; and again, when the second boundary was passed, they must make a considerable digression from the straight line, in order to attain the portal of the third and innermost enclosure so that before gaining the outer court, which ran along the front of the building, two narrow and dangerous defiles were to be traversed under a flanking charge of artillery, and three gates, defended in the strongest manner known to the age, were successively forced.

Coming from a country alike desolated by civil war and internal feuds,—a country, too, whose equal and mountainous surface, abounding in precipices and torrents, affords so many situations of strength,—young Durward was sufficiently acquainted

various contrivances by which men, in endeavour to secure their dwellings; owned to his companion, that he had been in the power of art to do so once, where nature had done so little; on, as we have hinted, was merely the gentle elevation ascending upwards where they were standing.

his surprise, his companion told him one of the Castle, except the single by which the portal might be safely ere, like the thickets through which they irrounded with every species of hidden, and gin, to entrap the wretch who re thither without a guide; that upon re constructed certain cradles of iron, and nests, from which the sentinels, who y posted there, could, without being ex-risk, take deliberate aim at any who pt to enter without the proper signal of the day; and that the Archers of the performed that duty day and night, for received high pay, rich clothing, and and profit at the hands of King Louis. ll me, young man," he continued, "did so strong a fortress, and do you think bold enough to storm it?"

nen looked long and fixedly on the place, which interested him so much, that he, in the eagerness of youthful curiosity, of his dress. His eye glanced, and his ed to his cheek like that of a daring man s an honourable action, as he replied, castle, and strongly guarded; but there dity to brave men."

any in your country who could do such the elder, rather scornfully. affirm that," answered the youth; "but isands that, in a good cause, would at-a deed."

-said the senior; "perhaps you are your-llant?"

sin if I were to boast where there is no were young Durward; "but my father old an act, and I trust I am no bastard." id his companion, smiling, "you might itch, and your kindred withal, in the at-e Scottish Archers of King Louis's Life-sentinels on yonder walls—three hun-en of the best blood in your country."

I King Louis," said the youth, in reply, ast my safety to the faith of the three tish gentlemen, throw down my bound-fill up the moat, call in my noble peers, and live as became me, amid breaking allant tournaments, and feasting of days and dancing of nights with ladies, and e fear of a foe than I have of a fly."

nion again smiled, and turning his back, which, he observed, they had approach- nearly, he led the way again into the more broad and beaten path than they den. "This," he said, "leads us to the ssis, as it is called, where you, as a stran-reasonable and honest accommodation. iles onward lies the fine city of Tours-

ame to this rich and beautiful earldom, ge of Plessis, or Plessis of the Park, as it called, from its vicinity to the royal rease chase with which it is encircled, will rer and as convenient hospitality."

ou, kind master, for your information," t; "but my stay will be so short here, not in a morsel of meat, and a drink of etter than water, my necessities in Ples-park or the pool, will be amply satisfied." ivered his companion, "I thought you nd to see in this quarter."

I have—my mother's own brother," an-ward; "and as pretty a man, before he of Angus, as ever planted brogue on hea-

his name?" said the senior; "we will ut for you; for it is not safe for you to go

up to the Castle, where you might be taken for a spy."

"Now by my father's hand!" said the youth, "I taken for a spy!—By Heaven, he shall brook cold iron that brands me with such a charge!—But for my un- cle's name, I care not who knows it—it is Lealy.— Lealy—an honest and noble name."

"And so it is, I doubt not," said the old man; "but there are three of the name in the Scottish Guard."

"My uncle's name is Ludovic Lealy," said the young man.

"Of the three Lealies," answered the merchant, "two are called Ludovic."

"They call my kinsman Ludovic with the Scar," said Quentin.—"Our family names are so common in a Scottish house, that where there is no land in the case, we always give a *to-name*."

"A *nom de guerre*, I suppose you to mean," answered his companion; "and the man you speak of, we, I think, call *Le Balafre*, from that scar on his face—a proper man and a good soldier. I wish I may be able to help you to an interview with him, for he belongs to a set of gentlemen whose duty is strict, and who do not often come out of garrison, unless in the immediate attendance on the King's person.— And now, young man, answer me one question. I will wager you are desirous to take service with your uncle in the Scottish Guard. It is a great thing, if you propose so; especially as you are very young, and some years' experience is necessary for the high office which you aim at."

"Perhaps I may have thought on some such thing," said Durward, carelessly; "but if I did, the fancy is off."

"How so, young man?" said the Frenchman, some- thing sternly—"Do you speak thus of a charge which the most noble of your countrymen feel themselves emulous to be admitted to?"

"I wish them joy of it," said Quentin, composedly, —"To speak plain, I should have liked the service of the French King full well; only, dress me as fine, and feed me as high as you will, I love the open air better than being shut up in a cage or a swallow's nest yonder, as you call these same grated pepper-boxes. Besides," he added, in a lower voice, "to speak truth, I love not the Castle when the coving-tree* bears such acorns as I see yonder."

"I guess what you mean," said the Frenchman; "but speak yet more plainly."

"To speak more plainly, then," said the youth, "there grows a fair oak some flight-shot or so from yonder Castle—and on that oak hangs a man in a gray jerkin, such as this which I wear."

"Ay and indeed!" said the man of France—"Pas-ques-dieu! see what it is to have youthful eyes! Why, I did see something, but only took it for a raven among the branches. But the sight is no way strange, young man; when the summer fades into autumn, and moonlight nights are long, and roads become unsafe, you will see a cluster of ten, ay of twenty such acorns, hanging on that old doddared oak.— But what then?—they are so many banners display- ed to scare knaves; and for each rogue that hangs there, an honest man may reckon that there is a thief, a traitor, a robber on the highway, a *pilleur*, and op- pressor of the people, the fewer in France. These, young man, are signs of our Sovereign's justice."

"I would have hung them farther from my palace, though, were I King Louis," said the youth.—"In my country, we hang up dead corbies where living corbies haunt, but not in our gardens or pigeon-houses. The very scent of the carrion—faugh!—reached my no- strils at the distance where we stood."

"If you live to be an honest and loyal servant of your Prince, my good youth," answered the French- man, "you will know there is no perfume to match the scent of a dead traitor."

"I shall never wish to live till I lose the scent of my nostrils or the sight of my eyes," said the Scot.— "Show me a living traitor, and here are my hand and my weapon; but when life is out, hatred should not live longer.—But here, I fancy, we come upon the vil-

* The large tree in front of a Scottish castle, was sometimes called so. It is difficult to trace the derivation; but at that dis- tance from the castle, the laird received guests of rank, and thither he conveyed them on their departure.

lage; where I hope to show you that neither ducking nor disgust have spoiled mine appetite for my breakfast. So, my good friend, to the hostelry, with all the speed you may.—Yet, ere I accept of your hospitality, let me know by what name to call you.”

“Men call me Maître Pierre,” answered his companion.—“I deal in no titles. A plain man, that can live on mine own good—that is my designation.”

“So be it, Maître Pierre,” said Quentin, “and I am happy my good chance has thrown us together; for I want a word of seasonable advice, and can be thankful for it.”

While they spoke thus, the tower of the church, and a tall wooden crucifix, rising above the trees, showed that they were at the entrance of the village.

But Maître Pierre, deflecting a little from the road, which had now joined an open and public causeway, said to his companion, that the inn to which he intended to introduce him stood somewhat secluded, and received only the better sort of travellers.

“If you mean those who travel with the better-filled purses,” answered the Scot, “I am none of the number, and will rather stand my chance of your flayers on the highway, than of your flayers in the hostelry!”

“*Pasqua-dieu!*” said his guide, “how cautious your countrymen of Scotland are! An Englishman, now, throws himself headlong into a tavern, eats and drinks of the best, and never thinks of the reckoning till his belly is full. But you forget, Master Quentin, since Quentin is your name, you forget I owe you a breakfast for the wetting which my mistake procured you—it is the penance of my offence towards you.”

“In truth,” said the light-hearted young man, “I had forgot wetting, offence, and penance and all. I have walked my clothes dry, or nearly so, but I will not refuse your offer in kindness; for my dinner yesterday was a light one, and supper I had none. You seem an old and respectable burgher, and I see no reason why I should not accept your courtesy.”

The Frenchman smiled aside, for he saw plainly that the youth, while he was probably half famished, had yet some difficulty to reconcile himself to the thoughts of feeding at a stranger’s cost, and was endeavouring to subdue his inward pride by the reflection, that, in such slight obligations, the acceptor performed as complaisant a part as he by whom the courtesy was offered.

In the meanwhile they descended a narrow lane, overshadowed by tall elms, at the bottom of which a gateway admitted them into the court-yard of an inn of unusual magnitude, calculated for the accommodation of the nobles and suitors who had business at the neighbouring Castle, where very seldom, and only when such hospitality was altogether unavoidable, did Louis XI. permit any of his Court to have apartments. A scutcheon, bearing the *flour-de-lys*, hung over the principal door of the large irregular building; but there was about the yard and the offices little or none of the bustle which in those days, when attendants were maintained both in public and in private houses, marked that business was alive, and custom plenty. It seemed as if the stern and unsocial character of the royal mansion in the neighbourhood had communicated a portion of its solemn and terrific gloom even to a place designed, according to universal custom elsewhere, for the temple of social indulgence, merry society, and good cheer.

Maître Pierre, without calling any one, and even without approaching the principal entrance, lifted the latch of a side door, and led the way into a large room, where a fagot was blazing on the hearth, and arrangements made for a substantial breakfast.

“My gossip has been careful,” said the Frenchman to the Scot—“You must be cold, and I have commanded a fire; you must be hungry, and you shall have breakfast presently.”

He whistled, and the landlord entered,—answered Maître Pierre’s *bon jour* with a reverence,—but in no respect showed any part of the prating humour properly belonging to a French publican of all ages.

“I expected a gentleman,” said Maître Pierre, “to order breakfast—Hath he done so?”

In answer, the landlord only bowed; and while

he continued to bring, and arrange upon the various articles of a comfortable meal, extol their merits by a single word. And breakfast merited such eulogiums as French are wont to confer upon their regales, as the will be informed in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEJEUNER.

Sacred heaven! what mastications! what bread! York’s!

We left our young stranger in France situated comfortably than he had found himself since entering the territories of the ancient Gauls. The fast, as we hinted in the conclusion of the last chapter, was admirable. There was a *pâte de Pe* over which a gastronome would have wished and die, like Homer’s lotus-eaters, forgetful native country, and all social obligations! Its vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city, blem of the wealth which they are designed to protect. There was a delicate ragout, with its *petit point de lail* which Gascons love, and Spaniards do not hate. There was, besides, a ham, which had once supported a noble wild the neighbouring wood of Mountrichart. The most exquisite white bread, made into little loaves called *boules*, (whence the bakers took the French name of *boulangers*), of which the croissant inviting, that, even with water alone, it was been a delicacy. But the water was not at there was a flask of leather called *bottrine*, contained about a quart of exquisite *Vin de B*. So many good things might have created a under the ribs of death. What effect, then, they have produced upon a youngster of twenty, who (for the truth must be told) had little for the two last days, save the scarce fruit which chance afforded him an opportune plucking, and a very moderate portion of bread? He threw himself upon the ragout, the plate was presently vacant—he attacked the pasty, marched deep into the bowels of the lan seasoning his enormous meal with an occasional of wine, returned to the charge again and as the astonishment of mine host, and the amusement of Maître Pierre.

The latter, indeed, probably because he found self the author of a kinder action than he had of of, seemed delighted with the appetite of the Scot; and when, at length, he observed its exertions began to languish, endeavoured to stimulate him to new efforts, by ordering confections, and any other light dainties he could think of, to give the youth to continue his meal. While engaged, Maître Pierre’s countenance expressed of good humour almost amounting to benevolence which appeared remote from its ordinary caustic and severe character. The aged always sympathize with the enjoyments of youth with its exertions of every kind, when the spectator rests on its natural poise, and disturbed by inward envy or idle emulation.

Quentin Durward also, while thus agreeably employed, could do no otherwise than discover the countenance of his entertainer, which he had found so unprepossessing, mended when it was under the influence of the *Vin de Beauvine*, and was kindness in the tone with which he repaid Maître Pierre, that he amused himself with late at his appetite, without eating any thing himself. “I am doing penance,” said Maître Pierre, “may not eat any thing before noon, save some suture and a cup of water.—Bid yonder lady added, turning to the innkeeper, “bring them to me.”

The innkeeper left the room, and Maître proceeded,—“Well, have I kept faith with you concerning the breakfast I promised you?”

“The best meal I have eaten,” said the youth, “since I left Glen-houlakin.”

"Glen—what?" demanded Maitre Pierre; "are you going to raise the devil, that you use such long-winded words?"

"Glen-houlakin," answered Quentin, good-humouredly, "which is to say, the Glen of the Midges, the name of our ancient patrimony, my good sir. I have bought the right to laugh at the sound, if I please."

"I have not the least intention to offend," said the man; "but I was about to say, since you like to present meal so well, that the Scottish Archers the guard eat as good a one, or a better, every day."

"No wonder," said Durward, "for if they be shut in the *swallows' nests* all night, they must needs have a curious appetite in the morning."

"And plenty to gratify it upon," said Maitre Pierre. They need not, like the Burgundians, choose a bare skel, that they may have a full belly—they dress like monks, and feast like abbots."

"It is well for them," said Durward.

"And wherefore will you not take service here, my man? Your uncle might, I dare say, have a place on the file when there should a vacancy be. And, hark in your ear, I myself have some interest, and might be of some use to you. You are a ride, I presume, as well as draw the bow?"

"Our race are as good horsemen as ever put a foot into a steel stirrup; and I know not but might accept of your kind offer. Yet, look you, I think of honour, and advancement, and brave deeds of arms. Your King Louis—God bless him, he is a friend and ally of Scotland—but he lies in this castle, or only rides about from one fortress to another; and gains cities and provinces by politic embassies, and not in fair fighting. As for me, I am of the Douglasses' mind, who always kept the fields, because they loved better to ride the lark sing than the mouse squeak."

"Young man," said Maitre Pierre, "do not judge rashly of the actions of sovereigns. Louis seeks to spare the blood of his subjects, and cares not for his own. He showed himself a man of courage at Antwerp."

"Ay, but that was some dozen years ago or more," answered the youth.—"I should like to follow a man that would keep his honour as bright as his sword, and always venture foremost in the very front of the battle."

"Why did you not tarry at Brussels, then, with the Duke of Burgundy? He would put you in the way to have your bones broken every day; and, better than fail, would do the job for you yourself—socially if he heard that you had beaten his foster-son."

"Very true," said Quentin; "my unhappy chance is shut that door against me."

"Nay, there are plenty of dare-devils abroad, with whom mad youngsters may find service," said his foster-son. "What think you, for example, of William la Marck?"

"What!" exclaimed Durward, "serve him with a beard—serve the wild Boar of Ardenne—a captain of pillagers and murderers, who would take a man's life for the value of his gaberdeine, and who sends priests and pilgrims as if they were so many ice-knights and men-at-arms? It would be a stain on my father's scutcheon for ever."

"Well, my young hot-blood," replied Maitre Pierre, "if you hold the *Sanglier* too unscrupulous, wherefore not follow the young Duke of Guelders?"

"Follow the foul fiend as soon," said Quentin. Hark in your ear—he is a burden too heavy for such to carry—hell gapes for him! Men say that

* This was Adolphus, son of Arnold and of Catherine de Marck. The present story has little to do with him, though he was one of the most atrocious characters of his time. He made war against his father; in which unnatural strife he made the old man prisoner, and used him with the most brutal violence, promising, it is said, even to the length of striking him with his sword. Arnold, in resentment of this usage, disinherited the ungrateful wretch, and sold to Charles of Burgundy whatever rights he had over the duchy of Guelders and earldom of Zutphen. Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles, restored these counties to the unnatural Adolphus, who was slain in the year 1477.

he keeps his own father imprisoned, and that he has even struck him—Can you believe it?"

Maitre Pierre seemed somewhat disconcerted with the naïve horror with which the young Scotsman spoke of filial ingratitude, and he answered, "You know not, young man, how short a while the relations of blood subsists among those of elevated rank; then changed the tone of feeling in which he had begun to speak, and added, gayly, "besides, if the Duke has beaten his father, I warrant you his father hath beaten him of old, so it is but a clearing of scores."

"I marvel to hear you speak thus," said the Scot, colouring with indignation; "gray hairs such as yours ought to have fitter subjects for jesting. If the old Duke did beat his son in childhood, he beat him not enough; for better he had died under the rod, than have lived to make the Christian world ashamed that such a monster had ever been baptized."

"At this rate," said Maitre Pierre, "as you weigh the characters of each prince and leader, I think you had better become a captain yourself; for where will one so wise find a chieftain fit to command him?"

"You laugh at me, Maitre Pierre," said the youth, good-humouredly, "and perhaps you are right; but you have not named a man who is a gallant leader, and keeps a brave party up here under, whom a man might seek service well enough."

"I cannot guess whom you mean."

"Why, he that hangs like Mahomet's coffin (a curse be upon Mahomet!) between the two loadstones—he that no man can call either French or Burgundian, but who knows to hold the balance between them both, and makes both of them fear and serve him, for as great princes as they be."

"I cannot guess whom you mean," said Maitre Pierre, thoughtfully.

"Why, whom should I mean but the noble Louis de Luxembourg, Count of Saint Paul, the High Constable of France? Yonder he makes his place good, with his gallant little army, holding his head as high as either King Louis or Duke Charles, and balancing between them, like the boy who stands on the midst of a plank, while two others are swinging on the opposite ends."

"He is in danger of the worst fall of the three," said Maitre Pierre. "And hark ye, my young friend, you who hold pillaging such a crime, do you know that your politic Count of Saint Paul was the first who set the example of burning the country during the time of war? and that before the shameful devastation which he committed, open towns and villages, which made no resistance, were spared on all sides?"

"Nay, faith," said Durward, "if that be the case, I shall begin to think no one of these great men is much better than another, and that a choice among them is but like choosing a tree to be hung upon. But this Count de Saint Paul, this constable, hath possessed himself by clean conveyance of the town which takes its name from my honoured saint and patron, Saint Quentin,† (here he crossed himself,) and methinks, were I dwelling there, my holy patron would keep some look-out for me—he has not so many named after him as your more popular saints—and yet he must have forgotten me, poor Quentin Durward, his spiritual god-son, since he lets me go one day without food, and leaves me the next morning to the harbourage of Saint Julian, and the chance courtesy of a stranger, purchased by a ducking in the renowned river Cher, or one of its tributaries."

"Blaspheme not the saints, my young friend,"

* This part of Louis XIth's reign was much embarrassed by the intrigues of the Constable St. Paul, who affected independence, and carried on intrigues with England, France, and Burgundy, at the same time. According to the usual fate of such variable politicians, the Constable ended by drawing upon himself the animosity of all the powerful neighbours whom he had in their turn amused and deceived. He was delivered up by the Duke of Burgundy to the King of France, tried, and hastily executed for treason, A. D. 1475.

† It was by his possession of this town of Saint Quentin that the Constable was able to carry on those political intrigues which finally cost him so dear.

said Maitre Pierre. "Saint Julian is the faithful patron of travellers; and, peradventure, the blessed Saint Quentin had done more and better for thee than thou art aware of."

As he spoke, the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other cities of France, and even excelled the skill of the metropolis. The form of the goblet was so elegant, that Durward thought not of observing closely whether the material was of silver, or, like what had been placed before himself, of a baser metal, but so well burnished as to resemble the richer ore.

But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed, attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty minutiae of the duty which she performed.

He speedily made the discovery, that a quantity of long black tresses, which, in the maiden fashion of his own country, were unadorned by any ornament, except a single chaplet lightly woven out of ivy leaves, formed a veil around a countenance, which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheek, and an intelligence on the lips and in the eye, which made it seem that gaiety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty; and as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was pleased to infer, from what followed, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

"How now, Jacqueline!" said Maitre Pierre, when she entered the apartment—"Wherefore this? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted?—*Pasques-dieu!*—Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me?"

"My kinswoman is ill at ease," answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet a humble tone; "ill at ease, and keeps her chamber."

"She keeps it alone, I hope?" replied Maitre Pierre, with some emphasis; "I am *vieux routier*, and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies."

Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered at the answer of Maitre Pierre; for it must be owned, that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasant, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline, and relieve her of the burden she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while with a timid and anxious look, she watched the countenance of the angry bourgeois. It was not in nature to resist the piercing and pity-craving expression of her looks, and Maitre Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of diminished displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner. "I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to he—what it is pity to think thou must be one day—a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. No man ever lived to man's estate, but he had the opportunity to know you all.* Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same."

Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maitre Pierre, but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of

* It was a part of Louis's very unamiable character, and not the best part of it, that he entertained a great contempt for the understanding, and not less for the character, of the fair sex.

youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered hastily, "That he would throw down his gaze to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance, as that which he now looked upon, could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind."

The young woman grew deadly pale, and cast an apprehensive glance upon Maitre Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter, more scornful than applause. Quentin, whose second thoughts generally corrected the first, though sometimes after they had found utterance, blushed deeply at having uttered what might be construed into an empty boast, in presence of an old man of a peaceful profession; and, as a sort of just and appropriate penance, resolved patiently to submit to the ridicule which he had incurred. He offered the cup and trencher to Maitre Pierre with a blush in his cheek, and a humiliation of countenance which endeavoured to disguise itself under an embarrassed smile.

"You are a foolish young man," said Maitre Pierre, "and know as little of women as of princes—whose hearts," he said, crossing himself devoutly, "God keeps in his right hand."

"And who keeps those of the women, then?" said Quentin, resolved, if he could help it, not to be borne down by the assumed superiority of this extraordinary old man, whose lofty and careless manner possessed an influence over him of which he felt ashamed.

"I am afraid you must ask of them in another quarter," said Maitre Pierre, composedly.

Quentin was again rebuffed, but not utterly disconcerted. "Surely," he said to himself, "I do not pay this same bourgeois of Tours all the deference which I yield him, on account of the miserable obligation of a breakfast, though it was a right good and substantial meal. Dogs and hawks are attached by feeding only—man must have kindness, if you would bind him with the cords of affection and obligation. But he is an extraordinary person; and that beautiful emanation that is even now vanishing—surely a thing so fair belongs not to this mean place, belongs not even to the money-gathering merchant himself, though he seems to exert authority over her, as doubtless he does over all whom chance brings within his little circle. It is wonderful what ideas of consequence these Flemings and Frenchmen attach to wealth—so much more than wealth deserves, that I suppose this old merchant thinks the civility I pay to his age is given to his money—I, a Scottish gentleman of blood and coat-armour, and he a mechanic of Tours!"

Such were the thoughts which hastily traversed the mind of young Durward; while Maitre Pierre said, with a smile, and at the same time patting Jacqueline's head, from which hung down her long tresses, "This young man will serve me, Jacqueline; thou mayest withdraw. I will tell thy negligent kinswoman she does ill to expose thee to be gazed at unnecessarily."

"It was only to wait on you," said the maiden. "I trust you will not be displeased with my kinswoman, since"

"*Pasques-dieu!*" said the merchant, interrupting her, but not harshly, "do you bandy words with me, you brat, or stay you to gaze upon the younger here?—Begone—he is noble, and his services will suffice me."

Jacqueline vanished; and so much was Quentin Durward interested in her sudden disappearance, that it broke his previous thread of reflection, and he complied mechanically, when Maitre Pierre said, in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, as he threw himself carelessly upon a large easy-chair, "Place that tray beside me."

The merchant then let his dark eyebrows sink over his keen eyes, so that the last became scarce visible, or but shot forth occasionally a quick and vivid ray, like those of the sun setting behind a dark cloud, through which its beams are occasionally darted, but singly, and for an instant.

"That is a beautiful creature," said the old man at last, raising his head, and looking steadily and firmly at Quentin, when he put the question—"a lovely girl, the servant of an *auberge*?—she might grace the board of an honest burgher; but 'tis a vile education, a base origin."

It sometimes happens that a chance shot will demolish a noble castle in the air, and the architect on such occasions entertains little good-will towards men who fire it, although the damage on the offender's part may be wholly unintentional. Quentin was disconcerted, and was disposed to be angry—he himself knew not why—with this old man, for accusing him that this beautiful creature was neither more or less than what her occupation announced—a servant of the *auberge*—an upper servant, indeed, and probably a niece of the landlord, or such like; it still a domestic, and obliged to comply with the humour of the customers, and particularly of Maitre Pierre, who probably had sufficiency of whims, and was rich enough to ensure their being attended to.

The thought, the lingering thought, again returned to him, that he ought to make the old gentleman understand the difference betwixt their conditions, to call on him to mark, that, how rich soever he might be, his wealth put him on no level with a Durward of Glen-houlakin. Yet, whenever he looked at Maitre Pierre's countenance with such a purpose, he was, notwithstanding the downcast look, pinched features, and mean and miserly dress, something which prevented the young man from asserting the superiority over the merchant which he conceived himself to possess. On the contrary, the oftener and more fixedly Quentin looked at him, the stronger became his curiosity to know who or what this man really was; and he set him down internally for at least a *Syndic* or high magistrate of Tours, or one of those, in some way or other, in the full habit of acting, and receiving deference.

Sometimes, the merchant seemed again sunk into reverie, from which he raised himself only to make a sign of the cross devoutly, and to eat some of the old fruit, with a morsel of biscuit. He then signed Quentin to give him the cup, adding, however, by way of question, as he presented it—"You are noble, are you?"

"I surely am," replied the Scot, "if fifteen descents make me so.—So I told you before. But do not restrain yourself on that account, Maitre Pierre—I've always been taught it is the duty of the young against the more aged."

"An excellent maxim," said the merchant, availing himself of the youth's assistance in handing the cup, and filling it from a ewer which seemed of the same materials with the goblet, without any of those rules in point of propriety which, perhaps, Quentin had expected to excite.

"The devil take the ease and familiarity of this old mechanical burgher," said Durward once more to himself; "he uses the attendance of a noble Scottish gentleman with as little ceremony as I would that of a girl from Glen-Isle."

The merchant, in the meanwhile, having finished his cup of water, said to his companion, "From the elixir with which you seemed to relish the *Vin de Malaga*, I fancy you would not care much to pledge me in this elemental liquor. But I have an elixir out me which can convert even the rock water to the richest wines of France."

As he spoke, he took a large purse from his bosom, and, out of the fur of the sea-otter, and streamed a shower of small silver pieces into the goblet, until the cup, which was but a small one, was more than half

"You have reason to be more thankful, young man," said Maitre Pierre, "both to your patron Saint Martin, and to Saint Julian, than you seemed to be at now. I would advise you to bestow alms in their name. Remain in this hostelry until you see your woman, Le Belafre, who will be relieved from guard the afternoon. I will cause him to be acquainted at he may find you here, for I have business in the sale."

Quentin Durward would have said something to Vol. IV. 2 R

have excused himself from accepting the profuse liberality of his new friend; but Maitre Pierre, bending his dark brows, and erecting his stooping figure into an attitude of more dignity than he had yet seen him assume, said, in a tone of authority, "No reply, young man, but do what you are commanded."

With these words, he left the apartment, making a sign, as he departed, that Quentin must not follow him.

The young Scotsman stood astounded, and knew not what to think of the matter. His first most natural, though perhaps not most dignified impulse, drove him to peep into the silver goblet, which assuredly was more than half full of silver pieces, to the number of several scores, of which perhaps Quentin had never called twenty his own at one time during the course of his whole life. But could he reconcile it to his dignity as a gentleman, to accept the money of this wealthy plebeian?—This was a trying question; for though he had secured a good breakfast, it was no great reserve upon which to travel either back to Dijon, in case he chose to hazard the wrath, and enter the service, of the Duke of Burgundy, or to Saint Quentin, if he fixed on that of the Constable Saint Paul; for to one of those powers, if not to the King of France, he was determined to offer his services. He perhaps took the wisest resolution in the circumstances, in resolving to be guided by the advice of his uncle; and, in the meantime, he put the money into his velvet hawking-pouch, and called for the landlord of the house, in order to restore the silver cup—resolving, at the same time, to ask him some questions about this liberal and authoritative merchant.

The man of the house appeared presently; and, if not more communicative, was at least more loquacious, than he had been formerly. He positively declined to take back the silver cup. It was none of his, he said, but Maitre Pierre's, who had bestowed it on his guest. He had, indeed, four silver *hanaps* of his own, which had been left him by his grandmother, of happy memory, but no more like the beautiful carving of that in his guest's hand, than a peach was like a turnip,—that was one of the famous cups of Tours, wrought by Martin Dominique, an artist who might brag all Paris.

"And, pray, who is this Maitre Pierre," said Durward, interrupting him, "who confers such valuable gifts on strangers?"

"Who is Maitre Pierre?" said the host, dropping the words as slowly from his mouth as if he had been distilling them.

"Ay," said Durward, hastily and peremptorily, "who is this Maitre Pierre, and why does he throw about his bounties in this fashion? And who is the butcherly-looking fellow whom he sent forward to order breakfast?"

"Why, fair sir, as to who Maitre Pierre is, you should have asked the question of himself; and for the gentleman who ordered breakfast to be made ready, may God keep us from his closer acquaintance!"

"There is something mysterious in all this," said the young Scot. "This Maitre Pierre tells me he is a merchant."

"And if he told you so," said the innkeeper, "surely he is a merchant."

"What commodities does he deal in?"

"O, many a fair matter of traffic," said the host; "and especially he has set up silk manufactories here, which match those rich bales—that the Venetians bring from India and Cathay. You might see the rows of Mulberry trees as you came hither, all planted by Maitre Pierre's commands, to feed the silkworms."

"And that young person who brought in the confections, who is she, my good friend?" said the guest.

"My lodger, sir, with her guardian, some sort of aunt or kinswoman, as I think," replied the innkeeper.

"And do you usually employ your guests in waiting on each other?" said Durward; "for I observed that Maitre Pierre would take nothing from your hand, or that of your attendant."

"Rich men may have their fancies, for they can

pay for them," said the landlord; "this is not the first time that Maitre Pierre has found the true way to make gentlefolks serve at his beck."

The young Scotsman felt somewhat offended at the insinuation; but, disguising his resentment, he asked whether he could be accommodated with an apartment at this place for a day, and perhaps longer.

"Certainly," the innkeeper replied; "for whatever time he was pleased to command it."

"Could he be permitted," he asked, "to pay his respects to the ladies, whose fellow-lodger he was about to become?"

The innkeeper was uncertain. "They went not abroad," he said, "and received no one at home."

"With the exception, I presume, of Maitre Pierre?" said Durward.

"I am not at liberty to name any exceptions," answered the man, firmly, but respectfully.

Quentin, who carried the notions of his own importance pretty high, considering how destitute he was of means to support them, being somewhat mortified by the innkeeper's reply, did not hesitate to avail himself of a practice common enough in that age. "Carry to the ladies," he said, "a flask of *vernal*, with my humble duty; and say, that Quentin Durward, of the house of Glen-houlakin, a Scottish cavalier of honour, and now their fellow-lodger, desires the permission to dedicate his homage to them in a personal interview."

The messenger departed, and returned, almost instantly, with the thanks of the ladies, who declined the proffered refreshment, and with their acknowledgments to the Scottish cavalier, regretted that, residing there in privacy, they could not receive his visit.

Quentin bit his lip, took a cup of the rejected *vernal*, which the host had placed on the table. "By the mass, but this is a strange country," said he to himself, "where merchants and mechanics exercise the manners and munificence of nobles, and little travelling damsels, who hold their court in a *cabaret*, keep their state like disguised princesses! I will see that black-browed maiden again, or it will go hard, however!" and having formed this prudent resolution, he demanded to be conducted to the apartment which he was to call his own.

The landlord presently ushered him up a turret staircase, and from thence along a gallery, with many doors opening from it, like those of cells in a convent; a resemblance which our young hero, who recollected, with much ennui, an early specimen of a monastic life, was far from admiring. The host paused at the very end of the gallery, selected a key from the large bunch which he carried at his girdle, opened the door, and showed his guest the interior of a turret-chamber, small, indeed, but which, being clean and solitary, and having the pallet bed, and the few articles of furniture, in unusually good order, seemed, on the whole, a little palace.

"I hope you will find your dwelling agreeable here, fair sir," said the landlord.—"I am bound to pleasure every friend of Maitre Pierre."

"O happy ducking!" exclaimed Quentin Durward, cutting a caper on the floor, so soon as his host had retired: "Never came good luck in a better or a wetter form. I have been fairly deluged by my good fortune."

As he spoke thus, he stepped towards the little window, which, as the turret projected considerably from the principal line of the building, not only commanded a view of a very pretty garden, of some extent, belonging to the inn, but overlooked, beyond its boundary, a pleasant grove of those very mulberry trees, which Maitre Pierre was said to have planted for the support of the silk-worm. Besides, turning the eye from these more remote objects, and looking straight along the wall, the turret of Quentin was opposite to another turret, and the little window at which he stood commanded a similar little window, in a corresponding projection of the building. Now, it would be difficult for a man twenty years older than Quentin, to say why this locality interested him more than either the pleasant garden or the grove of mulberry trees; for, alas! eyes which have been used for forty

years and upwards, look with indifference on little turret-windows, though the lattice be half open to admit the air, while the shutter is half closed to exclude the sun, or perhaps a too curious eye—nay, even though there hang on the one side of the casement a lute, partly mantled by a light veil of sea-green silk. But, at Durward's happy age, such accidents as a painter would call them, form sufficient foundation for a hundred airy visions and mysterious conjectures, at recollection of which the full-grown man smiles while he sighs, and sighs while he smiles.

As it may be supposed that our friend Quentin wished to learn a little more of his fair neighbour, the owner of the lute and veil,—as it may be supposed he was at least interested to know whether she might not prove the same whom he had seen in humble attendance on Maitre Pierre, it must of course be understood, that he did not produce a broad staring visage and person in full front of his own casement. Durward knew better the art of bird-catching; and it was to his keeping his person skillfully withdrawn on one side of his window, while he peeped through the lattice, that he owed the pleasure of seeing a white, round, beautiful arm, take down the instrument, and that his ears had presently after their share in the reward of his dexterous management.

The maid of the little turret, of the veil, and of the lute, sung exactly such an air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips of the high-born dames of chivalry, when knights and troubadours listened and languished. The words had neither so much sense, wit, or fancy, as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much of art, as to drown all feeling of the words. The one seemed fitted to the other; and if the song had been recited without the notes, or the air played without the words, neither would have been worth noting. It is, therefore, scarcely fair to put upon record lines intended not to be said or read, but only to be sung. But such scraps of old poetry have always had a sort of fascination for us; and as the tune is lost for ever—unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air—we will risk our credit, and the taste of the Lady of the Lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are.

"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,

The sun has left the lee,

The orange flower perfumes the breeze,

The breezes in the sea.

The lark, his lay who thrills! all day,

Sits hush'd his partner nigh;

Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,

But where is County Guy?

"The village maid steals through the shade,

Her shepherd's suit to bear:

To beauty shy, by lattice high,

Sings high-born Cavalier.

The star of Love, all stars above,

Now reigns o'er earth and sky,

And high and low the influence know—

But where is County Guy?"

Whatever the reader may think of this simple ditty, it had a powerful effect on Quentin, when married to heavenly airs, and sung by a sweet and melting voice, the notes mingling with the gentle breeze which wafted perfumes from the garden, and the figure of the songstress being so partially and obscurely visible, as threw a veil of mysterious fascination over the whole.

At the close of the air, the listener could not help showing himself more boldly than he had yet done, in a rash attempt to see more than he had yet been able to discover. The music instantly ceased—the casement was closed, and a dark curtain, dropped on the inside, put a stop to all farther observation on the part of the neighbour in the next turret.

Durward was mortified and surprised at the consequence of his precipitance, but comforted himself with the hope, that the Lady of the Lute could neither easily forego the practice of an instrument which seemed so familiar to her, nor cruelly resolve to renounce the pleasures of fresh air and an open window, for the churlish purpose of preserving for her own exclusive ear the sweet sounds which she created. Then came, perhaps, a little feeling of personal vanity to mingle with these consolatory reflections. If, as he shrewdly

there was a beautiful dark-tressed damelet of the one turret, he could not but be content a handsome, young, roving, bright-looking, cavalier of fortune, was the tenant of and romances, those prudent instructors, to his youth, that if damelets were shy, they neither void of interest nor of curiosity in 'bourne' affairs.

Quentin was engaged in these sage reflections of attendant or chamberlain of the inn him that a cavalier desired to speak with.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN-AT-ARMS.

of strange oaths, and boomed like the pard, so bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. As You Like It.

alicer who awaited Quentin Durward's departure the apartment where he had breakfasted, of those of whom Louis XI. had long since they held in their hands the fortune of to them were intrusted the direct custody of the royal person.

the Sixth had instituted this celebrated Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish-guard, with better reason than can be alleged for establishing round the throne a reign and mercenary troops. The divisions of from his side more than half of France, with the wavering and uncertain faith of the he yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it not unsafe to commit his personal safety to him. The Scottish nation was the hereditary of the English, and the ancient, and, as the natural allies of France. They were

ageous, faithful—their ranks were sure to be from the superabundant population of country, than which none in Europe sent more bolder adventurers. Their high claims, too, gave them a good title to approach a monarch more closely than other titles the comparative smallness of their numbers the possibility of their mutinying, and masters where they ought to be servants. other hand, the French monarchs made it y to conciliate the affections of this select warriors, by allowing them honorary privilage pay, which last most of them disposed military profusion in supporting their support. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in honour; and their near approach to the son gave them dignity in their own eyes, as portance in those of the nation of France.

sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted, was entitled to allowance for a squire, page, and two yeomen, one of whom was a *stelier*, from the large knife which he wore in those whom in the *melee* his master had the ground. With these followers, and a ling equipage, an Archer of the Scottish was a person of quality and importance; and being generally filled up by those who had been in the service as pages or valets, the best Scottish families were often sent to a some friend and relation in those capacities a chance of preferment should occur.

teller and his companion, not being noble or this promotion, were recruited from persons quality; but as their pay and appointments flent, their masters were easily able to seamong their wandering countrymen the and most courageous to wait upon them in cities.

Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, by which name he was generally France, was upwards of six feet high, rogly compacted in person, and hard-favoured lance, which latter attribute was much in a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning shed, and narrowly missing his right eye, bare the cheek-bone, and descended from

thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it changed to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white St. Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafre; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while with its rough mustaches he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily."

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts.* But sit thee down—sit thee down—if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it.—Ho! old Finch-Messure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis, as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *gringuettes* of Paris; and promptly—ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafre; "you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But come—come—unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag—give us the news of Glen-houlakin—How doth my sister?"

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy—"why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science—and my poor sister is dead!—And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, "What!

* The crutches or stilts, which in Scotland are used to pass rivers. They are employed by the peasantry of the country near Bourdeaux, to traverse those deserts of loose sand called Landes.

no?—I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order—he loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal—matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock—I am scarce holy enough for that."

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

"Cross of Saint Andrew?" said Le Balafre; "that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last by-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance—on that very day, I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on a holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeomen, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafre twisted off, with his firm and strong set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, "Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight.—Tell my gossip, that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well-nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angus-shire, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The cutteler nodded.

"Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle-girth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.—Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the cutteler drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, "and I received a cruel wound."

"Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself," said Le Balafre.—"Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face—"An Ogilvie's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow."

"They ploughed deep enough," answered Quentin, sadly; "but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned

monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed the uncle—"Holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upwards, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk.—And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar—Our Lady forgive me!—[here he crossed himself]—and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at Saint Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me.—O so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then—and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle—"I comprehend. Cunning rogues—very cunning!—They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart who had taken the vows, and afterwards broke out of cloister, and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three beautiful children.—There is no trusting monks, fair nephew,—no trusting them—they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it—but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I was induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafre, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own—"To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it—never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Leally either. I can answer for one of them—I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis's name, how did they teach you?"

"It was troublesome at first," said Durward, "but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Sub-Prior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the Sub-Prior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to colour it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbot himself."

"That is right—that is well," said his uncle. "Our King cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at any thing like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafre, "that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain, or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose.—But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this?"—(he shook his chain with complacent triumph)—"They hang not on every bush—they grow not in the

sides like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knights' collars. What then?—you may get rich where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a life or so."

"I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble man than the King of France, and that there is more honour to be won under his banners—that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the good Christian King, they say, gains his victories by ambassadors' tongues."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the Scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him there sitting under the high dais, and feasting amid a high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc-manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in a romance, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and a Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man—it is all cooehine in the water. Policy—policy does it all, at what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French King of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest Prince that ever sat upon his back—and yet he weareth not much of that neither—I see him often go plainer than I would think befitting me to do."

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since you must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work in a name."

"I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man-at-arms, "I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liege-men of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were here, or if I were there myself, that we could be such further forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost-Marshal's hands, for being slow in making war; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's-length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a make where all do their best, why, my lord says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, 'Ha! *gut getroffen!* a good lance—a brave Scot—give him a florin to drink our health; at neither rank, nor lands, nor treasures, come to be stranger in such a service—all goes to the children of the soil."

"And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

"To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafre, drawing up his gigantic height. "Thus says King Louis:—'My good French peasant—mine honest Jacques Bonhomme—get you to your tools, your plough and your harrow, your pruning-knife and your hoe—here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him—And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to tart out of the course, and to hurt its master; here so my companies of ordnance—here are my French lancers—here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Lodovic with the Scar, who will fight as well or better than you, with all that undisputed valour, which, in your fathers' time, lost France and Anjou.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honour?"

"I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered he nephew; "but, in my mind, honour cannot be

won where there is no risk. Sure, this is—I pray you pardon me—an easy and almost altho'ful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer-day and winter-night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts—uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!"

"Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Leaky in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth—Long live the King of France!—scarce a day but there is some commission in hand, by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by day-light. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favour, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it please his Majesty to remain behind, and in the background, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of, than if he had personally shared them. O, 'tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!"

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, "The good Father Peter used often to teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honourable."

"For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?" said Balafre, somewhat sternly; "I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write nor read. But I am your mother's brother; I am a loyal Leaky. Think you that I am like to recommend to you any thing unworthy? The best knight in France, De Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements."

"I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle," said the youth; "you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meagre Court here at his Castle of Plemau? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand featories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kindly favour—all this seems unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

"You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafre; "and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you; if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost-Marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Lodovic le Balafre a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand?"

"—No, no, child, I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not becke to hand his cup.—But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle.—Farewell—make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morn-

present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snap-haunches as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself—farewell."

So saying, Balafre hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting.

It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited, were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature.

Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls, and there endeavoured to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BOHEMIANS.

See rustling, see wantonly,
She dauntlessly goes,
He play'd a spring and danced a round
Beneath the gullows-tree!—*Old Song.*

THE manner in which Quentin Durward had been educated, was not of a kind to soften the heart, or perhaps to improve the moral feeling. He, with the rest of his family, had been trained to the chase as an amusement, and taught to consider war as their only serious occupation, and that it was the great duty of their lives stubbornly to endure, and fiercely to retaliate, the attacks of their feudal enemies, by whom their race had been at last almost annihilated. And yet there mixed with these ferocious ideas a spirit of rude chivalry, and even courtesy, which softened their rigour; so that revenge, their only justice, was still prosecuted with some regard to humanity and generosity. The lessons of the worthy old monk, better attended to, perhaps, during a long illness and adversity, than they might have been in health and success, had given young Durward still farther insight into the duties of humanity towards others; and, considering the ignorance of the period, the general prejudices entertained in favour of a military life, and the manner in which he himself had been bred, the youth was disposed to feel more accurately the moral duties incumbent on his station than was usual at the time.

He reflected on his interview with his uncle with a sense of embarrassment and disappointment. His hopes had been high; for although intercourse by letters was out of the question, yet a pilgrim, or an adventurous trafficker, or a crippled soldier, sometimes brought Leaky's name to Glen-houlakin, and all united in praising his undaunted courage, and his success in many petty enterprises which his master had intrusted to him. Quentin's imagination had filled up the sketch in his own way, and assimilated his successful and adventurous uncle (whose exploits he probably lost nothing in the telling) to some of the champions and knights-errant of whom minstrels sang, and who won crowns and kings' daughters by dint of sword and lance. He was now compelled to rank his kinsman greatly lower in the scale of chivalry; but blinded by the high respect paid to parents, and those who approach that character—moved by every early prejudice in his favour—inexperienced besides, and passionately attached to his mother's me-

memory, he saw not, in the only brother of that dear relation, the character he truly held, which was that of an ordinary mercenary soldier, neither much worse nor greatly better than many of the same profession whose presence added to the distracted state of France.

Without being wantonly cruel, Le Balafre was, from habit, indifferent to human life and human suffering; he was profoundly ignorant, greedy of booty, unscrupulous how he acquired it, and profuse in expending it on the gratification of his passions. The habit of attending exclusively to his own wants and interests, had converted him into one of the most selfish animals in the world; so that he was seldom able, as the reader may have remarked, to proceed far in any subject without considering how it applied to himself, or, as it is called, making the case his own, though not upon feelings connected with the golden rule, but such as were very different. To this must be added, that the narrow round of his duties and his pleasures had gradually circumscribed his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, and quenched in a great measure the wild spirit of honour, and desire of distinction in arms, by which his youth had been once animated. Balafre was, in short, a keen soldier, hardpelt, selfish, and narrow-minded; active and bold in the discharge of his duty, but acknowledging few objects beyond it, except the formal observance of a careless devotion, relieved by an occasional debauch with brother Boniface, his comrade and confessor. Had his genius been of a more extended character, he would probably have been promoted to some important command, for the King, who knew every soldier of his body-guard personally, reposed much confidence in Balafre's courage and fidelity; and, besides, the Scot had either wisdom or cunning enough perfectly to understand, and ably to humour, the peculiarities of that sovereign. Still, however, his capacity was too much limited to admit of his rising to higher rank, and though smiled on and favoured by Louis on many occasions, Balafre continued a mere Life-guard's-man, or Scottish Archer.

Without seeing the full scope of his uncle's character, Quentin felt shocked at his indifference to the disastrous extirpation of his brother-in-law's whole family, and could not help being surprised, moreover, that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse, which, but for the generosity of Maître Pierre, he would have been under the necessity of directly craving from him. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Balafre that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman as much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavoured to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. But whatever was the motive, the neglect was very unsatisfactory to young Durward, and he wished more than once he had taken service with the Duke of Burgundy before he quarrelled with his forester. "Whatever had then become of me," he thought to himself, "I should always have been able to keep up my spirits with the reflection, that I had, in case of the worst, a stout back-friend in this uncle of mine. But now I have seen him, and, wo worth him, there has been more help in a mere mechanical stranger, than I have found in my own mother's brother, my countryman and a cavalier! One would think the slash, that has carved all comeliness out of his face, had let at the same time every drop of gentle blood out of his body."

Durward now regretted he had not had an opportunity to mention Maître Pierre to La Balafre in the hope of obtaining some farther account of that personage; but his uncle's questions had followed fast on each other, and the summons of the great bell of Saint Martin of Tours had broken off their conference rather suddenly. That old man, he thought to himself, was crabbed and dogged in appearance, shrewish and scornful in language, but generous and liberal in his actions; and such a stranger is worth a cold kinsman.—What says our old Scotch proverb?

kind frenst, than frenst kindred.* I will that man, which, methinks, should be no ask, since he is so wealthy as mine host becom. He will give me good advice for my co, at least; and if he goes to strange countrany such do, I know not but his may be as us a service as that of those Guards of

Quentin framed this thought, a whisper from the heart in which lies much that he does not know of, or will not acknowledge suggested, that, perchance, the lady of the house of the veil and lute, might share that adventurous journey.

Scottish youth made these reflections, he grave-looking men, apparently citizens of some, doffing his cap with the reverence due to age, he respectfully asked to direct him to the house of Maitre Pierre.

"House of whom, my fair son?" said one of the men.

"Maitre Pierre, the great silk merchant, who lives by the mulberry trees in the park yonder," said the man.

"You have taken up an idle trade a little too

have chosen wrong subjects to practise upon," said the farther one, still more gravely. "The Syndic of Tours is not accustomed to be talked to by strolling jesters from foreign

Quentin was so much surprised at the caustic speech which these two decent-looking persons had made, that he very simply and civilly questioned, that he was angry at the rudeness of their reply, and turning after them as they walked on with ease, often looking back at him, as if they were to get as soon as possible out of his

to meet a party of vine-dressers, and address them the same question; and, in reply, he asked to know whether he wanted Maitre Pierre the schoolmaster? or Maitre Pierre, the carrier of Maitre Pierre, the bundle? or half a dozen Fuyres besides. When none of these corresponded with the description of the person after whom the peasants accused him of jesting impudently, and threatened to fall upon and beat him, in guerdon of his raillery. At amongst them, who had some influence, prevailed on them to desist from violence

by his speech and his fool's cap," said he to one of the foreign mountebanks who went to the country, and whom some call mad soothsayers, and some jugglers, and the here is no knowing what tricks they have been. I have heard of such a one paying a price for his bellyfull of grapes in a poor man's house, and he ate as many as would have loaded a cart, and never undid a button of his jerkin—and passed quietly, and keep his way, as we will. —And you, friend, if you would shun worse, fly on, in the name of God, our Lady of the Cross, and Saint Martin of Tours, and trouble about your Maitre Pierre, which may be used for the devil, for aught we know." Finding himself much the weaker party, he wisest course to walk on without reply; and, as he went, at first shrunk from him in his supposed talents for sorcery and grape-taking heart of grace as he got to a distance, he uttered a few cries and curses, finally in emphasis with a shower of stones, at such a distance as to do little or no harm out of their displeasure. Quentin, as he pursued, began to think, in his turn, either that he lay under a spell, or that the people of

and strangers thus estranged himself. The motto is a dirt, belonging to a person who had but too much sense such a device. It was left by him to my father, which with a strange course of adventure, which he told. The weapon is now in my possession.

Touraine were the most stupid, brutal, and inhospitable of the French peasants. The next incident which came under his observation did not tend to diminish this opinion.

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upwards, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers—which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

"Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction, as to maintain his own honour when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lis* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a broad arrow. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprang lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene chas*, and, calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth, in such a manner, that Quentin, who presently afterwards jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without farther efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practised the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamour of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered?—But we have you—and you shall atone it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him, were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than to misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief;

* Black knife; a species of knife without clasp or hinge, formerly much used by the Highlanders, who seldom travelled without such an ugly weapon, though it is now rarely used.

the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their garments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked sabre, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expressions of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those "heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighbourhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it, showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping, under the bellies as it were of the horses, from the point of the lances which were levelled at them, with exclamations of "Down with the accursed heathen thieves—take and kill—bind them like beasts—spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavourable to the horsemen by thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord; those who apprehended him showing a readiness and despatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognising in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connexion with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favourable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. "Trois-Echelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, "these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers, to interfere with the King's justice,

when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office bravely."

Trois-Echelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil of two of ropes, which they hastily unrolled, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminded him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a free-born Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed, scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidences against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, and it please your noble Provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, "when they pillaged our *métairie*."

"Nay, but, father," said a boy, "yonder heathen was black, and this youth is fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

"Ay, child," said the peasant, "and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a gray jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer.—"Trois-Echelles and Petit-André, despatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony—"hear me speak—let me not die guiltlessly—my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer for my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Durward had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!" answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigour, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary; "speak a word of comfort to him as he makes his transit, Trois-Echelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and despatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the route.—Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanished. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even at that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them, gave, perhaps a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eyes. They seemed

foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and en fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer sets of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal cut-throats, who went about their work with more bération than their master had recommended, which probably arose from their having acquired a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their rid office. We pause an instant to describe them, aase, under a tyranny, whether despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject grave importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in appearance and manners. Louis used to call m Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-ri*.

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with ecular gravity of visage, and a large rosy round neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. had one or two Latin texts continually in his ath on the nothingness and vanity of human life; d, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a pluity, he might have held the office of confessor to jail in commendam with that of executioner. it-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, und, active little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting ocution in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond action for his victims, and always spoke of them kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor nest fellows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois- chelles endeavoured to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André dom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if induce them to pass from life as something that s ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious sideration.

cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these o excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of r talents, and the rare occurrence of such among reons of their profession, were both more utterly tested than, perhaps, any creatures of their kind, ither before or since; and the only doubt of those ho knew aught of them was, whether the grave and thetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert rit-André, was the object of the greatest fear or of e deepest execration. It is certain they bore the im in both particulars over every hangman in nce, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan lermite, the renowned Provost-Marshal, or his aster, Louis XI.*

It must not be supposed that these reflections were Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and unity, were swimming before his eyes—a stunning d overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride ould fain have borne up. He addressed himself to e God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little de and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all s face but himself, rushed on his recollection. "Our al enemies gave my kindred graves in our own ad," he thought, "but I must feed the ravens and es of a foreign land, like an excommunicated fel!" The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. ois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely consulted him on his heavenly disposition for death, d pathetically exclaiming, *Beati qui in Domino mor- enter*, remarked the soul was happy that left the dy while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slap- ing the other shoulder, called out, Courage, my fair n! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open dy, for all the rebecs are in tune," twitching the iter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As

the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. "Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, "that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafre, that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance-passengers, to witness what was passing.

"Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; "if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; "but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

"The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. "Stand by me, countryman," he said in his own language, "for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent—I am your own native landman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day!"

"By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

"Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, "and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halberd with which he was armed; "And now," he said, "Come on, if you dare!"

The two officers whispered together.

"Ride thou after the Provost-Marshal," said Trois-Eschelles, "and I will detain them here, if I can. Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit André mounted his horse and left the field, and the other Marshal's-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and, like other ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

"We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. "Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost-Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill advised interference."

"If my young countryman," said the Scot, smiling, "be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

"No, no!—for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. "I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword—it would better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl!"

"Hear how he revileth!" said the finisher of the law. "Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass

* One of these two persons, I learned from the *Chronique de de Troyes*, but too late to avail myself of the information, was with more accuracy have been called Petit-Jean, than it-André. This was actually the name of the son of Henry Commin, master executioner of the High Court of Justice.—In Commin's Saint Paul was executed by him with such decency, that the head, when struck off, struck the ground at the distance of the body. This was in 1475.

away!—he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

"Tell me at once," said the Archer, "what has this young man done?"

"Interfered," answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, "to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *flcur-de-lys* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand."

"How is this, young man?" said the Archer; "how came you to have committed such an offence?"

"As I desire your protection," answered Durward, "I will tell you the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on the tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of *flcur-de-lys* nor of clove-gillflower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

"What a murrain had you to do with the dead body then?" said the Archer. "You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a-gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it.—Hark ye, Master Marshal's-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveller. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

"Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment.—"Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost-Marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

"And in good time," said the Archer, "here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference towards his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his comrade and Durward standing upon their defence, than he exclaimed, "Cunningham, I thank thee.—Gentlemen—comrades, lend me your aid!—It is a young Scottish gentleman—my nephew—Lindsey—Guthrie—Tyrie, draw, and strike in!"

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers, but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost-Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, "What he, a cavalier of the King's Body Guard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

"I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré.—"Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew?"

"Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signior," said the Provost-Marshal; "and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

"Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; "have we not, comrades?"

"Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. "Privileges—privileges! Long live King Louis—long live the bold Balafré—long live the Scottish Guard—and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

"Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost-Marshal; "consider my commission."

"We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; "our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

"And we will be hanged by none," said Lindsey,

"but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshal's-man of our ain body."

"It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. "Were I to be hanged myself, no other should be tip-pet about my craig."

"But hear ye," said the Provost-Marshal, "this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

"What we call our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

"We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite—"No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

"He is my nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

"But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

"Stand to it yet, comrade," whispered Cunningham to Balafré—"Say he is engaged with us."

"Saint Martin! you say well, fair countryman," answered Lesly; and, raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creeping in among his Guards—"You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware, that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me."

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what must next be done.

"We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll."

"But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers," said Quentin, with some hesitation, "I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no."

"Then settle in your own mind," said his uncle, "whether you choose to do so, or be hanged—for I promise you, that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows."

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

"He must go home with us to our caserne," said Cunningham; "there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these man-hunters are prowling about."

"May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry where I breakfasted, fair uncle?" said the youth—thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

"Yes, fair nephew," answered his uncle, ironically, "that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knitted up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming—for that is like to be the end on't.—The Provost-Marshal smiled on us when we parted," continued he, addressing Cunningham, "and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous."

"I care not for his danger," said Cunningham; "such game as we are beyond his bird-bolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

"But hark you," said Balafré, "it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

"we all," said Cunningham—"Oliver must e to take our Scottish words for once. We up something handsome among us against pay-day; and if he expects to share, let ou, the pay-day will come about all the

ow for the Chateau," said Balafré; "and w shall tell us by the way how he brought st-Marshal on his shoulders, that we may r to frame our report both to Crawford and

Bohemians.—In a former volume of this edition erley Novels, (Guy Mannering,) the reader will find ts on the gipsies as they are found in Scotland.— ll known that this extraordinary variety of the hu- sts in nearly the same primitive state, speaking the ge, in almost all the kingdoms of Europe, and con- cerning respects to the manners of the people around t remaining separated from them by certain mate- ions, in which they correspond with each other, main their pretensions to be considered as a distinct first appearance in Europe took place in the begin- fifteenth century, when various bands of such sin- appeared in the different countries of Europe. The Egyptian descent, and their features attested that Eastern origin. The account given by these singu- as, that it was appointed to them, as a penance, to certain number or years. This apology was probably being most congenial to the superstitions of the ich they visited. Their appearance, however, ngly contradicted the allegation that they travelled ous motive.

and accoutrements were at once showy and squa- ho acted as captains and leaders of any horde, and appeared as their commanders, were arrayed in he most showy colours, such as scarlet or light- ly mounted; assumed the title of dukes and affected considerable consequence. The rest of the ost miserable in their diet and apparel, fed without t animals which had died of disease, and were clad scanty rags, which hardly sufficed for the ordinary common decency. Their complexion was positively reaching to that of the Hindoos. The men were as depraved as their appearance was poor. The men were in general thieves, and the women abandoned character. The few arts which they success, were of a slight and idle, though inge- nious. They practised working in iron, but never at scale. Many were good sportsmen, good musi- cians, in a word, of all those trivial arts, the prac- is little better than mere idleness. But their in- er ascended into industry. Two or three other seem to have distinguished them in all countries. sions to read fortunes, by palmistry and by astro- ed them sometimes respect, but often directed them as sorcerers; and lastly, the universal accus- y augmented their horde by stealing children, sub- to doubt and execration. From this it happened, sion set up by these wanderers, of being pilgrims penance, although it was at first admitted, and in es obtained them protection from the governments ries through which they travelled, was afterwards snered, and they were considered as incorrigible agents; they incurred almost everywhere sentence nt, and, where suffered to remain, were rather ob- ection than of protection from the law.

curious and accurate account of their arrival in e Journal of a Doctor of Theology, which is pre- ublished by the learned Pasquier. The following :—"On August 27th, 1427, came to Paris twelve rangers, (penance doers,) as they called them- duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and selves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, that, not long before, the Christians had subdued , and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain to death. Those who were baptized were great own country, and had a king and queen there.— seir conversion, the Saracens overran the country, them to renounce Christianity. When the Empe- ay, the King of Persia, and other Christian princes, s, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of great and small, to quit the country, and go to the me, who enjoined them seven years' penance to the world, without lying in a bed.

d been wandering five years when they came to the principal people, and soon after the common 00 or 120, reduced (according to their own account) 1200, when they went from home, the rest being their king and queen. They were lodged by the ne distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis. ll of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver which they said were esteemed ornaments in their men were black, their hair curled; the women black, their only clothes a large old duffle garment, shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a mi- et. In short, they were the most poor miserable t had ever been seen in France; and, notwithstanding, there were among them women who, by look- ple's hands, told their fortunes, and what was icked people's pockets of their money, and got it vn, by telling these things through airy magic, et

anding the ingenious account of themselves render-

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENROLMENT.

Justice of Peace.—Here, hand me down the Statute—read the articles

Swear, kiss the book—subscribe and be a hero;
Drawing a portion from the public stock
For deeds of valour to be done hereafter—
Sixpence per day, subsistence and arrears.

The Recruiting Officer.

As attendant upon the Archers having been dis- mounted, Quentin Durward was accommodated with his horse, and, in company of his martial country- men, rode at a round pace towards the Castle of Plessa, about to become, although on his own part involuntarily, an inhabitant of that gloomy fortress, the outside of which had, that morning, struck him with so much surprise.

In the mean while, in answer to his uncle's repeated interrogations, he gave him an exact account of the accident which had that morning brought him into so much danger. Although he himself saw nothing in his narrative save what was affecting, he found it was received with much laughter by his escort.

"And yet it is no good jest either," said his uncle, "for what, in the devil's name, could lead the sense- less boy to meddle with the body of a cursed misbe- lieving Jewish Moorish pagan?"

Had he quarrelled with the Marshals-men about a pretty wench, as Michael of Moffat did, there had been more sense in it," said Cunningham.

"But I think it touches our honour, that Tristan and his people pretend to confound our Scottish bon- nets with these piffling vagabonds' *torques* and *tur- bands*, as they call them," said Lindesay—"If they have not eyes to see the difference, they must be taught by rule of hand. But it's my belief, Tristan but pretends to mistake, that he may snap up the kindly Scots that come over to see their kinsfolks."

"May I ask, kinsman," said Quentin, "what sort of people these are of whom you speak?"

"In troth you may ask," said his uncle, "but I know not, fair nephew, who is able to answer you."

"Not I, I am sure, although I know, it may be, as much as other people; but they have appeared in this

nd by these gipsies, the Bishop of Paris ordered a friar, called Le Petit Jacobin, to preach a sermon, excommunicating all the men and women who had had recourse to these Bohemians on the subject of the future, and shown their hands for that purpose. They departed from Paris for Pontoise in the month of Sep- tember.

Pasquier remarks upon this singular journal, that however the story of a penance savours of a trick, these people wandered up and down France, under the eye, and with the knowledge, of the magistrates, for more than a hundred years; and it was not till 1561, that a sentence of banishment was passed against them in that kingdom.

The arrival of the Egyptians (as these singular people were called) in various parts of Europe, corresponds with the period in which Timur or Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, affording its natives the choice between the Koran and death. There can be little doubt that these wanderers consisted originally of the Hindostanee tribes, who, displaced, and flying from the sabres of the Mahomedans, undertook this species of wandering life, without well knowing whither they were going. It is natural to suppose the band, as it now exists, is much mingled with Europeans, but most of these have been brought up from child hood among them, and learned all their practices.

It is strong evidence of this, that when they are in closest con- tact with the ordinary peasants around them, they still keep their language a mystery. There is little doubt, however, that it is a dialect of the Hindostanee, from the specimens produced by Grellman, Hoyland, and others, who have written on the subject. But the author has, besides their authority, personal occasion to know that an individual, out of mere curiosity, and availing himself with patience and assiduity of such opportu- nities as offered, has made himself capable of conversing with any gipsy whom he meets, or can, like the royal Hal, drink with any linker in his own language. The astonishment excited among these vagrants on finding a stranger participant of their mystery, occasions very ludicrous scenes. It is to be hoped this gentleman will publish the knowledge he possesses on so singu- lar a topic.

There are prudential reasons for postponing this disclosure at present; for although much more reconciled to society since they have been less the objects of legal persecution, the gipsies are still a ferocious and vindictive people.

But notwithstanding this is certainly the case, I cannot but add, from my own observation of nearly fifty years, that the manners of these vagrant tribes are much ameliorated;—that I have known individuals amongst them who have united them- selves to civilized society, and maintain respectable characters, and that great alteration has been wrought in their cleanliness and general mode of life.

land within a year or two, just as a flight of locusts might do."*

"Ay," said Lindesay, "and Jacques Bonhomme, (that is our name for the peasant, young man,—you will learn our way of talk in time,) honest Jacques, I say, cares little what wind either brings them or the locusts, so he but knows any gale that would carry them away again."

"Do they do so much evil?" asked the young man.

"Evil? why, boy, they are heathens, or Jews, or Mahomedans at the least, and neither worship Our Lady nor the Saints"—(crossing himself)—"and steal what they can lay hands on, and sing, and tell fortunes," added Cunningham.

"And they say there are some goodly wenches amongst these women," said Guthrie; "but Cunningham knows that best."

"How, brother?" said Cunningham; "I trust ye mean me no reproach?"

"I am sure I said ye none," answered Guthrie.

"I will be judged by the company," said Cunningham.—"Ye said as much as that I, a Scottish gentleman, and living within pale of holy church, had a fair friend among these off-scourings of Heathenry."

"Nay, nay," said Balafré, "he did but jest—We will have no quarrels among comrades."

"We must have no such josting then," said Cunningham, murmuring as if he had been speaking to his own heard.

"Be there such vagabonds in other lands than France?" said Lindesay.

"Ay, in good sooth, are there—tribes of them have appeared in Germany, and in Spain, and in England," answered Balafré. "By the blessing of good Saint Andrew, Scotland is free of them yet."

"Scotland," said Cunningham, "is too cold a country for locusts, and too poor a country for thieves."

"Or perhaps John Highlander will suffer no thieves to thrive there but his own," said Guthrie.

"I let you all know," said Balafré, "that I come from the braes of Angus, and have gentle Highland kin in Glen-isa, and I will not have the Highlanders slandered."

"You will not deny that they are cattle-lifters?" said Guthrie.

"To drive a speagh, or so, is no thievery," said Balafré, "and that I will maintain when and how you dare."

"For shame, comrade," said Cunningham, "who quarrels now?—the young man should not see such mad misconception.—Come, here we are at the Chateau. I will bestow a runlet of wine to have a rouse in friendship, and drink to Scotland, Highland and Lowland both, if you will meet me at dinner at my quarters."

"Agreed—agreed," said Balafré; "and I will bestow another, to wash away unkindness, and to drink a health to my nephew on his first entrance to our corps."

At their approach, the wicket was opened, and the drawbridge fell. One by one they entered; but when Quentin appeared, the sentinels crossed their pikes, and commanded him to stand, while bows were bent, and harquebusses aimed at him from the walls—a rigour of vigilance used, notwithstanding that the young stranger came in company of a party of the garrison, nay, of the very body which furnished the sentinels who were then upon duty.

Le Balafré, who had remained by his nephew's side on purpose, gave the necessary explanations, and, after some considerable hesitation and delay, the youth was conveyed under a strong guard to the Lord Crawford's apartment.

This Scottish nobleman was one of the last relics of the gallant band of Scottish lords and knights who had so long and so truly served Charles VI. in those bloody wars which decided the independence of the French crown, and the expulsion of the English. He had fought, when a boy, abreast with Douglas and with Buchan, had ridden beneath the banner of the Maid of Arc, and was perhaps one of the last of those associates of Scottish chivalry who

had so willingly drawn their swords for the *leur-de-lys*, against their "suld enemies of England." Changes which had taken place in the Scottish kingdom, and perhaps his having become habituated to French climate and manners, had induced the old Baron to resign all thoughts of returning to his native country, the rather that the high office which he held in the household of Louis, and his own frank and loyal character, had gained a considerable ascendancy over the King, who, though in general no ready believer in human virtue or honour, trusted and confided in those of the Lord Crawford, and allowed him the greater influence, because he was never known to interfere excepting in matters which concerned his charge.

Balafré and Cunningham followed Durward and the guard to the apartment of their officer, by whose dignified appearance, as well as with the respect paid to him by these proud soldiers, who seemed to respect no one else, the young man was much and strongly impressed.

Lord Crawford was tall, and through advanced age had become gaunt and thin; yet retaining in his sinews the strength, at least, if not the elasticity, of youth, he was able to endure the weight of his armour during a march as well as the youngest man who rode in his band. He was hard-favoured, with a scarred and weather-beaten countenance, and an eye that had looked upon death as his playfellow in thirty pitched battles, but which nevertheless expressed a calm contempt of danger, rather than the ferocious courage of a mercenary soldier. His tall erect figure was at present wrapped in a loose chamber-gown, secured around him by his buff belt, in which was suspended his richly-hilted poniard. He had round his neck the collar and badge of the order of Saint Michael. He sat upon a couch covered with deer's hide, and with spectacles on his nose, (then a recent invention), was labouring to read a huge manuscript, called the *Roi de la Guerre*, a code of military and civil policy which Louis had compiled for the benefit of his son the Dauphin, and upon which he was desirous to have the opinion of the experienced Scottish warrior.

Lord Crawford laid his book somewhat peevishly aside upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, and demanded, in his broad national dialect, "What, in the foul fiend's name, they lacked now?"

Le Balafré, with more respect than perhaps he would have shown to Louis himself, stated at full length the circumstances in which his nephew was placed, and humbly requested his Lordship's protection. Lord Crawford listened very attentively. He could not but smile at the simplicity with which the youth had interfered in behalf of the hanged criminal, but he shook his head at the account, which he received of the ruffle betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Provost-Marshal's guard.*

"How often," he said, "will you bring me such ill-winded pirms to ravel out? How often must I tell you, and especially both you, Ludovic Lealy, and you, Archie Cunningham, that the foreign soldier should bear himself modestly and decorously towards the people of the country, if you would not have the whole dogs of the town at your heels? However, if you must have a bargain, I would rather it were with that *leem* of a Provost than any one else; and I blame you less for this onslaught than for other frays that you have made, Ludovic, for it was but natural and kindlike to help your young kinsman. This simple bairn must come to no skait neither; so give me the roll of the company yonder down from the shelf, and I will even add his name to the troop, that he may enjoy the privileges."

"May it please your Lordship!"—said Durward—

* Such disputes between the Scots Guards, and the other constituted authorities of the ordinary military corps, often occurred. In 1474, two Scotsmen had been concerned in robbing John Pensart, a fishmonger, of a large sum of money. They were accordingly apprehended by Philip du Four, Provost, with some of his followers. But ere they could lodge one of them, called Mortimer, in the prison of the Chancelier, they were attacked by two Archers of the King's Scottish Guard, who rescued the prisoner.—See *Chroniques de Jean de Troyes*, at the said year, 1474.

† A quarrel, videlicet.

* See Note on the Gipsies or Bohemians, end of preceding Chapter.

"Is the lad crazed?" exclaimed his uncle—"Would he speak to his Lordship, without a question asked?"

"Patience, Ludovic," said Lord Crawford, "and let us hear what the bairn has to say."

"Only this, if it may please your Lordship," replied Quentin, "that I told my uncle formerly I had some doubts about entering this service. I have now to say, that they are entirely removed, since I have seen a noble and experienced commander under whom I am to serve; for there is authority in your look."

"Well said, my bairn," said the old Lord, not insensible to the compliment; "we have had some experience, had God sent us grace to improve by it, both in service and in command. There you stand, Quentin, in our honourable corps of Scottish Body-guards, as esquire to your uncle, and serving under his lance. Trust you will do well, for you should be a right mant-arm, if all be good that is to come,* and you are one of a gentle kindred.—Ludovic, you will see that our kinsman follow his exercise diligently, for we will have spears breaking one of these days."

"By my hilt, and I am glad of it, my Lord—this once makes cowards of us all. I myself feel a sort of decay of spirit, closed up in this cursed dungeon of Castle."

"Well, a bird whistled in my ear," continued Lord Crawford, "that the old banner will be soon dancing in the field again."

"I will drink a cup the deeper this evening to that dry tune, said Balfré."

"Thou wilt drink to any tune," said Lord Crawford; "and I fear me, Ludovic, you will drink a bitter swart of your own brewing one day."

"Lesly, a little abashed, replied, "that it had not been so wont for many a day; but his Lordship knew the me of the company, to have a carouse to the health of a new comrade."

"True," said the old leader, "I had forgot the occasion. I will send a few stoups of wine to assist your arouse; but let it be over by sunset. And, hark ye—let the soldiers for duty be carefully pricked off; and so that none of them be more or less partakers of our debauch."

"Your Lordship shall be lawfully obeyed," said Ludovic; "and your health duly remembered."

"Perhaps," said Lord Crawford, "I may look in myself upon your mirth—just to see that all is carried decently."

"Your Lordship shall be most dearly welcome," said Ludovic; and the whole party retreated in high spirits to prepare for their military banquet, to which Lesly invited about a score of his comrades, who were pretty much in the habit of making their mess together.

A soldier's festival is generally a very extempore affair, providing there is enough of meat and drink to be had; but on the present occasion, Ludovic bustled about to procure some better wine than ordinary; observing, that the "old Lord was the surest gear in their sight, and that, while he preached sobriety to them, he himself, after drinking at the royal table as much wine as he could honestly come by, never omitted any creditable opportunity to fill up the evening over the wine-pot; so you must prepare, comrades," he said, "to hear the old histories of the battles of Verneil and Beaugé."

The Gothic apartment in which they generally met was, therefore, hastily put into the best order; their rooms were despatched to collect green rushes to spread upon the floor; and banners, under which the Scottish Guard had marched to battle, or which they had taken from the enemies' ranks, were displayed, by way of tapestry, over the table, and around the walls of the chamber.

The next point was, to invest the young recruit as hastily as possible with the dress and appropriate arms of the Guard, that he might appear in every respect the sharer of its important privileges, in virtue

*That is, if your courage corresponds with your personal appearance.

In both these battles, the Scottish auxiliaries of France, under Stewart, Earl of Buchan, were distinguished. At Beaugé they were victorious, killing the Duke of Clarence, Henry V's brother, and cutting off his army. At Verneil they were defeated, and nearly extirpated.

of which, and by the support of his countrymen, he might freely brave the power and the displeasure of the Provost-Marshal—although the one was known to be as formidable as the other was unrelenting.

The banquet was joyous in the highest degree; and the guests gave vent to the whole current of their national partiality on receiving into their ranks a recruit from their beloved father-land. Old Scottish songs were sung, old tales of Scottish heroes told—the achievements of their fathers, and the scenes in which they were wrought, were recalled to mind; and, for a time, the rich plains of Touraine seemed converted into the mountainous and sterile regions of Caledonia.

When their enthusiasm was at high flood, and each was endeavouring to say something to enhance the dear remembrance of Scotland, it received a new impulse from the arrival of Lord Crawford, who, as Le Balfré had well prophesied, sat as it were on thorns at the royal board, until an opportunity occurred of making his escape to the revelry of his own countrymen. A chair of state had been reserved for him at the upper end of the table; for, according to the manners of the age, and the constitution of that body, although their leader and commander under the King and High Constable, the members of the corps (as we should now say, the privates) being all ranked as noble by birth, their Captain sat with them at the same table without impropriety, and might mingle when he chose in their festivity, without derogation from his dignity as commander.

At present, however, Lord Crawford declined occupying the seat prepared for him, and bidding them "hold themselves merry," stood looking on the revel with a countenance which seemed greatly to enjoy it.

"Let him alone," whispered Cunningham to Linde-say, as the latter offered the wine to their noble Captain, "let him alone—hurry no man's cattle—let him take it of his own accord."

In fact, the old Lord, who at first smiled, shook his head, and placed the untasted wine-cup before him, began presently, as if it were in absence of mind, to sip a little of the contents, and in doing so, fortunately recollected that it would be ill-luck did he not drink a draught to the health of the gallant lad who had joined them this day. The pledge was filled, and answered, as may be well supposed, with many a joyous shout, when the old leader proceeded to acquaint them that he had possessed Master Oliver with an account of what had passed that day: "And as," he said, "the scraper of chins hath no great love for the stretcher of throats, he has joined me in obtaining from the King an order, commanding the Provost to suspend all proceedings, under whatever pretence, against Quentin Durward; and to respect, on all occasions, the privileges of the Scottish Guard."

Another shout broke forth, the cups were again filled till the wine sparkled on the brim, and there was an acclamation to the health of the noble Lord Crawford, the brave conservator of the privileges and rights of his countrymen. The good old Lord could not but in courtesy do reason to this pledge also, and gliding into the ready chair, as it were without reflecting what he was doing, he caused Quentin to come up beside him, and assailed him with many more questions concerning the state of Scotland, and the great families there, than he was well able to answer; while ever and anon, in the course of his queries, the good Lord kissed the wine-cup by way of parenthesis, remarking, that sociality became Scottish gentlemen, but that young men, like Quentin, ought to practise it cautiously, lest it might degenerate into excess; upon which occasion he uttered many excellent things, until his own tongue, although employed in the praises of temperance, began to articulate something thicker than usual. It was now that, while the military ardour of the company augmented with each flagon which they emptied, Cunningham called on them to drink the speedy hoisting of the *Ori-flamme* (the royal banner of France.)

"And a breeze of Burgundy to fan it!" echoed Linde-say.

"With all the soul that is left in this worn body do I accept the pledge, bairns," echoed Lord Crawford;

"and as old as I am, I trust I may see it flutter yet. Hark ye, my mates," (for wine had made him something communicative,) "ye are all true servants to the French crown, and wherefore should ye not know there is an envoy come from Duke Charles of Burgundy, with a message of an angry favour."

"I saw the Count of Crèvecœur's equipage, horses and retinue," said another of the guests, "down at the inn yonder, at the Mulberry Grove. They say the King will not admit him into the Castle."

"Now, Heaven send him an ungracious answer!" said Guthrie; "but what is it he complains of?"

"A world of grievances upon the frontier," said Lord Crawford; "and latterly, that the King hath received under his protection a lady of his land, a young Countess, who hath fled from Dijon, because, being a ward of the Duke, he would have her marry his favourite, Campo-basso."

"And hath she actually come hither alone, my Lord?" said Lindesay.

"Nay, not altogether alone, but with the old Countess, her kinswoman, who hath yielded to her cousin's wishes in this matter."

"And will the King," said Cunningham, "he being the Duke's feudal sovereign, interfere between the Duke and his ward, over whom Charles hath the same right, which, were he himself dead, the King would have over the heiress of Burgundy?"

"The King will be ruled, as he is wont, by rules of policy; and you know," continued Crawford, "that he hath not publicly received these ladies, nor placed them under the protection of his daughters, the Lady of Beaujeu, or the Princess Joan, so, doubtless, he will be guided by circumstances. He is our master—but it is no treason to say, he will chase with the hounds, and run with the hare, with any Prince in Christendom."

"But the Duke of Burgundy understands no such doubling," said Cunningham.

"No," answered the old Lord; "and, therefore, it is likely to make work between them."

"Well—Saint Andrew further the fray!" said Le Balafre. "I had it foretold me ten, ay, twenty years since, that I was to make the fortune of my house by marriage. Who knows what may happen, if once we come to fight for honour and ladies' love, as they do in the old romances?"

"Thou name ladies' love, with such a trench in thy visage!" said Guthrie.

"As well not love at all, as love a Bohemian woman of Heathenness," retorted La Balafre.

"Hold there, comrades," said Lord Crawford; "no tilting with sharp weapons, no jesting with keen scoffs—friends all. And for the lady, she is too wealthy to fall to a poor Scottish lord, or I would put in my own claim, fourscore years and all, or not very far from it. But here is her health, nevertheless, for they say she is a lamp of beauty."

"I think I saw her," said another soldier, "when I was upon guard this morning at the inner barrier; but she was more like a dark lantern than a lamp, for she and another were brought into the Chateau in close litters."

"Shame! shame! Arnot!" said Lord Crawford; "a soldier on duty should say nought of what he sees. Besides," he added, after a pause, his own curiosity prevailing over the show of discipline which he had thought it necessary to exert, "why should these litters contain this very same Countess Isabelle de Croye?"

"Nay, my Lord," replied Arnot, "I know nothing of it save this, that my coutelier was airing my horses in the road to the village, and fell in with Doguin the muleteer, who brought back the litters to the inn, for they belong to the fellow of the Mulberry Grove yonder—he of the Fleur-de-Lys, I mean—and so Doguin asked Saunders Steed to take a cup of wine, as they were acquainted, which he was no doubt willing enough to do."

"No doubt—no doubt," said the old Lord; "it is a thing I wish were corrected among you, gentlemen; but all your grooms, and couteliers, and jackmen, as we should call them in Scotland, are but too ready to take a cup of wine with any one—it is a thing perni-

lous in war, and must be amended. But, An Arnot, this is a long tale of yours, and we will, with a drink; as the Highlander says, *Skoch nan skial*;* and that's good Gaelic.—Here is the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and a better husband than Campo-basso, who is a base Italian cul—And now, Andrew Arnot, what said the mul to this yeoman of thine?"

"Why he told him in secrecy, if it please your ship," continued Arnot, "that these two ladies who had presently before conveyed up to the Cass the close litters, were great ladies, who had living in secret at his master's house for some, and that the King had visited them more than very privately, and had done them great honour that they had fled up to the Castle, as he before fear of the Count de Crèvecœur, the Duke of Burgundy's ambassador, whose approach was pronounced by an advanced courier."

"Ay, Andrew, come you there to me?" said rie; "then I will be sworn it was the Countess voice I heard singing to the lute, as I came through the inner court—the sound came from bay-windows of the Dauphin's Tower: and melody was there as no one ever heard before the Castle of Plessis of the Park. By my faith, I it was the music of the Fairy Melusina's run There I stood—though I knew your word was ed, and that you were all impatient—there I like!"

"Like an ass, Johnny Guthrie," said his mander; "thy long nose smelling the dinne long ears hearing the music, and thy short disc not enabling thee to decide which of them thou prefer.—Hark! is not that the Cathedral bell to to vespers?—Sure it cannot be that time yet?—mad old sexton has toll'd even-song an hou soon."

"In faith, the bell rings but too justly the said Cunningham; "yonder the sun is sinking a west side of the fair plain."

"Ay," said the Lord Crawford, "is it even in Well, lads, we must live within compass—Fair soft goes far—slow fire makes sweet malt—merry and wise is a sound proverb.—One other to the weal of old Scotland, and then each man to duty."

The parting-cup was emptied, and the guests missed—the stately old Baron taking the Balafre arm, under pretence of giving him some instruction concerning his nephew, but, perhaps, in reality, his own lofty pace should seem in the public eye steady than became his rank and high command. serious countenance did he bear as he passed through the two courts which separated his lodging from the festal chamber, and solemn as the gravity of a boy head was the farewell caution, with which he prey Ludovic to attend his nephew's motions, especially in the matters of wench and wine-cups.

Meanwhile, not a word that was spoken concerning the beautiful Countess Isabelle had escaped the young Durward, who, conducted into a small cell which he was to share with his uncle's page, and his new and lowly abode the scene of much musing. The reader will easily imagine that young soldier should build a fine romance on such foundation as the supposed, or rather the assumed identification of the Maiden of the Turret, to who lay he had listened with so much interest, and the cup-bearer of Maitre Pierre, with a fugitive Countess of rank and wealth, flying from the pursuit of a lover, the favourite of an oppressive guardian, who abused his feudal power. There was an interlude Quentin's vision concerning Maitre Pierre, seemed to exercise such authority even over the formidable officer from whose hands he had that with much difficulty, made his escape. At length youth's reveries, which had been respected by Will Harper, the companion of his cell, were broken in upon by the return of his uncle, who commanded Quentin to bed, that he might arise betimes in the morning, and attend him to his Majesty's antechamber.

* "Cut a tale with a drink," an expression used when a man preaches over his liquor, as sometimes any in England.

he was called by his hour of duty, along with his comrades.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENVOY.

Lightning in the eyes of France;
I cannot report I will be there,
Of my cannon shall be heard—
Be thou the trumpet of our wrath.

King John.

When a temptation by which Durward felt the noise with which the *casernes* of London ended after the first toll of primes, had led the siren from his couch; but the father's tower, and of the convent of St. Radegund taught him to start with the dawn; his clothes gay, amid the sounding of the clash of armour, which announced the vigilant guards—some of whom he marched to barracks after their nightly duty, he marched on to that of the morning, again, amongst whom was his uncle, for immediate attendance upon the king. Quentin Durward soon put on, as of so young a man on such an occasion, dress and arms appertaining to his rank and his uncle, who looked with great interest to see that he was completely equipped, did not conceal his satisfaction. Improvement which had been thus effected by the appearance of the nephew, "If thou dost it and bold as thou art well-favoured, thou art one of the handsomest and best guarded, which cannot but be an honour to thy family. Follow me to the presence to see thou keep close at my shoulder." He took up a partisan, large, weighty, inlaid and ornamented, and directing to assume a lighter weapon of a similar type, he proceeded to the inner-court of the king's apartments, who were to form the rear guard, were already drawn arms—the squire each standing before him, to whom they thus formed a screen. There were also in attendance many knights, with gallant horses and noble dogs, all looked with such inquisitive glance as was obliged more than once to turn at the animals were not there for his sake, but for the King's, who had a great dislike to the chase, one of the few inclinations indulged, even when coming in compliance with the course of policy; being so strict a game in the royal forests, that it was not possible to kill a man with greater impunity.

When the Guards were put into command of Le Balafre, who acted as a screen; and, after some minutes, the King, which all served to show the excessive jealousy with which their duty was performed, they marched into the hall of audience. The King was immediately expected. When he came, he was to scenes of splendour, which he now before him rather disappointed expectations which he had formed of a Court. There were household knights richly attired; there were guards galant and there were domestics of various ranks. He saw none of the ancient counsellors, none of the high officers of the crown, none of the names which in those days rung to chivalry; saw none either of leaders, who, possessed of the full force, were the strength of France, or of the thraldom and fiery nobles, those early assuagers, who were her pride. The jealous reserved manners—the deep and the King, had estranged this splendid throne, and they were only called in on certain stated and formal occasions, reluctantly, and returned joyfully, as

the animals in the fable are supposed to have approached and left the den of the lion.

The very few persons who seemed to be there in the character of counsellors, were mean-looking men, whose countenances sometimes expressed sagacity, but whose manners showed they were called into a sphere for which their previous education and habits had qualified them but indifferently. One or two persons, however, did appear to Durward to possess a more noble mien, and the strictness of the present duty was not such as to prevent his uncle communicating the names of those whom he thus distinguished.

With the Lord Crawford, who was in attendance, dressed in the rich habit of his office, and holding a leading staff of silver in his hand, Quentin, as well as the reader, was already acquainted. Amongst others who seemed of quality, the most remarkable was the Count de Dunois, the son of that celebrated Dunois, known by the name of the Bastard of Orleans, who, fighting under the banner of Jeanne d'Arc, acted such a distinguished part in liberating France from the English yoke. His son well supported the high renown which had descended to him from such an honoured source; and, notwithstanding his connexion with the royal family, and his hereditary popularity both with the nobles and the people, Dunois had, upon all occasions, manifested such an open, frank loyalty of character, that he seemed to have escaped all suspicion, even on the part of the jealous Louis, who loved to see him near his person, and sometimes even called him to his councils. Although accounted complete in all the exercises of chivalry, and possessed of much of the character of what was then termed a perfect knight, the person of the Count was far from being a model of romantic beauty. He was under the common size, though very strongly built, and his legs rather curved outwards, into that make which is more convenient for horseback, than elegant in a pedestrian. His shoulders were broad, his hair black, his complexion swarthy, his arms remarkably long and nervous. The features of his countenance were irregular, even to ugliness; yet, after all, there was an air of conscious worth and nobility about the Count de Dunois, which stamped, at the first glance, the character of the high-born nobleman, and the undaunted soldier. His mien was bold and upright, his step free and manly, and the harshness of his countenance was dignified by a glance like an eagle, and a frown like a lion. His dress was a hunting suit, rather sumptuous than gay, and he acted on most occasions as Grand Huntsman, though we are not inclined to believe that he actually held the office.

Upon the arm of his relation Dunois, walking with a step so slow and melancholy, that he seemed to rest on his kinsman and supporter, came Louis Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood royal, (afterwards King, by the name of Louis XII.) and to whom the guards and attendants rendered their homage as such. The jealously-watched object of Louis's suspicions, this Prince, who, failing the King's offspring, was heir to the kingdom, was not suffered to absent himself from Court, and, while residing there, was alike denied employment and countenance. The dejection which his degraded and almost captive state naturally impressed on the deportment of this unfortunate Prince, was at this moment greatly increased, by his consciousness that the King meditated, with respect to him, one of the most cruel and unjust actions which a tyrant could commit, by compelling him to give his hand to the Princess Joan of France, the younger daughter of Louis, to whom he had been contracted in infancy, but whose deformed person rendered the insisting upon such an agreement an act of abominable rigour.

The exterior of this unhappy Prince was in no respect distinguished by personal advantages; and in mind, he was of a gentle, mild, and beneficent disposition, qualities which were visible even through the veil of extreme dejection, with which his natural character was at present obscured. Quentin observed that the Duke studiously avoided even looking at the Royal Guards, and when he returned their salute, that he kept his eyes bent on the ground, as if he

feared the King's jealousy might have construed that gesture of ordinary courtesy, as arising from the purpose of establishing a separate and personal interest among them.

Very different was the conduct of the proud Cardinal and Prelate, John of Balue, the favourite minister of Louis for the time, whose rise and character bore as close a resemblance to that of Wolsey, as the difference betwixt the crafty and politic Louis, and the headlong and rash Henry VIII. of England, would permit. The former had raised his minister from the lowest rank, to the dignity, or at least to the emoluments, of Grand Almoner of France, loaded him with benefices, and obtained for him the hat of a Cardinal; and although he was too cautious to repose in the ambitious Balue the unbounded power and trust which Henry placed in Wolsey, yet he was more influenced by him than by any other of his avowed counsellors. The Cardinal, accordingly, had not escaped the error incidental to those who are suddenly raised to power from an obscure situation, for he entertained a strong persuasion, dazzled doubtless by the suddenness of his elevation, that his capacity was equal to intermeddling with affairs of every kind, even those most foreign to his profession and studies. Tall and ungainly in his person, he affected gallantry and admiration of the fair sex, although his manners rendered his pretensions absurd, and his profession marked them as indecorous. Some male or female flatterer had, in evil hour, possessed him with the idea that there was much beauty of contour in a pair of huge substantial legs, which he had derived from his father, a carman of Limoges, or, according to other authorities, a miller of Verdun; and with this idea he had become so infatuated, that he always had his cardinal's robes a little looped up on one side, that the sturdy proportion of his limbs might not escape observation. As he swept through the stately apartment in his crimson dress and rich cope, he stopped repeatedly to look at the arms and appointments of the cavaliers on guard, asked them several questions in an authoritative tone, and took upon him to censure some of them for what he termed irregularities of discipline, in language to which these experienced soldiers dared not reply, although it was plain they listened to it with impatience and with contempt.

"Is the King aware," said Dunois to the Cardinal, "that the Burgundian Envoy is peremptory in demanding an audience?"

"He is," answered the Cardinal; "and here, as I think, comes the all-sufficient Oliver Dain,* to let us know the royal pleasure."

As he spoke, a remarkable person, who then divided the favour of Louis with the proud Cardinal himself, entered from the inner apartment, but without any of that important and consequential demeanour which marked the full-blown dignity of the churchman. On the contrary, this was a little, pale, meagre man, whose black silk jerkin and hose, without either coat, cloak, or cassock, formed a dress ill-qualified to set off to advantage a very ordinary person. He carried a silver basin in his hand, and a napkin flung over his arm indicated his menial capacity. His visage was penetrating and quick, although he endeavoured to banish such expression from his features, by keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, while, with the stealthy and quiet pace of a cat, he seemed modestly rather to glide than to walk through the apartment. But though modesty may easily obscure worth, it cannot hide court favour; and all attempts to steal unperceived through the presence-chamber were vain, on the part of one known to have such possession of the King's ear, as had been attained by his celebrated barber and groom of the chamber, Oliver le Dain, called sometimes Oliver le Mauvais, and sometimes Oliver le Diable, epithets derived from the unscrupulous cunning with which he assisted in the execution of the schemes of his master's tortuous policy. At present he spoke earnestly for a few moments with the Count de Dunois, who in-

stantly left the chamber, while the tonsor ~~re-~~ ly back towards the royal apartment where ~~he~~ issued, every one giving place to him; ~~where~~ he only acknowledged by the most humble ~~re-~~ cession of the body, excepting in a very few ~~cases~~ where he had made one or two persons ~~the~~ of envy to all the other courtiers by ~~his~~ single word in their ear; and at the same ~~time~~ entering something of the duties of his place, ~~from~~ from their replica, as well as from the ~~expressions~~ of those who wished to attract his ~~notice~~ notice. Ludovic Leely had the good fortune to be one ~~of~~ of the individuals who, on the present occasion, ~~was~~ favoured by Oliver with a single word, to assure ~~him~~ that the matter was fortunately terminated.

Presently afterwards, he had another ~~proof~~ of some agreeable tidings; for Quentin's old ~~friend~~ friend, Tristan l'Hermitte, the Provost-Marshal of the Royal Household, entered the apartment, and can straight to the place where Le Balafre ~~was~~ posted. This formidable officer's uniform, which ~~was~~ was rich, had only the effect of making his sinister countenance and bad mien more strikingly remarkable and the tone which he meant for conciliatory, ~~was~~ was like nothing so much as the growling of a bear. The import of his words, however, was more amiable than the voice in which they were pronounced. He regretted the mistake which had fallen between them on the preceding day, and observed it was owing to the Sieur le Balafre's nephew not wearing the uniform of his corps, or announcing himself as belonging to it, which had led him into the error for which he now asked forgiveness.

Ludovic Leely made the necessary reply, and as soon as Tristan had turned away, observed to his nephew, that they had now the distinction of having a mortal enemy from henceforward in the person of this dreaded officer. "But we are above his ~~re-~~ soldier," said he, "who does his duty, may laugh at the Provost-Marshal."

Quentin could not help being of his uncle's opinion, for, as Tristan parted from them, it was with the look of angry defiance which the bear casts upon the hunter whose spear has wounded him. Indeed, even when less strongly moved, the sullen eye of this official expressed a malevolence of purpose which made men shudder to meet his glance; and the frown of the young Scot was the deeper and more abhorrent, that he seemed to himself still to feel on his shoulders the grasp of the two death-doing functionaries of this fatal officer.

Meanwhile Oliver, after he had prowled round the room in the stealthy manner which we have endeavoured to describe—all, even the highest officers, making way for him, and loading him with their ceremonious attentions, which his modesty seemed desirous to avoid—again entered the inner apartment, the doors of which were presently thrown open, and King Louis entered the presence-chamber.

Quentin, like all others, turned his eyes upon him and started so suddenly, that he almost dropped his weapon, when he recognised in the King of France that silk-merchant, Maitre Pierre, who had been his companion of his morning walk. Singular suspicions respecting the real rank of this person had at different times crossed his thoughts; but this, the present reality, was wilder than his wildest conjecture.

The stern look of his uncle, offended at this breach of the decorum of his office, recalled him to himself, but not a little was he astonished when the King, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the place where he was posted, without taking notice of any one else. "So," he said to the young man, "I am told you have been bawling your first arrival in Touraine; but I pardon you, it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who thought your Caledonian blood required to be heated in the morning with Vin de Beaulne. If I can help him, I will make him an example to those who abuse my Guards.—Balafre," he added, speaking to Leely, "your kinsman is a fair youth, though a few of us love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who surround us. Let the year, day, hour, and minute

* Oliver's name, or nickname, was Le Diable, which was bestowed on him by public hatred, in exchange for Le Dain, or Le Mauvais. He was originally the King's barber, but afterwards a favourite counsellor.

her birth be written down, and given to in."

He bowed to the ground, and re-assumed his former position, as one who would show by his promptitude to act in the King's quarrel. Quentin, in the meantime, recovered from surprise, studied the King's appearance intently, and was surprised to find how different he now construed his deportment and features had done at their first interview.

He was not much changed in exterior, for he wore a scornful outward show, wore, on occasion, an old dark-blue hunting-dress, better than the plain burgher-suit of the day, and garnished with a huge rosary which had been sent to him by no less a person as the Grand Seigneur, with an attestation it had been used by a Coptic hermit on Mount Athos, of profound sanctity. And his cap with a single image, he now wore a band of which was garnished with at least a little paltry figures of saints stamped in those eyes, which, according to Quentin's impression, only twinkled with the love of a nun, now that they were known to be the eyes of an able and powerful monarch, a majestic glance; and those wrinkles on the forehead he had supposed were formed during years of potty schemes of commerce, seemed furrows which sagacity had worn while meditation upon the fate of nations.

After the King's appearance, the Princess, with the ladies of her suite, entertained. With the eldest, afterwards married of Bourbon, and known in French history as the Lady of Beaujeu, our story has to do. She was tall, and rather handsome, eloquence, talent, and much of her father's who reposed great confidence in her, and as well perhaps as he loved any one.

Her sister, the unfortunate Joan, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, advanced timidly to her sister, conscious of a total want of personal qualities which women are most fond of possessing, or being thought to possess. She was thin, and sickly in her complexion; she was bent to one side, and her gait so that she might be called lame. A fine set of eyes which were expressive of melancholy, and resignation, with a quantity of light curls, were the only redeeming points which she could have dared to number, to counterbalance the homeliness of her face and figure. In the picture, it was easy to remark, from her negligence in dress, and the timidity of her, that she had an unusual and distressing sense of her own plainness of appearance, and was to make any of those attempts to mend her way by art what nature had left amiss, or her way to exert a power of pleasing. The King loved her not; she stepped hastily to her as she said, "How now!" he said, "our world-conqueror—Are you robed for a hunting-party to-day, this morning? Speak—answer, which your highness pleases, sire," said the King, raising her voice above her breath. "Subtle, you would persuade me it is your wish to the Court, Joan, and renounce the world entirely. Ha! maiden, wouldst thou have it that we, the first-born of Holy Church, use our daughter to Heaven?—Our Lady of Martin forbid we should refuse the offering, worthy of the altar, or were thy vocation in Durward!"

Quentin, the King crossed himself devoutly, in the meantime, as appeared to Quentin, very young vassal, who was depreciating the merit which he was desirous to keep to himself, that he might stand excused for not offering a chief or superior. "Dares he thus play the fool with Heaven," thought Durward, "and sport with the Saints, as he may safely do with a man and not search his nature too closely?"

Quentin resumed, after a moment's mental

devotion—"No, fair daughter, I and another know your real mind better—Ha! fair cousin of Orleans, do we not? Approach, fair sir, and lead this devoted vassal of ours to her horse."

Orleans started when the King spoke, and hastened to obey him; but with such precipitation of step, and confusion, that Louis called out, "Nay, cousin, rein your gallantry, and look before you.—Why, what a headlong matter a gallant's haste is on some occasions!—You had well-nigh taken Anne's hand instead of her sister's.—Sir, must I give Joan's to you myself?"

The unhappy Prince looked up, and shuddered like a child, when forced to touch something at which it has instinctive horror—then making an effort, took the hand which the Princess neither gave nor yet withheld. As they stood, her cold damp fingers enclosed in his trembling hand, with their eyes looking on the ground, it would have been difficult to say which of these two youthful beings was rendered more utterly miserable—the Duke, who felt himself fettered to the object of his aversion by bonds which he durst not tear asunder, or the unfortunate young woman, who too plainly saw that she was an object of abhorrence to him, to gain whose kindness she would willingly have died.

"And now to horse, gentlemen and ladies—We will ourselves lead forth our daughter of Beaujeu," said the King; "and God's blessing and Saint Hubert's be on our morning sport!"

"I am, I fear, doomed to interrupt it, sire," said the Comte de Dunois—"the Burgundian Envoy is before the gates of the Castle, and demands an audience."

"Demands an audience, Dunois?" replied the King—"Did you not answer him, as we sent you word by Oliver, that we were not at leisure to see him to-day, and that to-morrow was the festival of Saint Martin, which, please Heaven, we would disturb by no earthly thoughts,—and that on the succeeding day we were designed for Amboise—but that we would not fail to appoint him as early an audience, when we returned, as our pressing affairs would permit?"

"All this I said," answered Dunois; "but yet, sire—"

"*Pasques-dieu!* man, what is it that thus sticks in thy throat?" said the King. "This Burgundian's terms must have been hard of digestion."

"Had not my duty, your Grace's commands, and his character as an Envoy, restrained me," said Dunois, "he should have tried to digest them himself; for, by Our Lady of Orleans, I had more mind to have made him eat his own words, than to have brought them to your Majesty."

"Body of me, Dunois," said the King, "it is strange that thou, one of the most impatient fellows alive, shouldst have so little sympathy with the like infirmity in our blunt and fiery cousin, Charles of Burgundy. Why, man, I mind his blustering messages no more than the towers of this Castle regard the whistling of the north-east wind, which comes from Flanders, as well as this brawling Envoy."

"Know then, sire," replied Dunois, "that the Count of Crèvecoeur tarries below, with his retinue of pursuivants and trumpets, and says that, since your Majesty refuses him the audience which his master has instructed him to demand, upon matters of most pressing concern, he will remain there till midnight, and accost your Majesty at whatever hour you are pleased to issue from your Castle, whether for business, exercise, or devotion; and that no consideration, except the use of absolute force, shall compel him to desist from this resolution."

"He is a fool," said the King, with much composure. "Does the hot-headed Hainauter think it any penance for a man of sense to remain for twenty-four hours quiet within the walls of his Castle, when he hath the affairs of a Kingdom to occupy him? These impatient coxcombs think that all men, like themselves, are miserable, save when in saddle and stirrup. Let the dogs be put up, and well looked to, gentle Dunois—We will hold council to-day, instead of hunting."

"My Liege," answered Dunois, "you will not thus rid yourself of Crèvecoeur; for his master's instruc-

tions are, that if he hath not this audience which he demands, he shall nail his gauntlet to the palisades before the Castle, in token of mortal defiance on the part of his master, shall renounce the Duke's fealty to France, and declare instant war."

"Ay," said Louis, without any perceptible alteration of voice, but frowning until his piercing dark eyes became almost invisible under his shaggy eyebrows, "is it even so?—will our ancient vassal prove so masterful—our dear cousin treat us thus unkindly?—Nay then, Dunois, we must unfold the *Oriflamme*, and cry *Dennis Montjoye!*"

"Marry and amen, and in a most happy hour!" said the martial Dunois; and the guards in the hall, unable to resist the same impulse, stirred each upon his post, so as to produce a low but distinct sound of clashing arms. The King cast his eye proudly round, and, for a moment, thought and looked like his heroic father.

But the excitement of the moment presently gave way to the host of political considerations, which, at that conjuncture, rendered an open breach with Burgundy so peculiarly perilous. Edward IV., a brave and victorious king, who had in his own person fought thirty battles, was now established on the throne of England, was brother to the Duchess of Burgundy, and it might well be supposed, waited but a rupture between his near connexion and Louis, to carry into France, through the ever-open gate of Calais, those arms which had been triumphant in the English civil wars, and to obliterate the recollection of internal dissensions by that most popular of all occupations amongst the English, an invasion of France. To this consideration was added the uncertain faith of the Duke of Bretagne, and other weighty subjects of reflection. So that, after a deep pause, when Louis again spoke, although in the same tone, it was with an altered spirit. "But God forbid," he said, "that ought less than necessity should make us, the Most Christian King, give cause to the effusion of Christian blood, if any thing short of dishonour may avert such a calamity. We tender our subjects' safety dearer than the ruffle which our own dignity may receive from the rude breath of a malapert ambassador, who hath perhaps exceeded the errand with which he was charged.—Admit the Envoy of Burgundy to our presence."

"*Beati Pacifici*," said the Cardinal Balue.

"True; and your eminence knoweth that they who humble themselves shall be exalted," added the King.

The Cardinal spoke an Amen, to which few assented; for even the pale cheek of Orleans kindled with shame, and Balafré suppressed his feelings so little, as to let the butt-end of his partisan fall heavily on the floor,—a movement of impatience for which he underwent a bitter reproof from the Cardinal, with a lecture on the mode of handling his arms when in presence of the Sovereign. The King himself seemed unusually embarrassed at the silence around him. "You are pensive, Dunois," he said—"You disapprove of our giving way to this hot-headed Envoy."

"By no means," said Dunois; "I meddle not with matters beyond my sphere. I was but thinking of asking a boon of your Majesty."

"A boon, Dunois—what is it?—You are an unfrequent suitor, and may count on our favour."

"I would, then, your Majesty would send me to Evreux to regulate the clergy," said Dunois, with military frankness.

"That were indeed beyond thy sphere," replied the King, smiling.

"I might order priests as well," replied the Count, "as my Lord Bishop of Evreux, or my Lord Cardinal, if he likes the title better, can exercise the soldiers of your Majesty's guard."

The King smiled again, and more mysteriously, while he whispered Dunois, "The time may come when you and I will regulate the priests together.—But this is for the present a good conceited animal of a Bishop. Ah, Dunois! Rome, Rome puts him and other burdens upon us.—But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards, till our hand is a stronger one."*

* Dr. Dryasdust here remarks, that cards, said to have been invented in a preceding reign, for the amusement of Charles V. during the intervals of his mental disorder, soon speedily to

The flourish of trumpets in the court-yard announced the arrival of the Burgundian nobles in the presence-chamber made haste to arrange themselves according to their proper places of precedence, the King and his daughters remaining in the centre of the assembly.

The Count of Crèvecœur, a renowned and aged warrior, entered the apartment; and, conformed to the usage among the envoys of friendly powers, appeared all armed, excepting his head, in a suit of the most superb Milan armour, made of mail and embossed with gold, which was inlaid into the fantastic taste called the Arabesque. His neck, and over his polished cuirass, hung a sword of the Golden Fleece, one of the most honoured associations of chivalry then known in the world. A handsome page bore his helmet to him, a herald preceded him, bearing his letters of credence, which he offered on his knee to the King. The ambassador himself paused in the midst of the ceremony as if to give all present time to admire his lofty commanding stature, and undaunted countenance and manner. The rest of his attendants waited in the antechamber, or court-yard.

"Approach, Seigneur Count de Crèvecœur," said Louis, after a moment's glance at his countenance. "We need not our Cousins' letters of credence to introduce to us a warrior so well known, or assure us of your highly deserved credit with your country. We trust that your fair partner, who shares of our ancestral blood, is in good health. He brought her in your hand, Seigneur Count, we have thought you wore your armour, on this occasion, to maintain the superiority of her arms against the amorous chivalry of France. As I cannot guess the reason of this complete suit of armour, I will leave it to you to explain."

"Sire," replied the ambassador, "the Count de Crèvecœur must lament his misfortune, and your forgiveness, that he cannot, on this occasion, comply with such humble deference as is due to the courtesy, with which your Majesty has honoured him. But, although it is only the voice of Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès which speaks, the words which he must be those of his gracious Lord and Sovereign Duke of Burgundy."

"And what has Crèvecœur to say in the name of Burgundy?" said Louis, with an assumed sufficient dignity. "Yet hold—remember, in this presence, Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès speaks as your Sovereign's Sovereign."

Crèvecœur bowed, and then spoke aloud:—"I send you a written schedule of the wrongs and oppressions committed on his frontiers by your Majesty's garrisons and officers; and the first point in inquiry is, whether it is your Majesty's pleasure to make him amends for these injuries?"

The King, looking slightly at the memorial which the herald delivered to him upon his knee, said, "These matters have been already long before Council. Of the injuries complained of, some require of those sustained by my subjects, some affirmed without any proof, some have been inflicted by the Duke's garrisons and soldiers; and I remain any which fall under none of those pretences, we are not, as a Christian prince, able to make satisfaction for wrongs actually sustained by our neighbourhood, though committed not only to our countenance, but against our express order

have become common among the courtiers, since they furnished Louis XI. with a metaphor. The same proverb is quoted by Durandarte, in the enchanted cave of Mont St. Michel. The alleged origin of the invention of cards, produced the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in criticism. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh to a com great eminence at the Scottish bar. The Doctor's last went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental condition was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he asked that the person in question played admirably at whist, do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult which requires in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, combination, can be at the same time deranged in his mind?" "I am no card player," said the doctor. "I am a great address," "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequence of this reply were decisive.

"I will convey your Majesty's answer," said the ambassador, "to my most gracious master; yet, let me say, that, as it is in no degree different from the previous replies which have already been returned to us just complaints, I cannot hope that it will afford the means of re-establishing peace and friendship betwixt France and Burgundy."

"Be that at God's pleasure," said the King. "It is not for dread of thy master's arms, but for the sake of peace only, that I return so temperate an answer to his injurious reproaches. Proceed with thine errand."

"My master's next demand," said the ambassador, "is, that your Majesty will cease your secret and underhand dealings with his towns of Ghent, Liege, and Malines. He requests that your Majesty will recall the secret agents, by whose means the discontent of his good citizens of Flanders are inflamed; and dismise from your Majesty's dominions, or rather deliver up to the condign punishment of their liege lord, those traitorous fugitives, who, having fled from the scene of their machinations, have found too ready a refuge in Paris, Orleans, Tours, and other French cities."

"Say to the Duke of Burgundy," replied the King, "that I know of no such indirect practices as those with which he injuriously charges me; that my subjects of France have frequent intercourse with the good cities of Flanders, for the purpose of mutual benefit by free traffic, which it would be as much contrary to the Duke's interest as mine to interrupt; and that many Flemings have residence in my kingdom, and enjoy the protection of my laws, for the same purpose; but none, to our knowledge, for those of treason or mutiny against the Duke. Proceed with your message—you have heard my answer."

"As formerly, Sire, with pain," replied the Count of Crèvecœur, "it is not being of that direct or explicit nature which the Duke, my master, will accept, in atonement for a long train of secret machinations, not the less certain, though now disavowed by your Majesty. But I proceed with my message. The Duke of Burgundy farther requires the King of France to send back to his dominions without delay, and under a secure safeguard, the persons of Isabelle Countess of Croye, and of her relation and guardian the Countess Hameline, of the same family, in respect the said Countess Isabelle, being, by the law of the country, and the feudal tenure of her estates, the ward of the said Duke of Burgundy, hath fled from his dominions, and from the charge which he, as a careful guardian, was willing to extend over her, and is here maintained in secret by the King of France, and by him fortified in her contumacy to the Duke, her natural lord and guardian, contrary to the laws of God and man, as they ever have been acknowledged in civilized Europe.—Once more I pause for your Majesty's reply."

"You did well, Count de Crèvecœur," said Louis, scornfully, "to begin your embassy at an early hour; but if it be your purpose to call on me to account for the flight of every vassal whom your master's heady person may have driven from his dominions, the long-roll may last till sunset. Who can affirm that these ladies are in my dominions? who can presume to say, if it be so, that I have either countenanced their flight hither, or have received them with offers of protection? Nay, who is it will assert, that, if they are in France, their place of retirement is within my knowledge?"

"Sire," said Crèvecœur, "may it please your Majesty, I was provided with a witness on this subject—one who beheld these fugitive ladies in the inn called the Fleur-de-Lys, not far from this Castle—one who saw your Majesty in their company, though under the unworthy disguise of a burgher of Tours—one who received from them, in your royal presence, messages and letters to their friends in Flanders—all which he conveyed to the hand and ear of the Duke of Burgundy."

"Bring him forward," said the King; "place the man before my face who dares maintain these palpable falsehoods."

"You speak in triumph, Sire; for you are well

aware that this witness no longer exists. When he lived, he was called Zamet Magraubin, by birth one of those Bohemian wanderers. He was yesterday, as I have learned, executed by a party of your Majesty's Provost-Marshal, to prevent, doubtless, his standing here, to verify what he said of this matter to the Duke of Burgundy, in presence of his Council, and of me, Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès."

"Now, by our Lady of Embrun!" said the King, "so gross are these accusations, and so free of consciousness am I of aught that approaches them, that, by the honour of a King, I laugh, rather than am wroth at them. My Provost-guard daily put to death, as is their duty, thieves and vagabonds; and is my crown to be slandered with whatever these thieves and vagabonds may have said to our hot cousin of Burgundy and his wise counsellors? I pray you, tell my kind cousin, if he loves such companions, he had best keep them in his own estates; for here they are like to meet short shrift and a tight cord."

"My master needs no such subjects, Sir King," answered the Count, in a tone more disrespectful than he had yet permitted himself to make use of; "for the noble Duke uses not to inquire of witches, wandering Egyptians, or others, upon the destiny and fate of his neighbours and allies."

"We have had patience enough, and to spare," said the King, interrupting him; "and since thy sole errand here seems to be for the purpose of insult, we will send some one in our name to the Duke of Burgundy—convinced, in thus demeaning thyself towards us, thou hast exceeded thy commission, whatever that may have been."

"On the contrary," said Crèvecœur, "I have not yet acquitted myself of it.—Hearken, Louis of Valois, King of France—Hearken, nobles and gentlemen, who may be present—Hearken, all good and true men—And thou, Toison d'Or," addressing the herald, "make proclamation after me.—I, Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès, Count of the Empire, and Knight of the honourable and princely Order of the Golden Fleece, in the name of the most puissant Lord and Prince, Charles, by the grace of God, Duke of Burgundy and Lotharinga, of Brabant and Limbourg, of Luxembourg and of Gueldres; Earl of Flanders and of Artois; Count Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, Zealand, Namur, and Zutphen; Marquis of the Holy Empire; Lord of Friesland, Salines, and Malines, do give you, Louis, King of France, openly to know, that you, having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences, done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion, and instigation, against the said Duke and his loving subjects, he, by my mouth, renounces all allegiance and fealty towards your crown and dignity—pronounces you false and faithless; and defies you as a Prince, and as a man. There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said."

So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand, and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

Until this last climax of audacity, there had been a deep silence in the royal apartment during the extraordinary scene; but no sooner had the clash of the gauntlet when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Toison d'Or, the Burgundian herald, with the ejaculation, "Vive Bourgogne!" than there was a general tumult. While Dunois, Orleans, old Lord Crawford, and one or two others, whose rank authorized their interference, contended which should lift up the gauntlet, the others in the hall exclaimed, "Strike him down! Cut him to pieces! Comes he here to insult the King of France in his own palace!"

But the King appeased the tumult by exclaiming, in a voice like thunder, which overawed and silenced every other sound, "Silence, my lieges! lay not a hand on the man, not a finger on the gage!—And you, Sir Count, of what is your life composed, or how is it warranted, that you thus place it on the cast of a die so perilous? Or is your Duke made of a different metal from other princes, since he thus asserts his pretended quarrel in a manner so unusual?"

"He is indeed framed of a different and more noble metal than the other princes of Europe," said the undaunted Count of Crèvecœur; "for, when not one of

them dared to give shelter to you—to you, I say, King Louis—when you were yet only Dauphin, an exile from France, and pursued by the whole bitterness of your father's revenge, and all the power of his kingdom, you were received and protected like a brother by my noble master, whose generosity of disposition you have so grossly misused. Farewell, Sire, my mission is discharged."

So saying, the Count de Crèvecœur left the apartment abruptly, and without farther leave-taking.

"After him—after him—take up the gauntlet and after him!" said the King.—"I mean not you, Dunois, nor you, my Lord of Crawford, who, methinks, may be too old for such hot frays; nor you, Cousin of Orleans, who are too young for them.—My Lord Cardinal—my Lord Bishop of Auxerre—it is your holy office to make peace among princes;—do you lift the gauntlet, and remonstrate with Count Crèvecœur on the sin he has committed, in thus insulting a great Monarch in his own Court, and forcing us to bring the miseries of war upon his kingdom and that of his neighbour."

Upon this direct personal appeal, the Cardinal Baluc proceeded to lift the gauntlet, with such precaution as one would touch an adder,—so great was apparently his aversion to this symbol of war,—and presently left the royal apartment to hasten after the challenger.

Louis paused and looked round the circle of his courtiers, most of whom, except such as we have already distinguished, being men of low birth, and raised to their rank in the King's household for other gifts than courage or feats of arms, looked pale on each other, and had obviously received an unpleasant impression from the scene which had been just acted. Louis gazed on them with contempt, and then said aloud, "Although the Count of Crèvecœur be presumptuous and overweening, it must be confessed that in him the Duke of Burgundy hath as bold a servant as ever bore message for a prince. I would I knew where to find as faithful an Envoy to carry back my answer."

"You do your French nobles injustice, Sire," said Dunois; "not one of them but would carry a defiance to Burgundy on the point of his sword."

"And, Sire," said old Crawford, "you wrong also the Scottish gentlemen who serve you. I, or any of my followers, being of meet rank, would not hesitate a moment to call yonder proud Count to a reckoning; my own arm is yet strong enough for the purpose, if I have but your Majesty's permission."

"But your Majesty," continued Dunois, "will employ us in no service through which we may win honour to ourselves, to your Majesty, or to France."

"Say, rather," said the King, "that I will not give way, Dunois, to the headlong impetuosity, which, on some punctilio of chivalry, would wreck yourselves, the throne, France, and all. There is not one of you who knows not how precious every hour of peace is at this moment, when so necessary to heal the wounds of a distracted country; yet there is not one of you who would not rush into war on account of the tale of a wandering gipsy, or of some errant demosel, whose reputation, perhaps, is scarce higher.—Here comes the Cardinal, and we trust with more pacific tidings.—How now, my Lord—have you brought the Count to reason and to temper?"

"Sire," said Baluc, "my task hath been difficult. I put it to yonder proud Count, how he dared to use towards your Majesty, the presumptuous reproach with which his audience had broken up, and which must be understood as proceeding, not from his master, but from his own insolence, and as placing him therefore in your Majesty's discretion, for what penalty you might think proper."

"You said right," replied the King; "and what was his answer?"

"The Count," continued the Cardinal, "had at that moment his foot in the stirrup, ready to mount; and, on hearing my expostulation, he turned his head without altering his position. 'Had I,' said he, 'been fifty leagues distant, and had heard by report that a question vituperative of my Prince had been asked by the King of France, I had, even at that distance, instantly

mounted, and returned to disburden my master's answer which I gave him but now.'"

"I said, sire," said the King, turning around any show of angry emotion, "that in Philip of Crèvecœur, our cousin the Duke as worthy a servant as ever rode at a prize hand.—But you prevailed with him to stay

"To stay for twenty-four hours; and in while to receive again his gage of defiance, Cardinal: "he has dismounted at the Fleury

"See that he be nobly attended and as our charges," said the King; "such a as jewel in a prince's crown.—Twenty-four hours added, muttering to himself, and looking as stretching his eyes to see into futurity; "twenty hours?—tis of the shortest. Yet twenty-four hours, ably and skilfully employed, may be worth the hand of indolent or incapable agents.—the forest—to the forest, my gallant lords!—my fair kinsman, lay aside that modesty, becomes you; mind not my Joan's coy Loire may as soon avoid mingling with the she from favouring your suit, or you from it," he added, as the unhappy prince moved after his betrothed bride. And now for spears, gentlemen; for Allegre, my prick, boured one that will try both dog and man. lend me your spear,—take mine, it is too weak; but when did you complain of such your lance?—To horse—to horse, gentlemen. And all the chase rode on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOAR-HUNT.

I will converse with unrespecting boys
And iron-witted fools. None are for me
That look into me with suspicious eyes.—*Sh.*

ALL the experience which the Cardinal able to collect of his master's disposition upon the present occasion, prevent his fall great error of policy. His vanity induce think that he had been more successful in upon the Count of Crèvecœur to remain than any other moderator whom the King have employed, would, in all probability, be. And as he was well aware of the importance Louis attached to the postponement of a the Duke of Burgundy, he could not help that he conceived himself to have rendered great and acceptable service. He pressed the King's person than he was wont to do deavoured to engage him in conversative events of the morning.

This was injudicious in more respects for princes love not to see their subjects them with an air conscious of deserving, as seeming desirous to extort acknowledgments compensate for their services; and Louis, jealous monarch that ever lived, was peculiar and inaccessible to any one who seemed to presume upon service rendered, or to pry into his

Yet, hurried away, as the most cautious are, by the self-satisfied humour of the moment, the Cardinal continued to ride on the King's side, turning the discourse, whenever it was possible, to Crèvecœur and his embassy; which, although it might be the matter at that moment on the King's thoughts, was nevertheless precisely which he was least willing to converse on. Louis, who had listened to him with attention without having returned any answer which would tend to prolong the conversation, signed to who rode at no great distance, to come to the other side of his horse.

"We came hither for sport and exercise," "but the reverend Father here would have council of state."

"I hope your Highness will excuse me," said Dunois; "I am born to fight the Duke of France, and have heart and hand for that, but no head for her councils."

"My Lord Cardinal hath a head turned for

and more precarious attitude—his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall, save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly, without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. "I will no longer be your hinderance to a course," continued he, addressing the terrified Cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman's distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chance to be run away with in his time, (as we ourselves have in ours,) he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider's control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindmost meant to overtake the foremost—those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the green sward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides,—the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane—the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn—combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibitor. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume,—and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite any thing like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the Cardinal, which he used as a riding-dress, (having changed his long robes before he left the Castle, his scarlet stockings and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear,—having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase,—animated by the clamorous expostulations and threats of the huntsman, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side; so that the Cardinal, who had long kept his seat only because the motion was straight forward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar, that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the Cardinal, as it is said to have done to Pavia, King of the Visigoths, of Spain. The powerful churchman got off, however, for the fright, and, crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Dunois, "Yonder lies his Eminence low enough—he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught) he may match Saint Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match."

The Cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led him to suspect their general import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of temptation as was now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as they had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over so soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his Sovereign, had a much longer influence on his feelings.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the Cardinal upon the ground, without a horse or attendant, and in such a plight as plainly showed the nature of the accident which had placed him there. To dismount, and offer his assistance in this predicament,—to cause one of his attendants resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the Cardinal's use—to express his surprise at the customs of the French Court, which thus permitted them to abandon to the dangers of the chase, and forsake in his need, their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a rencontre supplied to Crèvecoeur; for it was the Burgundian ambassador who came to the assistance of the fallen Cardinal.

He found the minister in a lucky time and humour for essaying some of those practices on his fidelity to which it is well known that Balue had the criminal weakness to listen. Already in the morning, as the jealous temper of Louis had suggested, more had passed betwixt them than the Cardinal durst have reported to his master. But although he had listened with gratified ears to the high value, which, he was assured by Crèvecoeur, the Duke of Burgundy placed upon his person and talents, and not without a feeling of temptation, when the Count hinted at the magnificence of his master's disposition, and the rich benefices of Flanders, it was not until the accident, as we have related, had highly irritated him, that, stung with wounded vanity, he resolved, in a fatal hour, to show Louis XI., that no enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confidant.

On the present occasion, he hastily requested Crèvecoeur to separate from him, lest they should be observed, but appointed him a meeting for the evening in the Abbey of Saint Martin's at Tours, after vesper service; and that in a tone which assured the Burgundian that his master had obtained an advantage hardly to have been hoped for, except in such a moment of exasperation.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who, though the most politic Prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, had suffered his passions to interfere with prudence, followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (i. e. in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, (except two or three couple of old stanch hounds,) and the greater part of the huntsmen. The King saw, with mingled glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight, in the art of renege, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds; so that, when the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was but one near him but the King himself.

Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of the experienced huntsman; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time; so that the King dis-

ranced on foot against the furious an-
naked in his hand one of those short,
it, and pointed swords, which hunts-
such encounters. The boar instantly
go to rush on his human enemy, while
ting his station, and posting himself
ted the sword, with the purpose of aim-
oar's throat, or rather chest, within the
n which case, the weight of the beast,
uosity of its career, would have served
to own destruction. But, owing to the
e ground, the King's foot slipped, just
e and perilous manœuvre ought to have
lished, so that the point of the sword
the cuirass of bristles on the outside of
shoulder, glanced off without making
n, and Louis fell flat on the ground.
ar fortunate for the Monarch, because
ving to the King's fall, missed his blow
and in passing only rent with his tusk
ort hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up
ut when, after running a little a-head
his course, the boar turned to repeat his
King at the moment when he was
of Louis was in imminent danger. At
moment, Quentin Durward, who had
out in the chase by the slowness of his
o, nevertheless, had luckily distinguish-
d the blast of the King's horn, rode up,
i the animal with his spear.

who had by this time recovered his feet,
to Durward's assistance, and cut the
at with his sword. Before speaking a
sin, he measured the huge creature not
but even by feet—then wiped the sweat
i, and the blood from his hands—then
unting-cap, hung it on a bush, and de-
his orisons to the little leaden images
stained—and at length, looking upon
l to him, "Is it thou, my young Scot?
egun thy woodcraft well, and Maitre
hee as good entertainment as he gave
ur-de-Lys yonder.—Why dost thou not
hast lost thy forwardness and fire, me-
Court, where others find both."
shrewd, a youth as ever Scottish breeze
ion into, had imbibed more awe than
wards his dangerous master, and was
o embrace the perilous permission of
ich he seemed thus invited to use. He
ery few and well-chosen words, that if
address his Majesty at all, it could be
pardon for the rustic boldness with
conducted himself when ignorant of

n" said the King; "I forgive thy sau-
spirit and shrewdness. I admired how
st hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupa-
ave nearly tasted of his handiwork
given to understand. I bid thee beware
a merchant who deals in rough brace-
necklaces. Help me to my horse—I
will do thee good. Build on no man's
ne—not even on thine uncle's or Lord
and say nothing of thy timely aid in this
boar; for if a man makes boast that he
King in such a pinch, he must take the
our for its own recompense."
ten winded his horn, which brought up
veral attendants, whose compliments
the slaughter of such a noble animal,
ling to appropriate a much greater share
actually belonged to him; for he men-
rd's assistance as slightly as a sports-
who, in boasting of the number of birds
bagged, does not always dilate upon
and assistance of the game-keeper. He
Dunois to see that the boar's carcass
the brotherhood of Saint Martin, at
and their fare on holy days, and that
member the king in their private devo-

d Louis, "who hath seen his Eminence,
linal? Methinks it were but poor cour-

tesy, and cold regard to Holy Church, to leave him
afoot here in the forest."

"May it please you, Sire," said Quentin, when he
saw that all were silent, "I saw his Lordship the
Cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he
left the forest."

"Heaven cares for its own," replied the King.—
"Set forward to the Castle, my lords; we'll hunt no
more this morning.—You, Sir Squire," addressing
Quentin, "reach me my wood-knife—it has dropped
from the sheath beside the quarry there. Ride on,
Dunois—I follow instantly."

Louis, whose lightest motions were often conduct-
ed like stratagems, thus gained an opportunity to ask
Quentin privately, "My bonny Scot, thou hast an
eye, I see—Canst thou tell me who helped the Car-
dinal to a palfrey?—Some stranger, I should sup-
pose; for as I passed without stopping, the courtiers
would likely be in no hurry to do him such a timely
good turn."

"I saw those who aided his Eminence but an in-
stant, Sire," said Quentin; "It was only a hasty
glance, for I had been unluckily thrown out, and was
riding fast, to be in my place; but I think it was the
Ambassador of Burgundy and his people."

"Ha!" said Louis.—"Well, be it so—France will
match them yet."

There was nothing more remarkable happened,
and the King, with his retinue, returned to the Castle.

CHAPTER X.

THE SENTINEL.

Where should this music be? 'T the air, or the earth?
The Tempest

— I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.—*Comus.*

QUENTIN had hardly reached his little cabin, in
order to make some necessary changes in his dress,
when his worthy relative required to know the full
particulars of all that had befallen him at the hunt.

The youth, who could not help thinking that his
uncle's hand was probably more powerful than his
understanding, took care, in his reply, to leave the
King in full possession of the victory which he had
seemed desirous to appropriate. Le Balafre's reply
was a boast of how much better he himself would
have behaved in the like circumstances, and it was
mixed with a gentle censure of his nephew's slack-
ness, in not making in to the King's assistance,
when he might be in imminent peril. The youth had
prudence, in answer, to abstain from all farther vin-
dication of his own conduct, except that, according
to the rules of woodcraft, he held it ungentle to inter-
fere with the game attacked by another hunter, un-
less he was specially called upon for his assistance.—
This discussion was scarcely ended, when occasion
was afforded Quentin to congratulate himself for ob-
serving some reserve towards his kinsman. A low
tap at the door announced a visitor—it was presently
opened, and Oliver Dain, or Mauvais, or Diable, for
by all these names he was known, entered the apart-
ment.

This able but most unprincipled man, has been al-
ready described, in so far as his exterior is concerned.
The aptest resemblance of his motions and manners
might perhaps be to those of the domestic cat, which
while couching in seeming slumber, or gliding through
the apartment with slow, stealthy, and timid steps,
is now engaged in watching the hole of some unfor-
tunate mouse, now in rubbing herself with apparent
confidence and fondness against those by whom she
desires to be caressed, and presently after, is flying
upon her prey, or scratching, perhaps, the very ob-
ject of her former cajolements.

He entered with stooping shoulders, a humble and
modest look, and threw such a degree of civility into
his address to the Seigneur Balafre, that no one who
saw the interview could have avoided concluding
that he came to ask a boon of the Scottish Archer.
He congratulated Lesly on the excellent conduct
of his young kinsman in the chase that day, which,

he observed, had attracted the King's particular attention. He here paused for a reply; and with his eyes fixed on the ground, save just when once or twice they stole upwards to take a side glance at Quentin, he heard Balafré observe, "That his Majesty had been unlucky in not having himself by his side instead of his nephew, as he would unquestionably have made in, and spared the brute, a matter which he understood Quentin had left upon his Majesty's royal hands, so far as he could learn the story. But it will be a lesson to his Majesty," he said, "while he lives, to mount a man of my inches on a better horse; for how could my great hill of a Flemish dray-horse keep up with his Majesty's Norman runner? I am sure I spurred till his sides were furrowed. It is ill considered, Master Oliver, and you must represent it to his Majesty."

Master Oliver only replied to this observation by turning towards the bold bluff speaker, one of those slow, dubious glances, which, accompanied by a slight motion of the hand, and a gentle depression of the head to one side, may be either interpreted as a mute assent to what is said, or as a cautious depreciation of farther prosecution of the subject. It was a keener, more scrutinizing glance, which he bent on the youth, as he said, with an ambiguous smile, "So, young man, is it the wont of Scotland to suffer your Princes to be endangered for the lack of aid, in such emergencies as this of to-day?"

"It is our custom," answered Quentin, determined to throw no farther light on the subject, "not to encumber them with assistance in honourable pastimes, when they can aid themselves without it. We hold that a Prince in a hunting-field must take his chance with others, and that he comes there for the very purpose. What were woodcraft without fatigue and without danger?"

"You hear the silly boy," said his uncle; "that is always the way with him; he hath an answer or a reason ready to be rendered to every one. I wonder whence he hath caught the gift; I never could give a reason for any thing I have ever done in my life, except for eating when I was hungry, calling the muster-roll, and such points of duty as the like."

"And pray, worthy Seigneur," said the royal tonsor, looking at him from under his eyelids, "what might your reason be for calling the muster-roll on such occasions?"

"Because the Captain commanded me," said Le Balafré. "By Saint Giles, I know no other reason! If he had commanded Tyne or Cunningham, they must have done the same."

"A most military final cause!" said Oliver.—"But, Seigneur Le Balafré, you will be glad, doubtless, to learn, that his Majesty is so far from being displeased with your nephew's conduct, that he hath selected him to execute a piece of duty this afternoon."

"Selected *him*?" said Balafré, in great surprise;—"Selected *me*, I suppose you mean?"

"I mean precisely as I speak," replied the barber, in a mild but decided tone; "the King hath a commission with which to entrust your nephew."

"Why, wherefore, and for what reason?" said Balafré; "why doth he choose the boy, and not me?"

"I can go no farther back than your own ultimate cause, Seigneur Le Balafré; such are his Majesty's commands. But," said he, "if I might use the presumption to form a conjecture, it may be his Majesty hath work to do, fitter for a youth like your nephew, than for an experienced warrior like yourself, Seigneur Balafré.—Wherefore, young gentleman, get your weapons and follow me. Bring with you a harquebuss, for you are to mount sentinel."

"Sentinel!" said the uncle—"are you sure you are right, Master Oliver? The inner guards of the Castle have ever been mounted by those only who have (like me) served twelve years in our honourable body."

"I am quite certain of his Majesty's pleasure," said Oliver, "and must no longer delay executing it."

"But," said Le Balafré, "my nephew is not even a free Archer, being only an Esquire, serving under my lance."

"Pardon me," answered Oliver, "the King sent for

the register not half an hour since, and enrolled him among the Guard.—Have the goodness to assist to put your nephew in order for the service."

Balafré, who had no ill-nature, or even much jealousy, in his disposition, hastily set about adjusting his nephew's dress, and giving him directions for his conduct under arms, but was unable to refrain from larding them with interjections of surprise at such luck chancing to fall upon the young man so early.

"It had never taken place before in the Scottish Guard," he said, "not even in his own instance. But doubtless his service must be to mount guard over the popinjays and Indian peacocks, which the Venetian ambassador had lately presented to the King—it could be nothing else; and such duty being only fit for a beardless boy," (here he twirled his own grim mustaches,) "he was glad the lot had fallen on his fair nephew."

Quick, and sharp of wit, as well as ardent in fancy, Quentin saw visions of higher importance in this early summons to the royal presence, and his heart beat high at the anticipation of rising into speedy distinction. He determined carefully to watch the manners and language of his conductor, which he suspected must, in some cases at least, be interpreted by contraries, as soothsayers are said to discover the interpretation of dreams. He could not but hug himself on having observed strict secrecy on the events of the chase, and then formed a resolution, which, for so young a person, had much prudence in it, that while he breathed the air of this secluded and mysterious Court, he would keep his thoughts locked in his bosom, and his tongue under the most careful regulation.

His equipment was soon complete, and, with his harquebuss on his shoulder, (for though they retained the name of Archers, the Scottish guard very early substituted fire-arms for the long-bow, in the use of which their nation never excelled,) he followed Master Oliver out of the barrack.

His uncle looked long after him, with a countenance in which wonder was blended with curiosity; and though neither envy, nor the malignant feelings which it engenders, entered into his honest meditation, there was yet a sense of wounded or diminished self-importance, which mingled with the pleasure excited by his nephew's favourable commencement of service.

He shook his head gravely, opened a privy cupboard, took out a large bottle of stout old wine, shook it to examine how low the contents had ebbed, filled and drank a hearty cup; then took his seat, half reclining, on the great oaken settle, and having once again slowly shaken his head, received so much apparent benefit from the oscillation, that, like the toy called a mandarin, he continued the motion until he dropped into a slumber, from which he was first roused by the signal to dinner.

When Quentin Durward left his uncle to these sublime meditations, he followed his conductor, Master Oliver, who, without crossing any of the principal courts, led him partly through private passages exposed to the open air, but chiefly through a maze of stairs, vaults, and galleries, communicating with each other by secret doors, and at unexpected points, into a large and spacious latticed gallery, which, from its breadth, might have been almost termed a hall, hung with tapestry more ancient than beautiful, and with a very few of the hard, cold, ghastly-looking pictures belonging to the first dawn of the arts, which preceded their splendid sunrise. These were designed to represent the Paladins of Charlemagne, who made such a distinguished figure in the romantic history of France; and as the gigantic form of the celebrated Orlando constituted the most prominent figure, the apartment acquired from him the title of Roland's Hall, or Roland's gallery.*

"You will keep watch here," said Oliver, in a low whisper, as if the hard delineations of monarchs and warriors around could have been offended at the ele-

* Charlemagne, I suppose on account of his unsparing rigour to the Saxons and other heathens, was accounted a saint during the dark ages; and Louis XI., as one of his successors, honoured his shrine with peculiar observance.

vation of his voice, or as if he had feared to awaken the echoes that lurked among the groined vaults and Gothic drop-work on the ceiling of this huge and dreary apartment.

"What are the orders and signs of my watch?" answered Quentin, in the same suppressed tone.

"Is your harquebuss loaded?" replied Oliver, without answering his query.

"That," answered Quentin, "is soon done;" and proceeded to charge his weapon, and to light the slow-match (by which when necessary it was discharged) at the embers of a wood fire, which was expiring in the huge hall chimney—a chimney itself so large, that it might have been called a Gothic closet or chapel appertaining to the hall.

When this was performed, Oliver told him that he was ignorant of one of the high privileges of his own corps, which only received orders from the King in person, or the High Constable of France, in lieu of their own officers. "You are placed here by his Majesty's command, young man," added Oliver, "and you will not be long here without knowing wherefore you are summoned. Meantime your walk extends along this gallery. You are permitted to stand still while you list, but on no account to sit down, or quit your weapon. You are not to sing aloud, or whistle, upon any account; but you may, if you list, mutter some of the church's prayers, or what else you list, that has no offence in it, in a low voice. Farewell, and keep good watch."

"Good watch!" thought the youthful soldier as his guide stole away from him with that noiseless sliding step which was peculiar to him, and vanished through a side door behind the arras—"Good watch! but upon whom, and against whom?—for what, save bats or rats, are there here to contend with, unless these grim old representatives of humanity should start into life for the disturbance of my guard? Well, it is my duty, I suppose, and I must perform it."

With the vigorous purpose of discharging his duty, even to the very rigour, he tried to while away the time with some of the pious hymns which he had learned in the convent in which he had found shelter after the death of his father—allowing in his own mind, that but for the change of a novice's frock for the rich military dress which he now wore, his soldierly walk in the royal gallery of France resembled greatly those of which he had tired excessively in the cloistered seclusion of Aberbrothick.

Presently, as if to convince himself he now belonged not to the cell but to the world, he chanted to himself, but in such tone as not to exceed the license given to him, some of the ancient rude ballads which the old family harper had taught him, of the defeat of the Danes at Aberlemno and Forres, the murder of King Duffus at Forfar, and other pithy sonnets and lays, which appertained to the history of his distant native country, and particularly of the district to which he belonged. This wore away a considerable space of time, and it was now more than two hours past noon, when Quentin was reminded by his appetite that the good fathers of Aberbrothick, however strict in demanding his attendance upon the hours of devotion, were no less punctual in summoning him to those of relaxation; whereas here, in the interior of a royal palace, after a morning spent in exercise, and a noon exhausted in duty, no man seemed to consider it as a natural consequence that he must be impatient for his dinner.

There are, however, charms in sweet sounds which can lull to rest even the natural feelings of impatience, by which Quentin was now visited. At the opposite extremities of the long hall, or gallery, were two large doors, ornamented with heavy architraves, probably opening into different suites of apartments, to which the gallery served as a medium of mutual communication. As the sentinel directed his solitary walk betwixt these two entrances, which formed the boundary of his duty, he was startled by a strain of music, which was suddenly waked near one of those doors, and which, at least in his imagination, was a combination of the same lute and voice by which he had been enchanted on the preceding day. All the dreams of yesterday morning, so much weakened by

the agitating circumstances which he had since undergone, again rose more vivid from their slumber, and, planted on the spot where his ear could most conveniently drink in the sounds, Quentin remained, with his harquebuss shouldered, his mouth half open, ear, eye, and soul directed to the spot, rather the picture of a sentinel than a living form,—without any other idea than that of catching, if possible, each passing sound of the dulcet melody.

These delightful sounds were but partially heard—they languished, lingered, ceased entirely, and were from time to time renewed after uncertain intervals. But, besides that music, like beauty, is often most delightful, or at least most interesting to the imagination, when its charms are but partially displayed, and the imagination is left to fill up what is from distance but imperfectly detailed, Quentin had matter enough to fill up his reverie during the intervals of fascination. He could not doubt, from the report of his uncle's comrades, and the scene which had passed in the presence-chamber that morning, that the siren who thus delighted his ears, was not, as he had profanely supposed, the daughter or kinswoman of a base *cabaretier*, but the same disguised and distressed Countess, for whose cause Kings and Princes were now about to buckle on armour, and put lance in rest. A hundred wild dreams, such as romantic and adventurous youth readily nourished in a romantic and adventurous age, chased from his eyes the bodily presentment of the actual scene, and substituted their own bewildering delusions, when at once, and rudely, they were banished by a rough grasp laid upon his weapon, and a harsh voice which exclaimed, close to his ear, "Ha! *Pasques-dieu*, Sir Squire, methinks you keep sleepy ward here!"

The voice was the tuneless, yet impressive and ironical tone of Maitre Pierre, and Quentin, suddenly recalled to himself, saw, with shame and fear, that he had, in his reverie, permitted Louis himself—entering probably by some secret door, and gliding along by the wall, or behind the tapestry—to approach him so nearly, as almost to master his weapon.

The first impulse of his surprise was to free his harquebuss by a violent exertion, which made the King stagger backward into the hall. His next apprehension was, that in obeying the animal instinct, as it may be termed, which prompts a brave man to resist an attempt to disarm him, he had aggravated, by a personal struggle with the King, the displeasure produced by the negligence with which he had performed his duty upon guard; and, under this impression, he recovered his harquebuss without almost knowing what he did, and, having again shouldered it, stood motionless before the Monarch, whom he had reason to conclude he had mortally offended.

Louis, whose tyrannical disposition was less founded on natural ferocity or cruelty of temper, than on cold-blooded policy and jealous suspicion, had, nevertheless, a share of that caustic severity which would have made him a despot in private conversation, and always seemed to enjoy the pain which he inflicted on occasions like the present. But he did not push his triumph far, and contented himself with saying,—"Thy service of the morning hath already overpaid some negligence in so young a soldier—Hast thou dined?"

Quentin, who rather looked to be sent to the Provost-Marshal, than greeted with such a compliment, answered humbly in the negative.

"Poor lad," said Louis, in a softer tone than he usually spoke in, "hunger hath made him drowsy.—I know thine appetite is a wolf," he continued; "and I will save thee from one wild beast as thou didst me from another;—thou hast been prudent too in that matter, and I thank thee for it.—Canst thou yet hold out an hour without food?"

"Four-and-twenty, Sire," replied Durward, "or I were no true Scot."

"I would not for another kingdom be the pasty which should encounter thee after such a vigil," said the King; "but the question now is, not of thy dinner, but of my own. I admit to my table this day, and in strict privacy, the Cardinal Balus and this Burgundian—this Count de Crèveœur, and something

may chance—the devil is most busy when foes meet on terms of truce.”

He stopped and remained silent, with a deep and gloomy look. As the King was in no haste to proceed, Quentin at length ventured to ask what his duty was to be in these circumstances.

“To keep watch at the beaufet, with thy loaded weapon,” said Louis; “and if there is treason, to shoot the traitor dead.”

“Treason, Sire! and in this guarded Castle!” exclaimed Durward.

“You think it impossible,” said the King, not offended, it would seem, by his frankness; “but our history has shown that treason can creep into an angur-hole.—Treason excluded by guards! O thou silly boy!—*quis custodiat ipsos custodes*—who shall exclude the treason of those very warders?”

“Their Scottish honour,” answered Durward, boldly.

“True; most right—thou pleasest me,” said the King, cheerfully; “the Scottish honour was ever true, and I trust it accordingly. But treason!”—Here he relapsed into his former gloomy mood, and traversed the apartment with unequal steps.—“She sits at our feasts, she sparkles in our bowls, she wears the beard of our counsellors, the smiles of our courtiers, the crazy laugh of our jesters—above all, she lies hid under the friendly air of a reconciled enemy. Louis of Orleans trusted John of Burgundy—he was murdered in the Rue Barbette. John of Burgundy trusted the faction of Orleans—he was murdered on the Bridge of Montereau.—I will trust no one—no one. Hark ye; I will keep my eye on that insolent Count; ay, and on the Churchman too, whom I hold not too faithful. When I say, *Ecosse, en avant*,* shoot Crèvecœur dead on the spot.”

“It is my duty,” said Quentin, “your Majesty’s life being endangered.”

“Certainly—I mean it no otherwise,” said the King. “What should I get by slaying this insolent soldier?—Were it the Constable Saint Paul indeed!”—Here he paused, as if he thought he had said a word too much, but resumed, laughing, “There’s our brother-in-law, James of Scotland—your own James, Quentin—poniarded the Douglas when on a hospitable visit, within his own royal castle of Skirling.”

“Of Skirling,” said Quentin, “and so please your highness.—It was a deed of which came little good.”

“Skirling call you the castle?” said the King, overlooking the latter part of Quentin’s speech.—“Well, let it be Skirling—the name is nothing to the purpose. But I meditate no injury to these men—none—it would serve me nothing. They may not purpose equally far by me.—I rely on thy harquebuss.”

“I shall be prompt at the signal,” said Quentin; “but yet”—

“You hesitate,” said the King. “Speak out—I give thee full leave. From such as thou art, hints may be caught that are right valuable.”

“I would only presume to say,” replied Quentin, “that your Majesty having occasion to distrust this Burgundian, I marvel that you suffer him to approach so near your person, and that in privacy.”

“O content you, Sir Squire,” said the King.—

“There are some dangers, which, when they are braved, disappear, and which yet, when there is an obvious and apparent dread of them displayed, become certain and inevitable. When I walk boldly up to a surly mastiff, and caress him, it is ten to one I soothe him to good temper; if I show fear of him, he flies on me and rends me. I will be thus far frank with thee.—It concerns me nearly that this man returns not to his headlong master in a resentful humour. I run my risk, therefore. I have never shunned to expose my life for the weal of my kingdom.—Follow me.”

Louis led his young Life-guard-man, for whom he seemed to have taken a special favour, through the side-door by which he had himself entered, saying, as he showed it him, “He who would thrive at Court must know the private wickets and concealed staircases—ay, and the traps and pitfalls of the palace, as well as the principal entrances, folding-doors, and portals.”

* Forward, Scotland.

After several turns and passages, the a small vaulted room, where a table was dinner with three covers. The whole arrangements of the room were plain and simple. A beaufet, or folding and moves held a few pieces of gold and silver plate only article in the chamber which had, est degree, the appearance of royalty, cupboard, and completely hidden by it, which Louis assigned to Quentin Durward having ascertained, by going to different room, that he was invisible from all quarters him his last charge.—“Remember the *en avant*; and so soon as ever I utter throw down the screen—spare not for and be sure thou take good aim at Crèvecœur piece fail, cling to him, and use thy knife I can deal with the Cardinal.”

Having thus spoken, he whistled alone moved into the apartment Oliver, who valet of the chamber as well as barber fact, performed all offices immediately of the King’s person, and who now appeared by two old men, who were the only assistants at the royal table. So soon as the king his place, the visitors were admitted, though himself unseen, was so situated mark all the particulars of the interview.

The King welcomed his visitors with cordiality, which Quentin had the utmost reconcile with the directions which he received, and the purpose for which he the beaufet with his deadly weapon. Not only did Louis appear totally free from suspicion of any kind, but one would have thought those visitors whom he had done the honour to admit to his table, were the very persons could most unreservedly confide, and most willing to honour. Nothing could be more so, and at the same time more courteous and courteous. While all around him, in his own dress, was far beneath the splendour of petty princes of the kingdom displayed in ties, his own language and manners worthy Sovereign in his most comely. Quentin was tempted to suppose, either of his previous conversation with Louis, or that the dutiful demeanour of and the frank, open, and gallant bearing of a Burgundian noble, had entirely erased the King’s suspicions.

But whilst the guests, in obedience to the King’s command, were placing themselves at the banquet table, the King’s glance on them instantly directed his look to Quentin’s position, and he saw that the glance conveyed doubt and hatred towards his guests, and a stern injunction on Quentin to be watchful, and prompt in execution, that no for doubting that the sentiments of Louis were unaltered, and his apprehensions unabated, therefore, more than ever astonished at under which that Monarch was able to movements of his jealous disposition.

Appearing to have entirely forgotten which Crèvecœur had held towards him his Court, the King conversed with him of events which had occurred during his the territories of Burgundy, and inquired all the nobles with whom he had been, as if that period had indeed been the best of his life, and as if he retained towards all who but to soften the term of his exile, the most grateful sentiments.

“To an ambassador of another nation,” he would have thrown something of a reception; but to an old friend, who often board at the Castle of Genappe,† I will myself, as I love best to live, old Louis, simple and plain as any of his Paris. But I directed them to make some better ordinary for you, Sir Count, for I know

† During his residence in Burgundy, in his old Genappe was the usual abode of Louis. This is often alluded to in the novel.

verb, 'Mieux vaulx bon repas que bel therefore I bid them have some care of our wine, you know well it is the old emulation betwixt France and Burgundy we will presently reconcile; for I will in Burgundy, and you, Sir Count, shall Champagne.—Here, Oliver, let me have d'Auvergne;' and he hummed gaily a old known—

"Auvergne est la toison des Rois."

Count, I drink to the health of the noble Burgundy, our kind and loving cousin.—Wish you golden cup with *Vin de Rheims*, to the Count on your knee—he represents rather.—My Lord Cardinal, we will our-cup."

"We already, Sire, even to overflowing," dinal, with the lowly mien of a favourite indulgent master.

"We know that your Eminence can carry it hand," said Louis. "But which side use in the great controversy—Sillery or France or Burgundy?"

"And neutral, Sire," said the Cardinal, "ah my cup with Auvernat."

"I have a perilous part to sustain," said it as he observed the Cardinal colour he glided from the subject, and added, "prefer the Auvernat, because it is so noble lures not water.—You, Sir Count, hee-y your cup. I trust you have found no stress at the bottom."

"Sir," said the Count de Crèvecœur, "national quarrels could be as pleasantly rivalry betwixt our vineyards."

"A, Sir Count," answered the King, "with me as you have taken to your draught ne.—And now that it is finished, favour g the goblet in your bosom, and keeping of our regard. It is not to every one d part with it. It belonged of yore to France, Henry V. of England, and when Rouen was reduced, and those elled from Normandy by the joint arms i Burgundy. It cannot be better bestowed a noble and valiant Burgundian, who that on the union of these two nations continuance of the freedom of the con-be English yoke."

"I made a suitable answer, and Louis ined way to the satirical gayety of dispo-sometimes enlivened the darker shades of

"Leading, of course, the conversation, always shrewd and caustic, and often ac-cused seldom good-natured, and the an-

which he illustrated them were often us than delicate; but in no one word, ter, did he betray the state of mind of one naive of assassination, bath in his apart-ad soldier, with his piece loaded, in order anticipate an attack on his person."

"of Crèvecœur gave frankly into the ur; while the smooth churchman laugh-et, and enhanced every ludicrous idea, tting any shame at expressions which tic young Scot blush even in his place nt.* In about an hour and a half the rawn; and the King, taking courteous ngests, gave the signal that it was his lone.

"all, even Oliver, had retired, he called i his place of concealment; but with a , that the youth could scarce believe it e which had so lately given animation ad zeal to the tale. As he approached, qual change in his countenance. The ned vivacity had left the King's eyes, deserted his face, and he exhibited all a celebrated actor, when he has finish-est representation of some favourite

of Louis XIII's coarse humour may be guessed have pursued the "Cont Nouvelles Nouvelles," er than most similar collections of the age.

character, in which, while upon the stage, he had displayed the utmost vivacity.

"Thy watch is not yet over," said he to Quentin—"refresh thyself for an instant—yonder table affords the means—I will then instruct thee in thy farther duty. Meanwhile, it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

He threw himself back on his seat, covered his brow with his hand, and was silent.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HALL OF ROLAND.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend him,
That he may look through them on lands and mansions,
On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,
And see their value ten times magnified?
Methinks 'twill brook a question.

The Matries of Enforced Marriage.

Louis the XIth of France, though the sovereign in Europe who was fondest and most jealous of power, desired only its substantial enjoyment; and though he knew well enough, and at times exacted strictly, the observances due to his rank, was in general singularly careless of show.

In a prince of sounder moral qualities, the familiarity with which he invited subjects to his board—may, occasionally eat at theirs—must have been highly popular; and even such as he was, the King's homeliness of manners atoned for many of his vices with that class of his subjects who were not particularly exposed to the consequences of his suspicion and jealousy. The *tiers état*, or commons of France, who rose to more opulence and consequence under the reign of this sagacious Prince, respected his person, though they loved him not; and it was resting on their support that he was enabled to make his party good against the hatred of the nobles, who conceived that he diminished the honour of the French crown, and obscured their own splendid privileges, by that very neglect of form which gratified the citizens and commons.

With patience, which most other princes would have considered as degrading, and not without a sense of amusement, the Monarch of France waited till his Life-guards-man had satisfied the keenness of a youthful appetite. It may be supposed, however, that Quentin had too much sense and prudence to put the royal patience to a long or tedious proof; and indeed he was repeatedly desirous to break off his repast ere Louis would permit him. "I see it in thine eye," he said, good-naturedly, "that thy courage is not half abated. Go on—God and Saint Dennis!—charge again. I tell thee that meat and mass" (crossing himself) "never hindered the work of a good Christian man. Take a cup of wine; but mind thou be cautious of the wine-pot—it is the vice of thy countrymen as well as of the English, who, lacking that folly, are the choicest soldiers ever wore armour. And now wash speedily—forget not thy *benedicite*, and follow me."

Quentin obeyed, and, conducted by a different, but as mazelike an approach as he had formerly passed, he followed Louis into the Hall of Roland.

"Take notice," said the King, imperatively, "thou hast never left this post—let that be thine answer to thy kinsman and comrades—and, hark thee, to bind the recollection on thy memory, I give thee this gold chain," (flinging on his arm one of considerable value). "If I go not brave myself, those whom I trust have ever the means to ruffle it with the best. But, when such chains as these bind not the tongue from wagging too freely, my gossip, L'Hermite, hath an amulet for the throat, which never fails to work a certain cure. And now attend.—No man, save Oliver or I myself, enters here this evening; but ladies will come hither, perhaps from the one extremity of the hall, perhaps from the other, perhaps one from each. You may answer if they address you, but, being on duty, your answer must be brief; and you must neither address them in your turn, nor engage in any prolonged discourse. But

hearken to what they say. Thine ears, as well as thy hands, are mine—I have bought thee, body and soul. Therefore, if thou hearest aught of their conversation, thou must retain it in memory until it is communicated to me, and then forget it. And, now I think better on it, it will be best that thou pass for a Scottish recruit, who hath come straight down from his mountains, and hath not yet acquired our most Christian language.—Right.—So, if they speak to thee, thou wilt *not* answer—this will free you from embarrassment, and lead them to converse without regard to your presence. You understand me.—Farewell. Be wary, and thou hast a friend."

The King had scarce spoken these words ere he disappeared behind the arras, leaving Quentin to meditate on what he had seen and heard. The youth was in one of those situations from which it is pleasanter to look forward than to look back; for the reflection that he had been planted like a marksman in a thicket who watches for a stag, to take the life of the noble Count of Crèveœur, had in it nothing ennobling. It was very true, that the King's measures seemed on this occasion merely cautionary and defensive; but how did the youth know but he might be soon commanded on some offensive operation of the same kind? This would be an unpleasant crisis, since it was plain, from the character of his master, that there would be destruction in refusing, while his honour told him there would be disgrace in complying. He turned his thoughts from this subject of reflection, with the sage consolation so often adopted by youth when prospective dangers intrude themselves on their mind, that it was time enough to think what was to be done when the emergency actually arrived, and that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

Quentin made use of this sedative reflection the more easily, that the last commands of the King had given him something more agreeable to think of than his own condition. The Lady of the Lute was certainly one of those to whom his attention was to be dedicated; and well in his mind did he promise to obey one part of the King's mandate, and listen with diligence to every word that might drop from her lips, that he might know if the magic of her conversation equalled that of her music. But with as much sincerity did he swear to himself, that no part of her discourse should be reported by him to the King, which might affect the fair speaker otherwise than favourably.

Meantime, there was no fear of his again slumbering on his post. Each passing breath of wind, which, finding its way through the open lattice, waved the old arras, sounded like the approach of the fair object of his expectation. He felt, in short, all that mysterious anxiety, and eagerness of expectation, which is always the companion of love, and sometimes hath a considerable share in creating it.

At length, a door actually creaked and jingled, (for the doors even of palaces did not in the fifteenth century turn on their hinges so noiseless as ours;) but, alas! it was not at that end of the hall from which the lute had been heard. It opened, however, and a female figure entered, followed by two others, whom she directed by a sign to remain without, while she herself came forward into the hall. By her imperfect and unequal gait, which showed to peculiar disadvantage as she traversed this long gallery, Quentin at once recognised the Princess Joan, and, with the respect which became his situation, drew himself up in a fitting attitude of silent vigilance, and lowered his weapon to her as she passed. She acknowledged the courtesy by a gracious inclination of her head, and he had an opportunity of seeing her countenance more distinctly than he had in the morning.

There was little in the features of this ill-fated Princess to atone for the misfortune of her shape and gait. Her face was, indeed, by no means disagreeable in itself, though destitute of beauty; and there was a meek expression of suffering patience in her large blue eyes, which were commonly fixed upon the ground. But besides that she was extremely pallid in complexion, her skin had the yellowish discoloured tinge which accompanies habitual bad health; and though her teeth were white and regular, her lips were thin and

pale. The Princess had a profusion of flaxen hair, but it was so light-coloured, as to be almost of a bluish tinge; and her tire-woman, who doubtless considered the luxuriance of her mistress's tresses as a beauty, had not greatly improved matters, by arranging them in curls around her pale countenance, to which they added an expression almost corpse-like and unearthly. To make matters still worse, she had chosen a vest or cymar of a pale green silk, which gave her, on the whole, a ghastly and even spectral appearance.

While Quentin followed this singular apparition with eyes in which curiosity was blended with compassion, for every look and motion of the Princess seemed to call for the latter feeling, two ladies entered from the upper end of the apartment.

One of these was the young person, who, upon Louis's summons, had served him with fruit, while Quentin made his memorable breakfast at the *Fleur-de-Lys*. Invested now with all the mysterious dignity belonging to the nymph of the veil and lute, and proved, besides, (at least in Quentin's estimation,) to be the high-born heiress of a rich earldom, her beauty made ten times the impression upon him which it had done when he beheld in her one whom he deemed the daughter of a paltry inn-keeper, in attendance upon a rich and humorous old burgher. He now wondered what fascination could ever have concealed from him her real character. Yet her dress was nearly as simple as before, being a suit of deep mourning, without any ornaments. Her head-dress was but a veil of crape, which was entirely thrown back, so as to leave her face uncovered; and it was only Quentin's knowledge of her actual rank, which gave in his estimation new elegance to her beautiful shape, a dignity to her step which had before remained unnoticed, and to her regular features, brilliant complexion, and dazzling eyes, an air of conscious nobleness, that enhanced their beauty.

Had death been the penalty, Durward must needs have rendered to this beauty and her companion the same homage which he had just paid to the royalty of the Princess. They received it as those who were accustomed to the deference of inferiors, and returned it with courtesy; but he thought—perhaps it was but a youthful vision—that the young lady coloured slightly, kept her eyes on the ground, and seemed embarrassed, though in a trifling degree, as she returned his military salutation. This must have been owing to her recollection of the audacious stranger in the neighbouring turret at the *Fleur-de-Lys*; but did that discomposure express displeasure? This question he had no means to determine.

The companion of the youthful Countess, dressed like herself simply, and in deep mourning, was at the age when women are apt to cling most closely to that reputation for beauty which has for years been diminishing. She had still remains enough to show what the power of her charms must once have been, and remembering past triumphs, it was evident from her manner that she had not relinquished the pretensions to future conquests. She was tall and graceful, though somewhat haughty in her deportment, and returned the salute of Quentin with a smile of gracious condescension, whispering, the next instant, something into her companion's ear, who turned towards the soldier, as if to comply with some hint from the elder lady, but answered, nevertheless, without raising her eyes. Quentin could not help suspecting that the observation called on the young lady to notice his own good men; and he was (I do not know why) pleased with the idea, that the party referred to did not choose to look at him, in order to verify with her own eyes the truth of the observation. Probably he thought there was already a sort of mysterious connexion beginning to exist between them, which gave importance to the slightest trifle.

This reflection was momentary, for he was instantly wrapped up in attention to the meeting of the Princess Joan with these stranger ladies. She had stood still upon their entrance, in order to receive them, conscious, perhaps, that motion did not become her well; and as she was somewhat embarrassed in receiving and repaying their compliments, the elder stranger,

the rank of the party whom she addressed, pay her salutation in a manner, rather ascribed than received an honour through the

"e, madam," she said, with a smile, which is to express condescension at once and enmity—"that we are at length permitted the such a respectable person of our own sex to be. I must say, that my niece and but little for which to thank the hospitality of us—Nay, niece, never pluck my sleeve—read in the looks of this young lady, symmetrical situation.—Since we came hither, fair we have been used little better than mere and after a thousand invitations to throw and our persons under the protection of the Most Christian King has afforded us at base inn for our residence, and now a corn-moth-eaten palace, out of which we are forced to creep towards sunset, as if we were leas, whose appearance in the sunshine is to utter of ill omen."

"orry," said the Princess, faltering with the embarrassment of the interview, "that we unable, hitherto, to receive you according to merits. Your niece, I trust, is better satis-

—much better than I can express," answered the Countess—"I sought but safety, and not solitude and secrecy besides. The secure former residence, and the still greater that now assigned to us, augment, in my view which the King vouchsafed to us ungratified."

"I, my silly cousin," said the elder lady, "speak according to our conscience, since we are alone with one of our own sex—I say that handsome young soldier is a mere statue seems not to have the use of his limbs, given to understand he wants that of his least in civilized language—I say, since no lady can understand us, I must own that I have regretted equal to taking this journey. I looked for a splendid reception, its carousals, pageants, and festivals; and which, all has been seclusion and obscure best society whom the King introduced as a Bohemian vagabond, by whose agency I was to correspond with our friends in Flanders," said the lady, "it is his politic intention up here until our lives' end, that he on our estates, after the extinction of the use of Croys. The Duke of Burgundy was ill; he offered my niece a husband, though dead one."

"I had thought the veil preferable to an ill," said the Princess, with difficulty finding a word to interpose.

"I would at least wish to have the choice, married the voluble dame. "It is, Heaven account of my niece that I speak; for my long laid aside thoughts of changing my life. I see you smile, but, by my halidome, it is that is no excuse for the King, whose countenance person, hath more resemblance to that haughty, the money-changer of Ghent, than the miser of Charlemagne."

"I said the Princess, with some asperity in "remember you speak of my father."

"I father!" repeated the Princess, with dignity Joan of France.—"But fear not, madam," said, in the gentle accent which was natural—"you designed no offence, and I have taken command my influence to render your exile, of this interesting young person, more support. Alas! it is but little I have in my power; willingly offered."

"I submitted was the reverence with which the Countess Hameline de Croys, so was the elder lady, received the obliging offer of the Princess. She had been long the inhabitant, was mistress of the manners which are

there acquired, and held firmly the established rule of courtiers of all ages, who, although their usual private conversation turns upon the vices and follies of their patrons, and on the injuries and neglect which they themselves have sustained, never suffer such hints to drop from them in the presence of the Sovereign or those of his family. The lady was, therefore, scandalized to the last degree at the mistake which had induced her to speak so indecorously in presence of the daughter of Louis. She would have exhausted herself in expressing regret and making apologies, had she not been put to silence and restored to equanimity by the Princess, who requested, in the most gentle manner, yet which, from a Daughter of France, had the weight of a command, that no more might be said in the way either of excuse or of explanation.

The Princess Joan then took her own chair with a dignity which became her, and compelled the two strangers to sit, one on either hand, to which the younger consented with unfeigned and respectful diffidence, and the elder with an affectation of deep humility and deference, which was intended for such. They spoke together, but in such a low tone, that the sentinel could not overhear their discourse, and only remarked, that the Princess seemed to bestow much of her regard on the younger and more interesting lady; and that the Countess Hameline, though speaking a great deal more, attracted less of the Princess's attention by her full flow of conversation and compliment, than did her kinswoman by her brief and modest replies to what was addressed to her.

The conversation of the ladies had not lasted a quarter of an hour, when the door at the lower end of the hall opened, and a man entered shrouded in a riding-cloak. Mindful of the King's injunction, and determined not to be a second time caught slumbering, Quentin instantly moved towards the intruder, and, interposing between him and the ladies, requested him to retire instantly.

"By whose command?" said the stranger, in a tone of contemptuous surprise.

"By that of the King," said Quentin, firmly, "which I am placed here to enforce."

"Not against Louis of Orleans," said the Duke, dropping his cloak.

The young man hesitated a moment; but how enforce his orders against the first Prince of the blood, about to be allied, as the report now generally went, with the King's own family?

"Your Highness," he said, "is too great that your pleasure should be withstood by me. I trust your Highness will bear me witness that I have done the duty of my post, so far as your will permitted."

"Go to—you shall have no blame, young soldier," said Orleans; and passing forward, paid his compliments to the Princess, with that air of constraint which always marked his courtesy when addressing her.

"He had been dining," he said, "with Dunois, and understanding there was society in Roland's Gallery, he had ventured on the freedom of adding one to the number."

The colour which mounted into the pale cheek of the unfortunate Joan, and which for the moment spread something of beauty over her features, evinced that this addition to the company was any thing but indifferent to her. She hastened to present the Prince to the two ladies of Croys, who received him with the respect due to his eminent rank; and the Princess, pointing to a chair, requested him to join their conversation party.

The Duke declined the freedom of assuming a seat in such society; but taking a cushion from one of the settles, he laid it at the feet of the beautiful young Countess of Croys, and so seated himself, that, without appearing to neglect the Princess, he was enabled to bestow the greater share of his attention on her lovely neighbour.

At first, it seemed as if this arrangement rather pleased than offended his destined bride. She encouraged the Duke in his gallantries towards the fair stranger, and seemed to regard them as complimentary to herself. But the Duke of Orleans, though accustomed to subject his mind to the stern yoke of his

uncle, when in the King's presence, had enough of princely nature to induce him to follow his own inclinations whenever that restraint was withdrawn; and his high rank giving him a right to overstep the ordinary ceremonies, and advance at once to familiarity, his praises of the Countess Isabelle's beauty became so energetic, and flowed with such unrestrained freedom, owing perhaps to his having drunk a little more wine than usual—for Dunois was no enemy to the worship of Bacchus—that at length he seemed almost impassioned, and the presence of the Princess appeared well-nigh forgotten.

The tone of compliment which he indulged was grateful only to one individual in the circle; for the Countess Hameline already anticipated the dignity of an alliance with the first Prince of the blood, by means of her whose birth, beauty, and large possessions, rendered such an ambitious consummation by no means impossible, even in the eyes of a less sanguine projector, could the views of Louis XI. have been left out of the calculation of chances. The younger Countess listened to the Duke's gallantries with anxiety and embarrassment, and ever and anon turned an entreating look towards the Princess, as if requesting her to come to her relief. But the wounded feelings, and the timidity of Joan of France, rendered her incapable of an effort to make the conversation more general; and at length, excepting a few interjectional civilities of the Lady Hameline, it was maintained almost exclusively by the Duke himself, though at the expense of the younger Countess of Croye, whose beauty formed the theme of his high-flown eloquence.

Nor must I forget that there was a third person, the unregarded sentinel, who saw his fair visions melt away like wax before the sun, as the Duke persevered in the warm tenor of his passionate discourse. At length the Countess Isabelle de Croye made a determined effort to cut short what was becoming intolerably disagreeable to her, especially from the pain to which the conduct of the Duke was apparently subjecting the Princess.

Addressing the latter, she said, modestly, but with some firmness, that the first boon she had to claim from her promised protection was, "that her Highness would undertake to convince the Duke of Orleans, that the ladies of Burgundy, though inferior in wit and manners to those of France, were not such absolute fools, as to be pleased with no other conversation than that of extravagant compliment."

"I grieve, lady," said the Duke, preventing the Princess's answer, "that you will satirize, in the same sentence, the beauty of the dames of Burgundy, and the sincerity of the knights of France. If we are hasty and extravagant in the expression of our admiration, it is because we love as we fight, without letting cold deliberation come into our bosoms, and surrender to the fair with the same rapidity with which we defeat the valiant."

"The beauty of our countrywomen," said the young Countess, with more of reproof than she had yet ventured to use towards the high-born suitor, "is as unfit to claim such triumphs, as the valour of the men of Burgundy is incapable of yielding them."

"I respect your patriotism, Countess," said the Duke; "and the last branch of your theme shall not be impugned by me, till a Burgundian knight shall offer to sustain it with lance in rest. But for the injustice which you have done to the charms which your land produces, I appeal from yourself to yourself.—Look there," he said, pointing to a large mirror, the gift of the Venetian republic, and then of the highest rarity and value, "and tell me, as you look, what is the heart that can resist the charms there represented?"

The Princess, unable to sustain any longer the neglect of her lover, here sunk backwards on her chair, with a sigh, which at once recalled the Duke from the land of romance, and induced the Lady Hameline to ask whether her Highness found herself ill.

"A sudden pain shot through my forehead," said the Princess, attempting to smile; "but I shall be presently better."

Her increasing paleness contradicted her words, and induced the Lady Hameline to call for assistance, as the Princess was about to faint.

The Duke, biting his lip, and cursing the folly which could not keep guard over his tongue, ran to summon the Princess's attendants, who were in the next chamber; and when they came hastily, with the usual remedies, he could not but, as a cavalier and gentleman, give his assistance to support and to recover her. His voice, rendered almost tender by pity and self-reproach, was the most powerful means of recalling her to herself, and just as the swoon was passing away, the King himself entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POLITICIAN.

This is a lecturer so skilled in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He will might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.—*Old Play.*

As Louis entered the Gallery, he bent his brows in the manner we have formerly described as peculiar to him, and, seen from under his gathered and gloomy eyebrows, a keen look on all around; in daring which, as Quentin afterwards declared, his eyes seemed to turn so small, so fierce, and so piercing, as to resemble those of an aroused adder looking through the bush of heath in which he lies coiled.

When, by this momentary and sharpened glance, the King had reconnoitred the cause of the bustle which was in the apartment, his first address was to the Duke of Orleans.

"You here, my fair cousin?" he said;—and turning to Quentin, added sternly, "Had you not charge?"

"Forgive the young man, Sir," said the Duke; "he did not neglect his duty; but I was informed that the Princess was in this gallery."

"And I warrant you would not be withstood when you came hither to pay your court," said the King, whose detestable hypocrisy persisted in representing the Duke as participating in a passion which was felt only on the side of his unhappy daughter; "and it is thus you debauch the sentinels of my guard, young man?—But what cannot be pardoned to a gallant who only lives *par amour*?"

The Duke of Orleans raised his head, as if about to reply, in some manner which might correct the opinion conveyed in the King's observation; but the instinctive reverence, not to say fear, of Louis, in which he had been bred from childhood, chained up his voice.

"And Joan hath been ill?" said the King; "but do not be grieved, Louis; it will soon pass away; lend her your arm to her apartment, while I will conduct these strange ladies to theirs."

The order was given in a tone which amounted to a command, and Orleans accordingly made his exit with the Princess at one extremity of the gallery, while the King, ungloving his right hand, courteously handed the Countess Isabelle and her kinswoman to their apartment, which opened from the other. He bowed profoundly as they entered, and remained standing on the threshold for a minute after they had disappeared; then, with great composure, shut the door by which they had retired, and turning the huge key, took it from the lock, and put it into his girdle—an appendage which gave him still more perfectly the air of some old miser, who cannot journey in comfort unless he bear with him the key of his treasure chest.

With slow and pensive step, and eyes fixed on the ground, Louis now paced towards Quentin Durward, who, expecting his share of the royal displeasure, viewed his approach with no little anxiety.

"Thou hast done wrong," said the King, raising his eyes, and fixing them firmly on him when he had come close within a yard of him,—"thou hast done foul wrong, and deservest to die.—Speak not a word in defence!—What hast thou to do with Dukes or Princesses?—what with any thing but my order?"

"So please your Majesty," said the young soldier, "what could I do?"

"What couldst thou do when thy post was forcibly passed?" answered the King, scornfully,—"What is

at weapon on thy shoulder? Thou levelled thy piece, and if the presumption not retire on the instant, he should in this very hall! Go—pass into these tents. In the first thou wilt find a man, which leads to the inner Bailey; find Oliver Dain. Send him to me—e to thy quarters.—As thou dost value so loose of thy tongue as thou hast lack of thy hand."

I to escape so easily, yet with a soul at the cold-blooded cruelty which he require from him in the execution of hard took the road indicated, hastened and communicated the royal pleasure to as waiting in the court beneath. The owed, sighed, and smiled, as, with a ter than ordinary, he wished the youth ug; and they parted, Quentin to his Oliver to attend the King.

the Memoirs which we have chiefly mpiling this true history, were unhap- for, founded chiefly on information sentin, they do not convey the purport; which, in his absence, took place be- ing and his secret counsellor. Fortu- rary of Hautlieu contains a manuscript "onique Scandaleux of Jean de Troyes, l than that which has been printed; to ed several curious memoranda, which ink must have been written down by after the death of his master, and be- e happiness to be rewarded with the e had so long merited. From this we : to extract a very full account of the ite's conversation with Louis upon the n, which throws a light upon the po- nce, which we might otherwise have ain.

our vite attendant entered the Gallery ound the King pensively seated upon ; his daughter had left some minutes acquainted with his temper, he glided on ss step until he had just crossed the 's sight, so as to make him aware of his shrank modestly backward and out of ould be summoned to speak or to list- urch's first address was an unpleasant ver, your fine schemes are melting like o south wind—I pray to our Lady of they resemble not the ice-heaps of tzer churls tell such stories, and come upon our heads."

urd with concern that all is not well, d Oliver. exclaimed the King, rising and hastily ad down the gallery,—"All is ill, man- ly as possible;—so much for thy fond e, that I, of all men, should become a tressed damsel! I tell thee Burgundy on the eve of closing an alliance with i Edward, who hath his hands idle at r his thousands upon us through that of Calais. Singly, I might cajole or united, united—and with the discon- herity of that villain Saint Paul!—All r, who counselled me to receive the use the services of that damned Bo- y messages to their vassals."

said Oliver, "you know my reasons, s domains lie between the frontiers of Flanders—her castle is almost im- rights over neighbouring estates are supported, cannot but give much an- argundy, were the lady but wedded to d be friendly to France."

tempting bait," said the King; "and concealed her being here, we might such a marriage for this rich heiress, as ghly profited France.—But that cursed couldst thou recommend such a hea- a commission which required trust?" "said Oliver, "to remember, it was i self who trusted him too far—much

farther than I recommended. He would have borne a letter trustily enough to the Countess's kinsman, telling him to hold out her castle, and promising speedy relief; but your Highness must needs put his prophetic powers to the test; and thus he became possessed of secrets which were worth betraying to Duke Charles."

"I am ashamed, I am ashamed,"—said Louis. "And yet, Oliver, they say that these heathen people are descended from the sage Chaldeans, who did read the mysteries of the stars in the plains of Shinar."

Well aware that his master, with all his acuteness and sagacity, was but the more prone to be deceived by soothsayers, astrologers, diviners, and all that race of pretenders to occult science, and that he even conceived himself to have some skill in these arts, Oliver dared to press this point no farther; and only observed, that the Bohemian had been a bad prophet on his own account, else he would have avoided returning to Tours, and saved himself from the gallows he had merited.

"It often happens that those who are gifted with prophetic knowledge," answered Louis, with much gravity, "have not the power of foreseeing those events in which they themselves are personally interested."

"Under your Majesty's favour," replied the confident, "that seems as if a man could not see his own hand by means of the candle which he holds, and which shows him every other object in the apart- ment."

"He cannot see his own features by the light which shows the faces of others," replied Louis; "and that is the more faithful illustration of the case.—But this is foreign to my purpose at present. The Bohemian hath had his reward, and peace be with him.—But these ladies—Not only does Burgundy threaten us with war for harbouring them, but their presence is like to interfere with my projects in my own family. My simple cousin of Orleans hath barely seen this damsel, and I venture to prophesy that the sight of her is like to make him less pliable in the matter of his alliance with Joan."

"Your Majesty," answered the counsellor, "may send the ladies of Crove back to Burgundy, and so make your peace with the Duke. Many might murmur at this as dishonourable; but if necessity demands the sacrifice!"

"If profit demanded the sacrifice, Oliver, the sac- rifice should be made without hesitation," answered the King. "I am an old experienced salmon, and use not to gulp the angler's hook because it is busked up with a feather called honour. But what is worse than a lack of honour, there were, in returning those ladies to Burgundy, a forfeiture of those views of ad- vantage which moved us to give them an asylum. It were heart-breaking to renounce the opportunity of planting a friend to ourselves, and an enemy to Bur- gundy, in the very centre of his dominions, and so near to the discontented cities of Flanders. Oliver, I cannot relinquish the advantages which our scheme of marrying the maiden to a friend of our own house seems to hold out to us."

"Your Majesty," said Oliver, after a moment's thought, "might confer her hand on some right trusty friend, who would take all blame on himself, and serve you Majesty secretly, while in public you might disown him."

"And where am I to find such a friend?" said Louis. "Were I to bestow her upon any one of our mutinous and ill-ruled nobles, would it not be ren- dering him independent? and hath it not been my policy for years to prevent them from becoming so? —Dunois indeed—him, and him only, I might per- chance trust.—He would fight for the crown of France whatever were his condition. But honours and wealth change men's natures—Even Dunois I will not trust."

"Your Majesty may find others," said Oliver, in his smoothest manner, and in a tone more insinua- ting than that which he usually employed in conver- sing with the King, who permitted him considerable freedom; men dependent entirely on your own grace and favour, and who could no more exist without

sounded strangely at that key.—Then, to return.—I dare not wed this beauty to one of my subjects—I dare not return her to Burgundy—I dare not transmit her to England, or to Germany, where she is likely to become the prize of some one more apt to unite with Burgundy than with France, and who would be more ready to discourage the honest malecontents in Ghent and Liege, than to yield them that wholesome countenance which might always find Charles the Hardy enough to exercise his valour on, without stirring from his own domains—and they were in so ripe a humour for insurrection, the men of Liege in especial, that they alone, well heated and supported, would find my fair cousin work for more than a twelvemonth;—and backed by a warlike Count of Croye,—O, Oliver! the plan is too hopeful to be resigned without a struggle. Cannot thy fertile brain devise some scheme?"

Oliver paused for a long time—then at last replied. "What if a bridal could be accomplished betwixt Isabelle of Croye, and young Adolphus, the Duke of Gueldres?"

"What!" said the King, in astonishment; "sacrifice her, and she, too, so lovely a creature, to the furious wretch who deposed, imprisoned, and has often threatened to murder, his own father!—No, Oliver, no—that were too unutterably cruel even for you and me, who look so steadfastly to our excellent end, the peace and the welfare of France, and respect so little the means by which it is attained. Besides, he lies distant from us, and is detested by the people of Ghent and Liege.—No, no—I will none of Adolphus of Gueldres—think on some one else."

"My invention is exhausted, Sire," said the counsellor; "I can remember no one who, as husband to the Countess of Croye, would be likely to answer your Majesty's views. He must unite such various qualities—a friend to your Majesty—an enemy to Burgundy—of policy enough to conciliate the Gauntois and Liegeois, and of valour sufficient to defend his little dominions against the power of Duke Charles—Of noble birth besides—that your Highness insists upon; and of excellent and most virtuous character, to the boot of all."

"Nay, Oliver," said the King, "I leaned not so much—that is, so very much, on character; but methinks Isabelle's bridegroom should be something less publicly and generally abhorred than Adolphus of Gueldres. For example, since I myself must suggest some one—why not William de la Marck?"

"On my halidome, Sire," said Oliver, "I cannot

should secretly depart from my u

said Oliver; "and we shall have ders with an island lord, having a brown hair, and three thousand a

"No—no," replied the King; understand me) so far offend our gundy as to let her pass to Engli his displeasure as certainly as o here. No, no—to the safety of we will venture to commit her; can do is to connive at the Ladies belle de Croye departing in disguise retinue, to take refuge with the B will place the fair Isabelle, for a safeguard of a convent."

"And if that convent protect l la Marck, when he knows of your able intentions, I have mistaken."

"Why, yes," answered the King, "secret supplies of money, De la Marck a handsome handful of as unscrupulous ever were outlawed; with which maintain himself among the wretched as makes him formidable to Burgundy and the Bishop of Liege, but some territory which he and this being so fair an opportunity himself by marriage, I think that will find means to win and wed, I hint on our part. The Duke of Burgundy such a thorn in his side, as no law easily cut out from his flesh. The whom he has already outlawed, possession of that fair lady's land, and, with the discontented Liegeois, by my faith, will not be in that choose him for their captain and then think of wars with France, then let him bless his stars if she How dost thou like the scheme."

"Rarely," said Oliver, "save as which confers that lady on the French.—By my halidome, saving show of gallantry, Tristan, the were the more proper bridegroom."

"Anon thou didst propose Master said Louis; "but friend Oliver, though excellent men in the way of caution, are not the stuff that me know you not that the burgher

"May I ask to whom your Majesty commits such an important charge?" asked the tonso.

"To a foreigner, to be sure," replied the King; "one who has neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere with the execution of my pleasure; and who knows too little of the country, and its factions, to suspect more of my purpose than I choose to tell him—in a word, I design to employ the young Scot who sent you hither but now."

Oliver paused in a manner which seemed to imply a doubt of the prudence of the choice, and then added, "Your Majesty has reposed confidence in that stranger boy earlier than is your wont."

"I have my reasons," answered the King—"Thou knowest" (and he crossed himself) "my devotion for the blessed Saint Julian. I had been saying my orisons to that holy Saint late in the night before last, wherein (as he is known to be the guardian of travellers) I made it my humble petition that he would augment my household with such wandering strangers, as might best establish throughout our kingdom unlimited devotion to our will; and I vowed to the good Saint in guerdon, that I would, in his name, receive, and relieve, and maintain them."

"And did Saint Julian," said Oliver, "send your Majesty this long-legged importation from Scotland in answer to your prayers?"

Although the barber, who well knew that his master had superstition in a large proportion to his want of religion, and that on such topics nothing was more easy than to offend him—although, I say, he knew the royal weakness, and therefore carefully put the preceding question in the softest and most simple tone of voice, Louis felt the innuendo which it contained, and regarded the speaker with high displeasure.

"Sirrah," he said, "thou art well called Oliver the devil, who darrest thus to sport at once with thy master and with the blessed Saints. I tell thee, wert thou one grain less necessary to me, I would have thee hung up on yonder oak before the Castle, as an example to all who scoff at things holy!—Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed, than the blessed Saint Julian was visible to me, leading a young man, whom he presented to me, saying, that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should espouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth, whose image I had seen in my dream. In his own country he hath escaped the sword, amid the massacre of his whole family; and here, within the brief compass of two days, he hath been strangely rescued from drowning and from the gallows, and hath already, on a particular occasion, as I but lately hinted to thee, been of the most material service to me. I receive him as sent hither by Saint Julian, to serve me in the most difficult, the most dangerous, and even the most desperate services."

The King, as he thus expressed himself, doffed his hat, and selecting from the numerous little leaden figures with which the hat-band was garnished that which represented Saint Julian, he placed it on the table, as was often his wont when some peculiar feeling of hope, or perhaps of remorse, happened to thrill across his mind, and, kneeling down before it, muttered, with an appearance of profound devotion, "*Sande Juliane, adis precibus nostris! Ora, ora, pro nobis!*"

This was one of those ague-fits of superstitious devotion which often seized on Louis in such extraordinary times and places, that they gave one of the most sagacious Monarchs who ever reigned, the appearance of a madman, or at least of one whose mind was shaken by some deep consciousness of guilt.

While he was thus employed, his favourite looked at him with an expression of sarcastic contempt, which he scarce attempted to disguise. Indeed it was one of this man's peculiarities, that, in his whole intercourse with his master, he laid aside that fondling purring affectation of officiousness and humility, which distinguished his conduct to others; and if he bore some resemblance to a cat, it was when the

animal is on its guard,—watchful, animated, and alert for sudden exertion. The cause of this change was probably Oliver's consciousness, that his master was himself too profound a hypocrite not to see through the hypocrisy of others.

"The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak," said Oliver, "resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?"

"Closely and intimately," said the King, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general, readily imposed upon itself—"I have had his horoscope cast, besides, by Galeotti Martiville, and I have plainly learned, through his art and mine own observation, that, in many respects, this unfriended youth has his destiny under the same constellation with mine."

Whatever Oliver might think of the causes thus boldly assigned for the preference of an inexperienced stripling, he dared make no farther objections, well knowing that Louis, who, while residing in exile, had bestowed much of his attention on the supposed science of judicial astrology, would listen to no railery of any kind which impeached his skill. He therefore only replied, that he trusted the youth would prove faithful in the discharge of a task so delicate.

"We will take care he hath no opportunity to be otherwise," said Louis; "for he shall be privy to nothing, save that he is sent to escort the ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege. Of the probable interference of William de la Marck, he shall know as little as they themselves. None shall know that secret but the guide; and Tristan or thou must find one fit for our purpose."

"But in that case," said Oliver, "judging of him from his country and his appearance, the young man is like to stand to his arms so soon as the Wild Boar comes on them, and may not come off so easily from the tasks as he did this morning."

"If they rend his heart-strings," said Louis, composedly, "Saint Julian, blessed be his name! can send me another in his stead. It kills as little that the messenger is slain after his duty is executed, as that the flask is broken when the wine is drunk out."

"Meanwhile, we must expedite the ladies' departure, and then persuade the Count de Crèveceur that it has taken place without our connivance; we having been desirous to restore them to the custody of our fair cousin, which their sudden departure has unhappily prevented."

"The Count is perhaps too wise, and his master too prejudiced, to believe it."

"Holy Mother!" said Louis, "what unbelief would that be in Christian men! But, Oliver, they shall believe us. We will throw into our whole conduct towards our fair cousin, Duke Charles, such thorough and unlimited confidence, that, not to believe we have been sincere with him in every respect, he must be worse than an infidel. I tell thee, so convinced am I that I could make Charles of Burgundy think of me in every respect as I would have him, that were it necessary for silencing his doubts, I would ride unarmed, and on a palfrey, to visit him in his tent, with no better guard about me than thine own simple person, friend Oliver."

"And I," said Oliver, "though I pique not myself upon managing steel in any other shape than that of a razor, would rather charge a Swiss battalion of pikes, than I would accompany your Highness upon such a visit of friendship to Charles of Burgundy, when he hath so many grounds to be well assured that there is enmity in your Majesty's bosom against him."

"Thou art a fool, Oliver," said the King, "with all thy pretensions to wisdom—and art not aware that deep policy must often assume the appearance of the most extreme simplicity, as courage occasionally shrouds itself under the show of modest timidity. Were it needful, full surely would I do what I have said—the Saints always blessing our purpose, and the heavenly constellations bringing round, in their course, a proper conjuncture for such an exploit."

In these words did King Louis XI. give the first hint of the extraordinary resolution which he after-

wards adopted, in order to dupe his great rival, the subsequent execution of which had very nearly proved his own ruin.

He parted with his counsellor, and presently afterwards went to the apartment of the ladies of Croye. Few persuasions beyond his mere license would have been necessary to determine their retreat from the Court of France, upon the first hint that they might not be eventually protected against the Duke of Burgundy; but it was not so easy to induce them to choose Liege for the place of their retreat. They entreated and requested to be transferred to Bretagne or Calais, where, under protection of the Duke of Bretagne, or King of England, they might remain in a state of safety, until the Sovereign of Burgundy should relent in his rigorous purpose towards them. But neither of these places of safety at all suited the plans of Louie, and he was at last successful in inducing them to adopt that which did coincide with them.

The power of the Bishop of Liege for their defence was not to be questioned, since his ecclesiastical dignity gave him the means of protecting the fugitives against all Christian princes; while, on the other hand, his secular forces, if not numerous, seemed at least sufficient to defend his person, and all under his protection, from any sudden violence. The difficulty was to reach the little Court of the Bishop in safety; but for this Louie promised to provide, by spreading a report that the Ladies of Croye had escaped from Tours by night, under fear of being delivered up to the Burgundian envoy, and had taken their flight towards Bretagne. He also promised them the attendance of a small, but faithful retinue, and letters to the commanders of such towns and fortresses as they might pass, with instructions to use every means for protecting and assisting them in their journey.

The ladies of Croye, although internally resenting the ungenerous and discourteous manner in which Louie thus deprived them of the promised asylum in his Court, were so far from objecting to the hasty departure which he proposed, that they even anticipated his project, by entreating to be permitted to set forward that same night. The Lady Hameline was already tired of a place where there were neither admiring courtiers, nor festivities to be witnessed; and the Lady Isabelle thought she had seen enough to conclude, that were the temptation to become a little stronger, Louie XI., not satisfied with expelling them from his Court, would not hesitate to deliver her up to her irritated Suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. Lastly, Louie himself readily acquiesced in their hasty departure, anxious to preserve peace with Duke Charles, and alarmed lest the beauty of Isabelle should interfere with and impede the favourite plan which he had formed, for bestowing the hand of his daughter Joan upon his cousin of Orleans.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNEY.

Talk not of Kings—I scorn the poor comparison;
I am a SAGE, and can command the elements—
At least men think I can; and on that thought
I found unbounded empire.—*ADUSAR.*

OCCUPATION and adventure might be said to crowd upon the young Scottishman with the force of a spring-tide; for he was speedily summoned to the apartment of his Captain, the Lord Crawford, where, to his astonishment, he again beheld the King. After a few words respecting the honour and trust which were about to be reposed in him, which made Quentin internally afraid that they were again about to propose to him such a watch as he had kept upon the Count of Crèveceur, or perhaps some duty still more repugnant to his feelings, he was not relieved merely, but delighted, with hearing that he was selected, with the assistance of four others under his command, one of whom was a guide, to escort the Ladies of Croye to the little Court of their relative, the Bishop of Liege, in the safest and most commodious, and, at the same time, in the most secret

manner possible. A scroll was given him, in which were set down directions for his guidance, for the places of halt, (generally chosen in obscure villages, solitary monasteries, and situations remote from towns,) and for the general precautions which he was to attend to, especially on approaching the frontier of Burgundy. He was sufficiently supplied with instructions what he ought to say and do to sustain the personage of the Maître d'Hotel of two English ladies of rank, who had been on a pilgrimage to Saint Martin of Tours, and were about to visit the holy city of Cologne, and worship the relics of the sage Eastern Monarch, who came to adore the nativity of Bethlehem; for under that character the ladies of Croye were to journey.

Without having any defined notions of the cause of his delight, Quentin Durward's heart leapt for joy at the idea of approaching thus nearly to the person of the Beauty of the Turret, and in a situation which entitled him to her confidence, since her protection was in so great a degree intrusted to his conduct and courage. He felt no doubt in his own mind, that he should be her successful guide through the hazards of her pilgrimage. Youth seldom thinks of dangers; and bred up free, and fearless, and self-confiding, Quentin, in particular, only thought of them to defy them. He longed to be exempted from the restraint of the royal presence, that he might indulge the secret glee with which such unexpected tidings filled him, and which prompted him to bursts of delight which would have been totally unfitting for that society.

But Louie had not yet done with him. That cautious Monarch had to consult a counsellor of a different stamp from Oliver la Diable, and who was supposed to derive his skill from the superior and astral intelligences, as men, judging from their fruits, were apt to think the counsels of Oliver sprung from the Devil himself.

Louie therefore led the way, followed by the impatient Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendour, the celebrated astrologer, poet, and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martiville, a native of Narni, in Italy, the author of the famous Treatise, *De Vulgo Incongnita*,* and the subject of his age's admiration, and of the panegyrics of Paulus Jovius. He had long flourished at the Court of the celebrated Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from whom he was in some measure decoyed by Louie, who grudged the Hungarian Monarch the society and the counsels of a sage, accounted so skilful in reading the decrees of Heaven.

Martiville was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning of those days, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace, and macerated their bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms; insomuch, that Janus Pannonius has left a Latin epigram, upon a wrestling match betwixt Galeotti and a renowned champion of that art, in the presence of the Hungarian King and Court, in which the Astrologer was completely victorious.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace; and the carving and ornamented wood-work of his library, as well as the magnificence displayed in the tapestries, showed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory. A large oaken table, in the midst of the chamber, was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, the spoils of the tent of a Pacha after the great battle of Jaiza, where the Astrologer had fought abreast with the valiant champion of Christendom, Matthias Corvinus. On the table lay a variety of mathematical and astrological instruments, all of the most rich materials and curious workmanship. His astrolabe of silver was the gift of the Emperor of Germany, and his Jacob's staff of ebony, jointed with gold, and of

* Concerning things unknown to the generality of mankind.

as a mark of esteem from the reign-

various other miscellaneous articles table, or hanging around the walls; two complete suits of armour, one of plate, both of which, from their d to call the gigantic Astrologer their sh Toledo, a Scottish broadsword, a r, with bows, quivers, and other war-nusical instruments of several differ-er crucifix, a sepulchral antique vase, ie little brazen Penates of the ancient other curious nondescript articles, in the superstitious opinions of that o be designed for magical purposes. is singular character was of the same scription with his other effects. Cuts of classical antiquity lay mingled ous labours of Christian divines, and king sages who professed the chemi- professed to guide their students into recesses of nature, by means of the osophy. Some were written in the er, and others concealed their sense er the veil of hieroglyphics and caba-

The whole apartment, and its fur-kind, formed a scene very impressive considering the general belief then ertained concerning the truth of the and that effect was increased by the ppearance of the individual himself, huge chair, was employed in curious-pecimen, just issued from the Frank- newly invented art of printing.

ivalle was a tall, bulky, yet stately ly past his prime, and whose youth- rise, though still occasionally resu- en able to contend with his natural pulence, increased by sedentary stuce in the pleasures of the table. His h rather overgrown, were dignified a Santon might have envied the dark sweep of his long-descending beard. chamber-robe of the richest Genoa- le sleeves, clasped with frogs of gold, sables. It was fastened round his ad belt of virgin parchment, round resented in crimson characters, the iac. He rose and bowed to the King, of one to whom such exalted society id who was not at all likely, even in ice, to compromise the dignity then ed by the pursuers of science.

"aged, father," said the King, "and as is new-fashioned art of multiplying the intervention of machinery. Can nechanical and terrestrial import in- its of one, before whom Heaven has n celestial volumes?"

"replied Martivalle,—"for so the tel must term even the King of France, to visit him as a disciple,—believeme ing the consequences of this invention, ertain augury, as by any combination bodies, the most awful and portentous n I reflect with what slow and limit- stream of science hath hitherto de- how difficult to be obtained by those its search; how certain to be neglect- regard their ease; how liable to be ogether dried up, by the invasions of I look forward without wonder and to the lot of a succeeding generation, ledge will descend like the first and ninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; grounds, and overflowing others; hole form of social life; establishing ing religions; erecting and destroying

otti," said Louis,—"shall these chan- r time?" "al brother," replied Martivalle; "this be likened to a young tree, which is nted, but shall, in succeeding genera-

tions, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil."

Louis answered, after a moment's pause, "Let fu- turity look to what concerns them—we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care.— Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.—Tell me, hast thou proceeded farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing."

The bulky sage arose from his seat, and approach- ing the young soldier, fixed on him his keen large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature.—Blushing and borne down by this close examination on the part of one whose expression was so reverent at once and commanding, Quentin bent his eyes on the ground, and did not again raise them, till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the Astrologer, "Look up and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand."

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, accord- ing to the form of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside.—"My royal brother," he said, "the physiognomy of this youth, to- gether with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate."

"And faithful?" said the King; "for valour and fortune square not with fidelity."

"And faithful also," said the Astrologer; "for there is manly firmness in look and eye, and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet!"

"But what?" said the King; "Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause?"

"The ears of Kings," said the Sage, "are like the palates of those dainty patients, which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery."

"My ears and my palate have no such niceness," said Louis; "let me hear what is useful counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine. I quarrel not with the rudeness of the one, or the harsh taste of the other. I have not been cockered in wantonness or indulgence; my youth was one of exile and suffering. My ears are used to harsh counsel, and take no of- fence at it."

"Then plainly, Sire," replied Galeotti, "if you have aught in your purposed commission, which—which, in short, may startle a scrupulous conscience—intrust it not to this youth—at least, not till a few years' ex- ercise in your service has made him as unscrupulous as others."

"And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?" said the King. "Alack, I know that thou art well sensible, that the path of royal policy cannot be always squared (as that of private life ought invari- ably to be) by the abstract maxims of religion and of morality. Wherefore do we, the Princes of the earth, found churches and monasteries, make pil- grimages, undergo penances, and perform devotions, with which others may dispense, unless it be because the benefit of the public, and the welfare of our king- doms, force us upon measures which grieve our con- sciences as Christians? But Heaven has mercy—the Church, an unbounded stock of merits, and the intercession of our Lady of Embrun, and the blessed saints, is urgent, everlasting, and omnipotent."—"He laid his hat on the table, and devoutly kneeling be- fore the images stuck into the hat-band, repeated, in an earnest tone, "*Sancte Huberte, Sancte Juliane, Sancte Martine, Sancte Rosalia, Sancti quotquot adestis, orate pro me peccatore!*" He then smote his breast, arose, re-assumed his hat, and continued;—"Be assured, good father, that whatever there may be in our commission, of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be intrusted to

this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose."

"In this," said the Astrologer, "you, my royal brother, will walk wisely.—Something may be apprehended likewise from the rashness of this your young commissioner; a failing inherent in those of sanguine complexion. But I hold that, by the rules of art, this chance is not to be weighed against the other properties discovered from his horoscope and otherwise."

"Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?" said the King.—"See, here is your Ephemerides—you see the position of the moon in regard to Saturn, and the ascension of Jupiter—That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour."

"To him who *sends forth* the expedition," said the Astrologer, after a pause, "this conjunction doth indeed promise success; but, methinks, that Saturn being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent*; whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal, to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction."

"Violence and captivity to those who are sent," answered the King, "but success to the wishes of the sender.—Runs it not thus, my learned father?"

"Even so," replied the Astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any farther indication how far this preasing speech (probably hazarded by the Astrologer from his conjecture that the commission related to some dangerous purpose) squared with his real object, which, as the reader is aware, was to betray the Countess Isabelle of Croye into the hands of William de la Marck, a nobleman indeed of high birth, but degraded by his crimes into a leader of banditti, distinguished for his turbulent disposition and ferocious bravery.

The King then pulled forth a paper from his pocket, and, ere he gave it to Martivalle, said, in a tone which resembled that of an apology—"Learned Galeotti, be not surprised, that, possessing in you an occult treasure, superior to that lodged in the breast of any now alive, not excepting the great Nostradamus himself, I am desirous frequently to avail myself of your skill in those doubts and difficulties which beset every Prince who hath to contend with rebellion within his land, and with external enemies, both powerful and inveterate."

"When I was honoured with your request, Sir," said the philosopher, "and abandoned the Court of Buda for that of Plessis, it was with the resolution to place at the command of my royal patron, whatever my art had, that might be of service to him."

"Enough, good Martivalle—I pray thee attend to the import of this question."—He proceeded to read from the paper in his hand:—"A person, having on hand a weighty controversy, which is like to draw to debate either by law or by force of arms, is desirous, for the present, to seek accommodation by a personal interview with his antagonist. He desires to know what day will be propitious for the execution of such a purpose; also what is likely to be the success of such a negotiation, and whether his adversary will be moved to answer the confidence thus reposed in him, with gratitude and kindness, or may rather be likely to abuse the opportunity and advantage which such meeting may afford him?"

"It is an important question," said Martivalle, when the King had done reading, "and requires that I should set a planetary figure, and give it instant and deep consideration."

"Let it be so, my good father in the sciences, and thou shalt know what it is to oblige a King of France. We are determined, if the constellations forbid not,—and our own humble art leads us to think that they approve our purpose, to hazard something, even in our own person, to stop these anti-Christian wars."

"May the Saints forward your Majesty's pious intent," said the Astrologer, "and guard your sacred person!"

"Thanks, learned father.—Here is something, the while, to enlarge your curious library."

He placed under one of the volumes a *an* of gold; for, economical even in his sup, Louis conceived the astrologer sufficiently his service by the pensions he had assigned thought himself entitled to the use of his moderate rate, even upon great exigencies.

Louis, having thus, in legal phrase, *ad* freshing fee to his general retainer, turned to address Durward.—"Follow me," he said, "bonny Scot, as one chosen by Destiny at narch to accomplish a bold adventure. Al got ready, that thou mayst put foot in stirru instant the bell of Saint Martin's tolls twel minute sooner, one minute later, were to i favourable aspect of the constellations wh on your adventure."

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, by his young guardsman: and no sooner gone, than the Astrologer gave way to *very* feelings than those which seemed to anir during the royal presence.

"The niggardly slave!" he said, weighing in his hand,—for, being a man of unbounded he had almost constant occasion for mone base sordid scullion!—A coxswain's wife w more to know that her husband had en narrow seas in safety. He acquire any ti humane letters!—yes, when prowling foxe ling wolves become musicians. He read th blazoning of the firmament!—ay, when sor shall become lynxes.—*Post tot promissam* many promises made, to entice me from th the magnificent Matthias, where Hun a Christian and Infidel, the Czar of Muscovi Cham of Tartary themselves, contended u with gifts,—doth he think I am to abid old Castle, like a bulfinch in a cage, fain to t as he chooses to whistle, and all for seed an —Not so—*aut inveniam viam, aut facies* discover or contrive a remedy. The Cardin is politic and liberal—this query shall to i shall be his Eminence's own fault if the st not as he would have them."

He again took the despised guerdon, and it in his hand. "It may be," he said, "the jewel, or pearl of price, concealed in this pal I have heard he can be liberal even to l when it suits his caprice or interest."

He emptied the purse, which containe more nor less than ten gold pieces. "The in of the Astrologer was extreme.—"Thinks b such paltry rate of hire I will practise thi science which I have studied with the Arm bot of Istrahoff, who had not seen the sun years,—with the Greek Dubravius, who is s raised the dead,—and have even visited th Ebn Hali in his cave in the deserts of Theba by Heaven!—he that contemns art sha through his own ignorance. Ten pieces!—s which I am half ashamed to offer to Toine her new breast-laces."

So saying, the indignant Sage neverthel ged the contemned pieces of gold into a lar, which he wore at his girdle, which Toine other abettors of lavish expense, generally c to empty fully faster than the philosopher, his art, could find the means of filling.⁴

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JOURNEY.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land
Of art and nature—thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute:
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing
And glossy raven locks. But, favour'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.—*Anonymous.*

Avoiding all conversation with any one, (was his charge,) Quentin Durward proceed ly to array himself in a strong but plain

⁴ Martinus Galeotti was a native of Narni, in Umbria secretary to Matthias Corvinius, King of Hungary, an

rich thigh and arm-pieces, and placed on his head good steel cap without any visor. To these was added a handsome cascock of shamois leather, finely sewed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet, insinuating smile and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard, purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

"Your excuse will be made to your kinsman," said Oliver, smiling again; "and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to any one, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you."

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind, the great chance there was that the poor youth, whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke, must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission intrusted to his charge. He added to his fair words a small purse of gold, to defray necessary expenses on the road, as a gratuity to the King's part.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second court-yard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two Countesses and a faithful serving-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sat still in their saddles, as if they were motionless; and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unlocked, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave to pass-words and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

"May Heaven bless you, Sir," said a voice which thrilled up Quentin Durward's ear, "and forgive you, when if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed in safety under the protection of the good Bishop of Liege, is the utmost object of my desire."

"The person whom she thus addressed, muttered an inaudible answer, and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought, that, by the moon-glance, he recognised in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guests had probably induced him to give his presence, in the scruples should arise on their part, or difficulties on that of the guards of the Castle.

When the riders were beyond the Castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution,

in order to avoid the pitfalls, snares, and similar contrivances, which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clew to this labyrinth, and in a quarter of an hour's riding, they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while, from within their circle, rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendour, as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of Saint Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the Castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scottishman, accustomed to the waste though impressive landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene, which art and nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendour. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady, (pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bid adieu to King Louis,) demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin respectfully presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

"What was his name, and what his degree?"

He told both.

"Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?"

"He could not," he replied, "pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide, in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey: meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage."

"And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?" said the lady—"I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge—a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner."

"I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but am not qualified to reason on them," answered the young soldier.

"Are you of noble birth?" demanded the same question.

"I may safely affirm so, madam," replied Quentin.

"And are you not," said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?"

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety intrusted."

"On my honour, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my House, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not, for France and Scotland laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty towards you!"

"You speak well, young man," said the Lady Ha-

in son, John Corvinox. While at his court, he composed a work, *De jure dictis et factis Regis Mathie Corvini*. He left Hungary in 1477, and was made prisoner at Venice on a charge of having propagated heterodox opinions in a treatise entitled, *De iudicio interiore et corpore ejus*. He was obliged to recant some of these doctrines, and might have suffered seriously but for the protection of Sixtus IV., then Pope, who had been one of his hearers. He went to France, attached himself to Louis XI., and died in his service.

meline; "but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liege might have been attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Winceslaus of Germany, or of Edward of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelry, when we,—who, as thou knowest, Marthon," (addressing her domestic,) "never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees,—were compelled to attire ourselves, standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milkmaids."

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

"I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman," said the Lady Isabelle; "I could gladly have dispensed with state."

"But not with society," said the elder Countess; "that, my sweet cousin, was impossible."

"I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman," answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard, "with all, for a safe and honourable retirement. I wish not—God knows, I never wished—to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as I am. I only implored permission to retire to the Convent of Marmoutier, or to any other holy sanctuary."

"You spoke then like a fool, my cousin," answered the elder lady, "and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive, who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sunburnt milkmaid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel poles shattered for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Hastinghem was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one backbone, one collar-bone, three legs and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honoured. Ah! had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some Court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the House of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France."

"But, fair kinswoman," answered the younger Countess, "I have been told by my old nurse, that although the Rhinegrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected ancestor, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes even to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory."

"And wherefore not," said the elder Countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry; "why should those victorious arms, accustomed to deal blows when abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!"

"I should wish you joy of such an active mate, fair aunt," replied Isabelle, "without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower."

"Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms," said the Lady Hameline; "though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhinegrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use

of Rheinwein.—The very perfect among ladies, and a lion among la Thibault of Montigni—God be with kindest soul alive, and not only courteous as to lift hand against his good dame, he who beat all enemies found a fair foe who could belabour it was his own fault—he was one of the Passage of Hastinghem, and so self, that, if had it pleased Heaven father, there might have been a lady had used his gentle nature more gently."

The Countess Isabelle, who had dreaded this Passage of Hastinghem upon which her aunt was at all suffered the conversation to drop; the natural politeness of one who nurtured, dreading lest his present strait on their conversation, rode guide, as if to ask him some question their route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued silence, or in such conversation as it ting, until day began to break; and been on horseback for several hours lest they should be fatigued, but knew their distance from the near.

"I will show it you," answered in an hour.

"And then you leave us to other," said Quentin.

"Even so, Seigneur Archer," replied the Countess, "our journeys are always short and str and others, Seigneur Archer, go by the cord."

The moon had by this time lost the lights of dawn were beginning and strong in the east, and to gleam a small lake, on the verge of which riding for a short space of time. "I midst of a wide plain, scattered over groves, and thickets; but which I open, so that objects began to be deficient accuracy. Quentin cast his whom he rode beside, and, under slouched overspreading hat, which sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he ceticious features of the same Pettigors, not long since, had, in conversation lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelle santly active about his throat.—In not altogether unmixed with fear: country the executioner is regarded perdition horror, which his late not diminished, Durward instilled horse's head to the right, and pressing time with the spur, made a demi-cade him eight feet from his hateful

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" exclaimed the Lady of the Grève, our young soldier of old.—What! comrade, you bear every one wins his bread in this need be ashamed of having come for I will do my work with any weight to a dead tree.—And God has to be such a merry fellow withal could tell you such jests I have on foot of the ladder and the top of my halidome, I have been obliged to hastily, for fear the fellows should and so shame my mystery!"

As he thus spoke, he edged his regain the interval which the Scot them, saying at the same time, "Cher, let there be no unkindness between part, I always do my duty without light heart, and I never love a man I have put my scant-of-wind collar dub him Knight of the Order of St. the Provost's Chaplain, the worthy diablo, is wont to call the Patron vostry."

"Keep back, thou wretched Quentin, as the finisher of the last

approach him closer, "or I shall be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honour and such an outcast."

"Is you there, how hot you are!" said the fellow; "had you said men of honesty, there had been some favour of truth in it;—but for men of honour, good luck, I have to deal with them every day, as nearly as I was about to do business with you. But peace yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvergne upon you to wash away every unkindness—but 'tis like you scorn my courtesy.—Well. Be as churlish as you list—I never quarrel with my customers—my merry come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little play-fellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs—those in fine, who, like your seigniorship, have H.E.M.P. written on their foreheads—No, no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last—and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André's hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury."

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink, and such an interjectional *teufel* as men quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him with as his proud Scottish stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belaboured him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill-timed and professional jokes of Mons. Petit-André, and contented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favour of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily aroused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, "Look back, look back!"

"For the love of Heaven look to yourself, and us—we are pursued!"

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. "It can," he said, "be only some of the Provosts making their rounds in the Forest.—Do thou look," he said to Petit-André, "and see what they may be."

Petit-André obeyed; and rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, "These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine—neither Archers nor Marshalsmen—for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same.—A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armour!—I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets."

"Do you, gracious ladies," said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, "ride forward—not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us."

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered to her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus:—"We have confidence in your care, fair Archer, and will rather abide the risk of whatever may chance in your company, than we will go onward with that man, whose men is, we think, of no good augury."

"Be it as you will, ladies," said the youth—"There are but two who come after us; and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scottish gentleman can do his devoir in the presence and for the defence of such as you.—Which of you there," he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, "is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?"

Two of the men absolutely faltered in resolution; but the third, Bertrand Guyot, swore, "that *cap de diable* were they Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle, for the honour of Gascony."

While he spoke, the two knights—for they seemed of no less rank—came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, "Sir Squire, give place—we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives."

"In return to your demand, sirs," replied Durward, "know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present Sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection."

"Out, sirrah!" exclaimed one of the champions; "will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?"

"They are indeed terms of resistance," said Quentin, "since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career."

While the knights turned their horses, and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed towards him their kerchiefs in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, ran him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously, that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, (who had never yet spoken), seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, "In the name of God and Saint Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware!—Ventre Saint Gris, they have caused mischief enough this morning."

"By your leave, Sir Knight," said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, "I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade."

"That shalt thou never live to know or to tell," answered the Knight. "Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worst, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay.—Nay, if thou wilt have it," (for Quentin now drew his sword, and advanced on him,) "take it with a vengeance!"

So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet, as, till that moment, (though bred where good blows were plenty,) he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without further injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Durward, collecting himself, sprang up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one deter-

mined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage. Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armour, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack, against which the knight, in his heavy panoply, found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, "that there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury." Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning—now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword—and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

"Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool," muttered the knight, "that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!" So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution, that the instant when either loss of breath, or any false or careless pass of the young soldier, should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, "Hold, in the King's name!" Both champions stepped back—and Quentin saw, with surprise, that his Captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GUIDE.

He was a son of Egypt as he told me.
And one descended from those dream magicians,
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,
With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod
With his the son's of Levi—and encountering
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
As wept the unletter'd peasant.—*Anonymous.*

The arrival of Lord Crawford and his guard put an immediate end to the engagement which we endeavoured to describe in the last chapter; and the Knight, throwing off his helmet, hastily gave the old lord his sword, saying, "Crawford, I render myself—But hither—and lend me your cur—a word, for God's sake—save the Duke of Orleans!"

"How?—what?—the Duke of Orleans!" exclaimed the Scottish commander.—"How came this, in the name of the foul fiend? It will ruin the callant with the King, for ever and a day."

"Ask no questions," said Dunois—for it was no other than he—"it was all my fault.—See, he stirs. I came forth but to have a snatch at yonder damsel, and make myself a landed and a married man—and see what is come on't. Keep back your canaille—let no man look upon him." So saying, he opened the visor of Orleans, and threw water on his face, which was afforded by the neighbouring lake.

Quentin Durward, meanwhile, stood like one plumed-struck; so fast did new adventures pour in upon him. He had now, as the pale features of his first antagonist assured him, borne to the earth the first Prince of the blood in France, and had measured swords with her best champion, the celebrated Dunois;—both of them achievements honourable in

themselves; but whether they might be called good service to the King, or so esteemed by him, was a very different question.

The Duke had now recovered his breath, and was able to sit up and give attention to what passed betwixt Dunois and Crawford, while the former pleaded eagerly, that there was no occasion to mention in the matter the name of the most noble Orleans, while he was ready to take the whole blame on his own shoulders; and to avouch that the Duke had only come thither in friendship to him.

Lord Crawford continued listening, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and from time to time he sighed and shook his head. At length he said, looking up, "Thou knowest, Dunois, that for thy father's sake, as well as thine own, I would full fain do thee a service."

"It is not for myself I demand any thing," answered Dunois. "Thou hast my sword, and I am your prisoner—what needs more?—But it is for this noble Prince, the only hope of France, if God should call the Dauphin. He only came hither to do me a favour—in an effort to make my fortune—in a matter which the King had partly encouraged."

"Dunois," replied Crawford, "if another had told me thou hadst brought the noble Prince into this jeopardy to serve any purpose of thine own, I had told him it was false. And now, that thou dost pretend to myself, I can hardly believe it is for the sake of speaking the truth."

"Noble Crawford," said Orleans, who had now entirely recovered from his swoon, "you are too like a character to your friend Dunois, not to do him justice. It was indeed I that dragged him hither, most unwillingly, upon an enterprise of hair-brained passion, suddenly and rashly undertaken.—Look on me all who will," he added, rising up and turning to the soldiery—"I am Louis of Orleans, willing to pay the penalty of my own folly. I trust the King will limit his displeasure to me, as is but just.—Meanwhile, as a child of France must not give up his sword to any one—not even to you, brave Crawford—fare thee well, good steel."

So saying, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and flung it into the lake. It went through the air like a stream of lightning, and sunk in the flashing waters, which speedily closed over it. All remained standing in irresolution and astonishment, so high was the rank, and so much esteemed was the character, of the culprit; while, at the same time, all were conscious that the consequences of his rash enterprise, considering the views which the King had upon him, were likely to end in his utter ruin.

Dunois was the first who spoke, and it was in the chiding tone of an offended, and distrusted friend:—"So! your Highness hath judged it fit to cast away your best sword, in the same morning when it was your pleasure to fling away the King's favour, and to slight the friendship of Dunois?"

"My dearest kinsman," said the Duke, "when or how was it in my purpose to slight your friendship, by telling the truth, when it was due to your safety and my honour?"

"What had you to do with my safety, my most princely cousin, I would pray to know?" answered Dunois gruffly:—"What, in God's name, was it to you, if I had a mind to be hanged, or strangled, or flung into the Loire, or poniarded, or broke on the wheel, or hung up alive in an iron cage, or buried alive in a castle-fosse, or disposed of in any other way in which it might please King Louis to get rid of his faithful subject?—(you need not wink and frown, and point to Tristan l'Hermite—I see the scoundrel as well as you do.) But it would not have stood so hard with me—And so much for my safety. And then for your own honour—by the blush of Saint Magdalen, I think the honour would have been to have missed this morning's work, or kept it out of sight. Here has your highness got yourself unhonoured by a wild Scottish boy."

"Tut, tut!" said Lord Crawford; "never abash his Highness for that. It is not the first time a Scottish boy hath broke a good lance—I am glad the youth hath borne him well."

will say nothing to the contrary," said Dunois; had your Lordship come something later than this, there might have been a vacancy in your of Archers."

"Ay, ay," answered Lord Crawford; "I can read handwriting in that cleft morion.—Some one it from the lad, and give him a bonnet, which its steel lining, will keep his head better than that on a loom.—And let me tell your Lordship, that own armour of proof is not without some marks of Scottish handwriting.—But, Dunois, I must request the Duke of Orleans and you to take ; and accompany me, as I have power and com- on to convey you to a place different from that h my good will might assign you."

"I say I not speak one word, my Lord of Crawford, nder fair ladies?" said the Duke of Orleans.

"Not one syllable," answered Lord Crawford; "I o much a friend of your Highness to permit an act of folly."—Then addressing Quentin, he l, "You, young man, have done your duty.—Go obey the charge with which you are intrusted." nder favour, my Lord," said Tristan, with his brutality of manner, "the youth must find er guide. I cannot do without Petit-André, there is so like to be business on hand for him."

"The young man," said Petit-André, now coming rd, "has only to keep the path which lies ht before him, and it will conduct him to a where he will find the man who is to act as ide.—I would not for a thousand ducats be ab- from my Chief this day! I have hanged knights quires many a one, and wealthy Echevins, and masters to boot—even counts and marquises tasted of my handy-work—but, a-bumph!"—oked at the Duke, as if to intimate that he l have filled up the blank, with "a Prince of the 1"—"Ho, ho, ho! Petit André, thou wilt be f in Chronicle!"

"Do you permit your ruffians to hold such language h a presence?" said Crawford, looking sternly intan.

"Why do you not correct him yourself, my lord?" Tristan, sullenly, because thy hand is the only one in this compa- zat can beat him, without being degraded by an action."

"Then rule your own men, my Lord, and I will answer for mine," said the Provost-Marshal. rd Crawford seemed about to give a passionate ; but, as if he had thought better of it, turned ack about upon Tristan, and requesting the Duke leans and Dunois to ride one on either hand of he made a signal of adieu to the ladies, and said sentin, "God bless thee, my child; thou hast bet- thy service valiantly, though in an unhappy ." He was about to go off—when Quentin ear Dunois whisper to Crawford, "Do you us to Plessis?"

"O, my unhappy and rash friend," answered ford, with a sigh; "to Loches."

"O Loches!" The name of a castle, or rather a, yet more dreaded than Plessis itself, fell like th-roll upon the ear of the young Scotchman.— ad heard it described as a place destined to the ings of those secret acts of cruelty with which Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his own nce. There were in this place of terror dungeons dungeons, some of them unknown even to the re themselves; living graves, to which men were gned, with little hope of farther employment du- he rest of their life, than to breathe impure air, red on bread and water. At this formidable castle also those dreadful places of confinement called , in which the wretched prisoner could neither upright, nor stretch himself at length, an in- on, it is said, of the Cardinal Balue.* It is no- that the name of this place of horrors, and onsciousness that he had been partly the means spaching thither two such illustrious victims, k so much sadness into the heart of the young , that he rode for some time with his head de- he himself tempted one of these dens for more than 1 year.

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jected, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his heart filled with the most painful reflections.

As he was now again at the head of the little troop, and pursuing the road which had been pointed out to him, the Lady Hameline had an opportunity to say to him,—

"Methinks, fair sir, you regret the victory which your gallantry has attained in our behalf?"

There was something in the question which sound- ed like irony, but Quentin had tact enough to answer simply and with sincerity,

"I can regret nothing that is done in the service of such ladies as you are; but, methinks, had it consisted with your safety, I had rather have fallen by the sword of so good a soldier as Dunois, than have been the means of consigning that renowned knight and his unhappy chief, the Duke of Orleans, to yonder fearful dungeons."

"It was, then, the Duke of Orleans," said the el- der lady, turning to her niece. "I thought so, even at the distance from which we beheld the fray.—You see, kinswoman, what we might have been, had this sly and avaricious monarch permitted us to be seen at his Court. The first Prince of the blood of France, and the valiant Dunois, whose name is known as wide as that of his heroic father—This young gentle- man did his devoir bravely and well; but methinks 'tis pity that he did not succumb with honour, since his ill-advised gallantry has stood betwixt us and these princely rescuers."

The Countess Isabelle replied in a firm and almost a displeased tone; with an energy, in short, which Quentin had not yet observed her use.

"Madam," she said, "but that I know you jest, I would say your speech is ungrateful to our brave de- fender, to whom we owe more, perhaps, than you are aware of. Had these gentlemen succeeded so far in their rash enterprise as to have defeated our escort, is it not still evident, that on the arrival of the royal guard, we must have shared their captivity? For my own part, I give tears, and will soon bestow masses on the brave man who has fallen, and I trust," (she continued more timidly,) "that he who lives will accept my grateful thanks."

As Quentin turned his face towards her, to return the fitting acknowledgments, she saw the blood which streamed down on one side of his face, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep feeling, "Holy Virgin, he is wounded! he bleeds!—Dismount, sir, and let your wound be bound up."

In spite of all that Durward could say of the slight- ness of his hurt, he was compelled to dismount, and to rest himself on a bunk, and unhelmet himself, while the ladies of Croye, who, according to a fashion not as yet antiquated, pretended to some knowledge of leech-craft, washed the wound, stanchd the blood, and bound it with the kerchief of the younger Count- ess, in order to exclude the air, for so their practice prescribed.

In modern times, gallants seldom or never take wounds for ladies' sake, and damsels on their side never meddle with the cure of wounds. Each has t danger the less. That which the men escape will be generally acknowledged; but the peril of dressing; such a slight wound as that of Quentin's, which in- volved nothing formidable or dangerous, was per- haps as real in its way as the risk of encountering it.

We have already said the patient was eminently handsome; and the removal of his helmet, or, more properly, of his morion, had suffered his fair locks to escape in profusion, around a countenance in which the hilarity of youth was qualified by a blush of mo- desty at once and pleasure. And then the feelings of the younger Countess, when compelled to hold the kerchief to the wound, while her aunt sought in their baggage for some vulnerary remedy, were mingled at once with a sense of delicacy and embarrassment: a thrill of pity for the patient, and of gratitude for his services, which exaggerated, in her eyes, his good mien and handsome features. In short, this incident seemed intended by Fate to complete the mysterious communication which she had, by many petty and apparently accidental circumstances, established be- twixt two persons, who, though far different in rank

and fortune, strongly resembled each other in youth, beauty, and the romantic tenderness of an affectionate disposition. It was no wonder, therefore, that from this moment the thoughts of the Countess Isabelle, already so familiar to his imagination, should become paramount in Quentin's bosom, nor that if the maiden's feelings were of a less decided character, at least so far as known to herself, she should think of her young defender, to whom she had just rendered a service so interesting, with more emotion than of any of the whole band of high-born nobles who had for two years past besieged her with their adoration. Above all, when the thought of Campo-Basso, the unworthy favourite of Duke Charles, with his hypocritical mien, his base, treacherous spirit, his wry neck, and his squint, occurred to her, his portrait was more disgustingly hideous than ever, and deeply did she resolve no tyranny should make her enter into so hateful a union.

In the meantime, whether the good Lady Hameline of Croye understood and admired masculine beauty as much as when she was fifteen years younger, (for the good Countess was at least thirty-five, if the records of that noble house speak the truth,) or whether she thought she had done their young protector less justice than she ought, in the first view which she had taken of his services, it is certain that he began to find favour in her eyes.

"My niece," she said, "has bestowed on you a kerchief for the binding of your wound; I will give you one to grace your gallantry, and to encourage you in your farther progress in chivalry."

So saying, she gave him a richly embroidered kerchief of blue and silver, and pointing to the housing of her palfrey, and the plumes in her riding-cap, desired him to observe that the colours were the same.

The fashion of the time prescribed one absolute mode of receiving such a favour, which Quentin followed accordingly, by tying the napkin round his arm; yet his manner of acknowledgment had more of awkwardness, and less of gallantry in it, than perhaps it might have had at another time, and in another presence; for though the wearing of a lady's favour, given in such a manner, was merely matter of general compliment, he would much rather have preferred the right of displaying on his arm that which bound the wound inflicted by the sword of Dunois.

Meantime they continued their pilgrimage, Quentin now riding abreast of the ladies, into whose society he seemed to be tacitly adopted. He did not speak much, however, being filled by the silent consciousness of happiness, which is afraid of giving too strong vent to its feelings. The Countess Isabelle spoke still less, so that the conversation was chiefly carried on by the Lady Hameline, who showed no inclination to let it drop; for, to initiate the young Archer, as she said, into the principles and practice of chivalry, she detailed to him, at full length, the *Passage of Arms* at Haringhem, where she had distributed the prizes among the victors.

Not much interested, I am sorry to say, in the description of this splendid scene, or in the heraldic bearings of the different Flemish and German knights, which the lady blazoned with pitiless accuracy, Quentin began to entertain some alarm lest he should have passed the place where his guide was to join him—a most serious disaster, and from which, should it really have taken place, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended.

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, to see whether this might not be the case, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish pony, is often lumpy and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling shovels, so short in the leathers, that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, (a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces, on the eastern side of their gulf) was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trowsers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword; and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

"He also is a Bohemian!" said the ladies to each other; "Holy Mary, will the King again place confidence in these outcasts?"

"I will question the man, if it be your pleasure," said Quentin, "and assure myself of his fidelity as I best may."

Durward, as well as the ladies of Croye, had recognised in this man's dress and appearance, the habit and the manners of those vagrants with whom he had nearly been confounded by the hasty proceedings of Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André; and he too, entertained very natural apprehensions concerning the risk of reposing trust in one of that vagrant race.

"Art thou come hither to seek us?" was his first question.

The stranger nodded.

"And for what purpose?"

"To guide you to the palace of him of Liège."

"Of the Bishop?"

The Bohemian again nodded.

"What token canst thou give me, that we should yield credence to thee?"

"Even the old rhyme, and no other," answered the Bohemian,—

"The page slew the bear,

The peer had the gloire."

"A true token," said Quentin; "Lead on, good fellow—I will speak farther with thee presently." Then falling back to the ladies, he said, "I am convinced this man is the guide we are to expect, for he hath brought me a pass-word, known, I think, but to the King and me. But I will discourse with him farther, and endeavour to ascertain how far he is to be trusted."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VAGRANT.

I am as free as Nature first made man,

Ere the laws of servitude began.

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Grenada.

WHILE Quentin held the brief communication with the ladies, necessary to assure them that this extraordinary addition to their party was the guide whom they were to expect on the King's part, he noticed, (for he was as alert in observing the motions of the stranger, as the Bohemian could be on his part,) that the man not only turned his head as far back as he could, to peer at them, but that, with a singular sort of agility, more resembling that of a monkey than of

so had screwed his whole person around on the, so as to sit almost adelong upon the for the convenience, as it seemed, of watching me attentively.

Greatly pleased with this manœuvre, Quentin to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he assumed his proper position on the horse, "My friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you be tail of your horse rather than his ears." "If I were actually blind," answered the Bohemian, "could not the less guide you through any country, realm of France, or in those adjoining to it." "You are no Frenchman born," said the Scot. "not," answered the guide.

"Countryman, then, are you?" demanded

"of no country," answered the guide.

"of no country?" repeated the Scot.

"answered the Bohemian, "of none. I am a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the name, in their different languages, may choose or people; but I have no country."

"You a Christian?" asked the Scotchman.

"Bohemian shook his head.

"said Quentin, (for there was little tolerance of spirit of Catholicism in those days,) "dost thou Mahomet?"

"was the indifferent and concise answer of a man, who neither seemed offended or surprised at man's violence of manner.

"You a Pagan, then, or what are you?"

"of no religion," answered the Bohemian.

"He started back; for though he had heard of such and idolaters, it had never entered into his belief, that any body of men could exist who had no mode of worship whatever. He recognized his astonishment, to ask his guide where he dwelt.

"I never I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian. "I have no home."

"do you guard your property?"

"putting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I have no property."

"proudly gayly, and ride gallantly," said Durward.

"What are your means of subsistence?"

"When I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and no other means of subsistence than chance on my way," replied the vagabond.

of the Bohemians.—It was a remarkable feature in the of these wanderers, that they did not, like the Jews, otherwise resembled in some particulars, possess of any particular religion, whether in form or principle. They conformed, as far as might be required, with the religion of the country in which they happened to sojourn, nor ever practice it more than was demanded of them. It was in India they embraced neither the tenets of the Brahmin, nor of Mahomet. They have hence been considered as belonging to the outcast East Indian tribes of the world. Their want of religion is supplied by a good superstition. Such of their ritual as can be discovered, is that belonging to marriage, is savage in the extreme, and the customs of the Hottentots more than of any people. They adopt various observances, picked up from the custom of the country in which they live. It is, or was, the custom of the tribes on the Borders of England and Ireland, to attribute success to those journeys which are made by passing through the parish church; and they would obtain permission from the parson to do so when they were on a journey. It is empty, for the performance of divine service is considered as essential to the omen. They are, therefore, void of any effectual sense of religion; and the higher, more cultivated class, may be considered as acknowledging no other gods than those of Epicurus, and such is described as being of no faith, of Hayraddin Maugrab. We take notice, that nothing is more disagreeable to the mind and voluptuous people, than being forced to follow any profession. When Paris was garrisoned by the troops in the year 1815, the author was walking with a soldier, near a post held by the Prussian troops. He happened to smoke a cigar, and was about, while passing, to take it out of his mouth, in compliance with a regulation to that effect, when greatly to the astonishment of the Prussian soldier, who addressed them in those words: *Entzückt immerfort; was denn der Preussische Soldat ist, "Smoke away; may the Prussian service be damned!"* Upon looking closely at the man, he seemed plainly a Frenchman, or gipsy, who took this method of expressing his contempt of the law imposed on him. When the risk he runs is so considered, it will be found to argue a deep dislike which could make him commit himself so. If he had been overheard by a sergeant or corporal, would have been the slightest instrument of punishment.

"Under whose laws do you live?"

"I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure or my necessities," said the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader, and commands you?"

"The Father of our tribe—if I choose to obey him," said the guide—"otherwise I have no commander."

"You are then," said the wondering guerist, "destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house, or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God—What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?"

"I have liberty," said the Bohemian—"I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes."

"But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the Judge?"

"Be it so," returned the Bohemian; "I can but die so much the sooner."

"And to imprisonment also," said the Scot; "and where then is your boasted freedom?"

"In my thoughts," said the Bohemian, "which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I am free in spirit when our limbs are chained—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom."

"Yet the freedom of your thoughts," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."

"For a brief time that may be endured," answered the vagrant; "and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

"Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe—Whence do they derive their origin?"

"I may not tell you," answered the Bohemian.

"When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?" said the Scot.

"When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished," replied his vagrant guide.

"Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel, which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?" said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothick.

"Had we been so," answered the Bohemian, "we had followed their faith, and practised their rites."

"What is thine own name?" said Durward.

"My proper name is only known to my brethren—The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrab, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor."

"Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde," said the Scot.

"I have learned some of the knowledge of this land," said Hayraddin.—"When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the Provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years."

"How came you to part with him?" demanded Durward.

"I stole money from him—even the God which he worshipped," answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; "he detected me, and beat me—I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people."

"Wretch!" said Durward, "did you murder your benefactor?"

"What had he to do to burden me with his benefits?—The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur, to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food—He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain, rended his master, and returned to his wilder-ness."

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, "Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society?"

"We pretend to it," said Hayraddin, "and it is with justice."

"How can it be, that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?" said Quentin.

"Can I tell you?" answered Hayraddin—"Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath not power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest."

"I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof."

"Defy me not, Sir Squire," said Hayraddin Maugrabin—"I can tell you, that, say what you will of your religion, the Goddess whom you worship rides in this company."

"Peace!" said Quentin, in astonishment; "on thy life, not a word farther, but in answer to what I ask thee.—Canst thou be faithful?"

"I can—all men can," said the Bohemian.

"But wilt thou be faithful?"

"Wouldst thou believe me the more should I swear it?" answered Maugrabin, with a sneer.

"Thy life is in my hand," said the young Scot.

"Strike, and see whether I fear to die," answered the Bohemian.

"Will money render thee a trusty guide?" demanded Durward.

"If I be not such without it, No," replied the heathen.

"Then what will bind thee?" asked the Scot.

"Kindness," replied the Bohemian.

"Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?"

"No," replied Hayraddin, "it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. To thee I am bound already."

"How!" exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

"Remember the chestnut-trees on the banks of the Cher! The victim, whose body thou didst cut down, was my brother, Zamet, the Maugrabin."

"And yet," said Quentin, "I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide."

"What can we do?" answered Hayraddin, gloomily—"These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles."

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the Provost-guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence among them, and forbore, for a certain time, the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

Durward, parting from the guide, fell back to the rest of the retinue, very little satisfied with the character of Hayraddin, and entertaining little confidence in the professions of gratitude which he had personally made to him. He proceeded to sound the other two men who had been assigned him for attendants, and he was concerned to find them stupid, and as unfit to assist him with counsel, as in the encounter they had shown themselves reluctant to use their weapons.

"It is all the better," said Quentin to himself, his spirit rising with the apprehended difficulties of his situation; "that lovely young lady shall owe all to me.—What one hand—ay, and one head can do,—methinks I can boldly count upon. I have seen my father's house on fire, and he and my brothers lying dead amongst the flames—I gave not an inch back, but fought it out to the last. Now I am two years older, and have the best and fairest cause to bear me well, that ever kindled mettle within a brave man's bosom."

Acting upon this resolution, the attention and activity which Quentin bestowed during the journey, had in it something that gave him the appearance of ubiquity. His principal and most favourite past was of course by the side of the ladies; who, sensible of his extreme attention to their safety, began to converse with him in almost the tone of familiar friendship, and appeared to take great pleasure in the naïveté, yet shrewdness, of his conversation. But Quentin did not suffer the fascination of this intercourse to interfere with the vigilant discharge of his duty.

If he was often by the side of the Countesses, labouring to describe to the natives of a level country the Grampian mountains, and, above all, the beauties of Glen-houlakin,—he was as often riding with Hayraddin, in the front of the cavalcade, questioning him about the road, and the resting-places, and recording his answers in his mind, to ascertain whether upon cross-examination he could discover any thing like meditated treachery. As often again he was in the rear, endeavouring to secure the attachment of the two horsemen, by kind words, gifts, and promises of additional recompense, when their task should be accomplished.

In this way they travelled for more than a week, through by-paths and unfrequented districts, and by circuitous routes, in order to avoid large towns. Nothing remarkable occurred, though they now and then met strolling gangs of Bohemians, who respected them, as under the conduct of one of their tribe,—straggling soldiers, or perhaps banditti, who deemed their party too strong to be attacked,—or parties of the *Marchausée*, as they would now be termed, whom Louis, who searched the wounds of the land with steel and cautery, employed to suppress the disorderly bands which infested the interior. These last suffered them to pursue their way unmolested, by virtue of a pass-word, with which Quentin had been furnished for that purpose by the King himself.

Their resting-places were chiefly the monasteries, most of which were obliged by the rules of their foundation to receive pilgrims, under which character the ladies travelled, with hospitality, and without any troublesome inquiries into their rank and character, which most persons of distinction were desirous of concealing while in the discharge of their vows. The pretence of weariness was usually employed by the Countesses of Croye, as an excuse for instantly retiring to rest, and Quentin, as their Major Domus, arranged all that was necessary betwixt them and their entertainers, with a shrewdness which saved them all trouble, and an alacrity that failed not to excite a corresponding degree of good-will on the part of those who were thus sedulously attended to.

One circumstance gave Quentin peculiar trouble, which was the character and nation of his guide; who, as a heathen, and an infidel vagabond, addicted besides to occult arts, (the badge of all his tribe) was often looked upon as a very improper guest for the holy resting-places at which the company usually halted, and was not in consequence admitted within even the outer circuit of their walls, save with extreme reluctance. This was very embarrassing; for, on the one hand, it was necessary to keep in good humour a man who was possessed of the secret of their expedition; and on the other, Quentin deemed it indispensable to maintain a vigilant though secret watch on Hayraddin's conduct, in order that, as far as might be, he should hold no communication with any one without being observed. This of course was impossible, if the Bohemian was lodged without the precincts of the convent at which they stopped, and Durward could not help thinking that Hayraddin

desirous of bringing about this latter arrangement; for, instead of keeping himself still and quiet in quarters allotted to him, his conversation, and songs, were at the same time so entering into the novices and younger brethren, and so trying in the opinion of the seniors of the fraternity, that, in more cases than one, it required all the authority, supported by threats, which Quentin could exert over him, to restrain his irreverent and untimely familiarity, and all the interest he could make the Superiors, to prevent the heathen hound being thrust out of doors. He succeeded, however, by the adroit manner in which he apologized for the acts of indecorum committed by their attendance, and the skill with which he hinted the hope of being brought to a better sense of principles and decorum, by the neighbourhood of holy relics, consecrated buildings, and, above all, of men dedicated to religion.

Upon the tenth or twelfth day of their journey, they had entered Flanders, and were approaching the town of Namur, all the efforts of Quentin being inadequate to suppress the consequences of the laxity given by his heathen guide. The scene was a monastic convent, and of a strict and reformed order, and the Prior a man who afterwards died in the full of sanctity. After rather more than the usual delay (which were indeed in such a case to be expected) had been surmounted, the obnoxious Bohemian at length obtained quarters in an out-house inhabited by a lay-brother, who acted as gardener. The ladies retired to their apartment, as usual, and the Prior, who chanced to have some distant allies and friends in Scotland, and who was fond of hearing foreigners tell of their native countries, invited Quentin, with whose mien and conduct he seemed much pleased, to a slight monastic refectory in his own cell. Finding the Father a man of intelligence, Quentin did not neglect the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the state of affairs in the country of Liege, of which, during the last two days of their journey, he had heard such reports, as gave him very apprehensive for the security of his progress during the remainder of their route, nay, even the Bishop's power to protect them, when they should be safely conducted to his residence. The efforts of the Prior were not very consolatory.

He said, that "the people of Liege were wealthy and proud, who, like Jeshurun of old, had waxed fat and kicked—that they were uplifted in heart because of their wealth and their privileges—that they had disputes with the Duke of Burgundy, their lord, upon the subject of imposts and immunities, and that they had repeatedly broken out into mutiny, whereas the Duke was so much incensed against being a man of a hot and fiery nature, that he had sworn, by Saint George, on the next provocation, he would make the city of Liege like to the city of Babylon, and the downfall of Tyre, a reproach and a reproach to the whole territory of the Duke."

And he is a prince, by all report, likely to keep his vow," said Quentin; "so the men of Liege probably beware how they give him occasion." "I were to be so hoped," said the Prior; "and are the prayers of the godly in the land, who do not that the blood of the citizens were poured like water, and that they should perish, even as the castaways, ere they make their peace with heaven. Also the good Bishop labours night and day to preserve peace, as well becometh a servant of altar; for it is written in holy scripture, *Beati sunt*. But"—here the good Prior stopped, with a sigh.

Quentin modestly urged the great importance of having it was to the ladies whom he attended, to have assured information respecting the internal state of the country, and what an act of Christianity it would be, if the worthy and reverend Father would enlighten them upon that subject.

"It is one," said the Prior, "on which no man has will to speak; for those who speak evil of the powerful, *clam in cubiculo*, may find that a good thing shall carry the matter to his ears."

Nevertheless, to render you, who seem an ingenious youth, and your ladies, who are devout votaries accomplishing a holy pilgrimage, the little service that is in my power, I will be plain with you."

He then looked cautiously round, and lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

"The people of Liege," he said, "are privily instigated to their frequent mutinies by men of Belial, who pretend, but, as I hope, falsely, to have commission to that effect from our most Christian King; whom, however, I hold to deserve that term better than were consistent with his thus disturbing the peace of a neighbouring state. Yet so it is, that his name is freely used by those who uphold and inflame the discontents at Liege. There is, moreover, in the land, a nobleman of good descent, and fame in warlike affairs; but otherwise, so to speak, *Lapis offensivus et petra scandalis*,—a stumbling-block of offence to the countries of Burgundy and Flanders. His name is William de la Marck."

"Called William with the Beard," said the young Scot, "or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?"

"And rightly so called, my son," said the Prior; "because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs, and rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contempters of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction, upon churchmen and laymen. *Imposuit manus in Christos Domini*,—he hath stretched forth his hand upon the anointed of the Lord, regardless of what is written,—"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no wrong."—Even to our poor house did he send for sums of gold and sums of silver, as a ransom for our lives, and those of our brethren; to which we returned a Latin supplication, stating our inability to answer his demand, and exhorting him in the words of the preacher, *Ne moliaris amico tuo malum, cum habet in te fiduciam*. Nevertheless, this Guilielmus Barbatus, this William de la Marck, as completely ignorant of humane letters as of humanity itself, replied, in his ridiculous jargon, "*Si non payatis, brulabo monasterium vestrum*." "

"Of which rude Latin, however, you, my good father," said the youth, "were at no loss to conceive the meaning?"

"Alas, my son," said the Prior, "Fear and Necessity are shrewd interpreters; and we were obliged to melt down the silver vessels of our altar to satisfy the rapacity of this cruel chief—May Heaven requite it to him seven-fold! *Pereat improbus—Amen, amen, anathema esto!*"

"I marvel," said Quentin, "that the Duke of Burgundy, who is so strong and powerful, doth not bait this boar to purpose, of whose ravages I have already heard so much."

"Alas! my son," said the Prior, "the Duke Charles is now at Peronne, assembling his captains of hundreds and his captains of thousands, to make war against France; and thus, while Heaven hath set discord between the hearts of those great princes, the country is misused by such subordinate oppressors. But it is an evil time that the Duke neglects the cure of these internal gangrenes; for this William de la Marck hath of late entertained open communication with Rousselaer and Pavillon, the chiefs of the discontented at Liege, and it is to be feared he will soon stir them up to some desperate enterprise."

"But the Bishop of Liege," said Quentin, "he hath still power enough to subdue this disquietude and turbulent spirit—hath he not, good father?—Your answer to this question concerns me much."

"The Bishop, my child," replied the Prior, "hath the sword of Saint Peter, as well as the keys. He hath power as a secular prince, and he hath the protection of the mighty House of Burgundy; he hath also spiritual authority as a prelate, and he supports

* A similar story is told of the Duke of Vendome, who answered in this sort of macaronic Latin the classical expostulations of a German convent against the imposition of a contribution.

both with a reasonable force of good soldiers and men-at-arms. This William de la Marck was bred in his household, and bound to him by many benefits. But he gave vent, even in the court of the Bishop, to his fierce and blood-thirsty temper, and was expelled thence for a homicide, committed on one of the Bishop's chief domestics. From thenceforward, being banished from the good Prelate's presence, he hath been his constant and unrelenting foe; and now, I grieve to say, he hath girded his loins, and strengthened his born against him."

"You consider, then, the situation of the worthy Prelate as being dangerous?" said Quentin, very anxiously.

"Alas! my son," said the good Franciscan, "what or who is there in this weary wilderness, whom we may not hold as in danger? But Heaven forefend, I should speak of the reverend Prelate as one whose peril is imminent. He has much treasure, true counsellors, and brave soldiers; and, moreover, a messenger who passed hither to the eastward yesterday, saith that the Duke of Burgundy hath dispatched, upon the Bishop's request, an hundred men-at-arms to his assistance. This reinforcement, with the retinue belonging to each lance, are enough to deal with William de la Marck, on whose name be sorrow!—Amen."

At this crisis their conversation was interrupted by the Sacristan, who, in a voice almost inarticulate with anger, accused the Bohemian of having practised the most abominable arts of delusion among the younger brethren. He had added to their nightly meal cups of a heady and intoxicating cordial, of ten times the strength of the most powerful wine, under which several of the fraternity had succumbed,—and indeed, although the Sacristan had been strong to resist its influence, they might yet see, from his inflamed countenance and thick speech, that even he, the accuser himself, was in some degree affected by this unhallowed potation. Moreover, the Bohemian had sung songs of worldly vanity and impure pleasures; he had derided the cord of Saint Francis, made jest of his miracles, and termed his votaries fools and lazy knaves. Lastly, he had practised palmistry, and foretold to the young Father Cherubin, that he was beloved by a beautiful lady, who should make him father to a thriving boy.

The Father Prior listened to these complaints for some time in silence, as struck with mute horror by their enormous atrocity. When the Sacristan had concluded, he rose up, descended to the court of the convent, and ordered the lay brethren, on pain of the worst consequences of spiritual disobedience, to beat Hayraddin out of the sacred precincts, with their broom-staves and cart-whips.

This sentence was executed accordingly, in the presence of Quentin Durward, who, however vexed at the occurrence, easily saw that his interference would be of no avail.

The discipline inflicted upon the delinquent, notwithstanding the exhortations of the Superior, was more ludicrous than formidable. The Bohemian ran hither and thither through the court, amongst the clamour of voices, and noise of blows, some of which reached him not, because purposely misaimed; others, sincerely designed for his person, were eluded by his activity; and the few that fell upon his back and shoulders, he took without either complaint or reply. The noise and riot was the greater, that the inexperienced cudgel-players, among whom Hayraddin ran the gauntlet, hit each other more frequently than they did him; till at length, desirous of ending a scene which was more scandalous than edifying, the Prior commanded the wicket to be flung open, and the Bohemian, darting through it with the speed of lightning, fled forth into the moonlight.

During this scene, a suspicion which Durward had formerly entertained, recurred with additional strength. Hayraddin had, that very morning, promised to him more modest and discreet behaviour than he was wont to exhibit, when they rested in a convent on their journey; yet he had broken his engagement, and had been even more offensively obstreperous than usual. Something probably lurked

under this; for whatever were the Boicencies, he lacked neither sense, nor, as I said, self-command; and might it not be he wished to hold some communication with his own horde or some one else, from which he was debarred in the course of the day, by which he was watched by Querrecourse to this stratagem in order to turn out of the convent?

No sooner did this suspicion dart through Durward's mind, than, alert was in his motions, he resolved to follow the guide, and observe (secretly if possible) of himself. Accordingly, when he fled, as already mentioned, out of the convent, Quentin, hastily explaining the necessity of keeping sight of his god's pursuit of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SPIED SPY.

What, the rude ranger? and spied spy?—
You are for so such rustics.

BEN JONSON'S *Talk*

WHEN Quentin sallied from the court mark the precipitate retreat of the Bohemian figure was seen in the far moonlight the speed of a flogged hound quite thro' of the little village, and across the level lay beyond.

"My friend runs fast," said Quentin, "but he must run faster yet, to escape that ever pressed the heather of Glen."

Being fortunately without his cloak the Scottish mountaineer was at liberty a speed which was unrivalled in his own which, notwithstanding the rate at which he ran, was likely soon to bring him to him. This was not, however, Quentin he considered it more essential to waste motions, than to interrupt them. He led to this, by the steadiness with which directed his course; and which continued the impulse of the violent expulsion seemed to indicate that his career had certain goal for its object than could it itself to a person unexpectedly turned quarters when midnight was approaching new place of repose. He never even him; and consequently Durward was low him unobserved. At length the Bohemian traversed the meadow, and attained the stream, the banks of which were clothed and willows, Quentin observed that and blew a low note on his horn, answered by a whistle at some little distance.

"This is a rendezvous," thought Quentin, "how shall I come near enough to overtake of what passes? the sound of my stepping of the boughs through which I pass, will betray me, unless I am careful to stalk them, by Saint Andrew, as if I was a deer—they shall learn that I have woodcraft for naught. Yonder are shadows—and two of them there are me if I am discovered, and if their friendly, as is much to be doubted. Countess Isabelle loses her poor friend he were not worthy to be called such, ready to meet a dozen in her behalf crossed swords with Dunois, the King of France, and shall I fear a tribe of yonder—Pshaw—God and Saint Andrew to find me both stout and wary."

Thus resolving, and with a degree of him by his sylvan habits, our friend the channel of the little stream, which sometimes scarce covering his shoes, mingling up to his knees, and so crept a concealed by the boughs overhanging his steps unheard amid the ripple of the have ourselves, in the days of yore, th

kafal raven.) In this manner, the perceived, until he distinctly heard who were the subject of his observation could not distinguish the words under the drooping branches of a big willow, which almost swept the ter, he caught hold of one of its instance of which, exerting at once sity, and strength, he raised himself of the tree, and sat, secure from the central branches.

ion he could discover that the perayraddin was now conversing was ce, and, at the same time, he per disappointment, that no approximation to comprehend their language totally unknown to him. They nd as Hayraddin made a sign of id ended by rubbing his shoulder rward had no doubt that he was of the bastinading which he had to his escape from the convent. whistle was again heard in the distance more answered by a low tone in's horn. Presently afterwards, a y-looking man, a strong contrast and sinews to the small and slender, made his appearance. He ric over his shoulder, which suspended almost across his person; h slashed, through which slashes r Tiffany, of various colours; they st five hundred points or strings, o the tight buff-jacket which he t sleeve of which displayed a silver rest of his Captain. A very small side of his head, from which ty of curled hair, which fell on each ce, and mingled with as broad a nches long. He held a long lance his whole equipment was that of t adventurers, who were known by nechts, in English, spearmen, who idable part of the infantry of the crenaries were, of course, a fierce diery, and having an idle tale selves, that a lanzknecht was reno heaven on account of his vices, the score of his tumultuous, mutinadinate disposition, they manfully ither sought the one, nor eschewed

olitz" was his first salutation, in a "rench, which we can only imphave you kept me dancing in e nights?"

you sooner, Meinherr," said Hayissively; "there is a young Scot, eye as the wild-cat, who watches i. He suspects me already, and, suspicion confirmed, I were a dead nd he would carry back the women

said the lanzknecht; "we are three hem to-morrow, and carry the wowing farther. You said the two valets u and your comrade may manage el shall hold me, but I match your

that foolhardy," said Hayraddin; e ourselves count not much in k hath matched himself with the ance, and come off with honour—I who saw him press Dunois hard

urmwetter! It is but your coward-said the German soldier.

a coward than yourself," said Hay-trade is not fighting.—If you keep where it was laid, it is well—if not, ly to the Bishop's Palace, and Wilmay easily possess himself of them is half as strong as he pretended a

"Poz tausend!" said the soldier, "we are as strong and stronger; but we hear of a hundreds of the lances of Burgund,—das ist,—see you,—five men to a lance do make five hundreds, and then hold me the devil, they will be fainer to seek for us, than we to seek for them; for der Bischoff hath a goot force on footing—ay, indeed!"

"You must then hold to the ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings, or give up the adventure," said the Bohemian.

"Geb up—geb up the adventure of the rich bride for our noble hauptman—Teufel! I will charge through hell first.—Mein soul, we will be all princes and hertzogs, whom they call dukes, and we will hab a snab at the wein-kellar, and at the mouldy French crowns, and it may be at the pretty garces too, when He with de beard is weary on them."

"The ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings then still holds?" said the Bohemian.

"Mein Got, ay,—you will swear to bring them there; and when they are on their knees before the cross, and down from off their horses, which all men do, except such black heathens as thou, we will make in on them, and they are ours."

"Ay; but I promised this piece of necessary villany only on one condition," said Hayraddin.—"I will not have a hair of the young man's head touched. If you swear this to me, by your Three dead Men of Cologne, I will swear to you, by the Seven Night Walkers, that I will serve you truly as to the rest. And if you break your oath, the Night Walkers shall wake you seven nights from your sleep, between night and morning, and, on the eighth, they shall strangle and devour you."

"But, donner and hagel, what need you be so curious about the life of this boy, who is neither your blood nor kin?" said the German.

"No matter for that, honest Heinrich; some men have pleasure in cutting throats, some in keeping them whole.—So swear to me, that you will spare him life and limb, or, by the bright star Aldeboran, this matter shall go no further.—Swear, and by the Three Kings, as you call them, of Cologne—I know you care for no other oath."

"Du bist ein comische man," said the lanzknecht, "I swear—"

"Not yet," said the Bohemian—"Faces about, brave lanzknecht, and look to the east, else the Kings may not hear you."

The soldier took the oath in the manner prescribed, and then declared that he would be in readiness, observing the place was quite convenient, being scarce five miles from their present leaguer.

"But, were it not making sure work to have a fahnelein of riders on the other road, by the left side of the inn, which might trap them if they go that way?"

The Bohemian considered a moment, and then answered, "No—the appearance of their troops in that direction might alarm the garrison of Namur, and then they would have a doubtful fight, instead of assured success. Besides, they shall travel on the right bank of the Maes, for I can guide them which way I will; for, sharp as this same Scottish mountaineer is, he hath never asked any one's advice, save mine, upon the direction of their route.—Undoubtedly, I was assigned to him by an assured friend, whose word no man mistrusts till they come to know him a little."

"Hark ye, friend Hayraddin," said the soldier, "I would ask you somewhat.—You and your brother were, as you say yourself, gross sternen-deuter, that is, star-lookers and geister-seers.—Now, what henker was it made you not foresee him, your brother Zamet, to be hanged?"

"I will tell you, Heinrich," said Hayraddin;—"If I could have known my brother was such a fool as to tell the counsel of King Louis to Duke Charles of Burgundy, I could have foretold his death as sure as I can foretell fair weather in July. Louis hath both ears and hands at the Court of Burgundy, and Charles's counsellors love the chink of French gold as well as thou dost the clatter of a wine-pot.—But fare thee well, and keep appointment—I must await my early Scot a bow-shot without the gate of the den of the lazy swine yonder, else will he think me about some

excursion which bodes no good to the success of his journey."

"Take a draught of comfort first," said the lanzknecht, tendering him a flask,—"but I forget; thou art beast enough to drink nothing but water, like a vile vassal of Mahound and Termagand."

"Thou art thyself a vassal of the wine-measure and the flagon," said the Bohemian,—"I marvel not that thou art only trusted with the bloodthirsty and violent part of executing what better heads have devised.—He must drink no wine, who would know the thoughts of others, or hide his own. But why preach to thee, who hast a thirst as eternal as a sand-bank in Arabia?—Fare thee well.—Take my comrade Tuisco with thee—his appearance about the monastery may breed suspicion."

The two worthies parted, after each had again pledged himself to keep the rendezvous at the Cross of the Three Kings.

Quentin Durward watched until they were out of sight, and then descended from his place of concealment, his heart throbbing at the narrow escape which he and his fair charge had made—if, indeed, it could yet be achieved—from a deep-laid plan of villany. Afraid, on his return to the monastery, of stumbling upon Hayraddin, he made a long detour, at the expense of traversing some very rough ground, and was thus enabled to return to his asylum on a different point from that by which he left it.

On the route, he communed earnestly with himself concerning the safest plan to be pursued. He had formed the resolution, when his first heard Hayraddin avow his treachery, to put him to death so soon as the conference broke up, and his companions were at a sufficient distance; but when he heard the Bohemian express so much interest in saving his own life, he felt it would be ungrateful to execute upon him, in its rigour, the punishment his treachery had deserved. He therefore resolved to spare his life, and even, if possible, still to use his services as a guide, under such precautions as should ensure the security of the precious charge, to the preservation of which his own life was internally devoted.

But whither were they to turn—the Countesses of Croye could neither obtain shelter in Burgundy, from which they had fled, nor in France, from which they had been in a manner expelled. The violence of Duke Charles in the one country, was scarcely more to be feared than the cold and tyrannical policy of King Louis in the other. After deep thought, Durward could form no better or safer plan for their security, than that, evading the ambuscade, they should take the road to Liege by the left hand of the Maes, and throw themselves, as the ladies originally designed, upon the protection of the excellent Bishop. That Prelate's will to protect them could not be doubted, and, if reinforced by this Burgundian party of men-at-arms, he might be considered as having the power. At any rate, if the dangers to which he was exposed from the hostility of William de la Marck, and from the troubles in the city of Liege, appeared imminent, he would still be able to protect the unfortunate ladies until they could be despatched to Germany with a suitable escort.

To sum up this reasoning—for when is a mental argument conducted without some reference to selfish considerations?—Quentin imagined that the death or captivity to which King Louis had, in cold blood, consigned him, set him at liberty from his engagements to the crown of France; which, therefore, it was his determined purpose to renounce. The Bishop of Liege was likely, he concluded, to need soldiers, and he thought that, by the interposition of his fair friends, who now, especially the elder Countess, treated him with much familiarity, he might get some command, and perhaps might have the charge of conducting the ladies of Croye to some place more safe than the neighbourhood of Liege. And, to conclude, the ladies had talked, although almost in a sort of jest, of raising the Countess's own vassals, and, as others did in those stormy times, fortifying her strong castle against all assailants whatever; they had jestingly asked Quentin, whether he would accept the perilous office of their Seneschal; and, on

his embracing the office with ready gladness, they had, in the same spirit, permitted him to kiss both their hands on that confidential and honourable appointment. Nay, he thought of the Countess Isabelle, one of the best and most beautiful to which true vassal homage, trembled when his lips rested on it longer than ceremony required, and that as she appeared on her cheek and in her eye, withdrew it. Something might come of all that. What brave man, at Quentin Durward's age, could not have taken the thoughts which it suggested into the considerations which were to direct his conduct?

This point settled, he had next to consider to what degree he was to use the further guidance of the faithless Bohemian. He had renounced the thought of killing him in the wood, and if he had any other guide, and dismissed him alive, it would be aiding the traitor to the camp of William de la Marck with intelligence of their motions. He had, of taking the Prior into his counsels, and him to detain the Bohemian by force, should have time to reach the Bishop's chamber on reflection, he dared not hazard such a step to one who was timid both as an old man and as a monk, who held the safety of his convent the most important object of his duty, and who trembled at the mention of the Wild Boar of Ardenne.

At length Durward settled a plan of operations which he could the better reckon, as the execution entirely upon himself; and, in the cause he was engaged, he felt himself capable of anything. With a firm and bold heart, he was conscious of the dangers of his situation, but he compared to one walking under a load, the weight of which he is conscious, but which beyond his strength and power of endurance as his plan was determined, he reached the end.

Upon knocking gently at the gate, a boy, considerably stationed for that purpose by the Prior, opened it, and acquainted him that the brethren were engaged in the choir till daybreak, praying for him to the community the various services which had that evening taken place among them.

The worthy friar offered Quentin permission to attend their devotions; but his clothes were in a wet condition, that the young Scot was to decline the opportunity, and request permission to sit by the kitchen fire, in order to be dried before morning; as he was so desirous that the Bohemian, when they met, should observe no traces of his having been abroad during the night. The friar, on his request, but afforded him his own company, fell in very happily with the desire which he had to obtain information concerning the Bohemian, which he had heard mentioned by the Bohemian conversation with the lanzknecht. The friar, upon many occasions with the business of the convent abroad, was the person in the family qualified to afford him the information he required, but observed, that, as true pilgrims, it was the duty of the ladies whom Quentin escorted, to take the road on the right side of the Maes, by the Cross of the Kings, where the blessed relics of Caspar, and Balthasar, (as the Catholic Church holds the eastern Magi who came to Bethlehem to offer offerings,) had rested as they were travelling to Cologne, and on which spot they had wrought many miracles.

Quentin replied, that the ladies were determined to observe all the holy stations with the utmost exactness, and would certainly visit that of the Kings, either in going to or returning from Cologne. He had heard reports that the road by the right side of the river was at present rendered unsafe by the depredations of the ferocious William de la Marck.

"Now may Heaven forbid," said Father Time, "that the Wild Boar of Ardenne should again show his lair so near us!—Nevertheless, the brook will be a good barrier betwixt us, even should the chance."

"But it will be no barrier between my ladies and the marauder, should we cross the river, and travel on the right bank," answered the Scot.

"Heaven will protect its own, young man," said the friar; "for it were hard to think that the Kings of yonder blessed city of Cologne, who will not endure that a Jew or Infidel should even enter within the walls of their town, could be oblivious enough to permit their worshippers, coming to their shrine as true pilgrims, to be plundered and misused by such a miscreant dog as this Boar of Ardenness, who is worse than a whole desert of Saracen heathens, and all the ten tribes of Israel to boot."

Whatever reliance Quentin, as a sincere Catholic, was bound to rest upon the special protection of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar, he could not but recollect, that the pilgrim habits of the ladies being assumed out of mere earthly policy, he and his charge could scarcely expect their countenance on the present occasion; and therefore resolved, as far as possible, to avoid placing the ladies in any predicament where miraculous interposition might be necessary; whilst, in the simplicity of his good faith, he himself vowed a pilgrimage to the Three Kings of Cologne in his own proper person, provided the simulate design of those over whose safety he was now watching, should be permitted by those reasonable and royal as well as sainted personages, to attain the desired effect.

That he might enter into this obligation with all solemnity, he requested the friar to show him into one of the various chapels which opened from the main body of the church of the convent, where, upon his knees, and with sincere devotion, he ratified the vow which he had made internally. The distant sound of the choir, the solemnity of the deep and dead hour which he had chosen for this act of devotion, the effect of the glimmering lamp with which the little Gothic building was illuminated—all contributed to throw Quentin's mind into the state when it most readily acknowledges its human frailty, and seeks that supernatural aid and protection, which, in every worship, must be connected with repentance for past sins, and resolutions of future amendment. That the object of his devotion was misplaced, was not the fault of Quentin; and, its purpose being sincere, we can scarcely suppose it unacceptable to the only true Deity, who regards the motives, and not the forms of prayer, and in whose eyes the sincere devotion of a heathen is more estimable than the specious hypocrisy of a Pharisee.

Having commended himself and his helpless companions to the Saints, and to the keeping of Providence, Quentin at length retired to rest, leaving the friar much edified by the depth and sincerity of his devotion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PALMISTRY.

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cover'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
The rough road, then, returning in a round,
Meek'd our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

By noon of day Quentin Durward had forsaken his little cell, had roused the sleepy grooms, and, with more than his wonted care, seen that every thing was prepared for the day's journey. Girths and bridles, the horse-furniture, and the shoes of the horses themselves, were carefully inspected with his own eyes, that there might be as little chance as possible of the occurrence of any of those casualties, which, petty as they seem, often interrupt or disconcert travelling. The horses were also, under his own inspection, carefully shod, so as to render them fit for a long day's journey, or, if that should be necessary, for a hasty flight.

Quentin then betook himself to his own chamber, armed himself with unusual care, and belted on his sword, with the feeling at once of approaching danger, and most stern determination to dare it to the uttermost. These generous feelings gave him a loftiness of spirit and a dignity of manner, which the ladies of Croy had not yet observed in him, though they had

been highly pleased and interested by the grace, yet naïveté, of his general behaviour and conversation, and the mixture of shrewd intelligence which naturally belonged to him, with the simplicity arising from his secluded education and distant country. He let them understand, that it would be necessary that they should prepare for their journey this morning rather earlier than usual; and, accordingly, they left the convent immediately after a morning repast, for which, as well as the other hospitalities of the House, the ladies made acknowledgment by a donation to the altar, befitting rather their rank than their appearance. But this excited no suspicion, as they were supposed to be Englishwomen; and the attribute of superior wealth attached at that time to the insular character as strongly as in our own day.

The Prior blessed them as they mounted to depart, and congratulated Quentin on the absence of his head-then guide; "for," said the venerable man, "better stumble in the path, than be upheld by the arm of a thief or robber."

Quentin was not quite of his opinion; for, dangerous as he knew the Bohemian to be, he thought he could use his services, and, at the same time, baffo his treasonable purpose, now that he saw clearly to what it tended. But his anxiety upon this subject was soon at an end, for the little cavalcade was not an hundred yards from the monastery and the village, before Maugrabin joined it, riding as usual on his little active and wild-looking jennet. Their road led them along the side of the same brook where Quentin had overheard the mysterious conference of the preceding evening, and Hayraddin had not long rejoined them, ere they passed under the very willow-tree which had afforded Durward the means of concealment, when he became an unsuspected hearer of what then passed betwixt that false guide and the lanzknecht.

The recollections which the spot brought back stirred Quentin to enter abruptly into conversation with his guide, whom hitherto he had scarcely spoken to.

"Where hast thou found night-quarter, thou profane knave?" said the Scot.

"Your wisdom may guess, by looking on my gaber-dine," answered the Bohemian, pointing to his dress, which was covered with the seeds of hay.

"A good haystack," said Quentin, "is a convenient bed for an astrologer, and a much better than a heathen scoffer at our blessed religion, and its ministers, ever deserves."

"It suited my Klepper better than me, though," said Hayraddin, patting his horse on the neck; "for he had food and shelter at the same time. The old bald fools turned him loose, as if a wise man's horse could have infected with wit or sagacity a whole convent of asses. Lucky that Klepper knows my whistle, and follows me as truly as a hound, or we had never met again, and you in your turn might have whistled for a guide."

"I have told thee more than once," said Durward, sternly, "to restrain thy ribaldry when thou chancest to be in worthy men's company, a thing which, I believe, hath rarely happened to thee in thy life before now; and I promise thee, that, did I hold thee as faithless a guide as I esteem thee a blasphemous and worthless caufe, my Scottish dirk and thy heathenish heart had ere now been acquainted, although the doing such a deed were as ignoble as the sticking of swine."

"A wild boar is near akin to a sow," said the Bohemian, without flinching from the sharp look with which Quentin regarded him, or altering, in the slightest degree, the caustic indifference which he affected in his language; "and many men," he subjoined, "find both pride, pleasure, and profit, in sticking them."

Astonished at the man's ready confidence, and uncertain whether he did not know more of his own history and feelings than was pleasant for him to converse upon, Quentin broke off a conversation in which he had gained no advantage over Maugrabin, and fell back to his accustomed post beside the ladies.

We have already observed, that a considerable degree of familiarity had begun to establish itself between them. The elder Countess treated him (being once

well assured of the nobility of his birth) like a favoured equal; and though her niece showed her regard to their protector less freely, yet, under every disadvantage of bashfulness and timidity, Quentin thought he could plainly perceive, that his company and conversation were not by any means indifferent to her.

Nothing gives such life and soul to youthful gaiety as the consciousness that it is successfully received; and Quentin had accordingly, during the former period of their journey, amused his fair charge with the liveliness of his conversation, and the songs and tales of his country, the former of which he sung in his native language, while his efforts to render the latter into his foreign and imperfect French, gave rise to a hundred little mistakes and errors of speech, as diverting as the narratives themselves. But on this anxious morning, he rode beside the ladies of Croye without any of his usual attempts to amuse them, and they could not help observing his silence as something remarkable.

"Our young companion has seen a wolf," said the Lady Hameline, alluding to an ancient superstition, "and he has lost his tongue in consequence."

"To say I had tracked a fox were nearer the mark," thought Quentin, but gave the reply no utterance.

"Are you well, Seigneur Quentin?" said the Countess Isabelle, in a tone of interest at which she herself blushed, while she felt that it was something more than the distance between them warranted.

"He hath sat up carousing with the jolly friars," said the Lady Hameline; "the Scots are like the Germans, who spend all their mirth over the Rheinwein, and bring only their staggering steps to the dance in the evening, and their aching heads to the ladies' bower in the morning."

"Nay, gentle ladies," said Quentin, "I deserve not your reproach. The good friars were at their devotions almost all night; and for myself, my drink was barely a cup of their thinnest and most ordinary wine."

"It is the badness of his fare that has put him out of humour," said the Countess Isabelle. "Cheer up, Seigneur Quentin; and should we ever visit my ancient Castle of Bracquemont together, if I myself should stand your cup-bearer, and hand it to you, you shall have a generous cup of wine, that the like never grew upon the vines of Hochheim or Johannisberg."

"A glass of water, noble lady, from your hand—Thus far did Quentin begin, but his voice trembled; and Isabelle continued, as if she had been insensible of the tenderness of the accentuation upon the personal pronoun.

"The wine was stocked in the deep vaults of Bracquemont, by my great-grandfather the Rhinegrave Godfrey," said the Countess Isabelle.

"Who won the hand of her great-grandmother," interjected the Lady Hameline, interrupting her niece, "by proving himself the best son of chivalry, at the great tournament of Strasbourg—ten knights were slain in the lists. But those days are over, and no one now thinks of encountering peril for the sake of honour, or to relieve distressed beauty."

To this speech, which was made in the tone in which a modern beauty, whose charms are rather on the wane, may be heard to condemn the rudeness of the present age, Quentin took upon him to reply, "that there was no lack of that chivalry which the Lady Hameline seemed to consider as extinct, and that, were it eclipsed every where else, it would still glow in the bosoms of the Scottish gentlemen."

"Hear him!" said the Lady Hameline; "he would have us believe, that in his cold and bleak country still lives the noble fire which has decayed in France and Germany! The poor youth is like a Swiss mountaineer, mad with partiality to his native land—he will next tell us of the vines and olives of Scotland."

"No, madam," said Durward; "of the wine and the oil of our mountains I can say little, more than

that our swords can compel these rich productions, as tribute from our wealthier neighbours. But for the unblemished faith and unfaded honour of Scotland, I must now put to the proof how far you can repose trust in them, however mean the individual who can offer nothing more as a pledge of your safety."

"You speak mysteriously—you know of some pressing and present danger," said the Lady Hameline.

"I have read it in his eye for this hour past," exclaimed the Lady Isabelle, clasping her hands. "Sacred Virgin, what will become of us?"

"Nothing, I hope, but what you would desire," answered Durward. "And now I am compelled to ask—Gentle ladies, can you trust me?"

"Trust you?" answered the Countess Hameline—"certainly—But why the question? Or how far do you ask our confidence?"

"I, on my part," said the Countess Isabelle, "trust you implicitly, and without condition. If you can deceive us, Quentin, I will no more look for truth, as in Heaven."

"Gentle lady," replied Durward, highly gratified, "you do me but justice. My object is to alter our route, by proceeding directly by the left bank of the Maas to Liege, instead of crossing at Namur. This differs from the order assigned by King Louis, and the instructions given to the guide. But I heard news of the monastery of marauders on the right bank of the Maas, and of the march of Burgundian soldiers to suppress them. Both circumstances alarm me for your safety. Have I your permission so far to deviate from the route of your journey?"

"My ample and full permission," answered the younger lady.

"Cousin," said the Lady Hameline, "I believe with you, that the youth means us well; but bethink you—we transgress the instructions of King Louis, so positively iterated."

"And why should we regard his instructions?" said the Lady Isabelle. "I am, I thank Heaven for it, no subject of his; and, as a suppliant, he has abused the confidence he induced me to repose in him. I would not dishonour this young gentleman by weighing his word for an instant against the injunctions of yonder crafty and selfish despot."

"Now, may God bless you for that very word, lady," said Quentin, joyously; "and if I deserve not the trust it expresses, tearing with wild horses in the life and eternal tortures in the next, were I on too good for my deserts."

So saying, he spurred his horse, and rejoined the Bohemian. This worthy seemed of a remarkably passive, if not a forgiving temper. Injury or threat never dwelt, or at least seemed not to dwell, on his recollection; and he entered into the conversation which Durward presently commenced, just as if there had been no unkindly word betwixt them in the course of the morning.

"The dog," thought the Scot, "snarls not now, because he intends to clear scores with me at once; for ever, when he can snatch me by the very throat; but we will try for once whether we cannot foil a traitor at his own weapons.—Honest Hayraddin," he said, "thou hast travelled with us for ten days, thou hast never shown us a specimen of your skill or fortune-telling; which you are, nevertheless, so fond of practising, that you must needs display your gifts in every convent at which we stop, at the risk of being repaid by a night's lodging under a haystack."

"You have never asked me for a specimen of my skill," said the gipsy. "You are like the rest of the world, contented to ridicule those mysteries which they do not understand."

"Give me then a present proof of your skill," said Quentin; and, unglowing his hand, he held it out to the Zingaro.

Hayraddin carefully regarded all the lines which crossed each other on the Scotchman's palm, and noted, with equally scrupulous attention, the little rings or swellings at the roots of the fingers, which were then believed as intimately connected with the disposition, habits, and fortunes of the individual, as the organs of the brain are pretended to be in our own time.

* Vox quoque Morini

Jam fugit ipse; lupi Morini videns priores.

Vos, ita, ex. cecloga.

The commentators add, in explanation of this passage, the opinion of Pliny: "The being beheld by a wolf is so counted ominous, and is supposed to take away the speech of a man, if these animals behold him ere he sees them."

"Here is a hand," said Hayraddin, "which speaks toils endured, and dangers encountered. I read in an early acquaintance with the hilt of the sword; and yet some acquaintance also with the clasps of the sea-book."

"This of my past life you may have learned elsewhere," said Quentin; "tell me something of the future."

"This line from the hill of Venus," said the Bohemian, "not broken off abruptly, but attending and accompanying the line of life, argues a certain and great fortune by marriage, whereby the party shall be used among the wealthy and the noble by the influence of successful love."

"Such promises you make to all who ask your advice," said Quentin; "they are part of your art."

"What I tell you is as certain," said Hayraddin, "as that you shall in a brief space be menaced with mighty danger; which I infer from this bright blood-line cutting the table-line transversely, and indicating stroke of sword, or other violence, from which you shall only be saved by the attachment of a faithful friend."

"Thyself, ha?" said Quentin, somewhat indignant at the chiromantist should thus practise on his credulity, and endeavour to found a reputation by predicting the consequences of his own treachery.

"My art," replied the Zingaro, "tells me nought at concerns myself."

"In this, then, the seers of my land," said Quentin, "excel your boasted knowledge; for their skill teaches them the dangers by which they are themselves beset. I left not my hills without having felt a portion of the subtle vision with which their inhabitants are gifted; and I will give thee a proof of it, in exchange for thy ecumen of palmistry. Hayraddin, the danger which threatens me lies on the right bank of the river—I will avoid it by travelling to Liege on the left bank."

The guide listened with an apathy, which, knowing the circumstances in which Maugrabin stood, Quentin could not by any means comprehend. "If you accomplish your purpose," was the Bohemian's reply, "the dangerous crisis will be transferred from our lot to mine."

"I thought," said Quentin, "that you said but now, that you could not presage your own fortune?"

"Not in the manner in which I have but now told you yours," answered Hayraddin; "but it requires the knowledge of Louis of Valois, to presage that you will hang your guide, because your pleasure was to evade from the road which he recommended."

"The attaining with safety the purpose of the journey, and ensuring its happy termination," said Quentin, "must atone for a deviation from the exact line of the prescribed route."

"Ay," replied the Bohemian, "if you are sure that the King had in his own eye the same termination of his pilgrimage which he insinuated to you."

"And of what other termination is it possible that you could have been meditating? or why should you suppose he had any purpose in his thought, other than was avowed in his direction?" inquired Quentin.

"Simply," replied the Zingaro, "that those who now await of the Most Christian King, are aware, that the purpose about which he is most anxious, is always that which he is least willing to declare. Let our gracious Louis send twelve embassies, and I will offer my neck to the gallows a year before it is due, for in eleven of them there is not something at the bottom of the ink-horn more than the pen has written at the letters of credence."

"I regard not your foul suspicions," answered Quentin; "my duty is plain and peremptory—to convey these ladies in safety to Liege; and I take it on me to think that I best discharge that duty in changing our prescribed route, and keeping the left side of the river Maes. It is likewise the direct road to Liege, by crossing the river, we should lose time, and incur danger, to no purpose—Wherefore should we do so?"

"Only because pilgrims, as they call themselves, destined for Cologne," said Hayraddin, "do not usually descend the Maes so low as Liege; and that the route of the ladies will be accounted contradictory of their professed destination."

"If we are challenged on that account," said Quentin, "we will say that alarms of the wicked Duke of Gueldres, or of William de la Marck, or of the *Ecureurs* and *lanzknechts*, on the right side of the river, justify our holding by the left, instead of our intended route."

"As you will, my good seignior," replied the Bohemian—"I am, for my part, equally ready to guide you down the left as down the right side of the Maes—Your excuse to your master you must make out for yourself."

Quentin, although rather surprised, was at the same time pleased with the ready, or at least the unrepugnant acquiescence of Hayraddin in their change of route, for he needed his assistance as a guide, and yet had feared that the disconcerting of his intended act of treachery would have driven him to extremity. Besides, to expel the Bohemian from their society, would have been the ready mode to bring down William de la Marck, with whom he was in correspondence, upon their intended route; whereas, if Hayraddin remained with them, Quentin thought he could manage to prevent the Moor from having any communication with strangers, unless he was himself aware of it.

Abandoning, therefore, all thoughts of their original route, the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes, so speedily and successfully, that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They found that the Bishop of Liege, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

Just as they approached the Castle, they saw the Prelate returning in long procession from the neighbouring city, in which he had been officiating at the performance of High Mass. He was at the head of a splendid train of religious, civil, and military men, mingled together, or, as the old ballad-maker expresses it,

"With many a cross-bearer before,
And many a spear behind."

The procession made a noble appearance, as, winding along the verdant banks of the broad Maes, it wheeled into, and was as it were, devoured by, the huge Gothic portal of the Episcopal residence.

But when the party came more near, they found that circumstances around the Castle argued a doubt and sense of insecurity, which contradicted that display of pomp and power which they had just witnessed. Strong guards of the Bishop's soldiers were heedfully maintained all around the mansion and its immediate vicinity; and the prevailing appearances in an ecclesiastical residence, seemed to argue a sense of danger in the reverend Prelate, who found it necessary thus to surround himself with all the defensive precautions of war. The ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great Hall, where they met with the most cordial reception from the Bishop, who met them there at the head of his little Court. He would not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

Louis of Bourbon, the reigning Bishop of Liege, was in truth a generous and kind-hearted prince; whose life had not indeed been always confined, with precise strictness, within the bounds of his clerical profession; but who, notwithstanding, had uniformly maintained the frank and honourable character of the House of Bourbon, from which he was descended.

In later times, as age advanced, the Prelate had adopted habits more becomenig a member of the hierarchy than his early reign had exhibited, and was loved among the neighbouring princes, as a noble ecclesiastic, generous and magnificent in his ordinary mode of life, though preserving no very ascetic severity of character, and governing with an easy indifference, which, amid his wealthy and mutinous subjects,

rather encouraged than suadued rebellious purposes.

The Bishop was so fast an ally of the Duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the Prelate admitted claims which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, he considered Liege as his own, the Bishop as his brother, (indeed they might be accounted such, in consequence of the Duke having married for his first wife, the Bishop's sister,) and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon, had to do with Charles of Burgundy; a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

The Prelate, as we have said, assured the Ladies of Croye of such intercession as his interest at the Court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which, he hoped, might be the more effectual, as Campo-Basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly in the Duke's personal favour. He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford; but the sigh with which he gave the warrant, seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

"At every event, my dearest daughters," said the Bishop, with an air in which, as in his previous salute, a mixture of spiritual union qualified the hereditary gallantry of the House of Bourbon, "Heaven forbid I should abandon the lamb to the wicked wolf, or noble ladies to the oppression of *saitours*. I am a man of peace, though my abode now rings with arms; but be assured I will care for your safety as for my own; and should matters become yet more distracted here, which, with our Lady's grace, we trust will be rather pacified than inflamed, we will provide for your safe-conduct to Germany; for not even the will of our brother and protector, Charles of Burgundy, shall prevail with us to dispose of you in any respect contrary to your own inclinations. We cannot comply with your request of sending you to a convent; for, alas! such is the influence of the sons of Belial among the inhabitants of Liege, that we know no retreat to which our authority extends, beyond the bounds of our own castle, and the protection of our soldiery. But here you are most welcome, and your train shall have all honourable entertainment; especially this youth, whom you recommend so particularly to our countenance, and on whom in especial we bestow our blessing."

Quentin kneeled, as in duty bound, to receive the Episcopal benediction.

"For yourselves," proceeded the good Prelate, "you shall reside here with my sister Isabelle, a Canoness of Triers, and with whom you may dwell in all honour, even under the roof of so gay a bachelor as the Bishop of Liege."

He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sister's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome; and his Master of the Household, an officer, who, having taken Deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other personages of the retinue of the Ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments.

In this arrangement Quentin could not help remarking, that the presence of the Bohemian, so much objected to in country convents, seemed, in the household of this wealthy, and perhaps we might say worldly prelate, to attract neither objection nor remark.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden act of mutiny!—Julius Cæsar.

SEPARATED from the Lady Isabelle, whose looks had been for so many days his load-star, Quentin

felt a strange vacancy and chillness of the heart, which he had not yet experienced in any of the vicissitudes to which his life had subjected him. No doubt the cessation of the close and unavoidable intercourse and intimacy betwixt them was the necessary consequence of the Countess having obtained a place of settled her residence; for, under what pretext could she, had she meditated such an impropriety have had a gallant young equire, such as Quentin, in constant attendance upon her?

But the shock of the separation was not the more welcome that it seemed unavoidable, and the proud heart of Quentin swelled at finding he was parted with like an ordinary postilion, or an escort whose duty is discharged; while his eyes sympathized so far as to drop a secret tear or two over the ruins of all those airy castles, so many of which he had employed himself in constructing during their too interesting journey. He made a manly, but, at first a vain effort, to throw off this mental dejection; and so, yielding to the feelings he could not suppress, he sat him down in one of the deep recesses formed by a window which lighted the great Gothic hall of Schonwaldt, and there mused upon his hard fortune, which had not assigned him rank or wealth sufficient to prosecute his daring suit.

Quentin tried to dispel the sadness which overhung him by dispatching Charlet, one of the valets, with letters to the court of Louis, announcing the arrival of the Ladies of Croye at Liege. At length his natural buoyancy of temper returned, much excited by the title of an old *romant* which had been just printed at Strassbourg, and which lay beside him in the window, the title of which set forth,

How the Squire of low degree,
Loved the King's daughter of Hongaria.

While he was tracing the "letters black" of the ditty so congenial to his own situation, Quentin was interrupted by a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, beheld the Bohemian standing by him.

Hayraddin, never a welcome sight, was odious from his late treachery, and Quentin sternly asked him, why he dared to take the freedom to touch a Christian and a gentleman.

"Simply," answered the Bohemian, "because I wished to know if the Christian gentleman had lost his feeling as well as his eyes and ears. I have stood speaking to you these five minutes, and you have stared on that scrap of yellow paper, as if it were a spell to turn you into a statue, and had already wrought half its purpose."

"Well, what dost thou want? Speak, and be gone!"

"I want what all men want, though few are satisfied with it," said Hayraddin; "I want my due; my ten crowns of gold for guiding the ladies hither."

"With what face darest thou ask any guerdon beyond my sparing thy worthless life?" said Durward, fiercely; "thou knowest that it was thy purpose to have betrayed them on the road."

"But I did not betray them," said Hayraddin; "if I had, I would have asked no guerdon from you or from them, but from him whom their keeping upon the right-hand side of the river might have benefited. The party that I have served is the party who must pay me."

"Thy guerdon perish with thee, then, traitor!" said Quentin, telling out the money. "Get thee to the Boar of Ardenne, or to the devil! but keep hereafter out of my sight, lest I send thee thither before thy time."

"The Boar of Ardenne!" repeated the Bohemian, with a stronger cinton of surprise than his features usually expressed; "it was then no vague guess—no general suspicion—which made you insist on changing the road?—Can it be—are there really in other lands arts of prophecy more sure than those of our wandering tribes? The willow tree under which we spoke could tell no tales. But no—no—no—Nolt that I was!—I have it—I have it!—The willow by the brook near yon convent—I saw you look towards it as you passed it, about half a mile from yon hive of drones—that could not indeed speak, but it might

do one who could hear! I will hold my councils an open plain henceforth; not a bunch of thistles all be near me for a Scot to shroud amongst—Ha! I the Scot hath beat the Zingaro at his own subtle spoons. But know, Quentin Durward, that you've foiled me to the marrying of thine own fortune! Yes! the fortune I told thee of, from the lines on y hand, had been richly accomplished but for thine obstinacy."

"By Saint Andrew," said Quentin, "thy indifference makes me laugh in spite of myself—How, in what, should thy successful villany have been service to me? I heard, indeed, that you did putate to save my life, which condition your worry allies would speedily have forgotten, had we come to blows—but in what thy betrayal of the ladies could have served me, but by exposing me to death or captivity, is a matter beyond human aims to conjecture."

"No matter thinking of it, then," said Hayraddin, for I mean still to surprise you with my gratitude. Had you kept back my hire, I should have held that I were quit, and had left you to your own foolish advance. As it is, I remain your debtor for yonder atter on the banks of the Cher."

"Methinks I have already taken out the payment cursing and abusing thee," said Quentin.

"Hard words, or kind ones," said the Zingaro, are but wind, which make no weight in the baggage. Had you struck me, indeed, instead of threatening—"

"I am likely enough to take out payment in that way, if you provoke me longer."

"I would not advise it," said the Zingaro; "such payment, made by a rash hand, might exceed the debt, and unhappily leave a balance on your side, which I am not one to forget or forgive. And now farewell, but not for a long space—I go to bid adieu the Ladies of Croye."

"Thou?" said Quentin in astonishment—"thou be limited to the presence of the ladies, and here, where they are in a manner recedes under the protection of the Bishop's sister, a noble canoness? It is impossible."

"Marthon, however, waits to conduct me to their residence," said the Zingaro, with a sneer; "and I must pray your forgiveness if I leave you something abruptly."

He turned as if to depart, but instantly coming back, said, with a tone of deep and serious emphasis, I know your hopes—they are daring, yet not vain, I said them. I know your fears—they should teach rudeness, not timidity. Every woman may be won. Count is but a nickname, which will befit Quentin; as well as the other nickname of duke befits Charles, that of king befits Louis."

Ere Durward could reply, the Bohemian had left the hall. Quentin instantly followed; but, better acquainted than the Scot with the passages of the house, Hayraddin kept the advantage which he had taken; and the pursuer lost sight of him as he descended a small back staircase. Still Durward followed, though without exact consciousness of his own purpose in doing so. The staircase terminated in a door opening into the alley of a garden, in which he again beheld the Zingaro hastening down a leached walk.

On two sides, the garden was surrounded by the walls of the castle—a huge old pile, partly castellated, and partly resembling an ecclesiastical building; on the other two sides, the enclosure was a high embattled wall. Crossing the alleys of the garden to another part of the building, where a postern-door opened behind a large massive buttress, overgrown with ivy, Hayraddin looked back, and waved his hand in signal of an exulting farewell to his follower, who saw that in effect the postern-door was opened by Marthon, and that the vile Bohemian was admitted into the precincts, as he naturally concluded, of the apartment of the Countesses of Croye. Quentin, with his lips with indignation, and blamed himself sorely that he had not made the ladies sensible of the full infamy of Hayraddin's character, and acquainted with his machinations against their safety.

The arrogant manner which the Bohemian had promised to back his suit, added to his anger and his disgust; and he felt as if even the hand of the Countess Isabelle would be profaned, were it possible to attain it by such patronage. "But it is all a deception," he said—"a turn of his base juggling artifice. He has procured access to these ladies upon some false pretence, and with some mischievous intention. It is well I have learned where they lodge. I will watch Marthon, and solicit an interview with them, were it but to place them on their guard. It is hard that I must use artifice and brook delay, when such as he have admittance openly and without scruple. They shall find, however, that though I am excluded from their presence, Isabelle's safety is still the chief subject of my vigilance."

While the young lover was thus meditating, an aged gentleman of the Bishop's household approached him from the same door by which he had himself entered the garden, and made him aware, though with the greatest civility of manner, that the garden was private, and reserved only for the use of the Bishop, and guests of the very highest distinction.

Quentin heard him repeat this information twice ere he put the proper construction upon it; and then, starting as from a reverie, he bowed, and hurried out of the garden, the official person following him all the way, and overwhelming him with formal apologies for the necessary discharge of his duty. Nay, so pertinacious was he in his attempts to remove the offence which he conceived Durward to have taken, that he offered to bestow his own company upon him, to contribute to his entertainment; until Quentin, internally cursing his formal foppiness, found no better way of escape, than pretending a desire of visiting the neighbouring city, and setting off thither at such a round pace as speedily subdued all desire in the gentleman-usher to accompany him farther than the drawbridge. In a few minutes, Quentin was within the walls of the city of Liège, then one of the richest in Flanders, and of course in the world.

Melancholy, even love-melancholy, is not so deeply seated, at least in minds of a manly and elastic character, as the soft enthusiasts who suffer under it are fond of believing. It yields to unexpected and striking impressions upon the senses, to change of place, to such scenes as create new trains of association, and to the influence of the busy hum of mankind. In a few minutes, Quentin's attention was as much engrossed by the variety of objects presented in rapid succession by the busy streets of Liège, as if there had neither been a Countess Isabelle, nor a Bohemian, in the world.

The lofty houses,—the stately, though narrow and gloomy streets,—the splendid display of the richest goods and most gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around,—the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle,—the huge wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import, the former consisting of broad cloths and serge, arms of all kinds, nails and iron work, while the latter comprehended every article of use or luxury, intended either for the consumption of an opulent city, or received in barter, and destined to be transported elsewhere,—all these objects combined to form an engrossing picture of wealth, bustle, and splendour, to which Quentin had been hitherto a stranger. He admired also the various streams and canals, drawn from and communicating with the Meuse, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the commercial facilities of water-carriage, and he failed not to hear a mass in the venerable old Church of Saint Lambert, said to have been founded in the eighth century.

It was upon leaving this place of worship that Quentin began to observe, that he, who had been hitherto gazing on all around him with the eagerness of unrestrained curiosity, was himself the object of attention to several groups of substantial-looking burghers, who seemed assembled to look upon him as he left the church, and amongst whom arose a buzz and whisper, which spread from one party to another; while the number of gazers continued to

augment rapidly, and the eyes of each who added to it were eagerly directed to Quentin, with a stare which expressed much interest and curiosity, mingled with a certain degree of respect.

At length he now formed the centre of a considerable crowd, which yet yielded before him while he continued to move forward; while those who followed or kept pace with him, studiously avoided pressing on him, or impeding his motions. Yet his situation was too embarrassing to be long endured, without making some attempt to extricate himself, and to obtain some explanation.

Quentin looked around him, and fixing upon a jolly, stout-made, respectable man, whom, by his velvet cloak and gold chain, he concluded to be a burgher of eminence, and perhaps a magistrate, he asked him, "Whether he saw any thing particular in his appearance, to attract public attention in a degree so unusual? or whether it was the ordinary custom of the people of Liege thus to throng around strangers who chanced to visit their city?"

"Surely not, good seignior," answered the burgher; "the Liegeois are neither so idly curious as to practise such a custom, nor is there any thing in your dress or appearance, saving that which is most welcome to this city, and which our townsmen are both delighted to see, and desirous to honour."

"This sounds very polite, worthy sir," said Quentin; "but by the Cross of Saint Andrew, I cannot even guess at your meaning."

"Your oath, sir," answered the merchant of Liege, "as well as your accent, convinces me that we are right in our conjecture."

"By my patron Saint Quentin!" said Durward, "I am farther off from your meaning than ever."

"There again now," rejoined the Liegeois, looking, as he spoke, most provokingly, yet most civilly, polite and intelligent.—"It is surely not for us to see that which you, worthy seignior, deem it proper to conceal. But why swear by Saint Quentin, if you would not have me construe your meaning?—We know the good Count of Saint Paul, who lies there at present, wishes well to our cause."

"On my life," said Quentin, "you are under some delusion—I know nothing of Saint Paul."

"Nay, we question you not," said the burgher; "although, hark ye—I say, hark in your ear—my name is Pavillon."

"And what is my business with that, Seignior Pavillon?" said Quentin.

"Nay, nothing—only methinks it might satisfy you that I am trustworthy—Here is my colleague Rouslaer, too."

Rouslaer advanced, a corpulent dignitary, whose fair round belly, like a battering-ram, did shake the press before him," and who, whispering caution to his neighbour, said, in a tone of rebuke—"You forget, good colleague, the place is too open—the seignior will retire to your house or mine, and drink a glass of Rhenish and sugar, and then we shall hear more of our good friend and ally, whom we love with all our honest Flemish hearts."

"I have no news for any of you," said Quentin, impatiently; "I will drink no Rhenish; and I only desire of you, as men of account and respectability, to disperse this idle crowd, and allow a stranger to leave your town as quietly as he came into it."

"Nay, then, sir," said Rouslaer, "since you stand so much on your incognito, and with us, too, who are men of confidence, let me ask you roundly, wherefore wear you the badge of your company if you would remain unknown in Liege?"

"What badge, and what order?" said Quentin; "you look like reverend men and grave citizens, yet, on my soul, you are either mad yourselves, or desire to drive me so."

"Sapperment!" said the other burgher, "this youth would make Saint Lambert swear! Why, who wear bonnets with the Saint Andrew's cross and *fleur-de-lys*, save the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Guards?"

"And supposing I am an Archer of the Scottish Guard, why should you make a wonder of my wearing the badge of my company?" said Quentin, impatiently.

"He has avowed it, he has avowed it!" said Rouslaer and Pavillon, turning to the assembled burghers in attitudes of congratulation, with waving arms, extended palms, and large round faces radiating with glee. "He hath avowed himself an Archer of Louis's Guard—of Louis, the guardian of the liberties of Liege!"

A general shout and cry now arose from the multitude, in which were mingled the various sounds of "Long live Louis of France! Long live the Scottish Guard! Long live the valiant Archer! Our liberties, our privileges, or death! No imposts! Long live the valiant Boar of Ardennes! Down with Charles of Burgundy! and confusion to Bourbon and his bishopric!"

Half-stunned by the noise, which began anew in one quarter so soon as it ceased in another, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, and augmented by thousands of voices which roared in chorus from distant streets and market-places, Quentin had yet time to form a conjecture concerning the meaning of the tumult, and a plan for regulating his own conduct.

He had forgotten that, after his skirmish with Orleans and Dunois, one of his comrades had, at Lord Crawford's command, replaced the morion, cloven by the sword of the latter, with one of the steel-lined bonnets, which formed a part of the proper and well-known equipment of the Scotch Guards. That an individual of this body, which was always kept very close to Louis's person, should have appeared in the streets of a city, whose civil discontents had been aggravated by the agents of that King, was naturally enough interpreted by the burghers of Liege into a determination on the part of Louis openly to assist their cause; and the apparition of an individual archer was magnified into a pledge of immediate and active support from Louis—nay, into an assurance that his auxiliary forces were actually entering the town at one or other, though no one could distinctly tell which, of the city-gates.

To remove a conviction so generally adopted, Quentin easily saw was impossible—nay, that any attempt to undeceive men so obstinately prepossessed in their belief, would be attended with personal risk, which, in this case, he saw little use of incurring. He therefore hastily resolved to temporize, and to get free the best way he could; and this resolution he formed while they were in the act of conducting him to the Stadthouse, where the notables of the town were fast assembling, in order to hear the tidings which he was presumed to have brought, and to regale him with a splendid banquet.

In spite of all his opposition, which was set down to modesty, he was on every side surrounded by the donors of popularity, the unsavoury tide of which now floated around him. His two burgomaster friends, who were *Schoppen*, or Syndics of the city, had made fast both his arms. Before him, Nikke Blok, the chief of the butcher's incorporation, hastily summoned from his office in the shambles, brandished his death-doing axe, yet smeared with blood and brains, with a courage and grace which *brantzen* alone could inspire. Behind him came the tall, lean, raw-boned, very drunk, and very patriotic figure of Claus Hammerlein, president of the mystery of the workers in iron, and followed by at least a thousand unwashed artificers of his class. Weavers, nailers, ropemakers, artisans of every degree and calling, thronged forward to join the procession from every gloomy and narrow street. Escape seemed a desperate and impossible adventure.

In this dilemma, Quentin appealed to Rouslaer, who held one arm, and to Pavillon, who had secured the other, and who were conducting him forward at the head of the ovation, of which he had so unexpectedly become the principal object. He hastily acquainted them "with his having thoughtlessly adopted the bonnet of the Scottish Guard, on an accident having occurred to the head-piece in which he had proposed to travel; he regretted that, owing to this circumstance, and the sharp wit with which the Liegeois drew the natural inference of his quality and the purpose of his visit, these things had been

ably discovered; and he intimated, that, if just now conducted to the Stadthouse, he might unsafely feel himself under the necessity of communicating to the assembled notables certain matters, which he was directed by the King to reserve for the private ears of his excellent gossip, Meinheers Rouser and Pavillon of Liege.

This last hint operated like magic on the two citizens, who were the most distinguished leaders of the surgent burghers, and were, like all demagogues of our kind, desirous to keep every thing within their own management, so far as possible. They therefore hastily agreed that Quentin should leave the way for the time, and return by night to Liege, and converse with them privately in the house of Rouser, near the gate opposite to Schonwaldt. Quentin insisted not to tell them, that he was at present residing in the Bishop's palace, under pretence of arising despatches from the French Court, although a real errand was, as they had well conjectured, assigned to the citizens of Liege; and this tortuous mode of conducting a communication, as well as the character and rank of the person to whom it was opposed to be intrusted, was so consonant to the character of Louis, as neither to excite doubt nor surprise.

Almost immediately after this *éclaircissement* was completed, the progress of the multitude brought him opposite to the door of Pavillon's house, in one of the principal streets, but which communicated on behind with the Maes, by means of a garden, as well as an extensive manufactory of tan-pits and her conveniences for dressing hides; for the patriotic burgher was a felt-dresser, or carrier.

It was natural that Pavillon should desire to do so much honours of his dwelling to the supposed envoy of Louis, and a halt before his house excited no surprise on the part of the multitude; who, on the contrary, greeted Meinheer Pavillon with a loud *bravo*, as he entered in his distinguished guest. Quentin readily laid aside his remarkable bonnet, for the cap of a felt-maker, and flung a cloak over his other apparel. Pavillon then furnished him with a passport to pass the gates of the city, and to return by night or day as should suit his convenience; and, finally, committed him to the charge of his daughter, fair and smiling Flemish lass, with instructions how he was to be disposed of, while he himself hastened back to his colleague, to amuse their friends at the Stadthouse, with the best excuses which they could invent for the disappearance of King Louis's envoy. We cannot, as the footman says in the play, collect the exact nature of the lie which the Bel-landers told the flock; but no task is so easy as that of imposing upon a multitude whose eager credulity have more than half done the business, ere the impostor has spoken a word.

The worthy burgess was no sooner gone, than his kump daughter, Trudchen, with many a blush, and many a wreathed smile, which suited very prettily with lips like cherries, laughing blue eyes, and a skin apparently pure, escorted the handsome stranger through the pleached alleys of the Sieur Pavillon's garden, down to the water-side, and there saw him safely embarked in a boat, which two stout Flemings, in their trunk-hose, fur caps, and many-buttoned skins, had got in readiness with as much haste as their low-country nature would permit.

As the pretty Trudchen spoke nothing but German, Quentin,—no disparagement to his loyal affection to the Countess of Croye,—could only express his thanks by a kiss on those same cherry lips, which was very silently bestowed, and accepted with all modest gratitude; for gallants with a form and face like our Scottish Archer, were not of every-day occurrence among the *bourgeoisie* of Liege.*

* The adventure of Quentin at Liege may be thought overrated, yet it is extraordinary what slight circumstances will influence the public mind in a moment of doubt and uncertainty. Most readers must remember, that, when the Dutch were on the point of rising against the French yoke, their zeal for liberation received a strong impulse from the landing of a person in a British volunteer-uniform, whose presence, though that of a private individual, was received as a guarantee of success in the English.

While the boat was rowed up the sluggish waters of the Maes, and passed the defences of the town, Quentin had time enough to reflect what account he ought to give of his adventure in Liege, when he returned to the Bishop's palace of Schonwaldt; and disdaining alike to betray any person who had reposed confidence in him, although by misapprehension, or to conceal from the hospitable Prelate the mutinous state of his capital, he resolved to confine himself to so general an account as might put the Bishop upon his guard, while it should point out no individual to his vengeance.

He was landed from the boat, within half a mile of the castle, and rewarded his rowers with a guildier, to their great satisfaction. Yet, short as was the space which divided him from Schonwaldt, the castle-bell had tolled for dinner, and Quentin found, moreover, that he had approached the castle on a different side from that of the principal entrance, and that to go round would throw his arrival considerably later. He, therefore, made straight towards the side that was nearest him, as he discerned that it presented an embattled wall, probably that of the little garden already noticed, with a postern opening upon the moat, and a skiff moored by the postern, which might serve, he thought, upon summons, to pass him over. As he approached, in hopes to make his entrance this way, the postern opened, a man came out, and, jumping into the boat, made his way to the farther side of the moat, and then with a long pole, pushed the skiff back towards the place where he had embarked. As he came near, Quentin discerned that this person was the Bohemian, who, avoiding him, as was not difficult, held a different path towards Liege, and was presently out of his ken.

Here was new subject for meditation. Had this vagabond heathen been all this while with the Ladies of Croye, and for what purpose should they so far have graced him with their presence? Tormented with this thought, Durward became doubly determined to seek an explanation with them, for the purpose at once of laying bare the treachery of Hayraddin, and announcing to them the perilous state in which their protector, the Bishop, was placed, by the mutinous state of his town of Liege.

As Quentin thus resolved, he entered the castle by the principal gate, and found that part of the family who assembled for dinner in the great hall, including the Bishop's attendant clergy, officers of the household, and strangers below the rank of the very first nobility, were already placed at their meal. A seat at the upper end of the board, had, however, been reserved beside the Bishop's domestic chaplain, who welcomed the stranger with the old college jest of, *Sero venientibus ossa*, while he took care so to load his plate with dainties, as to take away all appearance of that tendency to reality, which in Quentin's country, is said to render a joke either no joke, or at best an unpalatable one.†

In vindicating himself from the suspicion of ill-breeding, Quentin briefly described the tumult which had been occasioned in the city by his being discovered to belong to the Scottish Archer-guard of Louis, and endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to the narrative by saying, that he had been with difficulty extricated by a fat burgher of Liege and his pretty daughter.

But the company were too much interested in the story to taste the jest. All operations of the table were suspended while Quentin told his tale; and when he had ceased, there was a solemn pause, which was only broken by the Major-Domo saying, in a low and melancholy tone, "I would to God that we saw those hundred lances of Burgundy!"

"Why should you think so deeply on it?" said Quentin—"You have many soldiers here, whose trade is arms; and your antagonists are only the rabble of a disorderly city, who will fly before the first flutter of a banner with men-at-arms arrayed beneath it."

"You do not know the men of Liege," said the Chaplain, "of whom it may be said, that, not even excepting those of Ghent, they are at once the fiercest and the most cowardly."

† "A south board [true joke] is no board," says the Scot.

est and the most untameable in Europe. Twice has the Duke of Burgundy chastised them for their repeated revolts against their Bishop, and twice hath he suppressed them with much severity, abridged their privileges, taken away their banners, and established rights and claims to himself, which were not before competent over a free city of the Empire—Nay, the last time he defeated them with much slaughter near Saint Tron, where Liege lost nearly six thousand men, what with the sword, what with those drowned in the flight; and, thereafter, to disable them from farther mutiny, Duke Charles refused to enter at any of the gates which they had surrendered, but, beating to the ground forty cubits breadth of their city wall, marched into Liege as a conqueror, with visor closed, and lance in rest, at the head of his chivalry, by the breach which he had made. Nay, well were the Liegeois then assured, that, but for the intercession of his father, Duke Philip the Good, this Charles, then called Count of Charalois, would have given their town up to spoil. And yet, with all these fresh recollections, with their breaches unrepaired, and their arsenals scarcely supplied, the sight of an Archer's bonnet is sufficient again to stir them to uproar. May God amend all! but I fear there will be bloody work between so fierce a population and so fiery a Sovereign; and I would my excellent and kind master had a see of lesser dignity and more safety, for his mitre is lined with thorns instead of ermine. This much I say to you, Seigneur stranger, to make you aware, that, if your affairs detain you not at Schonwaldt, it is a place from which each man of sense should depart as speedily as possible. I apprehend that your ladies are of the same opinion; for one of the grooms who attended them on the route, has been sent back by them to the Court of France with letters, which, doubtless, are intended to, announce their going in search of a safer asylum."

CHAPTER XX.

THE BILLET.

Go to—thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.—If not, let me see thee still the fellow of servants, and not fit to touch Fortune's fingers.—*Twelve/24 Night.*

WHEN the tables were drawn, the Chaplain, who seemed to have taken a sort of attachment to Quentin Durward's society, or who perhaps desired to extract from him farther information concerning the meeting of the morning, led him into a withdrawing apartment, the windows of which, on one side, projected into the garden; and as he saw his companion's eye gaze rather eagerly upon the spot, he proposed to Quentin to go down and take a view of the curious foreign shrubs with which the Bishop had enriched his parterres.

Quentin excused himself, as unwilling to intrude, and therewithal communicated the check which he had received in the morning. The Chaplain smiled, and said, "That there was indeed some ancient prohibition respecting the Bishop's private garden; but this," he added, with a smile, "was when our reverend father was a princely young prelate of not more than thirty years of age, and when many fair ladies frequented the Castle for ghostly consolation. Need there was," he said, with a downcast look, and a smile, half simple and half intelligent, "that these ladies, pained in conscience, who were ever lodged in the apartments now occupied by the noble Canoness, should have some space for taking the air, secure from the intrusion of the profane. But of late years," he added, "this prohibition, although not formally removed, has fallen entirely out of observance, and remains but as the superstition which lingers in the brain of a superannuated gentleman-usher. If you please," he added, "we will presently descend, and try whether the place be haunted or no."

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Quentin than the prospect of a free entrance into the garden, through means of which, according to a chance which had hitherto attended his passion, he hoped to communicate with, or at least obtain sight of, the object of his affections, from some such turret or bal-

cony-window, or similar "coign of vantage," as at the hostelry of the Fleur-de-Lys, near Plemons, or the Dauphin's tower, within that Castle itself. Isabelle seemed still destined, wherever she made her abode, to be the Lady of the Turret.

When Durward descended with his new friend into the garden, the latter seemed a terrestrial philosopher, entirely busied with the things of the earth; while the eyes of Quentin, if they did not seek the heavens, like those of an astrologer, ranged at least all around the windows, balconies, and especially the turrets, which projected on every part from the inner front of the old building, in order to discover that which was to be his cynosure.

While thus employed, the young lover heard with total neglect, if indeed he heard at all, the enumeration of plants, herbs, and shrubs, which his reverend conductor pointed out to him; of which this was choice, because of prime use in medicine; and that more choice for yielding a rare flavour to potage; and a third, choicest of all, because possessed of no merit but its extreme scarcity. Still it was necessary to preserve some semblance at least of attention; which the youth found so difficult, that he fairly waded at the devil the officious naturalist and the whole vegetable kingdom. He was relieved at length by the striking of a clock, which summoned the Chaplain to some official duty.

The reverend man made many unnecessary apologies for leaving his new friend, and concluded by giving him the agreeable assurance, that he might walk in the garden till supper, without much risk of being disturbed.

"It is," said he, "the place where I always study my own homilies, as being most sequestered from the resort of strangers. I am now about to deliver one of them in the chapel, if you please to favour me with your audience.—I have been thought to have some gift.—But the glory be where it is due!"

Quentin excused himself for this evening, under pretence of a severe headach, which the open air was likely to prove the best cure for; and at length the well-meaning priest left him to himself.

It may well be imagined, that in the curious inspection which he now made, at more leisure, of every window or aperture which looked into the garden, those did not escape which were in the immediate neighbourhood of the small door by which he had seen Marthon admit Hayraddin, as he pretended, to the apartment of the Countesses. But nothing stirred or showed itself, which could either confute or confirm the tale which the Bohemian had told, until it was becoming dusk; and Quentin began to be sensible, he scarce knew why, that his sauntering so long in the garden might be subject of displeasure or suspicion.

Just as he had resolved to depart, and was taking what he had destined for his last turn under the windows which had such attraction for him, he heard above him a slight and cautious sound, like that of a cough, as intended to call his attention, and to avoid the observation of others. As he looked up in joyful surprise, a casement opened—a female hand was seen to drop a billet, which fell into a rosemary bush that grew at the foot of the wall. The precaution used in dropping this letter, prescribed equal prudence and secrecy in reading it. The garden, surrounded, as we have said, upon two sides, by the buildings of the palace, was commanded, of course, by the windows of many apartments; but there was a sort of grotto of rock-work, which the Chaplain had shown Durward with much complacency. To snatch up the billet, thrust it into his bosom, and to this place of secrecy, was the work of a single minute. He there opened the precious scroll, and read, at the same time, the memory of the Monks of Aberbrothick, whose nurture had rendered him capable of deciphering its contents.

The first line contained the injunction, "Read this in secret,"—and the contents were as follows: "What your eyes have too boldly said, mine have perhaps too rashly understood. But, unjust persecution makes its victims bold, and it were better to throw myself on the gratitude of one, than to remain

object of pursuit to many. Fortune has her seat upon a rock; but brave men fear not to climb. A dare-dought for one that hazards much, you but pass into this garden at prime-to-morrow, in your cap a blue-and-white feather; but no farther communication. Your stars have, say, destined you for greatness, and disposed of gratitude.—Farewell—be faithful, prompt, and true, and doubt not thy fortune." Within this was enclosed a ring with a table diamond, on which were cut, in form of a lozenge, the ancient arms of the House of Croye.

The first feeling of Quentin upon this occasion was not ecstasy—a pride and joy which seemed to him to the stars—a determination to do or die, induced by which he treated with scorn the thousand obstacles that placed themselves betwixt him and the goal of his wishes.

In this mood of rapture, and unable to endure any rupture which might withdraw his mind, were it for a moment, from so ecstatic a subject of contemplation, Durward, retiring to the interior of the castle, hastily assigned his former pretext of a head for not joining the household of the Bishop at supper-meal, and, lighting his lamp, betook himself to the chamber which had been assigned him, to read and to think again, and again, the precious billet, to kiss a thousand times the no less precious ring. At such high-wrought feelings could not remain in the same ecstatic tone. A thought pressed on him, though he repelled it as ungrateful—as blasphemous—that the frankness of the confession implied less delicacy, on the part of her who said it, than was consistent with the high romantic age of adoration with which he had hitherto wooed the Lady Isabelle. No sooner did this unthought thought intrude itself, than he hastened to it, as he would have stifled a hissing and hateful adder, that had intruded itself into his couch. It for him—him the Favourite—on whose account she had stooped from her sphere, to ascribe to her for the very act of condescension, with which he dared not have raised his eyes towards her? Did not her very dignity of birth and of condition, reverse, in her case, the usual rules which imposed silence on the lady until her lover shall have spoken? To these arguments, which he boldly pressed into syllogisms, and avowed to himself, his duty might possibly suggest one which he cared not anybody even mentally with the same frankness—the merit of the party beloved might perhaps rest, on the part of the lady, some little departure from common rules; and, after all, as in the case of Iphigene, there was example for it in chronicle. The sire of low degree, of whom he had just been reading, was, like himself, a gentleman void of land and reg, and yet the generous Princess of Hungary bestowed on him, without scruple, more substantial risks of her affection, than the billet he had just received.—

"Welcome," she said, "my sweete Squire,
My heart's roote, my soule's desire;
I will give thee kisses three,
And ale five hundred poundis in fee."

And hence the same faithful history made the King Hongrie himself avouch,

"I have known many a page
Come to be Prince by marriage."

that, upon the whole, Quentin generously and magnanimously reconciled himself to a line of conduct on the Countess's part, by which he was likely to be so highly benefited.

But this scruple was succeeded by another doubt, of order of digestion. The traitor Hayraddin had been the apartments of the ladies, for aught Quentin saw, for the space of four hours, and, considering the hints which he had thrown out, of possessing an audience of the most interesting kind over the fortunes of Quentin Durward, what should assure him that this train was not of his laying? and if so, was not probable that such a dissembling villain had it on foot to conceal some new plan of treachery perhaps to seduce Isabelle out of the protection of

the worthy Bishop? This was a matter to be closely looked into, for Quentin felt a repugnance to this individual proportioned to the unabashed impudence with which he had avowed his profligacy, and could not bring himself to hope, that any thing in which he was concerned could ever come to an honourable or happy conclusion.

These various thoughts rolled over Quentin's mind like misty clouds, to dash and obscure the fair landscape which his fancy had at first drawn, and his couch was that night a sleepless one. At the hour of prime—ay, and an hour before it, was he in the castle-garden, where no one now opposed either his entrance or his abode, with a feather of the assigned colour, as distinguished as he could by any means procure in such haste. No notice was taken of his appearance for nearly two hours; at length he heard a few notes of the lute, and presently the lattice opened right above the little postern-door at which Marthon had admitted Hayraddin, and Isabelle, in maidenly beauty, appeared at the opening, greeted him half-kindly, half-shyly, coloured extremely at the deep and significant reverence with which he returned her courtesy—shut the casement, and disappeared.

Daylight and champagne could discover no more! The authenticity of the billet was ascertained—it only remained what was to follow; and of this the fair writer had given him no hint. But no immediate danger impended—The Countess was in a strong castle, under the protection of a Prince, at once respectable for his secular, and venerable for his ecclesiastical authority. There was neither immediate room nor occasion for the exulting Squire interfering in the adventure; and it was sufficient if he kept himself prompt to execute her commands whenever they should be communicated to him. But Fate purposed to call him into action sooner than he was aware of.

It was the fourth night after his arrival at Schonwaldt, when Quentin had taken measures for sending back on the morrow, to the Court of Louis, the remaining groom who had accompanied him on his journey, with letters from himself to his uncle and Lord Crawford, renouncing the service of France, for which the treachery to which he had been exposed by the private instructions of Hayraddin gave him an excuse, both in honour and prudence; and he betook himself to his bed with all the rosy-coloured ideas around him which flutter about the couch of a youth when he loves dearly, and thinks his love as sincerely repaid.

But Quentin's dreams, which at first partook of the nature of those happy influences under which he had fallen asleep, began by degrees to assume a more terrific character.

He walked with the Countess Isabelle beside a smooth and inland lake, such as formed the principal characteristic of his native glen; and he spoke to her of his love, without any consciousness of the impediments which lay between them. She blushed and smiled when she listened—even as he might have expected from the tenor of the letter, which, sleeping or waking, lay nearest to his heart. But the scene suddenly changed from summer to winter—from calm to tempest; the winds and the waves rose with such a contest of surge and whirlwind, as if the demons of the water and of the air had been contending for their roaring empires in rival strife. The rising waters seemed to cut off their advance and their retreat—the increasing tempest, which dashed them against each other, seemed to render their remaining on the spot impossible; and the tumultuous sensations produced by the apparent danger awoke the dreamer.

He awoke; but although the circumstances of the vision had disappeared, and given place to reality, the noise, which had probably suggested them, still continued to sound in his ears.

Quentin's first impulse was to sit erect in bed, and listen with astonishment to sounds, which, if they had announced a tempest, might have shamed the wildest that ever burst down from the Grampians; and again in a minute he became sensible, that the tumult was not excited by the fury of the elements, but by the wrath of men.

He sprung from bed, and looked from the window of his apartment; but it opened into the garden, and on that side all was quiet, though the opening of the casement made him still more sensible, from the shouts which reached his ears, that the outside of the castle was beleaguered and assaulted, and that by a numerous and determined enemy. Hastily collecting his dress and arms, and putting them on with such celerity as darkness and surprise permitted, his attention was solicited by a knocking at the door of his chamber. As Quentin did not immediately answer, the door, which was a slight one, was forced open from without, and the intruder, announced by his peculiar dialect to be the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin, entered the apartment. A phial, which he held in his hand, touched by a match, produced a dark flash of ruddy fire, by means of which he kindled a lamp, which he took from his bosom.

"The horoscope of your destinies," he said energetically to Durward, without any farther greeting, "now turns upon the determination of a minute."

"Caution!" said Quentin, in reply, "there is treachery around us; and where there is treachery, thou must have a share in it."

"You are mad," answered Maugrabin—"I never betrayed any one but to gain by it—and wherefore should I betray you, by whose safety I can take more advantage than by your destruction? Harken for a moment, if it be possible for you, to one note of reason, ere it is sounded into your ear by the death-shot of ruin. The Liegeois are up—William de la Marck with his band leads them—Were there means of resistance, their numbers, and his fury, would overcome them; but there are next to none. If you would save the Countess and your own hopes, follow me, in the name of her who sent you a table-diamond, with three leopards engraved on it!"

"Lead the way," said Quentin, hastily—"In that name I dare every danger!"

"As I shall manage it," said the Bohemian, "there is no danger, if you can but withhold your hand from strife which does not concern you; for, after all, what is it to you whether the Bishop, as they call him, slaughters his flock, or the flock slaughters the shepherd?—Ha! ha! ha! Follow me, but with caution and patience; subdue your own courage, and confide in my prudence—and my debt of thankfulness is paid, and you have a Countess for your spouse.—Follow me."

"I follow," said Quentin, drawing his sword; "but the moment in which I detect the least sign of treachery, thy head and body are three yards separate!"

Without more conversation, the Bohemian, seeing that Quentin was now fully armed and ready, ran down the stairs before him, and winded hastily through various side-passages, until they gained the little garden. Scarce a light was to be seen on that side, scarce any bustle was to be heard; but no sooner had Quentin entered the open space, than the noise on the opposite side of the castle became ten times more stunningly audible, and he could hear the various war-cries of "Liege! Liege! Sanglier! Sanglier!" shouted by the assailants, while the feeble cry of "Our Lady for the Prince Bishop!" was raised in a faint and faltering tone, by those of the Prelate's soldiers who had hastened, though surprised and at disadvantage, to the defence of the walls.

But the interest of the fight, notwithstanding the martial character of Quentin Durward, was indifferent to him in comparison of the fate of Isabelle of Croye, which, he had reason to fear, would be a dreadful one, unless rescued from the power of the dissolute and cruel freebooter, who was now, as it seemed, bursting the gates of the castle. He reconciled himself to the aid of the Bohemian, as men in a desperate illness refuse not the remedy prescribed by quacks and mountebanks, and followed across the garden, with the intention of being guided by him until he should discover symptoms of treachery, and then piercing him through the heart, or striking his head from his body. Hayraddin seemed himself conscious that his safety turned on a feather-weight, for he forbore, from the moment they entered the open air, all his wonted gibes and quirks, and seemed to have

made a vow to act at once with modesty, courage, and activity.

At the opposite door, which led to the ladies' apartments, upon a low signal made by Hayraddin, appeared two women, muffled in the black silk veils which were then, as now, worn by the women in the Netherlands. Quentin offered his arm to one of them, who clung to it with trembling eagerness, and indeed hung upon him so much, that had her weight been greater, she must have much impeded their retreat. The Bohemian, who conducted the other female, took the road straight for the postern which opened upon the moat, through the garden wall, close to which the little skiff was drawn up, by means of which Quentin had formerly observed Hayraddin himself retreating from the castle.

As they crossed, the shouts of storm and successful violence seemed to announce that the castle was in the act of being taken; and so dismal was the sound in Quentin's ears, that he could not help swearing aloud. "But that my blood is irretrievably devoted to the fulfilment of my present duty, I would back to the wall, take faithful part with the hospitable Bishop, and silence some of those knaves whose throats are full of mutiny and robbery!"

The lady, whose arm was still folded in his, pressed it lightly as he spoke, as if to make him understand that there was a nearer claim on his chivalry than the defence of Schonwaldt; while the Bohemian exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "Now, that I call right Christian frenzy, which would turn back to fight, when love and fortune both demand that we should fly!—On, on—with all the haste you can make—Horses wait us in yonder thicket of willows."

"There are but two horses," said Quentin, who saw them in the moonlight.

"All that I could procure without exciting suspicion—and enough, besides," replied the Bohemian. "You too must ride for Tongres ere the way becomes unsafe—Marthon will abide with the women of our horde, with whom she is an old acquaintance. Know, she is a daughter of our tribe, and only dwelt among you to serve our purpose as occasion should fall."

"Marthon!" exclaimed the Countess, looking at the veiled female with a shriek of surprise; "is not this my kinswoman?"

"Only Marthon," said Hayraddin—"Excuse me that little piece of deceit. I dared not carry off both the Ladies of Croye from the Wild Boar of Ardenne."

"Wretch!" said Quentin, emphatically—"but it is not—shall not be too late—I will back to rescue the Lady Hameline."

"Hameline," whispered the lady, in a disturbed voice, "hangs on thy arm, to thank thee for her rescue."

"Ha! what!—How is this?" said Quentin, extricating himself from her hold, and with less gentleness than he would at any other time have used towards a female of any rank—"Is the Lady Isabelle then left behind!—Farewell—farewell."

As he turned to hasten back to the castle, Hayraddin laid hold of him—"Nay, hear you—hear you run upon your death! What the foul fiend did you wear the colours of the old one for?—I will never trust blue and white silk again. But she has almost as large a dower—has jewels and gold—hath pretensions, too, upon the earldom."

While he spoke thus, panting on in broken sentences, the Bohemian struggled to detain Quentin, who at length laid his hand on his dagger, in order to extricate himself.

"Nay, if that be the case," said Hayraddin, unloosing his hold, "go—and the devil, if there be one, go along with you!"—And, soon as freed from his hold, the Scot shot back to the castle with the speed of the wind.

Hayraddin then turned round to the Countess Hameline, who had sunk down on the ground, between shame, fear, and disappointment.

"Here has been a mistake," he said; "up, lady, and come with me—I will provide you, ere morning comes, a gallanter husband than this smock-faced boy; and if one will not serve, you shall have twenty."

The Lady Hameline was as violent in her pas-

as, as she was vain and weak in her understand-

Like many other persons, she went tolerably through the ordinary duties of life; but in a crisis the present, she was entirely incapable of doing right, save pouring forth unavailing lamentations, accusing Hayraddin of being a thief, a base slave, impostor, a murderer.

"Call me Zingaro," returned he, composedly, "and I have said all at once."

"Monster! you said the stars had decreed our union, and caused me to write—O wretch that I am!" exclaimed the unhappy lady.

"And so they had decreed your union," said Hayraddin, "had both parties been willing—but think of the blessed constellations can make any one of against his will?—I was led into error with an accursed Christian gallantry, and fopperies, ribbands and favours—and the youth prefers veal beef, I think—that's all.—Up and follow me; I take notice, I endure neither weeping nor weeping."

"I will not stir a foot," said the Countess, obstinately.

"By the bright welkin, but you shall, though!" claimed Hayraddin. "I swear to you, by all that fools believed in, that you have to do with one, so would care little to strip you naked, bind you to trees, and leave you to your fortune!"

"Nay," said Marthon, interfering, "by your favour, she shall not be misused. I wear a knife as all as you, and can use it—She is a kind woman, enough a fool.—And you, madam, rise up and follow—Here has been a mistake; but it is something to have saved life and limb. There are many in yonder castle would give all the wealth in the world to stand here we do now."

As Marthon spoke, a clamour, in which the shouts of victory were mingled with screams of terror and despair, was wafted to them from the Castle of Schonwaldt.

"Hear that, lady!" said Hayraddin, "and be thankful you are not adding your treble pipe to yon concert. Believe me, I will care for you honestly, and the stars shall keep their words, and find you a good husband."

Like some wild animal, exhausted and subdued by error and fatigue, the Countess Hameline yielded herself up to the conduct of her guides, and suffered herself to be passively led whichever way they would. Nay, such was the confusion of her spirits and the exhaustion of her strength, that the worthy couple, who half bore, half led her, carried on their course in her presence without her even understanding it.

"I ever thought your plan was folly," said Marthon. "Could you have brought the young people together, indeed, we might have had a hold on their gratitude, and a footing in their castle. But what chance of so handsome a youth wedding this old woman?"

"Rizpah," said Hayraddin, "you have borne the name of a Christian, and dwelt in the tents of those spotted people, till thou hast become a partaker in their follies. How could I dream that he would have made scruples about a few years, youth or age, when the advantages of the match were so evident? And you knowest, there would have been no moving under coy wench to be so frank as this coming Countess here, who hangs on our arms as dead a weight as a wool-pack. I loved the lad too, and could have done him a kindness: to wed him to my old woman, was to make his fortune: to unite him to Isabelle, were to have brought on him De la Larche, Burgundy, France,—every one that challenges an interest in disposing of her hand. And this old woman's wealth being chiefly in gold and jewels, we should have had our share. But the bow-string has burst, and the arrow failed. Away with us—we will bring her to William with the Beaulieu; by the time he has gorged himself with wasenail, as his wont, he will not know an old Countess from a young one. Away, Rizpah—bear a gallant heart. The bright Aldeboran still influences the destinies of his Children of the Desert!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SACK.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
With conscience wide as hell.—Henry V.

The surprised and affrighted garrison of the Castle of Schonwaldt had, nevertheless, for some time, made good the defence of the place against the assailants; but the immense crowds which, issuing from the city of Liege, thronged to the assault like bees, distracted their attention, and abated their courage.

There was also disaffection at least, if not treachery, among the defenders; for some called out to surrender, and others, deserting their posts, tried to escape from the castle. Many threw themselves from the walls into the moat, and such as escaped drowning, flung aside their distinguishing badges, and saved themselves by mingling among the motley crowd of assailants. Some few, indeed, from attachment to the Bishop's person, drew around him, and continued to defend the great keep, to which he had fled; and others, doubtful of receiving quarter, or from an impulse of desperate courage, held out other detached bulwarks and towers of the extensive building. But the assailants had got possession of the courts and lower parts of the edifice, and were busy pursuing the vanquished, and searching for spoil, while one individual, as if he sought for that death from which all others were flying, endeavoured to force his way into the scene of tumult and horror, under apprehensions still more horrible to his imagination, than the realities around were to his sight and senses. Whoever had seen Quentin Durward that fatal night, not knowing the meaning of his conduct, had accounted him a raging madman; whoever had appreciated his motives, had ranked him nothing beneath a hero of romance.

Approaching Schonwaldt on the same side from which he had left it, the youth met several fugitives making for the wood, who naturally avoided him as an enemy, because he came in an opposite direction from that which they had adopted. When he came nearer, he could hear, and partly see, men dropping from the garden-wall into the castle fosse, and others who seemed precipitated from the battlements by the assailants. His courage was not staggered, even for an instant. There was not time to look for the boat, even had it been practicable to use it, and it was in vain to approach the postern of the garden, which was crowded with fugitives, who over and anon, as they were thrust through it by the pressure behind, fell into the moat which they had no means of crossing.

Avoiding that point, Quentin threw himself into the moat, near what was called the little gate of the castle, and where there was a drawbridge, which was still elevated. He avoided with difficulty the fatal grasp of more than one sinking wretch, and, swimming to the drawbridge, caught hold of one of the chains which was hanging down, and, by a great exertion of strength and activity, swayed himself out of the water, and attained the platform from which the bridge was suspended. As with hands and knees he struggled to make good his footing, a lanzknecht, with his bloody sword in his hand, made towards him, and raised his weapon for a blow, which must have been fatal.

"How now, fellow!" said Quentin, in a tone of authority—"Is that the way in which you assist a comrade?—Give me your hand."

The soldier in silence, and not without hesitation, reached him his arm, and helped him upon the platform, when without allowing him time for reflection, the Scot continued in the same tone of command—"To the western tower, if you would be rich—the Priest's treasury is in the western tower."

These words were echoed on every hand: "To the western tower—the treasure is in the western tower!" And the stragglers who were within hearing of the cry, took, like a herd of raging wolves, the direction opposite to that which Quentin, come life, come death, was determined to pursue.

' Bearing himself as if he were one, not of the conquered, but of the victors, he made a way into the garden, and pushed across it, with less interruption than he could have expected; for the cry of "To the western tower!" had carried off one body of the assailants, and another was summoned together, by war-cry and trumpet sound, to assist in repelling a desperate sally, attempted by the defenders of the Keep, who had hoped to cut their way out of the castle, bearing the Bishop along with them. Quentin, therefore, crossed the garden with an eager step and throbbing heart, commending himself to those heavenly powers which had protected him through the numberless perils of his life, and bold in his determination to succeed, or leave his life in this desperate undertaking. Ere he reached the garden, three men rushed on him with levelled lances, crying, "Liege, Liege!"

Putting himself in defence, but without striking, he replied, "France, France, friend to Liege!"

"Vivat France!" cried the burghers of Liege, and passed on. The same signal proved a talisman to avert the weapons of four or five of La Marck's followers, whom he found straggling in the garden, and who set upon him, crying, "Sanglier!"

In a word, Quentin began to hope, that his character as an emissary of King Louis, the private instigator of the insurgents of Liege, and the secret supporter of William de la Marck, might possibly bear him through the horrors of the night.

On reaching the turret, he shuddered when he found the little side-door, through which Marthon and the Countess Hameline had shortly before joined him, was now blockaded with more than one dead body.

Two of them he dragged hastily aside, and was stepping over the third body, in order to enter the portal, when the supposed dead man laid hand on his cloak, and entreated him to stay and assist him to rise. Quentin was about to use rougher methods than struggling to rid himself of this untimely obstruction, when the fallen man continued to exclaim, "I am stifled here, in mine own armour!—I am the Syndic Pavillon of Liege! If you are for us, I will enrich you—if you are for the other side, I will protect you; but do not—do not leave me to die the death of a smothered pig!"

In the midst of this scene of blood and confusion, the presence of mind of Quentin suggested to him, that this dignitary might have the means of protecting his retreat. He raised him on his feet, and asked him if he was wounded.

"Not wounded—at least I think not!"—answered the burgher; "but much out of wind."

"Sit down then on this stone, and recover your breath," said Quentin; "I will return instantly."

"For whom are you?" said the burgher, still detaining him.

"For France—for France," answered Quentin, studying to get away.

"What! my lively young Archer?" said the worthy Syndic. "Nay, if it has been my fate to find a friend in this fearful night, I will not quit him, I promise you. Go where you will, I follow; and, could I get some of the tight lads of our guildry together, I might be able to help you in turn; but they are all squandered abroad like so many pease.—Oh, it is a fearful night!"

During this time, he was dragging himself on after Quentin, who, aware of the importance of securing the countenance of a person of such influence, slackened his pace to assist him, although cursing in his heart the encumbrance that retarded him.

At the top of the stair was an anteroom, with boxes and trunks, which bore marks of having been rifled, as some of the contents lay on the floor. A lamp, dying in the chimney, shed a feeble beam on a dead or senseless man, who lay across the hearth.

Bounding from Pavillon, like a greyhound from his keeper's leash, and with an effort which almost overthrew him, Quentin sprang through a second and a third room, the last of which seemed to be the bedroom of the Ladies of Croye. No living mortal was to be seen in either of them. He called upon the

Lady Isabelle's name, at first gently, then more loudly, and then with an accent of despairing emphasis; but no answer was returned. He wrung his hands, tore his hair, and stamped on the earth with desperation. At length, a feeble glimmer of light, which shone through a crevice in the wainscoting of a dark nook in the bedroom, announced some recess or concealment behind the arras. Quentin hastened to examine it. He found there was indeed a concealed door, but it resisted his hurried efforts to open it. Heedless of the personal injury he might sustain, he rushed at the door with his whole force and weight of his body; and such was the impetus of an effort made betwixt hope and despair, that it would have burst much stronger fastenings.

He thus forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonizing supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom—he assured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

"Durward!" she said, as she at length collected herself, "is it indeed you?—then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate—Do not again abandon me!"

"Never—never!" said Durward. "Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!"

"Very pathetic and touching, truly," said a rough, broken, asthmatic voice behind—"A love affair, I see; and, from my soul, I pity the tender creature, as if she were my own Trudchen."

"You must do more than pity us," said Quentin, turning towards the speaker; "you must assist in protecting us, Meinbeer Pavillon. Be assured this lady was put under my especial charge by your ally the King of France; and, if you aid me not to shelter her from every species of offence and violence, your city will lose the favour of Louis of Valois. Above all, she must be guarded from the hands of William de la Marck."

"That will be difficult," said Pavillon, "for these schelm of lanzknechte are very devils at rummaging out the wenches; but I'll do my best.—We will to the other apartment, and there I will consider—it is but a narrow stair, and you can keep the door with a pike, while I look from the window, and get together some of my brisk boys of the carrier's guildry of Liege, that are as true as the knives they wear in their girdles.—But first undo me these clasps—for I have not worn this corset since the battle of Saint Tron;* and I am three stone heavier since that time, if there be truth in Dutch beam and scale."

The undoing of the iron enclosure gave great relief to the honest man, who, in putting it on, had more considered his zeal to the cause of Liege, than his capacity of bearing arms. It afterwards turned out, that being, as it were, borne forward involuntarily, and hoisted over the walls by his company as they thronged to the assault, the magistrate had been carried here and there, as the tide of attack and defence flowed or ebbed, without the power, latterly, of even uttering a word; until, as the sea casts a log of driftwood ashore in the first creek, he had been ultimately thrown down in the entrance to the ladies of Croye's apartments, where the encumbrance of his own armour, with the superincumbent weight of two men slain in the entrance, and who fell above him, might have fixed him down long enough, had he not been relieved by Durward.

The same warmth of temper which rendered Hermann Pavillon a hotheaded and intemperate zealot in politics, had the more desirable consequence of

* Fought by the mercenaries of Liege against the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, when Count of Charolais, in which the people of Liege were defeated with great slaughter.

asking him, in private, a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, if sometimes a little misled by vanity, as always well-meaning and benevolent. He told me to have an especial care of the poor pretty *maiden*; and, after this unnecessary exhortation, ran to holla from the window, "Liege, Liege, the gallant skinkers' guild of curriers!"

One or two of his immediate followers collected the summons, and at the peculiar whistle with which it was accompanied, (each of the crafts having such a signal among themselves,) and, morning them, established a guard under the window on which their leader was bawling, and before the postern-door.

Matters seemed now settling into some sort of tranquillity. All opposition had ceased, and the leaders of the different classes of assailants were taking measures to prevent indiscriminate plunder. The great bell was tolled, as summons to a military council, and its iron tongue communicating to Liege its triumphant possession of Schonwaldt by the insurgents, was answered by all the bells in that city; those distant and clamorous voices seemed to cry, "Hail to the victors!" It would have been natural, that Meinheer Pavillon should now have sallied from his house; but, either in reverent care of those whom he had taken under his protection, or perhaps for the better assurance of his own safety, he contented himself with despatching messenger on messenger, to command his lieutenant, Peterkin Geislaer, to attend him directly.

Peterkin came at length, to his great relief, as among the person upon whom, on all pressing occasions, whether of war, politics, or commerce, Pavillon was most accustomed to repose confidence. He was stout, squat figure, with a square face, and broad black eyebrows, that announced him to be opinionative and disputatious, an advice-giving countenance, to speak. He was endowed with a buff jerkin, wore a broad belt and cutlass by his side, and carried a sword in his hand.

"Peterkin, my dear lieutenant," said his commander, "this has been a glorious day—night, I should say—I trust thou art pleased for once?"

"I am well enough pleased that you are so," said the doubtful lieutenant; "though I should not have thought of your celebrating the victory, if you call it mine, up in this garret by yourself, when you are wanted in council."

"But am I wanted there?" said the Syndic.

"Ay, marry are you, to stand up for the rights of Liege, that are in more danger than ever," answered the lieutenant.

"Fehaw, Peterkin," answered his principal, "thou art over such a frampold grumbler!"

"Grumbler? not I," said Peterkin; "what pleases other people, will always please me. Only I wish we have not got King Stork, instead of King Log, like the fabliau that the Clerk of Saint Lamberts used to read us out of Meister's *Æsop's book*."

"I cannot guess your meaning, Peterkin," said the Syndic.

"Why then, I tell you, Master Pavillon, that this bear, or Bear, is like to make his own den of Schonwaldt, and 'tis probable to turn out as bad a neighbour to our town as ever was the old Bishop, and worse. Here has he taken the whole conquest in his own hand, and is only doubting whether he should be called Prince or Bishop;—and it is a shame to see how they have mishandled the old man among them."

"I will not permit it, Peterkin," said Pavillon, rustling up; "I disliked the mitre, but not the head that wore it. We are ten to one in the field, Peterkin, and will not permit these courses."

"Ay, ten to one in the field, but only man to man in the castle; besides that Nikkel Blok the butcher, and all the rabble of the suburbs, take part with William de la Marck, partly for *aque and braus*, (for he has broached all the ale-tubs and wine-casks,) and partly for old envy towards us, who are the craftsmen, and have privileges."

"Peter," said Pavillon, "we will go presently to the city. I will stay no longer in Schonwaldt."

"But the bridges of this castle are up, master," said Geislaer—"the gates locked, and guarded by these *lanzknechts*: and, if we were to try to force our way, these fellows, whose every day business is war, might make wild work of us, that only fight of a holiday."

"But why has he secured the gates?" said the alarmed burgher; "or what business hath he to make honest men prisoners?"

"I cannot tell—not I," said Peter. "Some noise there is about the Ladies of Croye, who have escaped during the storm of the Castle. That first put the Man with the Beard beside himself with anger, and now he's beside himself with drink also."

The Burgomaster cast a disconsolate look towards Quentin, and seemed at a loss what to resolve upon. Durward, who had not lost a word of the conversation, which alarmed him very much, saw nevertheless that their only safety depended on his preserving his own presence of mind, and sustaining the courage of Pavillon. He struck boldly into the conversation, as one who had a right to have a voice in the deliberation—"I am ashamed," he said, "Meinheer Pavillon, to observe you hesitate what to do on this occasion. Go boldly to William de la Marck, and demand free leave to quit the castle, you, your lieutenant, your squire, and your daughter. He can have no pretence for keeping you prisoner."

"For me and my lieutenant—that is myself and Peter?—good—but who is my squire?"

"I am, for the present," replied the undaunted Scot.

"You!" said the embarrassed burgher; "but are you not the envoy of King Louis of France?"

"True, but my message is to the magistrates of Liege—and only in Liege will I deliver it.—Were I to acknowledge my quality before William de la Marck, must I not enter into negotiation with him? ay, and, it is like, be detained by him. You must get me secretly out of the Castle in the capacity of your squire."

"Good—my squire;—but you spoke of my daughter—my daughter is, I trust, safe in my house in Liege—where I wish her father was, with all my heart and soul."

"This lady," said Durward, "will call you father while we are in this place."

"And for my whole life afterwards," said the Countess, throwing herself at the citizen's feet, and clasping his knees—"Never shall the day pass in which I will not honour you, love you, and pray for you as a daughter for a father, if you will but aid me in this fearful strait—O, be not hard-hearted! think your own daughter may kneel to a stranger, to ask him for life and honour—think of this, and give me the protection you would wish *her* to receive!"

"In troth," said the good citizen, much moved with her pathetic appeal—"I think, Peter, that this pretty maiden hath a touch of our Trudchen's sweet look,—I thought so from the first; and that this brisk youth here, who is so ready with his advice, is somewhat like Trudchen's bachelor—I wager a groat, Peter, that this is a true-love matter, and it is a sin not to further it."

"It were a shame and sin both," said Peter, a good-natured Fleming, notwithstanding all his self-conceit; and as he spoke, he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jerkin.

"She shall be my daughter, then," said Pavillon, "well wrapped up in her black silk veil; and if there are not enough of true-hearted skinkers to protect her, being the daughter of their Syndic, it were pity they should ever tug leather more.—But hark ye,—questions must be answered—How if I am asked what should my daughter make here at such an onslaught?"

"What should half the women in Liege make here when they followed us to the Castle?" said Peter; "they had no other reason, sure, but that it was just the place in the world that they should not have come to.—Our *young frau* Trudchen has come a little farther than the rest—that is all."

"Admirably spoken," said Quentin: "only be bold, and take this gentleman's good counsel, noble Man—"

new parties and who would be formed and will be the most important factor in the life of the country. The new parties will be formed in the future and the main purpose of these parties is to represent the interests of the people and to be the most important factor in the life of the country. The new parties will be formed in the future and the main purpose of these parties is to represent the interests of the people and to be the most important factor in the life of the country.

"How good—and I think I can tell you—my
mind was at the time. The lady, Maria, a very
young girl, was the daughter of the owner, and I
young lady was the daughter of the owner—and what
he was doing was to be married to her."

and having been attempting to return to the United States for some time, he was arrested by the United States Marshal at New York City on June 1, 1941, and was held in custody at the Federal House of Detention at New York City.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

'VING TO THE U.S.A. W.' - again began the anti-
-VING'S MARCH.

"No more, no more," said the Stranger; "a plan to give of *Love*, that pays bills of exchange in ready guileless. - But that is nothing to the purpose. - Well, say you be a *coward*. I will protect you nevertheless."

"You are bound to protect her, were she a duchess," said Peter. "Has he once raised your word?"

"Right, Peter, very right," said the Syndic; "it is our old Low Dutch fashion, ein wort, ein man; and now let us to this gear. - We must take leave of this William de la Marck; and yet I know not, my mind moves me when I think of him; and were it a ceremony which could be waved, I have no stomach to go through it."

"Were you not better, since you have a force together, make for the gate and force the guard?" said Quentin.

But with quiet voice, Pavillon and his adviser exclaimed against the propriety of such an attack upon their ally's soldiers, with some hints concerning its rashness, which satisfied Quentin that it was not too fine to be hazarded with such associates. They resolved, therefore, to repair boldly to the great hall of the castle, where, as they understood, the Wild Boar of Ardennes held his feast, and demand free access for the Syndic of Liege and his company, a request too reasonable, as it seemed, to be denied. Still the good Burgomaster groaned when he looked on his companions, and exclaimed to his faithful Peter, 'Nay what it is to have too bold and too tender a heart! Alas! Perkin, how much have courage and humanity cost me! and how much may I yet have to pay for my virtues, before Heaven makes us free of this damned Castle of Schonwaldt!'

As they crossed the courts, still strewn with the dying and dead, Quentin, while he supported Isabelle through the scene of horror, whispered to her courage and comfort, and reminded her that her safety depended entirely on her firmness and presence of mind.

"Not on mine—not on mine," she said, "but on yours—on yours only. O, if I but escape this fearful night, never shall I forget him who saved me! One favour more only, let me implore at your hand, and I conjure you to grant it, by your mother's fame and your father's honour!"

"What is it you can ask that I could refuse?" said Quentin, in a whisper.

"Plunge your dagger in my heart," said she, "rather than leave me captive in the hands of these monsters."

Quentin's only answer was a pressure of the young Countess's hand, which seemed as if, but for terror, it would have returned the caress. And, leaning on her youthful protector, she entered the fearful hall, preceded by Pavillon and his Lieutenant, and followed by a dozen of the Kuratschenschaft, or skinner's trade, who attended, as a guard of honour, on the Mendic.

As they approached the hall, the yells of acclamation, and bursts of wild laughter, which proceeded from it, seemed rather to announce the revel of festi-

THE DEFENSES, beginning after some scattered skirmishes, were the heaviest since then of moral law, with the consequence in a brief campaign. An exhibit was of them, which appear alone could be taken, supported the accused course of its defense, because it contained again, with up to the very last, the word that of Denmark was the last of the movement made a moral movement, and that they like bears had to stand, while they occasionally stand, the depth of the crime.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ANSWERS

Contz: Where's Jack, the butcher of Ashford?

JACK FORD JR.

Can they do before the like sheep and men; and
 sweeter eyes, as if they had been in their own night
 house.—*Second Part of King Henry VI.*

THESE COMRADES hardly expect a more savage and more treacherous attack than had taken place in the case of Solov'ev, since Takenov had pursued a policy of "peaceful" cooperation with the bourgeoisie; and it is the very extremity of their dreadfulness that makes the massacre of the officers especially when waged against those most relentless of all agents the soldiers of a barbarous age—the who, by his profession had become familiarized with all that is cruel and bloody in the art of war, while they devoted alike of patriotism and of the romanticism of chivalry.

Instead of the orderly, decent, and somewhat formal meal, at which civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries had, a few hours before, sat mingled in the same apartment, where a light jest could only be uttered in a whisper, and where, even amid such restraint, feasting and of wine, there reigned a decorum that almost amounted to hypocrisy, there was now introduced a scene of wild and roaring debauchery, as he himself, had he taken the chair as founder of the feast, could scarcely have improved.

At the head of the table sat, in the Bishop's place, a man of middle age, with a high forehead, and a stern, but kindly face. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, black robe, and his hands were clasped in prayer. He was the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and his presence gave a solemnity to the occasion. He was the only one of the clergy present, and his presence was a great comfort to the people. He was the only one of the clergy present, and his presence was a great comfort to the people. He was the only one of the clergy present, and his presence was a great comfort to the people.

The upper part of De la Marck's face, as he had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn off, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, bright dyed cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous. But the defects of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which joined by debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with rough gallantry which they would otherwise exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swollen the muscles of the cheeks, and those of the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reduced the part of them that should have been white to a given the whole face a hideous likeness of the monster, which it was the terrible Baron's pleasure to resemble. But from an odd sort of contradiction De la Marck, while he assumed in other respects the appearance of the Wild Boar, and even assumed

name, yet endeavoured, by the length and fall of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that naturally procured him that denomination. This unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and jaw, which, with the huge projecting side of the head, resembled the beak of a bird, had been the delight of De la Marck had in the forest so called, originally procured for name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, long, and uncombed, neither concealed the errors of the countenance, nor dignified its expression.

Soldiers and officers sat around the table, in company with the men of Liege, some of them of the same description; among whom Nikkel Blocker, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked-up sleeves, which displayed his arms to the elbows with blood, as was the case with many of the others. The more, most of them, their beards long and unkempt, and their hair turned upwards, in the manner that might give the natural ferocity of their appearance; and, as many of them seemed to be, partly in a sense of triumph, and partly with the long and deep wine which they had been quaffing, presented at once hideous and disgusting images which they held, and the songs which they sang without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and brawling, that Quentin blessed God that the noise prevented them from being in his companion.

It remains to say, of the better class of burghers associated with William de la Marck's party, that the wan faces and the manner of the greater part, showed that they liked their entertainment, or feared their masters; while some of lower education, or a more brutal, saw only in the excesses of the banquet bearing, which they would willingly add to the tone of which they endeavoured to far as was possible, and stimulated themselves by swallowing immense draughts of *schwarzbier*—indulging a vice which was too common in the Low Countries. Preparations for the feast had been as disordered as the quality of the company. The whole of the table—nay, even that belonging to the Church, for the Boar of Ardennes retards the imputation of sacrilege—was mingled with ale, or huge tankards made of leather, and horns of the most ordinary description, circumstance of horror remains to be added to the scene; and we willingly leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, who was excluded from the table, (a circumstance remarkable for his courage and for his behaviour during the storm of the evening,) he snatched up a large silver goblet, and, declaring it should atone for his loss of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides at a jest so congenial to the character of any; but when another, less renowned, it might be said, in battle, ventured on using freedom, De la Marck instantly put a check to his practice, which would soon have cleared off all the more valuable decorations.—"Ho! rise of the thunder!" he exclaimed, "those are not men when they face the enemy, pretend to be thieves among their friends. Thou frontless dastard, thou—thou who didst open gate and lowered bridge, when Count forced his way over moat and wall, must slay me?—Knit him up to the stanchions of the window!—He shall beat time with his sword; we drink a cup to his safe passage to the

moonbeam was scarce sooner pronounced than ended; and in a moment the wretch writhed at agonies, suspended from the iron bars. Still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and intercepting the pale

moonbeam, threw on the castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

When the Syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, "Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!"

The Syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

"Ay," answered De la Marck, sarcastically, "we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with beauty by your side. Who is this fair one?—Unveil, unveil—no woman calls her beauty her own to-night."

"It is my daughter, noble leader," answered Pavillon; "and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings."

"I will absolve her of it presently," said De la Marck; "for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings."

There was a shuddering and murmur among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

"Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties," said De la Marck; "only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution.—But come hither, noble Burgomaster—sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own preferment.—Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat."

A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which, when a stranger dog is in presence, may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old belwether, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a very handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and towards whom he sometimes showed affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question; determined to make him, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

While all stood in a kind of suspense, waiting the event of the orders which the tyrant had issued, one of Pavillon's followers whispered Peter, "Did not our master call that wench his daughter?—Why, it cannot be our Trudchen. This strapping lass is taller by two inches; and there is a black lock of hair peeps forth yonder from under her veil. By Saint Michael of the Market-place, you might as well call a black bullock's hide a white heifer's!"

"Hush! hush!" said Peter, with some presence of mind—"What if our master hath a mind to steal a piece of doe-venison out of the Bishop's park, I without our good dame's knowledge? And is it who thee or me to be a spy on him?"

"That will not I, brother," answered the other; "only though I would not have thought of his twining I

deer-stealer at his years. Sapperment—what a shy fairy it is! See how she crouches down on yonder seat, behind folk's backs, to escape the gaze of the Marckers.—But hold, hold; what are they about to do with the poor old Bishop?"

As he spoke, the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy Prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he showed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed; his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—"Louis of Bourbon," said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—"I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkel, be ready."

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

"Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon," said De la Marck again—"What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?"

The Bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, "Hear me, William De la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian.—William De la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assaulted and taken the palace of a Prince of the Holy German Empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person; for this thou art liable to the Ban of the Empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a Father of the Church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber!"

"Hast thou yet done?" said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

"No," answered the Prelate, "for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me."

"Go on," said De la Marck; "and let the terms please me better than the preface, or wo to thy gray beard!" And flinging himself back in his seat, he ended his teeth till the foam flew from his lips, as trade, the tusks of the savage animal whose name and Synd, is he wore.

"As such are thy crimes," resumed the Bishop, with calm determination; "now hear the terms, which, as from a feudal Prince and a Christian Prelate, setting

aside all personal offence, forgiving each injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down! staff—renounce thy command—unbind thine—restore thy spoil—distribute what else it good, to relieve those whom thou hast m and widows—array thyself in sackcloth; take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome; and we will our tercessors for thee with the Imperial Chaitisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father thy miserable soul."

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these tone as decided as if he still occupied h throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself: the amazement with which he was at first way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his fin speaking a word. The ruffian struck, a blow doing his office in the common shu the murdered Bishop sunk, without a foot of his own episcopal throne.* The Li were not prepared for so horrible a catas who had expected to hear the conference terms of accommodation, started up u with cries of execration, mingled with sh geance.

But William De la Marck, raising his voice above the tumult, and shaking h hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, "ye porkers of Liege! ye wallowers in the Maes!—do ye dare to mate yourselves w Boar of Ardenness?—Up, ye Boar's broo pression by which he himself, and othe signated his soldiers," "let these Flemi your tusks!"

Every one of his followers started up mand, and mingled as they were among lica, prepared too for such a surprisal, and instant, his next neighbour by the collar right hand brandished a broad dagger, the against lamplight and moonshine. was uplifted, but no one struck; for thev too much surprised for resistance, and it bly the object of De la Marck only to in on his civic confederates.

But the courage of Quentin Durward, alert in resolution beyond his years, and at the moment by all that could add enery tal shrewdness and resolution, gave i to the scene. Imitating the action of tl of De la Marck, he sprang on Carl Eber of their leader, and mastering him with e dirk at the boy's throat, while he exclaim your game? then here I play my part."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed De la Mar jest—a jest—Think you I would injure my

* In assigning the present date to the murder of Liege, Louis de Bourbon, history has been viola that the Bishop was made prisoner by the inax city. It is also true that the report of the ineurs Charles with a rumour that the Bishop was slain, his indignation against Louis, who was then in these things happened in 1469, and the Bishop's take place till 1492. In the months of August s of that year, William de la Marck, called the Wi demnes, entered into a conspiracy with the discon of Liege against their Bishop, Louis of Bourbon with considerable sums of money by the King e this means, and the assistance of many murder who thronged to him as to a leader befitting them assembled a body of troops, whom he dressed i uniform, with a boar's head on the left sleeve. V army he approached the city of Liege. Upon the who where engaged in the conspiracy, came to and offering to stand by him to the death, cat march out against these robbers. The Bishop, himself at the head of a few troops of his own, assistance of the people of Liege. But so soon a sight of the enemy, the citizens, as before agreed Bishop's banner, and he was left with his own l heretics. At this moment De la Marck charged a his banditti with the expected success. The brought before the profligate Knight, who first the face, and then murdered him with his own h his body to be exposed naked in the great square (Saint Lambert's cathedral.

Such is the actual narrative of a tragedy which horror the people of the time. The murder of h been fifteen years antedated in the text, for read reader of romances will easily appreciate.

allies of the city of Liege?—Soldiers, unloose your holds; sit down; take away the carrion" (giving the Bishop's corpse a thrust with his foot) "which has caused this strife among friends, and let us drown kindness in a fresh carouse."

All unloosened their holds, and the citizens and soldiers stood gazing on each other, as if they scarce knew whether they were friends or foes. Quentin Durward took advantage of the moment.

"Hear me," he said, "William De la Marck, and all burghers and citizens of Liege;—and do you, my sir, stand still," (for the boy Carl was attempting to escape from his gripe;) "no harm shall befall you, unless another of these sharp jests shall pass me."

"Who art thou, in the fiend's name," said the astonished De la Marck, "who art come to hold terms and take hostages from us in our own lair—from us, no exact pledges from others, but yield them to no man?"

"I am a servant of King Louis of France," said Quentin, boldly; "an Archer of his Scottish Guard, my language and dress may partly tell you. I am here to behold and to report your proceedings; and I, with wonder, that they are those of heathens, rather than Christians—of madmen, rather than men possessed of reason. The hosts of Charles of Burgundy will be instantly in motion against you all; and if you wish assistance from France, you must attract yourselves in a different manner.—For you, men of Liege, I advise your instant return to your city; and if there is any obstruction offered to your departure, I denounce those by whom it is so offered, foes to my master, his most gracious Majesty France."

"France and Liege! France and Liege!" cried the lovers of Pavillon, and several other citizens, some courage began to rise at the bold language held by Quentin.

"France and Liege, and long live the gallant Archer! We will live and die with him!"

William de la Marck's eyes sparkled, and he grasped his dagger as if about to launch it at the heart of this audacious speaker; but glancing his eye around, and seeing something in the looks of his soldiers, which made him as obliged to respect. Many of them were Frenchmen, and all of them knew the private support which William had received, both in men and in money, from that kingdom; nay, some of them were either startled at the violent and sacrilegious action which had been just committed. The name of Charles of Burgundy, a person likely to resent to the utmost the deeds of that night, had an alarming sound, and the extreme impolicy of at once quarrelling with the Liegeois and provoking the Monarch of France, made an appalling impression on their minds, softened as their intellects were. De la Marck, in short, saw he would not be supported, even by his own band, in any farther act of immediate violence, and relaxing the terrors of his brow and eye, declared that he had not the least design against his good friends of Liege, all of whom were at liberty to depart from Schonwaldt at their pleasure; although he had hoped they would revel one night with him, at least, in honour of their victory." He added, with more plainness than he commonly used, that "he would be ready to enter into negotiation concerning the partition of spoil, and the arrangement of measures for their mutual defence, either the next day, or as soon after as they would. Meantime, he trusted that the courteous gentleman would honour his feast by remaining all night at Schonwaldt."

The young Scot returned his thanks, but said, his opinions must be determined by those of Pavillon, to whom he was directed particularly to attach himself; but that, unquestionably, he would attend him on his next return to the quarters of the valiant William de la Marck.

"If you depend on my motions," said Pavillon, loudly and aloud, "you are likely to quit Schonwaldt without an instant's delay; and, if you do not come back to Schonwaldt, save in my company, you must not be likely to see it again in a hurry."

The last part of the sentence the honest citizen

muttered to himself, afraid of the consequences of giving audible vent to feelings, which, nevertheless, he was unable altogether to suppress.

"Keep close about me, my brisk Kurschner lads," he said to his body-guard, "and we will get as fast as we can out of this den of thieves."

Most of the better classes of the Liegeois seemed to entertain similar opinions with the Syndic, and there had been scarce so much joy amongst them at the obtaining possession of Schonwaldt, as now seemed to arise from the prospect of getting safe out of it. They were suffered to leave the castle without opposition of any kind; and glad was Quentin when he turned his back on those formidable walls.

For the first time since they had entered that dreadful hall, Quentin ventured to ask the young Countess how she did.

"Well, well," she answered, in feverish haste, "excellently well—do not stop to ask a question; let us not lose an instant in words—Let us fly—let us fly!"

She endeavoured to mend her pace as she spoke; but with so little success, that she must have fallen from exhaustion, had not Durward supported her.

With the tenderness of a mother, when she conveys her infant out of danger, the young Scot raised his precious charge in his arms; and, while she encircled his neck with one arm, lost to every other thought save the desire of escaping, he would not have wished one of the risks of the night unencountered, since such had been the conclusion.

The honest Burgomaster was, in his turn, supported and dragged forward by his faithful counsellor Peter, and another of his clerks; and thus, in breathless haste, they reached the banks of the river, encountering many strolling bands of citizens, who were eager to know the event of the siege, and the truth of certain rumours already afloat, that the conquerors had quarrelled among themselves.

Evading their curiosity as they best could, the exertions of Peter and some of his companions at length procured a boat for the use of the company, and with it an opportunity of enjoying some repose, equally welcome to Isabelle, who continued to lie almost motionless in the arms of her preserver, and to the worthy Burgomaster, who, after delivering a broken string of thanks to Durward, whose mind was at the time too much occupied to answer him, began a long harangue, which he addressed to Peter, upon his own courage and benevolence, and the dangers to which these virtues had exposed him, on this and other occasions.

"Peter, Peter," he said, resuming the complaint of the preceding evening, "if I had not had a bold heart, I would never have stood out against paying the burghers—twentyfists, when every other living soul was willing to pay the same.—Ay, and then a less stout heart had not seduced me into that other battle of Saint Tron, where a Hainault man-at-arms thrust me into a muddy ditch with his lance, which neither heart nor hand that I had could help me out of, till the battle was over.—Ay, and then, Peter, this very night my courage seduced me, moreover, into too strait a corset, which would have been the death of me, but for the aid of this gallant young gentleman, whose trade is fighting, whereof I wish him heartily joy. And then for my tenderness of heart, Peter, it has made a poor man of me—that is, it would have made a poor man of me, if I had not been tolerably well to pass in this wicked world;—and Heaven knows what trouble it is like to bring on me yet, with ladies, countesses, and keeping of secrets, which, for aught I know, may cost me half my fortune, and my neck into the bargain!"

Quentin could remain no longer silent, but assured him, that whatever danger or damage he should incur on the part of the young lady now under his protection, should be thankfully acknowledged, and, as far as was possible, repaid.

"I thank you, young Master Squire Archer, I thank you," answered the citizen of Liege; "but who was it told you that I desired any repayment at your hand for doing the duty of an honest man? I only regretted that it might cost me so and so; and

hope I may have leave to say so much to my lieutenant, without either grudging my loss or my peril."

Quentin accordingly concluded that his present friend was one of the numerous class of benefactors to others, who take out their reward in grumbling, without meaning more than, by showing their grievances, to exalt a little the idea of the valuable service by which they have incurred them, and therefore prudently remained silent, and suffered the Syndic to mander on to his lieutenant concerning the risk and the loss he had encountered by his zeal for the public good, and his disinterested services to individuals, until they reached his own habitation.

The truth was, that the honest citizen felt that he had lost a little consequence, by suffering the young stranger to take the lead at the crisis which had occurred at the castle-hall of Schonwaldt; and, however delighted with the effect of Durward's interference at the moment, it seemed to him, on reflection, that he had sustained a diminution of importance, for which he endeavoured to obtain compensation, by exaggerating the claims which he had upon the gratitude of his country in general, his friends in particular, and more especially still, on the Countess of Croye, and her youthful protector.

But when the boat stopped at the bottom of his garden, and he had got himself assisted on shore by Peter, it seemed as if the touch of his own threshold had at once dissipated those feelings of wounded self-opinion and jealousy, and converted the discontented and obscured demagogue into the honest, kind, hospitable, and friendly host. He called loudly for Trudchen, who presently appeared; for fear and anxiety would permit few within the walls of Liege to sleep during that eventful night. She was charged to pay the utmost attention to the care of the beautiful and half-fainting stranger; and, admiring her personal charms, while she pitied her distress, Gertrude discharged the hospitable duty with the zeal and affection of a sister.

Late as it now was, and fatigued as the Syndic appeared, Quentin, on his side, had difficulty to escape a flask of choice and costly wine, as old as the battle of Azincour; and must have submitted to take his share, however unwilling, but for the appearance of the mother of the family, whom Pavillon's loud summons for the keys of the cellar brought forth from her bedroom. She was a jolly little roundabout woman, who had been pretty in her time, but whose principal characteristics for several years had been a red and sharp nose, a shrill voice, and a determination that the Syndic, in consideration of the authority which he exercised when abroad, should remain under the rule of due discipline at home.

So soon as she understood the nature of the debate between her husband and his guest, she declared roundly, that the former, instead of having occasion for more wine, had got too much already; and, far from using, in furtherance of his request, any of the huge bunch of keys which hung by a silver chain at her waist, she turned her back on him without ceremony, and ushered Quentin to the neat and pleasant apartment in which he was to spend the night, amid such appliances to rest and comfort as probably he had till that moment been entirely a stranger to; so much did the wealthy Flemings excel, not merely the poor and rude Scots, but the French themselves, in all the conveniences of domestic life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FLIGHT.

— Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
You, get the better of them.

— Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what.—Julius Cæsar.

In spite of a mixture of joy and fear, doubt, anxiety, and other agitating passions, the exhausting fatigues of the preceding day were powerful enough to throw the young Scot into a deep and profound repose,

which lasted until late on the day following; when his worthy host entered the apartment, with looks of care on his brow.

He seated himself by his guest's bedside, and began a long and complicated discourse upon the domestic duties of a married life, and especially upon the awful power and right supremacy which it became married men to sustain in all differences of opinion with their wives. Quentin listened with some anxiety. He knew that husbands, like other belligerent powers, were sometimes disposed to sing *Te Deum*, rather to conceal a defeat than to celebrate a victory; and he hastened to probe the matter more closely, "by hoping their arrival had been attended with inconvenience to the good lady of the household."

"Inconvenience!—no," answered the Burgomaster—"No woman can be less taken unawares than Mother Mabel—always happy to see her friends—always a clean lodging and a handsome meal ready for them, with God's blessing on bed and board—No woman on earth so hospitable—only 'tis pity her temper is something particular."

"Our residence here is disagreeable to her, in short?" said the Scot, starting out of bed, and beginning to dress himself hastily. "Were I but sure the Lady Isabelle were fit for travel after the horrors of the last night, we would not increase the offence by remaining here an instant longer."

"Nay," said Pavillon, "that is just what the young lady herself said to Mother Mabel; and truly I wish you saw the colour that came to her face as she said it—a milkmaid that has skated five miles to market against the frost-wind is a lily compared to it—I do not wonder Mother Mabel may be a little jealous, poor dear soul."

"Has the Lady Isabelle then left her apartment?" said the youth, continuing his toilette operations with more despatch than before.

"Yes," replied Pavillon; "and she expects your approach with much impatience, to determine which way you shall go—since you are both determined on going.—But I trust you will tarry breakfast."

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?" said Durward, impatiently.

"Softly—softly," said the Syndic; "I have told it you too soon, I think, if it puts you into such a hasty fluster. Now I have some more matter for your ear, if I saw you had some patience to listen to me."

"Speak it, worthy sir, as soon and as fast as you can—I listen devoutly."

"Well, then," resumed the Burgomaster, "I have but one word to say, and that is, that Trudchen, who is as sorry to part with yonder pretty lady as if she had been some sister of hers, wants you to take some other disguise; for there is word in the town that the Ladies of Croye travel the country in pilgrim's dresses, attended by a French life-guardsmen of the Scottish Archers; and it is said one of them was brought into Schonwaldt last night by a Bohemian after we had left it; and it was said still farther, that this same Bohemian had assured William de la Marck that you were charged with no message either to him or to the good people of Liege, and that you had stolen away the young Countess, and travelled with her as her paramour. And all this news hath come from Schonwaldt this morning; and it has been told to us and the other counsellors, who know not well what to advise; for though our own opinion is that William de la Marck has been a thought too rough both with the Bishop and with ourselves, yet there is a great belief that he is a good-natured soul at bottom—that is, when he is sober—and that he is the only leader in the world to command us against the Duke of Burgundy;—and, in truth, as matters stand, it is partly my own mind that we must keep fair with him, for we have gone too far to draw back."

"Your daughter advises well," said Quentin Durward, abstaining from reproaches or exhortations, which he saw would be alike unavailing to sway a resolution, which had been adopted by the worthy magistrate in compliance at once with the prejudices of his party and the inclination of his wife—"Your daughter counsels well—We must part in disguise, and that instantly. We may, I trust, rely

upon you for the necessary secrecy, and for the means of escape?"

"With all my heart—with all my heart!" said the honest citizen, who, not much satisfied with the dignity of his own conduct, was eager to find some mode of atonement. "I cannot but remember that I owed you my life last night, both for unclaspings that accursed steel doublet, and helping me through the other scrape, which was worse; for yonder Boar and his brood look more like devils than men. So I will be true to you as blade to haft, as our cutlers say, who are the best in the whole world. Nay, now you are ready, come this way—you shall see how far I can trust you."

The Syndic led him from the chamber in which he had slept to his own counting-room, in which he transacted his affairs of business; and after bolting the door, and casting a piercing and careful eye around him, he opened a concealed and vaulted closet behind the tapestry, in which stood more than one iron chest. He proceeded to open one which was full of guilders, and placed it at Quentin's discretion, to take whatever sum he might think necessary for his companion's expenses and his own.

As the money with which Quentin was furnished on leaving Plessis was now nearly expended, he hesitated not to accept the sum of two hundred guilders; and by doing so took a great weight from the mind of Pavillon, who considered the desperate transaction in which he thus voluntarily became the creditor, as an atonement for the breach of hospitality which various considerations in a great measure compelled him to commit.

Having carefully locked his treasure-chamber, the wealthy Fleming next conveyed his guest to the parlour, where, in full possession of her activity of mind and body, though pale from the scenes of the preceding night, he found the Countess attired in the fashion of a Flemish maiden of the middling class. No other was present excepting Trudchen, who was sedulously employed in completing the Countess's dress, and in instructing her how to bear herself. She extended her hand to him, which, when he had reverently kissed, she said to him, "Seignior Quentin, we must leave our friends here, unless I would bring on them a part of the misery which has pursued me ever since my father's death. You must change your dress and go with me, unless you also are tired of befriending a being so unfortunate."

"I—I am tired of being your attendant!—To the end of the earth will I guard you! But you—you yourself—are you equal to the task you undertake?—Can you, after the terrors of last night?"

"Do not recall them to my memory," answered the Countess; "I remember but the confusion of a horrid dream.—Has the excellent Bishop escaped?"

"I trust he is in freedom," said Quentin, making a sign to Pavillon, who seemed about to enter on the dreadful narrative, to be silent.

"Is it possible for us to rejoin him?—Hath he gathered any power?" said the lady.

"His only hopes are in Heaven," said the Scot; "but wherever you wish to go, I stand by your side, a determined guide and guard."

"We will consider," said Isabelle; and after a moment's pause, she added, "A convent would be my choice, but that I fear it would prove a weak defence against those who pursue me."

"Hem! hem!" said the Syndic; "I could not well recommend a convent within the district of Lige; because the Boar of Ardenne, though in the main a brave leader, a trusty confederate, and a well-wisher to our city, has, nevertheless, rough humours, and payeth, on the whole, little regard to cloisters, convents, nunneries, and the like. Men say that there are a score of nuns—that is, such as were nuns—who march always with his company."

"Get yourself in readiness hastily, Seignior Durward," said Isabelle, interrupting this detail, "since to your faith I must needs commit myself."

No sooner had the Syndic and Quentin left the room, than Isabelle began to ask of Gertrude various questions concerning the roads, and so forth, with such clearness of spirit and pertinence, that the latter

could not help exclaiming, "Lady, I wonder at you!—I have heard of masculine firmness, but yours appears to me more than belongs to humanity."

"Necessity," answered the Countess—"necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention. No long time since, I might have fainted when I saw a drop of blood shed from a trifling cut—I have since seen life-blood flow around me, I may say, in waves, yet I have retained my senses and my self-possession.—Do not think it was an easy task," she added, laying on Gertrude's arm a trembling hand, although she still spoke with a firm voice; "the little world within me is like a garrison besieged by a thousand foes, whom nothing but the most determined resolution can keep from storming it on every hand, and at every moment. Were my situation one whit less perilous than it is—were I not sensible that my only chance to escape a fate more horrible than death, is to retain my recollection and self-possession—Gertrude, I would at this moment throw myself into your arms, and relieve my bursting bosom by such a transport of tears and agony of terror, as never rushed from a breaking heart!"

"Do not do so, lady!" said the sympathizing Fleming; "take courage, tell your beads, throw yourself on the care of Heaven; and surely, if ever Heaven sent a deliverer to one ready to perish, that bold and adventurous young gentleman must be designed for yours. There is one, too," she added, blushing deeply, "in whom I have some interest. Say nothing to my father; but I have ordered my bachelor, Hans Glover, to wait for you at the eastern gate, and never to see my face more, unless he brings word that he has guided you safe from the territory."

To kiss her tenderly was the only way in which the young Countess could express her thanks to the frank and kind-hearted city maiden, who returned the embrace affectionately, and added, with a smile, "Nay, if two maidens and their devoted bachelors cannot succeed in a disguise and an escape, the world is changed from what I am told it wont to be."

A part of this speech again called the colour into the Countess's pale cheeks, which was not lessened by Quentin's sudden appearance. He entered completely attired as a Flemish boor of the better class, in the holiday suit of Peter, who expressed his interest in the young Scot by the readiness with which he parted with it for his use; and swore, at the same time, that, were he to be curried and tugged worse than ever was bullock's hide, they should make nothing out of him, to the betraying of the young folks. Two stout horses had been provided by the activity of Mother Mabel, who really desired the Countess and her attendant no harm, so that she could make her own house and family clear of the dangers which might attend upon harbouring them. She beheld them mount and go off with great satisfaction, after telling them that they would find their way to the east gate by keeping their eye on Peter, who was to walk in that direction as their guide, but without holding any visible communication with them.

The instant her guests had departed, Mother Mabel took the opportunity to read a long practical lecture to Trudchen upon the folly of reading romances, whereby the flaunting ladies of the Court were grown so bold and venturesome, that, instead of applying to learn some honest housewifery, they must ride, forsooth, a damsel-errant through the country, with no better attendant than some idle scoundrel, debauched page, or rake-helly archer from foreign parts, to the great danger of their health, the impoverishing of their substance, and the irreparable prejudice of their reputation.

All this Gertrude heard in silence, and without reply; but, considering her character, it might be doubted whether she derived from it the practical inference which it was her mother's purpose to enforce.

Meantime, the travellers had gained the eastern gate of the city, traversing crowds of people, who were fortunately too much busied in the political events and rumours of the hour, to give any attention to a couple who had so little to render their appearance remarkable. They passed the guards in virtue of a permission obtained for them by Pavillon, but in

the name of his colleague Roulaer, and they took leave of Peter Geislaer with a friendly though brief exchange of good wishes on either side. Immediately afterwards, they were joined by a stout young man, riding a good grey horse, who presently made himself known as Hans Glover, the bachelor of Trudchen Pavillon. He was a young fellow with a good Flemish countenance—not, indeed, of the most intellectual cast, but arguing more hilarity and good-humour than wit, and, as the Countess could not help thinking, scarce worthy to be bachelor to the generous Trudchen. He seemed, however, fully desirous to second the views which she had formed in their favour; for, saluting them respectfully, he asked of the Countess in Flemish, on which road she desired to be conducted?

"Guide me," said she, "towards the nearest town on the frontiers of Brabant."

"You have then settled the end and object of your journey?" said Quentin, approaching his horse to that of Isabelle, and speaking French, which their guide did not understand.

"Surely," replied the young lady; "for, situated as I now am, it must be of no small detriment to me if I were to prolong a journey in my present circumstances, even though the termination should be a rigorous prison."

"A prison!" said Quentin.

"Yes, my friend, a prison; but I will take care that you shall not share it."

"Do not talk—do not think of me," said Quentin.

"Saw I you but safe, my own concerns are little worth minding."

"Do not speak so loud," said the Lady Isabelle; "you will surprise our guide—you see he has already rode on before us;"—for, in truth, the good-natured Fleming, doing as he desired to be done by, had removed from them the constraint of a third person, upon Quentin's first motion towards the lady.—"Yes," she continued, when she noticed they were free from observation, "to you, my friend, my protector—why should I be ashamed to call you what Heaven has made you to me?—to you it is my duty to say, that my resolution is taken to return to my native country, and to throw myself on the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. It was mistaken, though well-meant advice, which induced me ever to withdraw from his protection, and place myself under that of the crafty and false Louis of France."

"And you resolve to become the bride, then, of the Count of Campo-basso, the unworthy favourite of Charles?"

Thus spoke Quentin, with a voice in which internal agony struggled with his desire to assume an indifferent tone, like that of the poor condemned criminal, when, affecting a firmness which he is far from feeling, he asks if the death-warrant be arrived.

"No, Durward, no," said the Lady Isabelle, sitting up erect in her saddle, "to that hated condition all Burgundy's power shall not sink a daughter of the House of Croye. Burgundy may seize on my lands and fiefs, he may imprison my person in a convent; but that is the worst I have to expect; and worse than that I will endure ere I give my hand to Campo-basso."

"The worst!" said Quentin; "and what worse can there be than plunder and imprisonment?—Oh, think, while you have God's free air around you, and one by your side who will hazard life to conduct you to England, to Germany, even to Scotland, in all of which you shall find generous protectors—O, while this is the case, do not resolve so rashly to abandon the means of liberty, the best gift that Heaven gives!—O well sung a poet of my own land—

'Ah, freedom is a noble thing—
Freedom makes men to have liking—
Freedom the next to pleasure gives—
He lives at ease who freely lives.
Grief, sickness, poverty, want, are all
Summ'd up within the name of Thrall.'

She listened with a melancholy smile to her guide's tirade in praise of liberty; and then answered, after a moment's pause, "Freedom is for man alone—woman must ever seek a protector, since nature made her incapable to defend herself. And where am I to

find one?—In that voluptuary Edward of England—in the inebriated Wenceslaus of Germany—in Scotland?—Ah, Durward, were I your sister, and could you promise me shelter in some of those mountain-glens which you love to describe, where, for charity, or for the few jewels I have preserved, I might lead an unharassed life, and forget the lot I was born to—Could you promise me the protection of some honoured matron of the land—of some baron whose heart was as true as his sword—that were indeed a prospect, for which it were worth the risk of farther censure to wander farther and wider!"

There was a faltering tenderness of voice with which the Countess Isabelle made this admission, that at once filled Quentin with a sensation of joy, and cut him to the very heart. He hesitated a moment ere he made an answer, hastily reviewing in his mind the possibility there might be that he could procure her shelter in Scotland; but the melancholy truth rushed on him, that it would be alike base and cruel to point out to her a course, which he had not the most distant power or means to render safe. "Lady," he said at last, "I should act foully against my honour and oath of chivalry, did I suffer you to ground any plan upon the thoughts that I have the power in Scotland to afford you other protection than that of the poor arm which is now by your side. I scarce know that my blood flows in the veins of an individual who now lives in my native land. The Knight of Innerquharly stormed our castle at midnight, and cut off all that belonged to my name. Were I again in Scotland, our feudal enemies ever numerous and powerful, I single and weak; and even had the King a desire to do me justice, he dared not, for the sake of redressing the wrongs of a poor individual, provoke a chief who rides with five hundred horse."

"Alas!" said the Countess, "there is then no corner of the world safe from oppression, since it rages as unrestrained amongst those wild hills which afford so few objects to covet, as in our rich and abundant Lowlands!"

"It is a sad truth, and I dare not deny it," said the Scot, "that, for little more than the pleasure of revenge and the lust of bloodshed, our hostile clans do the work of executioners on each other; and Ogilvies and the like act the same scenes in Scotland, as De la Marck and his robbers do in this country."

"No more of Scotland, then," said Isabelle, with a tone of indifference, either real or affected—"no more of Scotland,—which indeed I mentioned but in jest, to see if you really dared recommend to me a place of rest, the most distracted kingdom in Europe. It was but a trial of your sincerity, which I rejoice to see may be relied on, even when your partialities are most strongly excited. So, once more I will think of no other protection than can be afforded by the first honourable baron holding of Doh Charles, to whom I am determined to render myself safe."

"And why not rather betake yourself to your own estates, and to your own strong castle, as you designed when at Tours?" said Quentin. "Why not let around you the vassals of your father, and make treaty with Burgundy, rather than surrender yourself to him? Surely there must be many a bold man that would fight in your cause; and I know at least of one, who would willingly lay down his life to give example."

"Alas!" said the Countess, "that scheme, the suggestion of the crafty Louis, and, like all which I ever suggested, designed more for his advantage than for mine, has become impracticable, since I was betrayed to Burgundy by the double traitor Zamet Maugrabain. My kinsmen were then imprisoned, and my houses garrisoned. Any attempt mine would but expose my dependants to the vengeance of Duke Charles; and why should I occasion more bloodshed than has already taken place on a worthless account? No, I will submit myself to my Sovereign as a dutiful vassal, in all which shall leave my personal freedom of choice unimpaired; or rather that I trust my kinswoman, the Countess

who first counselled, and indeed urged has already taken this wise and honourable

kinswoman!" repeated Quentin, awakened to which the young Countess was a and which the rapid succession of perilous events, had, as matters of nearer concern, ished from his memory.

My aunt—the Countess Hameline of Croye sought of her?" said the Countess Isabella—she is now under the protection of Indian banner.—You are silent! Know you er?"

A question, urged in a tone of the most inquiry, obliged Quentin to give some account that he knew of the Countess's fate. He said that he had been summoned to attend light from Liege, which he had no doubt Isabella would be partaker in—he mentioned every that had been made after they had a forest—and finally, he told his own recastle, and the circumstances in which t. But he said nothing of the views with

was plain the Lady Hameline had left the Schonwaldt, and as little about the float- of her having fallen into the hands of e la Marck. Delicacy prevented his even the one, and regard for the feelings of his n, at a moment when strength and exer-

most demanded of her, prevented him ing to the latter, which had, besides, only m as a mere rumour.

He, though abridged of those important parade a strong impression on the Countess who, after riding some time in silence, said at a tone of cold displeasure, "And so you d my unfortunate relative in a wild forest, cry of a wild Bohemian and a traitorous oman?—Poor kinswoman, thou wert wont his youth's good faith!"

"not done so, madam," said Quentin, not un- y, offended at the turn thus given to his "what had been the fate of one to whose was far more devoutly bound? Had I not untess Hameline of Croye to the charge of m she had herself selected as counsellors ers, the Countess Isabella had been ere ide of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar as."

are right," said the Countess Isabella, in nanner: "and I, who have the advantage of mitating devotion, have done you foul and wrong. But oh, my unhappy kinswoman! wretch Marthon, who enjoyed so much of ence, and deserved it so little—it was she duced to my kinswoman the wretched d Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, by their knowledge in soothsaying and astrology, a great ascendancy over her mind; it was strengthening their predictions, encouraged know not what to call them—delusions g matches and lovers, which my kins- age rendered ungraceful and improbable. t that, from the beginning, we have been d by these snares by Louis of France, in etermine us to take refuge at his Court, or put ourselves into his power; after which on our part, how unkingly, unknighly, ngentleman-like, he hath conducted him- rds us, you, Quentin Durward, can bear

But alas! my kinswoman—what think e her fate?"

Quentin, to inspire hopes which he scarce vard answered, that the aversion of these s stronger than any other passion; that even when he left them, seemed to act the Lady Hameline's protectress; and, in t was difficult to conceive any object these could accomplish by the ill usage or mur- Countess, whereas they might be gainers g her well, and putting her to ransom.

The Countess Isabella's thoughts from this ly subject, Quentin frankly told her the of the Maugrabin, which he had discovered

in the night-quarter near Namur, and which appear- ed the result of an agreement betwixt the King and William de la Marck. Isabella shuddered with hor- ror, and then recovering herself, said, "I am asham- ed, and I have sinned in permitting myself so far to doubt of the saints' protection, as for an instant to have deemed possible the accomplishment of a schemo so utterly cruel, base, and dishonourable, while there are pitying eyes in Heaven to look down on human miseries. It is not a thing to be thought of with fear or abhorrence, but to be rejected as such a piece of incredible treachery and villainy, as it were atheism to believe could ever be successful. But I now see plainly why that hypocritical Marthon often seemed to foster every seed of petty jealousy or dis- content betwixt my poor kinswoman and myself, whilst she always mixed with flattery, addressed to the individual who was present, whatever could pre- judice her against her absent kinswoman. Yet never did I dream she could have proceeded so far as to have caused my once affectionate kinswoman to have left me behind in the perils of Schonwaldt, while she made her own escape."

"Did the Lady Hameline not mention to you, then," said Quentin, "her intended flight?"

"No," replied the Countess, "but she alluded to some communication which Marthon was to make to me. To say truth, my poor kinswoman's head was so turned by the mysterious jargon of the miser- able Hayraddin, whom that day she had admitted to a long and secret conference, and she threw out so many strange hints, that—that—in short, I cared not to press on her, when in that humour, for any ex- planation. Yet it was cruel to leave me behind her."

"I will excuse the Lady Hameline from intending such unkindness," said Quentin; "for such was the agitation of the moment, and the darkness of the hour, that I believe the Lady Hameline as certainly conceived herself accompanied by her niece, as I at the same time, deceived by Marthon's dress and de- meanour, supposed I was in the company of both the Ladies of Croye:—and of her especially," he ad- ded, with a low but determined voice, "without whom the wealth of worlds would not have tempted me to leave Schonwaldt."

Isabella stooped her head forward, and seemed scarce to hear the emphasis with which Quentin had spoken. But she turned her face to him again when he began to speak of the policy of Louis; and it was not difficult for them, by mutual communication, to ascertain that the Bohemian brothers, with their ac- complice Marthon, had been the agents of that crafty monarch, although Zanet, the elder of them, with a perfidy peculiar to his race, had attempted to play a double game, and had been punished accordingly. In the same humour of mutual confidence, and forgetting the singularity of their own situation, as well as the perils of the road, the travellers pursued their journey for several hours, only stopping to refresh their horses at a retired dorf, or hamlet, to which they were con- ducted by Hans Glover, who, in all other respects, as well as in leaving them much to their own free- dom in conversation, conducted himself like a person of reflection and discretion.

Meantime, the artificial distinction which divided the two lovers, (for such we may now term them,) seemed dissolved, or removed, by the circumstances in which they were placed; for if the Countess boast- ed the higher rank, and was by birth entitled to a fortune incalculably larger than that of the youth, whose revenue lay in his sword, it was to be con- sidered that, for the present, she was as poor as he, and for her safety, honour, and life, exclusively in- debted to his presence of mind, valour, and devotion. They spoke not indeed of love, for though the young lady, her heart full of gratitude and confidence, might have pardoned such a declaration, yet Quentin, on whose tongue there was laid a check, both by natu- ral timidity and by the sentiments of chivalry, would have held it an unworthy abuse of her situation had he said any thing which could have the appearance of taking undue advantage of the opportunities which it afforded them. They spoke not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable;

and thus they were placed in that relation to each other, in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.

It was two hours after noon, when the travellers were alarmed by the report of the guide, who, with paleness and horror in his countenance, said that they were pursued by a party of De la Marche's *Schwarz-reiters*. These soldiers, or rather banditti, were bands levied in the Lower Circles of Germany, and resembled the *lanzknechts* in every particular, except that the former acted as light cavalry. To maintain the name of Black Troopers, and to strike additional terror into their enemies, they usually rode on black chargers, and smeared with black ornament their arms and accoutrements, in which operation their hands and faces often had their share. In morals and in ferocity these *Schwarz-reiters* emulated their pedestrian brethren the *lanzknechts*.*

On looking back, and discovering along the long level road which they had traversed a cloud of dust advancing, with one or two of the headmost troopers riding furiously in front of it, Quentin addressed his companion—"Dearest Isabelle, I have no weapon left save my sword; but since I cannot fight for you, I will fly with you. Could we gain yonder wood that is before us ere they come up, we may easily find means to escape."

"So be it, my only friend," said Isabelle, pressing her horse to the gallop; "and thou, good fellow," she added, addressing Hans Glover, "get thee off to another road, and do not stay to partake our misfortune and danger."

The honest Fleming shook his head, and answered her generous exhortation, with *Nein, nein! das geht nichts*,† and continued to attend them, all three riding towards the shelter of the wood as fast as their jaded horses could go, pursued, at the same time, by the *Schwarz-reiters*, who increased their pace when they saw them fly. But notwithstanding the fatigue of the horses, still the fugitives, being unarmed, and riding lighter in consequence, had considerably the advantage of the pursuers, and were within about a quarter of a mile of the wood, when a body of men-at-arms, under a knight's pennon, was discovered advancing from the cover, so as to intercept their flight.

"They have bright armour," said Isabelle; "they must be Burgundians. Be they who they will, we must yield to them, rather than to the lawless miscreants who pursue us."

A moment after, she exclaimed, looking on the pennon, "I know the cloven heart which it displays! It is the banner of the Count of Crèvecoeur, a noble Burgundian—to him I will surrender myself."

Quentin Durward sighed; but what other alternative remained? and how happy would he have been but an instant before, to have been certain of the escape of Isabelle, even under worse terms? They soon joined the band of Crèvecoeur, and the Countess demanded to speak to the leader, who had halted his party till he should reconnoitre the Black Troopers; and as he gazed on her with doubt and uncertainty, she said, "Noble Count,—Isabelle of Croye, the daughter of your old companion in arms, Count Reinold of Croye, renders herself, and asks protection from your valour for her and hers."

"Thou shalt have it, fair kinswoman, were it

against a host—always excepting my liege Burgundy. But there is little time to talk; filthy looking fiends have made a halt, as tended to dispute the matter.—By Saint Burgundy, they have the insolence to advance the banner of Crèvecoeur!—What! w knaves be ruled?—Damian, my lance—Adner—Lay your spears in the rest—Crèvecoeur Rescues!"

Crying his war-cry, and followed by his arms, he galloped rapidly forward to the *Schwarz-reiters*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SURRENDER.

Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your capt. Deal with me what your nobleness suggests. Thinking the chance of war may one day pl Where I must now be reckon'd—'t the roll Of melancholy prisoners.—*Anonymous*.

THE skirmish betwixt the *Schwarz-reit* Burgundian men-at-arms lasted scarcely utes, so soon were the former put to the superiority of the latter, in armour, weight and military spirit. In less than the space mentioned, the Count of Crèvecoeur, wiping sword upon his horse's mane ere he sheath back to the verge of the forest, where Isabelle maintained a spectator of the combat. One people followed him, while the other continue the flying enemy for a little space causeway.

"It is shame," said the Count, "that d of knights and gentlemen should be so blood of those brutal swine."

So saying, he returned his weapon to and added, "This is a rough welcome to my pretty cousin, but wandering prince expect such adventures. And well I came for, let me assure you, the Black Troop countess's coronet as little as a country-w and I think your retinue is not qualified assistance."

"My Lord Count," said the Lady Isabelle further preface, let me know if I am and where you are to conduct me."

"You know, you silly child," answered "how I would answer that question, die my own will. But you and your fool making, marriage-hunting aunt, have mad use of your wings of late, that I fear you contented to fold them up in a cage for a For my part, my duty, and it is a sad ended when I have conducted you to the Duke, at Peronne; for which purpose, I cessary to deliver the command of this party to my nephew, Count Stephen, who with you thither, as I think you may need; sor—And I hope the young giddy pate will his duty wisely."

"So please you, fair uncle," said Count "if you doubt my capacity to conduct arms, even remain with them yourself, as the servant and guard of the Countess Croye."

"No doubt, fair nephew," answered "this were a goodly improvement on my methinks I like it as well in the way I Please you, therefore, to take notice, that ness here is not to hunt after and stick hogs, for which you seemed but now to be especial vocation, but to collect and bring tidings what is going forward in the count concerning which we hear each wild rum some half score of lances follow me, and main with my banner, under your guidance."

"Yet one moment, cousin of Crèvecoeur Countess Isabelle," and let me, in yield prisoner, stipulate at least for the safety of have befriended me in my misfortunes. I good fellow, my trusty guide, to go back to his native town of Lagny."

* Fynes Morrison describes this species of soldiery as follows: "He that at this day looks upon their *Schwarz-reiters*, (that is, black horsemen,) must confess, that, to make their horses and boots shine, they make themselves as black as colliers. These horsemen wear black clothes, and poor though they be, spend no small time in brushing them. The most of them have black horses, which, while they painfully dress, and as I have said, delight to have their boots and shoes shine with blacking-stuff, their hands and faces become black, and thereof they have their forward name. Yet I have heard Germans say, that they do thus make themselves black to seem more terrible to their enemies."—Fynes Morrison's *Itinerary*. Edition 1617, p. 165.
† "No, no! that must not be."

sw," said Crèveœur, after looking sharply at the Duke for a moment, "shall not follow, who seems, indeed, to have taken him, as far into the territory as he himself, and then leave him at liberty."

"To remember me to the kind Gertrude," intoned to her guide, and added, taking a ring from under her veil, "Pray her to wear in remembrance of her unhappy friend." He then took the string of pearls, and kissed, with a pious gesture, but with sincere kindness, the ring which had found such a delicate resting-place in his own labours and peril.

"Signs and tokens!" said the Count; "any signs to make, my fair cousin?—It is time for my way."

He said the Countess, making an effort to say you will be pleased to be favourable to our gentleman."

said Crèveœur, casting the same glance on Quentin which he had bestowed on apparently with a much less satisfaction and mimicking, though not offensively, the Countess—"Umph!—Ay, I have a taste of another temper.—And pray, my friend, has this—this very young gentleman—made such intercession at your hands?"

"Saved my life and honour," said the Count, with a look of shame and resentment.

He also blushed with indignation, but wisely held his tongue to give vent to it might only make

honour?—"Umph!" said again the Count, "methinks it would have been as well, if you had not put yourself in the way of such obligations to this very young gentleman, let it pass. The young gentleman may, if his quality permit, and I will see he has only I will myself take in future the office of your life and honour, and may perhaps some fitter duty than that of being a squire or damoiseau errant."

"I Count," said Durward, unable to keep his tongue, "lest you should talk of a stranger name than you might afterwards think take leave to tell you, that I am Quentin, the Archer of the Scottish Body-guard, in which well know, none but gentlemen and we are enrolled."

"You for your information, and I kiss your hand for Archer," said Crèveœur, in the same way. "Have the goodness to ride with me to the party."

He moved onward at the command of the Duke, now the power, if not the right, to do as he pleased, he observed that the Lady Isabelle's motions with a look of anxious and tender care, which amounted almost to tenderness, and of which brought water into his eyes. He remembered that he had a man's part to sustain, Crèveœur, who, perhaps of all the chivalry of Burgundy, was the least likely to be a thing but laughter by a tale of true love determined, therefore, not to wait his turn, but to open the conversation in a tone of assert his claim to fair treatment, and exact than the Count, offended perhaps at the son of such inferior note placed so near to his high-born and wealthy cousin, used to entertain for him.

Count of Crèveœur," he said, in a stern tone of voice, "may I request of you, if your interview goes farther, to tell me if I am am to account myself your prisoner?"

"I question," replied the Count, "which, can only answer by another—Are France dy, think you, at peace or war with each

plied the Scot, "you, my lord, should know better than I. I have been absent out of France, and have heard no news of it."

"There," said the Count; "you see how

ask questions, but how difficult to answer

them. Why, I myself, who have been at Peronne with the Duke for this week and better, cannot resolve this riddle any more than you; and yet, Sir Squire, upon the solution of that question depends the said point, whether you are a prisoner or free man; and, for the present, I must hold you as the former.—Only, if you have really and honestly been of service to my kinswoman, and if you are candid in your answers to the questions I shall ask, affairs shall stand the better with you."

"The Countess of Croye," said Quentin, "is best judge if I have rendered any service, and to her I refer you on that matter. My answers you will yourself judge of when you ask me your questions."

"Umph!—haughty enough," muttered the Count of Crèveœur, "and very like one that wears a lady's favour in his hat, and thinks he must carry things with a high tone, to honour the precious remnant of silk and tinsel.—Well, sir, I trust it will be no abatement of your dignity, if you answer me how long you have been about the person of the Lady Isabelle of Croye?"

"Count of Crèveœur," said Quentin Durward, "if I answer questions which are asked in a tone approaching towards insult, it is only lest injurious inferences should be drawn from my silence respecting one to whom we are both obliged to render justice. I have acted as escort to the Lady Isabelle since she left France to retire into Flanders."

"Ho! ho!" said the Count; "and that is to say, since she fled from Plessis-les-Tours?—You, an Archer of the Scottish Guard, accompanied her, of course, by the express orders of King Louis?"

However little Quentin thought himself indebted to the King of France, who, in contriving the surprise of the Countess Isabelle by William de la Marck, had probably calculated on the young Scotchman being slain in her defence, he did not yet conceive himself at liberty to betray any trust which Louis had reposed, or had seemed to repose in him, and therefore replied to Count Crèveœur's inference, "that it was sufficient for him to have the authority of his superior officer for what he had done, and he inquired no farther."

"It is quite sufficient," said the Count. "We know the King does not permit his officers to send the Archers of his Guard to prance like paladins by the bridle-rein of wandering ladies, unless he hath some politic purpose to serve. It will be difficult for King Louis to continue to aver so boldly, that he knew not of the Ladies of Croye's having escaped from France, since they were escorted by one of his own Life-guard.—And whither, Sir Archer, was your retreat directed?"

"To Liege, my lord," answered the Scot; "where the ladies desired to be placed under the protection of the late Bishop."

"The late Bishop?" exclaimed the Count of Crèveœur; "is Louis of Bourbon dead?—Not a word of his illness had reached the Duke—Of what did he die?"

"He sleeps in a bloody grave, my lord—that is, if his murderers have conferred one on his remains."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Crèveœur again—"Holy Mother of Heaven!—young man, it is impossible!"

"I saw the deed done with my own eyes, and many an act of horror besides."

"Saw it! and made not in to help the good Prelate!" exclaimed the Count, "or to raise the castle against his murderers?—Know'st thou not, that even to look on such a deed, without resisting it, is profane sacrilege?"

"To be brief, my lord," said Durward, "ere this act was done, the castle was stormed by the blood-thirsty William de la Marck, with the help of the insurgent Liegeois."

"I am struck with thunder!" said Crèveœur. "Liege in insurrection!—Schonwald! taken!—the Bishop murdered!—Messenger of sorrow, never did one man unfold such a packet of woes!—Speak, knew you of this assault—of this insurrection—of this murder?—Speak—thou art one of Louis's trusted Archers, and it is he that has aimed this painful arrow.—Speak, or I will have thee torn with wild horses!"

"And if I am so torn, my lord, there can be nothing rent out of me, that may not become a true Scottish gentleman. I know no more of these villainies than you,—was so far from being partaker in them, that I would have withstood them to the uttermost, had my means, in a twentieth degree, equalled my inclination. But what could I do?—they were hundreds, and I but one. My only care was to rescue the Countess Isabelle, and in that I was happily successful. Yet, had I been near enough when the ruffian deed was so cruelly done on the old man, I had saved his gray hairs, or I had avenged them; and as it was, my abhorrence was spoken loud enough to prevent other horrors."

"I believe thee, youth," said the Count; "thou art neither of an age nor nature to be trusted with such bloody work, however well fitted to be the squire of dames. But alas! for the kind and generous Prelate, to be murdered on the hearth where he so often entertained the stranger with Christian charity and princely bounty—and that by a wretch, a monster! a portentous growth of blood and cruelty!—bred up in the very hall where he has imbrued his hands in his benefactor's blood! But I know not Charles of Burgundy—nay, I should doubt of the justice of Heaven,—if vengeance be not as sharp, and sudden, and severe, as this villany has been unexampled in atrocity. And, if no other shall pursue the murderer,"—here he paused, grasped his sword, then quitting his bridle, struck both gauntleted hands upon his breast, until his corselet clattered, and finally held them up to Heaven, as he solemnly continued—"I—I, Philip Crèvecoeur of Cordes, make a vow to God, Saint Lambert, and the Three Kings of Cologne, that small shall be my thought of other earthly concerns, till I take full revenge on the murderers of the good Louis of Bourbon, whether I find them in forest or field, in city or in country, in hill or plain, in King's court, or in God's church! and thereto I pledge lands and living, friends and followers, life and honour. So help me God and Saint Lambert of Liege, and the Three Kings of Cologne!"

When the Count of Crèvecoeur had made his vow, his mind seemed in some sort relieved from the overwhelming grief and astonishment with which he had heard the fatal tragedy that had been acted at Schonwaldt, and he proceeded to question Durward more minutely concerning the particulars of that disastrous affair, which the Scot, nowise desirous to abate the spirit of revenge which the Count entertained against William de la Marck, gave him at full length.

"But those blind, unsteady, faithless, fickle beasts, the Liegeois," said the Count, "that they should have combined themselves with this inexorable robber and murderer, to put to death their lawful Prince!"

Durward here informed the enraged Burgundian that the Liegeois, or at least the better class of them, however rashly they had run into the rebellion against their Bishop, had no design, so far as appeared to him, to aid in the execrable deed of De la Marck; but, on the contrary, would have prevented it if they had had the means, and were struck with horror when they beheld it.

"Speak not of the faithless, inconstant, plebeian rabble!" said Crèvecoeur. "When they took arms against a Prince, who had no fault, save that he was too kind and too good a master for such a set of ungrateful slaves—when they armed against him, and broke into his peaceful house, what could there be in their intention but murder?—when they banded themselves with the wild Boar of Ardennes, the greatest homicide in the marches of Flanders, what else could there be in their purpose but murder, which is the very trade he lives by? And again, was it not one of their own vile rabble who did the very deed, by thine own account?—I hope to see their canals running blood by the light of their burning houses. Oh, the kind, noble, generous lord, whom they have slaughtered!—Other vassals have rebelled under the pressure of imposts and penury; but the men of Liege, in the fulness of insolence and plenty."—He again abandoned the reins of his war-horse, and wrung bitterly the hands, which his mail-gloves

rendered untractable. Quentin easily a grief which he manifested was augmented by bitter recollection of past intercourse with the sufferer, and was silent according to feelings which he was unwilling to and at the same time felt it impossible to.

But the Count of Crèvecoeur returned again to the subject—questioned him on the particulars of the surprise of Schonwaldt, as of the Bishop; and then suddenly, as if collected something which had escaped him, demanded what had become of the Lady, and why she was not with her kinswoman. He added contemptuously, "that I console as at all a loss to the Countess Isabelle, although she was her kinswoman, an whole a well-meaning woman, yet the Countess never produced such a fantastic hold it for certain, that her niece, who always observed to be a modest and woman, was led into the absurd frolic of Burgundy to France, by that blundering old, match-making and match-seeking."

What a speech for a romantic lover to hear, too, when it would have been in him to attempt what it was impossible to achieve,—namely, to convince the Count that he did foul wrong to the Countess, in so sense as in beauty—in her modest and orderly young woman; who might have been predicated with proper daughter of a sunburnt peasant, who living the oxen, while her father held the plough, to suppose her under the dominion of premeditation of a silly and romantic slander should have been repelled down her throat. But the open, though the signification of the Count of Crèvecoeur, the attempt which he seemed to entertain for things which were uppermost in Quentin's mind, overawed him; not for fear of the Count's arms—that was a risk which would have his desire of making out a challenge—by ridicule, the weapon of all others most enthusiasts of every description, and whose predominance over such minds, often the absurd, and fully as often smothers the noble.

Under the influence of this fear, of being the object of scorn rather than resentment though with some pain, confined his report of the account of the Lady Hameline in her escape from Schonwaldt before the place. He could not, indeed, have made very distinct, without throwing ridicule on the relation of Isabelle, and perhaps incurring self, as having been the object of her expectations. He added to his embarrassment that he had heard a report, though a vulgar one, the Lady Hameline having again fallen into the hands of William de la Marck.

"I trust in Saint Lambert that he will," said Crèvecoeur; "as, indeed, he is likely to do, for the sake of her money-bags; and I will try to knock her on the head, so soon as either secured in his own grasp, or, emptied."

The Count then proceeded to ask questions concerning the mode in which both conducted themselves on the journey, the intimacy to which they admitted Quentin and other trying particulars, that vexed and angry, the youth was scarce able to contain his indignation from the keen-sighted soldier, who seemed suddenly disposed to tell him, saying, at the same time, "Umph—I conjectured, on one side at least; I trust party has kept her senses better.—Come, spur on, and keep the van, while I fall in course with the Lady Isabelle. I think I need now so much from you, that I can tell these sad passages without hurting her nose. I have fretted yours a little.—Yet stay, you—one word ere you go. You have had,

rney through Fairy-land—all full of hope, and high hope and wild minstrel-like in the gardens of Morgaine la Fée. "For young soldier," he added, tapping him on the forehead; "remember yonder lady only as the Countess of Croye—forget her as a wan-adventurous damsel: And her friends—none I can answer for—will remember, on only the services you have done her, and unreasonable reward which you have had as to propose to yourself."

that he had been unable to conceal from sighted Crèveœur feelings which he needed to consider as the object of ridicule, smiled, indignantly, "My Lord Count, give advice of you, I will ask it; when I assistance of you, it will be time enough to use it; when I set peculiar value on your aid, it will not be too late to express it."

"I," said the Count; "I have come to bed and Oriana, and must expect a challenge!"

"As if that were an impossibility," said Crèveœur. "When I broke a lance with the Duke of Burgundy, I was against a breast in which flowed the blood of Crèveœur—When I measured with Dunois, I engaged a better warrior than Heaven nourish thy judgment, gentle Crèveœur, still laughing at the challenge. "If thou speak'st truth, thou art a singular luck in this world; and, truly, if it be the will of Providence exposes thee to such a beard on thy lip, thou wilt be made a man of thyself. Thou dost move me to anger, though thou mayest to leave me, though thou mayest have fought, and played the champion for Countesses, those freaks which Fortune will sometimes bestow, thou art by no means the equal of the more casual companion. I can allow youth who hath listened to romances till himself a Paladin, to form pretty dreams; but thou must not be angry at a well-learned, though he shake thee something on the shoulders to awake thee."

"I," said Crèveœur, "said Quentin, "my name was not utterly of family that I spoke,"

but of rank, fortune, high station, which places a distance between various classes of persons. As for birth, all men descend from Adam and Eve."

"My Lord Count," repeated Quentin, "my ancestor Durward of Glen-houlakin—"

said the Count, "if you claim a farther right than from Adam, I have done it to you."

He turned back his horse, and paused to join the Count to whom, if possible, his insinuations and overtures well meant, were still more distant than to Quentin, who, as he rode on, to himself, "Cold-blooded, insolent, over-oxcomb!—Would that the next Scottish war had his arquebuss pointed at thee, may it be off so easily as I did!"

When they reached the town of Charleroi, where the Count of Crèveœur had left to leave the Countess Isabelle, whom the fatigue of yesterday, joined to a flight of the morning, and the various distressing by which it was accompanied, had made of travelling farther, with safety to her. The Count considered her, in a state of confusion, to the care of the Abbess of the convent in Charleroi, a noble lady, to the families of Crèveœur and Croye, and in whose prudence and kindness he reposed confidence.

He himself only stopped to recommend with caution to the governor of a small Burgundian garrison who occupied the place, and to also to mount a guard of honour upon the

convent during the residence of the Countess Isabelle of Croye,—ostensibly to secure her safety, but perhaps secretly to prevent her attempting to escape. The Count only assigned as a cause for the garrison being vigilant, some vague rumours which he had heard of disturbances in the Bishopric of Liege. But he was determined himself to be the first who should carry the formidable news of the insurrection and the murder of the Bishop, in all their horrible reality, to Duke Charles; and for that purpose, having procured fresh horses for himself and suite, he mounted with the resolution of continuing his journey to Peronne without stopping for repose; and informing Quentin Durward that he must attend him, he made, at the same time, a mock apology for parting fair company, but hoped, that to so devoted a squire of dames a night's journey by moonshine would be more agreeable, than supinely to yield himself to slumber like an ordinary mortal.

Quentin, already sufficiently afflicted by finding that he was to be parted from Isabelle, longed to answer this taunt with an indignant defiance; but aware that the Count would only laugh at his anger, and despise his challenge, he resolved to wait some future time, when he might have an opportunity of obtaining some amends from this proud lord, who, though for very different reasons, had become nearly as odious to him as the Wild Boar of Ardenne himself. He therefore assented to Crèveœur's proposal, as to what he had no choice of declining, and they pursued in company, and with all the despatch they could exert, the road between Charleroi and Peronne.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

No human quality is so well worn
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it.
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
Had well-nigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, lie, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them.
Old Play.

QUENTIN, during the earlier part of the night-journey, had to combat with that bitter heart-ache, which is felt when youth parts, and probably for ever, with her he loves. As, pressed by the urgency of the moment, and the impatience of Crèveœur, they hastened on through the rich lowlands of Hainault, under the benign guidance of a rich and lustreous harvest-moon, she shed her yellow influence over rich and deep pastures, woodland, and corn fields, from which the husbandmen were using her light to withdraw the grain, such was the industry of the Flemings, even at that period; she shone on broad, level, and fructifying rivers, where glided the white sail in the service of commerce, uninterrupted by rock or torrent, beside lively quiet villages, whose external decency and cleanliness expressed the ease and comfort of the inhabitants;—she gleamed upon the feudal castle of many a gallant Baron and Knight, with its deep moat, battlemented court, and high belfry,—for the chivalry of Hainault was renowned among the nobles of Europe;—and her light displayed at a distance, in its broad beam, the gigantic towers of more than one lofty minster.

Yet all this fair variety, however differing from the waste and wilderness of his own land, interrupted not the course of Quentin's regrets and sorrows. He had left his heart behind him, when he departed from Charleroi; and the only reflection which the farther journey inspired was, that every step was carrying him farther from Isabelle. His imagination was taxed to recall every word she had spoken, every look she had directed towards him; and, as happens frequently in such cases, the impression made upon his imagination by the recollection of these particulars, was even stronger than the realities themselves had excited.

At length, after the cold hour of midnight was past, in spite alike of love and of sorrow, the extreme fatigue which Quentin had undergone the two pre-

ceding days began to have an effect on him, which his habits of exercise of every kind, and his singular alertness and activity of character, as well as the painful nature of the reflections which occupied his thoughts, had hitherto prevented his experiencing. The ideas of his mind began to be so little corrected by the exertion of his senses, worn out and deadened as the latter now were by extremity of fatigue, that the visions which the former drew superseded or perverted the information conveyed by the blunted organs of seeing and hearing; and Durward was only sensible that he was awake, by the exertions which, sensible of the peril of his situation, he occasionally made, to resist falling into a deep and dead sleep. Every now and then, a strong consciousness of the risk of falling from or with his horse roused him to exertion and animation; but ere long his eyes again were dimmed by confused shades of all sorts of mingled colours, the moonlight landscape swam before them, and he was so much overcome with fatigue, that the Count of Crèvecœur, observing his condition, was at length compelled to order two of his attendants, one to each rein of Durward's bridle, in order to prevent the risk of his falling from his horse.

When at length they reached the town of Landreycy, the Count, in compassion to the youth, who had now been in a great measure without sleep for three nights, allowed himself and his retinue a halt of four hours, for rest and refreshment.

Deep and sound were Quentin's slumbers, until they were broken by the sound of the Count's trumpet, and the cry of his Fouriers and harbingers, "Débout! débout!—Ha! Messires, en route, en route!"—Yet, unwelcomely early as the tones came, they awakened him a different being in strength and spirits from what he had fallen asleep. Confidence in himself and his fortunes returned with his reviving spirits, and with the rising sun. He thought of his love no longer as a desperate and fantastic dream, but as a high and invigorating principle, to be cherished in his bosom, although he might never propose to himself, under all the difficulties by which he was beset, to bring it to any prosperous issue.—"The pilot," he reflected, "steers his bark by the polar star, although he never expects to become possessor of it; and the thoughts of Isabelle of Croye shall make me a worthy man-at-arms, though I may never see her more. When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentin Durward, distinguished himself in a well-fought field, or left his body on the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honour his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland."

In this manly mood of bearing his misfortune, Quentin felt himself more able to receive and reply to the jests of the Count of Crèvecœur, who passed several on his alleged effeminacy and incapacity of undergoing fatigue. The young Scot accommodated himself so good-humouredly to the Count's raillery, and replied at once so happily and so respectfully, that the change of his tone and manner made obviously a more favourable impression on the Count than he had entertained from his prisoner's conduct during the preceding evening, when, rendered irritable by the feelings of his situation, he was alternately moodily silent or fiercely argumentative.

The veteran soldier began at length to take notice of his young companion, as a pretty fellow, of whom something might be made; and more than hinted to him, that, would he but resign his situation in the Archer-guard of France, he would undertake to have him enrolled in the household of the Duke of Burgundy in an honourable condition, and would himself take care of his advancement. And although Quentin, with suitable expressions of gratitude, declined this favour at present, until he should find out how far he had to complain of his original patron, King Louis, he, nevertheless, continued to remain on good terms with the Count of Crèvecœur; and, while his enthusiastic mode of thinking, and his foreign and idiomatical manner of expressing himself, often excited a smile on the grave cheek of the Count, that

smile had lost all that it had of sarcastic air and did not exceed the limits of good humoured manners.

Thus travelling on with much more harm on the preceding day, the little party came within two miles of the famous and strong Peronne, near which the Duke of Burgundy lay encamped, ready, as was supposed, to France; and, in opposition to which, Louis himself assembled a strong force near Saint-Quentin for the purpose of bringing to reason his overful vassal.

Peronne, situated upon a deep river, in a ferry, and surrounded by strong bulwarks and moats, was accounted in ancient, as in modern times, one of the strongest fortresses in France. Count of Crèvecœur, his retinue, and his vassals were approaching the fortress about the middle of the afternoon; when, riding through the pleasure of a large forest, which then covered the approach to the town on the east side, they were met by a party of rank, as appeared from the number of the attendants, dressed in the habits worn in times of peace, and who, to judge from the falcons which they carried on their wrists, and the number of spaniel greyhounds led by their followers, were engaged in the amusement of hawking. But on perceiving the Count of Crèvecœur, with whose appearance and live countenance they were sufficiently intimate, they quitted the sport, and, which they were making for a heron along the bank of a long canal, and came galloping towards him.

"News, news, Count of Crèvecœur!" cried the foremost, "both together;—will you give news, or take them, or will you barter fairly?"

"I would barter fairly, Messires," said the Count, after saluting them courteously, "did I care for any news of importance sufficient to be equivalent for mine."

The two sportsmen smiled on each other; the elder of the two, a fine baronial figure, with a countenance, marked with that sort of sad and some physiognomists ascribe to a melancholy temperament, and some, as the Italian statuary of the visage of Charles I., consider as prefiguring an unhappy death,† turning to his companion, "Crèvecœur has been in Brabant, the centre of commerce, and he has learned all its arts; will be too hard for us if we drive a bargain."

"Messires," said Crèvecœur, "the Duke of Burgundy has justice to have the first of my wares, as he takes his toll before open market begins."

"The person whom he particularly addresses," said the younger sportsman, "is a lively-looking man, with an eye of great intelligence, which was corrected by an expression of gravity about the mouth and upper lip;—a physiognomy marking a man who saw and felt deeply, but was sage and slow in forming resolutions, or in expressing opinions. This was the Knight of Hainault, son of Collart, or Niellite, known in history, and amongst historians, by the venerable name of Philip des Comines, time close to the person of Duke Charles the

* Indeed, though lying on an exposed and warlike site, it was never taken by an enemy, but preserved the proud Peronne la Puelle, until the Duke of Wellington, a trophy of that sort of reputation, took the place in its full advantage upon Paris in 1815.

† D'Hymbertourt, or Imbercourt, was put to death in 1477. Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of Charles, appeared in mourning in the market-place, and with her own hand sought the life of her servants from her insurgent soldiers in vain.

† Philip des Comines was described in the former edition of this work as a little man, fitted rather for counsel than for action. This was a description made at a venture, to vary the portraits with which the age and work abound. St. Historian, upon the authority of Matthieu d'Arver, a Frenchman, who had served in his household, described him as a man of tall stature, and a noble presence. This was a man of tall stature, and a noble presence. The Monseigneur Petitot, editor of the edition of *Memoirs of the History of France*, a work of great value, intimates that Philip des Comines made a figure at the games of chess, and that he exhibited on the wedding of Charles of France with Margaret of England in 1468. See the *Chronique de Troyes*, in Petitot's edition of the *Memoirs of the History of France*, vol. xiii. p. 378. Note. I have the *Œuvres de la Marek*, who, in lib. ii. chapter iv., of his lib.

f his most esteemed counsellors. He answered the question concerning the coming of the news of which he and his companion, d'Hymbercourt, were the depositaries. "re," he said, "like the colours of the rain in hue, as they might be viewed from oints, and placed against the black cloud 'sky—Such a rainbow was never seen in Flanders since that of Noah's ark."

"ings," replied Crèveœur, "are altogether met; gloomy, wild, and terrible in themselves, to be accounted the forerunners of still more dreadful evils which are to ensue." "ust open our bales," said Comines to his "or our market will be forestalled by comers, for ours are public news.—In one veœur—listen, and wonder—King Louis me!"

" said the Count, in astonishment; "has retreated without a battle? and do you rein your dress of peace, after the town is y the French?—for I cannot suppose it

rely," said d'Hymbercourt, "the banners dy have not gone back a foot; and still s is here."

Edward of England must have come over ith his bowmen," said Crèveœur, "and, cestors, gained a second field of Poitiers." " said Comines—"Not a French banner orne down, not a sail spread from Engre Edward is too much amused among the citizens of London, to think of play-ck Prince. Hear the extraordinary truth, when you left us, that the conference be-commissioners on the parts of France and was broken up, without apparent chance ation?"

and we dreamt of nothing but war." has followed has been indeed so like a id Comines, "that I almost expect to find it so. Only one day since, the Duke nil protested so furiously against farther it was resolved to send a defiance to the march forward instantly into France. r, commissioned for the purpose, had put ial dress, and had his foot in the stirrup to horse, when lo! the French herald Mont-to our camp. We thought of nothing else ous had been beforehand with our defi-began to consider how much the Duke nt the advice, which had prevented him the first to declare war. But a council dily assembled, what was our wonder herald informed us, that Louis, King of us scarce an hour's riding behind, intend-Charles, Duke of Burgundy, with a small order that their differences might be settled al interview!"

urprise me, Messieurs," said Crèveœur; ou surprise me less than you might have for, when I was last at Plessis-les-Tours, sted Cardinal Baluc, offended with his d Burgundian at heart, did hint to me, id so work upon Louis's peculiar foibles, him to place himself in such a position l to Burgundy, that the Duke might have

le account of these "fierce vanities," containing ellanous articles as the reticule of the old mer- r Schiemi, who bought shadows, and carried with r whatever any one could wish or demand in re-are in that splendid description, knights, dames, chers, good store besides of castles, fiery dragons, res; there are leopards riding upon lions; there e chards, fountains, spears broken and whole, and bours of Hercules. In such a brilliant medley I able in finding Philip des Comines. He is the first ver, of a gallant band of assailants, knights and the number of twenty, who, with the Prince of ir leader, encountered, in a general tourney, with same number under the pretigative Adolf of Cleves, a challenger, by the romantic title of *Arbre d'or*, r, though with arms of courtesy, was very fierce, l by main force, not without difficulty. Philip des therefore, a title to be accounted *am Marte quam ugh*, when we consider the obscurity which has rest of this *troupe de fer*, we are at no loss to esti- t valuable of his qualifications.

the terms of peace of his own making. But I never suspected that so old a fox as Louis could have been induced to come into the trap of his own accord. What said the Burgundian counsellors?"

"As you may guess," answered d'Hymbercourt; "talked much of faith to be observed, and little of advantage to be obtained, by such a visit; while it was manifest they thought almost entirely of the last, and were only anxious to find some way to reconcile it with the necessary preservation of appearances."

"And what said the Duke?" continued the Count of Crèveœur.

"Spoke brief and bold, as usual," replied Comines. "Which of you was it," he asked, "who witnessed the meeting of my cousin Louis and me after the battle of Mont'hery,* when I was so thoughtless as to accompany him back within the intrenchments of Paris with half a score of attendants, and so put my person at the King's mercy?" I replied, that most of us had been present; and none could ever forget the alarm which it had been his pleasure to give us. "Well," said the Duke, "you blamed me for my folly, and I confessed to you that I had acted like a giddy-pated boy; and I am aware, too, that my father of happy memory being then alive, my kinsman, Louis, would have had less advantage by seizing on my person than I might now have by securing his. But, nevertheless, if my royal kinsman comes hither on the present occasion, in the same singleness of heart under which I then acted, he shall be royally welcome. If it is meant by this appearance of confidence, to circumvent and to blind me, till he execute some of his politic schemes, by Saint George of Burgundy, let him look to it!" And so, having turned up his mustaches, and stamped on the ground, he ordered us all to get on our horses, and receive so extraordinary a guest."

"And you met the King accordingly?" replied the Count of Crèveœur—"Miracles have not ceased!—How was he accompanied?"

"As slightly as might be," answered d'Hymbercourt; "only a score or two of the Scottish Guard, and a few knights and gentlemen of his household—among whom his astrologer, Galeotti, made the gayest figure."

"That fellow," said Crèveœur, "holds some dependence on the Cardinal Baluc—I should not be surprised that he has had his share in determining the King to this step of doubtful policy. Any nobility of higher rank!"

"There are Monsieur of Orleans and Dunois," replied Comines.

"I will have a rouse with Dunois," said Crèveœur, "wag the world as it will. But we heard that both he and the Duke had fallen into disgrace, and were in prison?"

"They were both under arrest in the Castle of Loches, that delightful place of retirement for the French nobility," said d'Hymbercourt; "but Louis has released them, in order to bring them with him—perhaps because he cared not to leave Orleans behind. For his other attendants, faith, I think his gossip, the Hangman Marshal, with two or three of

* After the battle of Mont'hery, in 1465, Charles, then Comte de Charalois, had an interview with Louis under the walls of Paris, each at the head of a small party. The two princes dismounted, and walked together so deeply engaged, in discussing the business of their meeting, that Charles forgot the peculiarity of his situation; and when Louis turned back towards the town of Paris, from which he came, the Count of Charalois kept him company so far as to pass the line of outworks with which Paris was surrounded, and enter a field-work which communicated with the town by a trench. At this period he had only five or six persons in company with him. His escort caught an alarm for his safety, and his principal followers rode forward from where he had left them, remembering that his grandfather had been assassinated at Montereau in a similar parley, on 10th September, 1419. To their great joy the Count returned uninjured, accompanied with a guard belonging to Louis. The Burgundians taxed him with rashness in no measured terms. "Say no more of it," said Charles; "I acknowledge the extent of my folly, but I was not aware what I was doing till I entered the redoubt."—*Mémoires de PHILIPPE DES COMINES*, chap. xiii.

Louis was much praised for his good faith on this occasion; and it was natural that the Duke should call it to recollection when his enemy so unexpectedly put himself in his power by his visit to Peronne.

retinue, and Oliver, his barber, may be the most considerable—and the whole bevy so poorly arrayed, that, by my honour, the King resembles most an old miser going to collect desperate debts, attended by a body of catchpols."

"And where is he lodged?" said Crèvecoeur.
Nay, that," replied Comines, "is the most marvellous of all. Our Duke offered to let the King's her-guard have a gate of the town, and a bridge boats over the Somme, and to have assigned to us himself the adjoining house, belonging to a stately burgess, Giles Orthen; but, in going thither, the King espied the banners of De Lau and Pencil de ère, whom he had banished from France; and red, as it would seem, with the thought of lodging near refugees and malecontents of his own making, he craved to be quartered in the Castle of Peronne, and there he hath his abode accordingly."

"Why, God ha' mercy!" exclaimed Crèvecoeur, "is not only venturing into the lion's den, but using his head into his very jaws—Nothing less in the very bottom of the rat-trap would serve the fit old politician!"

"Nay," said Comines, "D'Hymbercourt hath not for you the speech of Le Glorieux—which, in my mind, was the shrewdest opinion that was given."

"And what said his most illustrious wisdom?" asked the Count.

"As the Duke," replied Comines, "was hastily ordering some vessels and ornaments of plate, and like, to be prepared as presents for the King and his retinue, by way of welcome on his arrival, I thought not thy small brain about it, my friend, said Le Glorieux, 'I will give thy cousin a nobler and a fitter gift than thou canst; and it is my cap and bells, and my bauble to boot; for, the mass, he is a greater fool than I am, for putting himself in thy power.'—But if I gave him no son to repent it, sirrah, how then?" said the Duke. Then, truly, Charles, thou shalt have cap and bauble self, as the greatest fool of the three of us." I promise you this knavish quip touched the Duke closely.

"I saw him change colour and bite his lip.—And now, our news are told, noble Crèvecoeur, and what think you they resemble?"

"A mine full-charged with gunpowder," answered Crèvecoeur, "to which, I fear, it is my fate to bring a kindled linstock. Your news and mine are like smoke and fire, which cannot meet without bursting into flame, or like certain chemical substances which cannot be mingled without an explosion. Friends, gentlemen,—ride close by my rein; and when I tell you what has chanced in the bishopric of Liege, I think you will be of opinion, that King Louis might safely have undertaken a pilgrimage to the infernal regions, as this ill-timed visit to Peronne."

The two nobles drew up close on either hand of the Count, and listened, with half-suppressed exclamations, and gestures of the deepest wonder and interest, to his account of the transactions at Liege and Schonwaldt. Quentin was then called forward, and examined and re-examined on the particulars of the Bishop's death, until at length he refused to answer any further interrogatories, not knowing where they were asked, or what use might be made of replies.

They now reached the rich and level banks of the Somme, and the ancient walls of the little town of Peronne la Pucelle, and the deep green meadows adjoining, now whitened with the numerous tents of the Duke of Burgundy's army, amounting to about seven thousand men.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INTERVIEW.

When Princes meet, Astrologers may mark it
An ominous conjunction, full of boding;
Like that of Mars with Saturn—Old Play.

ONE hardly knows whether to term it a privilege or a penalty annexed to the quality of princes, that

The jester of Charles of Burgundy, of whom more here-

in their intercourse with each other, they are regulated by the respect which is due to their own rank and dignity, to regulate their feelings and expressions to a severe etiquette, which precludes all violent avowed display of passion, and which, but for the whole world are aware that this assumed composure is a matter of ceremony, might justly permit profound dissimulation. It is no less certain, however, that the overstepping of these bounds of monial, for the purpose of giving more direct to their angry passions, has the effect of compromising their dignity with the world in general; as was particularly noted when those distinguished Francis the First, and the Emperor Charles met each other the lie direct, and were desirous of settling their differences hand to hand, in single combat.

Charles of Burgundy, the most hasty and impatient, nay, the most imprudent prince of his age, found himself, nevertheless, fettered within this circle which prescribed the most profound deference to Louis, as his Suzerain and liege Lord, who deemed to confer upon him, a vassal of the crown, the distinguished honour of a personal visit. Dressed in his ducal mantle, and attended by his officers, and principal knights and nobles, he went in gallant cavalcade, to receive Louis XI. His retinue absolutely blazed with gold and silver; for the wealth of the Court of England being exhausted by the wars of York and Lancaster, and the expensiveness of France limited by the economy of the Sovereign, that of Burgundy was for the time the most magnificent in Europe. The cortège of Louis, on the contrary, was few in number, and comparatively mean in appearance, and the exterior of the King himself, in a threadbare cloak, with his wonted old hat-crowned hat stuck full of images, rendered the contrast yet more striking; and as the Duke, richly attired with the coronet and mantle of state, threw himself from his noble charger, and, kneeling on one knee, offered to hold the stirrup while Louis dismounted from his little ambling palfrey, the effect was almost grotesque.

The greeting between the two potentates was, of course, as full of affected kindness and compliment, as it was totally devoid of sincerity. But the temper of the Duke rendered it much more difficult for him to preserve the necessary appearances, in voice, speech, and demeanour; while in the King, every species of dissimulation and dissimulation seemed so much a part of his nature, that those best acquainted with him could not have distinguished what was feigned from what was real.

Perhaps the most accurate illustration, were it not unworthy two such high potentates, would be, to suppose the King in the situation of a stranger, perfectly acquainted with the habits and dispositions of the canine race, who, for some purpose of his own, is desirous to make friends with a large and wily mastiff, that holds him in suspicion, and is disposed to worry him on the first symptoms either of defiance or of umbrage. The mastiff growls internally, erects his bristles, shows his teeth, yet is ashamed to fly upon the intruder, who seems at the same time so kind and so confiding, and therefore the animal endures advances which are far from pacifying him, watching at the same time the slightest opportunity which may justify him in his own eyes for seizing his friend by the throat.

The King was no doubt sensible, from the almost voice, constrained manner, and abrupt gestures of the Duke, that the game he had to play was difficult, and perhaps he more than once repented having ever taken it in hand. But repentance was too late, and all that remained for him was that immitable dexterity of management, which the King understood equally at least with any man that ever lived.

The demeanour which Louis used towards the Duke, was such as to resemble the kind overflowing of the heart in a moment of sincere reconciliation with an honoured and tried friend, from whom he had been estranged by temporary circumstances now passed away, and forgotten as soon as removed. The King blamed himself for not having sooner taken the decisive step, of convincing his kind and good king-

QUENTIN DURWARD.

mark of confidence as he was now at the angry passages which had occurred in his remembrance against the kindness which when an exile from France, and under the King his father. He spoke of the Duke of Burgundy, as Philip the father of was currently called, and remembered instances of his paternal kindness.

"I think I have made little difference in his affection, betwixt you and me; for I remember, when by an accident I had bewildered myself in a hunting-party, I found the Good Duke upbraiding you with leaving me in the forest, as if you had been careless of the safety of an elder brother."

The Duke of Burgundy's features were naturally harsh and severe; and when he attempted to smile, to polite acquiescence to the truth of what the King told him, the grimace which he made was truly diabolical.

"Prince of dissemblers," he said, in his secret soul, "would that it stood with my honour to remind you how you have requited all the benefits of our House!"

"And then," continued the King, "if the ties of consanguinity and gratitude are not sufficient to bind us together, my fair cousin, we have those of spiritual relationship; for, I am godfather to your fair daughter Mary, who is as dear to me as one of my own maidens; and when the Saints (their holy name be blessed!) sent me a little blossom which withered in the course of three months, it was your princely father who held it at the font, and celebrated the ceremony of baptism, with richer and prouder magnificence than Paris itself could have afforded. Never shall I forget the deep, the indelible impression, which the generosity of Duke Philip, and yours, my dearest cousin, made upon the half-broken heart of the poor exile!"

"Your Majesty," said the Duke, compelling himself to make some reply, "acknowledged that slight obligation in terms which overpaid all the display which Burgundy could make, to show due sense of the honour you had done its Sovereign."

"I remember the words you mean, fair cousin," said the King, smiling; "I think they were, that in remembrance of the benefit of that day, I, poor wanderer, had nothing to offer, save the persons of myself, of my wife, and of my child.—Well, and I think I have indifferently well redeemed my pledge."

"I mean not to dispute what your Majesty is pleased to aver," said the Duke; "but—"

"But you ask," said the King, interrupting him, "how my actions have accorded with my words—Marry thus: the body of my infant child Joachim rests in Burgundian earth—my own person I have this morning placed unreservedly in your power—and, for that of my wife,—truly, cousin, I think, considering the period of time which has passed, you will scarce insist on my keeping my word in that particular. She was born on the day of the Blessed Annunciation," (he crossed himself, and muttered an *Ora pro nobis*;) "some fifty years since; but she is no farther distant than Rheims, and if you insist on my promise being fulfilled to the letter, she shall presently wait your pleasure."

Angry as the Duke of Burgundy was at the barefaced attempt of the King to assume towards him a tone of friendship and intimacy, he could not help laughing at the whimsical reply of that singular monarch, and his laugh was as discordant as the abrupt tones of passion in which he often spoke. Having laughed longer and louder than was at that period, or would now be, thought fitting the time and occasion, he answered in the same time, bluntly declining the honour of the Queen's company, but stating his willingness to accept that of the King's eldest daughter, whose beauty was celebrated.

"I am happy, fair cousin," said the King, with one of those dubious smiles of which he frequently made use, "that your gracious pleasure has not fixed on my younger daughter Joan. I should otherwise have had spear-breaking between you and my cousin of Orleans; and, had harm come of it, I must on

either side have lost a kind friend and affectionate cousin."

"Nay, nay, my royal sovereign," said Charles, "the Duke of Orleans shall have no rupture from me in the path which he has *par amour*. The cause in which I couch in against Orleans, must be fair and straight."

Louis was far from taking amiss this intrusion to the personal deformity of the Princes. On the contrary, he was rather pleased to see the Duke was content to be amused with brothers in which he was himself a proficient, and (according to the modern phrase) spared mutual hypocrisy. Accordingly, he speedily their intercourse on such a footing, that (though he felt it impossible to play the part affectionate and reconciled friend to a man whose ill offices he had so often encountered whose sincerity on the present occasion he so fully doubted, yet had no difficulty in acting the landlord towards a facetious guest; and so the of reciprocity in kinder feelings between the supplied by the tone of good fellowship which between two boon companions,—a tone natural to the Duke from the frankness, and to Louis, the grossness of his character, and to Louis, though capable of assuming any mood of so intercourse, that which really suited him by mingled with grossness of ideas, and caustic in expression.

Both Princes were happily able to preserve the period of a banquet at the town-house *ronne*, the same kind of conversation, on which met as on a neutral ground, and which, as easily perceived, was more available than to keep the Duke of Burgundy in that state of posture which seemed necessary to his own safety.

Yet he was alarmed to observe, that the Duke around him several of those French nobles, at of the highest rank, and in situations of great power, whom his own severity or injustice driven into exile; and it was to secure him the possible effects of their resentment and that (as already mentioned) he requested to be led in the Castle or Citadel of Peronne, rather the town itself.* This was readily granted to Charles, with one of those grim smiles, of which was impossible to say, whether it meant good to the party whom it concerned.

But when the King, expressing himself much delicacy as he could, and in a manner he best qualified to lull suspicion asleep, asked, "the Scottish Archers of his Guard might not in the custody of the castle of Peronne during absence there, in lieu of the gate of the town which Duke had offered to their care, Charles replied, wonted sternness of voice, and abruptness of rendered more alarming by his habit, when he of either turning up his mustaches or hand sword or dagger, the last of which he used to draw a little way, and then return to the—"Saint Martin! No, my liege. You are vassal's camp and city—so men call me in my your Majesty—my castle and town are yours, men are yours; so it is indifferent whether in at arms or the Scottish Archers guard either gate or defences of the Castle.—No, by Saint Peronne is a virgin fortress—she shall not reputation by any neglect of mine. Maidens carefully watched, my royal cousin, if we would them continue to live in good fame."

"Surely, fair cousin, and I altogether agree you," said the King, "I being in fact more in

* The arrival of three brothers, Princes of the House of Monseigneur de Lau, whom the King had long de prison, of Sire Poncet de Riviere, and the Seigneur who, by the way, as a romance writer of a peculiar turn have been happily enough introduced into the present but the fate of the Euphuist was a warning to the rest of these nobles bearing the emblem of Burgundy, namely, of Saint Andrew, inspired Louis with so much caution, that he very impolitically demanded to be lodged old Castle of Peronne, and thus rendered himself an captive.—See *COMTESSA's Memoirs for the year 1468.*

* This gesture, very indicative of a ferocious character, stage-tradition a distinction of Shakespeare's Richard

in the reputation of the good little town than you are—Peronne being, as you know, fair cousin, one of those upon the same river Somme, which, pledged to your father of happy memory for redemption of money, are liable to be redeemed upon repayment. And, to speak truth, coming, like an honest debtor, disposed to clear off my obligations of every kind, I have brought here a few sumpter mules loaded with silver for the redemption—enough to maintain even your princely and royal establishment, fair cousin, for the space of three years."

"I will not receive a penny of it," said the Duke, twirling his mustaches; "the day of redemption is past, my royal cousin; nor was there ever serious purpose that the right should be exercised, the cessation of these towns being the sole recompense my father ever received from France, when, in a happy hour for your family, he consented to forget the murder of my grandfather, and to exchange the alliance of England for that of your father. Saint George! if he had not so acted, your royal self, far from having towns on the Somme, could scarce have kept those beyond the Loire. No—I will not render a stone of them, were I to receive for every stone so rendered its weight in gold. I thank God, and the wisdom and valour of my ancestors, that the revenues of Burgundy, though it be but a duchy, will maintain my state, even when a King is my guest, without obliging me to barter my heritage."

"Well, fair cousin," answered the King, with the same mild and placid manner as before, and unperturbed by the loud tone and violent gestures of the Duke, "I see that you are so good a friend to France, that you are unwilling to part with aught that belongs to her. But we shall need some moderator in these affairs when we come to treat of them in council—What say you to Saint Paul?"

"Neither Saint Paul, nor Saint Peter, nor e'er a Saint in the Calendar," said the Duke of Burgundy, "shall preach me out of the possession of Peronne."

"Nay, but you mistake me," said King Louis, smiling; "I mean Louis de Luxembourg, our trusty constable, the Count of Saint Paul.—Ah! Saint Mary of Embrun! we lack but his head at our conference! the best head in France, and the most useful to the restoration of perfect harmony betwixt us."

"By Saint George of Burgundy!" said the Duke, "I marvel to hear your Majesty talk thus of a man, false and perjured both to France and Burgundy—one, who hath ever endeavoured to fan into a flame our frequent differences, and that with the purpose of giving himself the airs of a mediator. I swear by the Order I wear, that his marshes shall not be long a resource for him!"

"Be not so warm, cousin," replied the King, smiling, and speaking under his breath; "when I wished for the constable's head, as a means of ending the settlement of our trifling differences, I had no desire for his body, which might remain at Saint Quentin's with much convenience."

"Ho! ho! I take your meaning, my royal cousin," said Charles, with the same dissonant laugh which some other of the King's coarse pleasantries had extorted, and added, stamping with his heel on the ground, "I allow, in that sense, the head of the Constable might be useful at Peronne."

These, and other discourses, by which the King mixed hints at serious affairs amid matters of mirth and amusement, did not follow each other consecutively; but were adroitly introduced during the time of the banquet at the Hotel de Ville, during a subsequent interview in the Duke's own apartments, and in short, as occasion seemed to render the introduction of such delicate subjects easy and natural.

Indeed, however rashly Louis had placed himself in a risk, which the Duke's fiery temper, and the mutual subjects of exasperated enmity which subsisted betwixt them, rendered of doubtful and perilous issue, never pilot on an unknown coast conducted himself with more firmness and prudence. He seemed to sound, with the utmost address and precision, the depths and shallows of his rival's mind and temper, and manifested neither doubt nor fear, when the result of his experiments discovered much more of

sunken rocks, and of dangerous shoals, anchorage.

At length a day closed, which must I wearisome one to Louis, from the constant vigilance, precaution, and attention, which was required, as it was a day of constraint from the necessity of suppressing the vik to which he was in the general habit of controlled vent.

No sooner had the latter retired into his chamber, after he had taken a formal leave for the night, than he gave way to the passion which he had so long suppressed, an oath and abusive epithet, as his jester, said, "fell that night upon heads which never coined for"—his domestics reaping of that hoard of injurious language, which not in decency bestow on his royal grace his absence, and which was yet become altogether suppressed. The jests of some effect in tranquillizing the Duke's—he laughed loudly, threw the jester a caused himself to be disrobed in tranquillity a deep cup of wine and spices, went to sleep soundly.

The *couchée* of King Louis is more so than that of Charles; for the violent, exasperated and headlong passion, as indeed more to the brutal than the intelligent nature, has little to interest us, in the deep workings of a vigorous and powerful Louis was escorted to the lodgings he in the Castle, or Citadel of Peronne, by lains and harbingers of the Duke of Burgundy received at the entrance by a strong guard and men-at-arms.

As he descended from his horse to cross a bridge, over a moat of unusual width; looked on the sentinels, and observed who accompanied him, with other Burgundians. "They wear Saint Andrew's crosses—of my Scottish Archers."

"You will find them as ready to die in Sire," said the Burgundian, whose sagacity detected in the King's tone of speech a doubtless Louis would have concealed. "They wear the Saint Andrew's Cross badge of the collar of the Golden Fleece the Duke of Burgundy's Order."

"Do I not know it?" said Louis, showing which he himself wore in compliment to is one of the dear bonds of fraternity between my kind brother and myself. We in chivalry, as in spiritual relationship birth, and friends by every tie of kind feel neighbourhood.—No farther than the noble lords and gentlemen! I can permit once no farther—you have done me enough."

"We were charged by the Duke," said court, "to bring your Majesty to your I trust your Majesty will permit us to obey command."

"In this small matter," said the King, "you will allow my command to outweigh with you his liege subjects.—I am somewhat, my lords—something fatigued. Give me, I pray, some repose, as well as great pain. I joy your society better to-morrow.—An Seigneur Philip of Comines—I am told an annalist of the time—we that desire to in history, must speak you fair, for men hath a sharp point, when you will.—Go lords and gentles, to all and each of you."

The Lords of Burgundy retired, much the grace of Louis's manner, and the attention of his attentions; and the King only one or two of his own personal folk the archway of the base-court of the Peronne, looking on the huge tower which of the angles, being in fact the Donjon, Keep, of the place. This tall, dark, mass was seen clearly by the same moon which, as the reader is aware, shone

The great Keep was in form nearly resembling the Tower in the Citadel of London, but still cicer in its architecture, deriving its date, as rmed, from the days of Charlemagne. The ere of a tremendous thickness, the windows ill, and grated with bars of iron, and the huge ulk of the building cast a dark and portend- over the whole of the court-yard.

"not to be lodged *there*!" the King said, with r, that had something in it ominous.

"replied the gray-headed seneschal, who at- upon him unbanned—"God forbid!—Your s apartments are prepared in these lower s which are hard by, and in which King John o nights before the battle of Poitiers."

"—that is no lucky omen neither!"—muttered g; "but what of the Tower, my old friend? s should you desire of Heaven that I may not lodged?"

"my gracious liege," said the seneschal, "I evil of the Tower at all—only that the sen- ily lights are seen, and strange noises heard night; and there are reasons why that may se, for anciently it was used as a state prison, e are many tales of deeds which have been e."

asked no farther questions; for no man was and than he to respect the secrets of a prison. At the door of the apartments destined for which, though of later date than the Tower, ll both ancient and gloomy, stood a small the Scottish Guard, which the Duke, although ed to concede the point to Louis, had ordered reduced, so as to be near the person of their The faithful Lord Crawford was at their head. word—my honest and faithful Crawford."

King, "where hast thou been to-day?—Are s of Burgundy so inhospitable as to neglect he bravest and most noble gentlemen that le a court?—I saw you not at the banquet." clined it, my liege," said Crawford—"times igned with me. The day has been that I could tured a carouse with the best man in Bur- and in the juice of his own grape; but a f four pints now flusters me, and I think it s your Majesty's service to set in this an ex- u my callants."

"art ever prudent," said the King; "but sure- it is the less when you have so few men to id?—and a time of festivity requires not so elf-denial on your part as a time of danger." have few men to command," said Crawford, the more need to keep the knaves in fitting n; and whether this business be like to end ng or fighting, God and your Majesty know an old John of Crawford."

"surely do not apprehend any danger?" said r hastily, yet in a whisper.

"I," answered Crawford; "I wish I did; for, art Tineman* used to say, apprehended dan- y be always defended dangers.—The word for t, if your Majesty pleases?"

"it be Burgundy, in honour of our host and of that you love, Crawford."

I quarrel with neither Duke nor drink, so call- i Crawford, "provided always that both be A good night to your Majesty!"

od night, my trusty Scot," said the King, and n to his apartments.

door of his bedroom Le Balafré was placed . "Follow me hither," said the King, as he im; and the Archer accordingly, like a piece inery put in motion by an artist, strode after e apartment, and remained there fixed, and motionless, attending the royal command. e you heard from that wandering Paladin, phew!" said the King; "for he hath been is, since, like a young knight who had set out s first adventures, he sent us home two pris- e the first fruits of his chivalry."

lord, I heard something of that," said Bala- and I hope your Majesty will believe, that if he ed wrongfully, it was in no shape by my

* An Earl of Douglas, so called.

precept or example, since I never was so bold as to unhorse any of your Majesty's most illustrious house, better knowing my own condition, and"—

"Be silent on that point," said the King; "your nephew did his duty in the matter."

"There indeed," continued Balafré, "he had the cue from me.—'Quentin,' said I to him, 'whatever comes of it, remember you belong to the Scottish Archer-guard, and do your duty whatever comes on't.'"

"I guessed he had some such exquisite instructor," said Louis; "but it concerns me that you answer my first question—Have you heard of your nephew of late?—Stand aback, my masters," he added, addressing the gentlemen of his chamber, "for this concerneth no ears but mine."

"Surely, please your Majesty," said Balafré, "I have seen this very evening the groom Charlot, whom my kinsman dispatched from Liege, or some castle of the Bishop's which is near it, and where he hath lodged the ladies of Crotoy in safety."

"Now our Lady of Heaven be praised for it!" said the King. "Art thou sure of it?—sure of the good news?"

"As sure as I can be of aught," said Le Balafré; "the fellow, I think, hath letters for your Majesty from the ladies of Crotoy."

"Haste to get them," said the King—"Give thy harquebuss to one of these knaves—to Oliver—to any one.—Now our Lady of Embrun be praised! and siver shall be the screen that surrounds her high altar!"

Louis, in this fit of gratitude and devotion, doffed, as usual, his hat, selected from the figures with which it was garnished that which represented his favourite image of the Virgin, placed it on a table, and, kneeling down, repeated reverently the vow he had made.

The groom, being the first messenger whom Durward had dispatched from Schonwaldt, was now introduced with his letters. They were addressed to the King by the ladies of Crotoy, and barely thanked him in very cold terms for his courtesy while at his Court, and, something more warmly, for having permitted them to retire, and sent them in safety from his dominions; expressions at which Louis laughed very heartily, instead of resenting them. He then demanded of Charlot, with obvious interest, whether they had not sustained some alarm or attack upon the road? Charlot, a stupid fellow, and selected for that quality, gave a very confused account of the affray in which his companion, the Gascon, had been killed, but knew of no other. Again Louis demanded of him, minutely and particularly, the route which the party had taken to Liege; and seemed much interested when he was informed, in reply, that they had, upon approaching Namur, kept the more direct road to Liege, upon the right bank of the Maes, instead of the left bank, as recommended in their route. The King then ordered the man a small present, and dismissed him, disguising the anxiety he had expressed, as if it only concerned the safety of the ladies of Crotoy.

Yet the news, though they inferred the failure of one of his own favourite plans, seemed to imply more internal satisfaction on the King's part than he would have probably indicated in a case of brilliant success. He sighed like one whose breast has been relieved from a heavy burden, muttered his devotional acknowledgments with an air of deep sanctity, raised up his eyes, and hastened to adjust newer and surer schemes of ambition.

With such purpose, Louis ordered the attendance of his astrologer, Martius Galeotti, who appeared with his usual air of assumed dignity, yet not without a shade of uncertainty on his brow, as if he had doubted the King's kind reception. It was, however, favourable, even beyond the warmest which he had ever met with at any former interview. Louis termed him his friend, his father in the sciences—the glass by which a king should look into distant futurity—and concluded by thrusting on his finger a ring of very considerable value. Galeotti, not aware of the circumstances which had thus suddenly raised his character in the estimation of Louis, yet understood his own profession too well to let that ignorance be seen. He received with grave modesty the praises of Louis,

which he contended were only due to the nobleness of the science which he practised, a science the rather the more deserving of admiration on account of its working miracles through means of so feeble an agent as himself; and he and the King took leave, for once much satisfied with each other.

On the Astrologer's departure, Louis threw himself into a chair, and appearing much exhausted, dismissed the rest of his attendants, excepting Oliver alone, who, creeping around, with gentle assiduity and noiseless step, assisted him in the task of preparing for repose.

While he received this assistance, the King, unlike to his wont, was so silent and passive, that his attendant was struck by the unusual change in his deportment. The worst minds have often something of good principle in them—banditti show fidelity to their captain, and sometimes a protected and promoted favourite has felt a gleam of sincere interest in the monarch to whom he owed his greatness. Oliver le Diable, le Mauvais, (or by whatever other name he was called expressive of his evil propensities,) was, nevertheless, scarcely so completely identified with Satan as not to feel some touch of grateful feeling for his master in this singular condition, when, as it seemed, his fate was deeply interested, and his strength seemed to be exhausted. After for a short time rendering to the King in silence the usual services paid by a servant to his master at the toilet, the attendant was at length tempted to say, with the freedom which his Sovereign's indulgence had permitted him in such circumstances, "*Tête-dieu*, Sir, you seem as if you had lost a battle; and yet I, who was near your Majesty during this whole day, never knew you fight a field so gallantly."

"A field!" said King Louis, looking up, and assuming his wonted causticity of tone and manner; "*Pasques-dieu*, my friend Oliver, say I have kept the arena in a bull-fight; for a blinder, and more stubborn, untameable, uncontrollable brute, than our cousin of Burgundy, never existed, save in the shape of a Murcian bull, trained for the bull-feasts.—Well, let it pass—I dodged him bravely. But, Oliver, rejoice with me that my plans in Flanders have not taken effect, whether as concerning those two rambling Princesses of Croye, or in Liege—you understand me?"

"In faith, I do not, Sir," replied Oliver; "it is impossible for me to congratulate your Majesty on the failure of your favourite schemes, unless you tell me some reason for the change in your own wishes and views."

"Nay," answered the King, "there is no change in either, in a general view. But, *Pasques-dieu*, my friend, I have this day learned more of Duke Charles than I before knew. When he was Count de Charalois, in the time of the old Duke Philip and the banished Dauphin of France, we drank, and hunted, and rambled together—and many a wild adventure we have had. And in those days I had a decided advantage over him—like that which a strong spirit naturally assumes over a weak one. But he has since changed—has become a dogged, daring, assuming, disputatious dogmatist, who nourishes an obvious wish to drive matters to extremities, while he thinks he has the game in his own hands. I was compelled to glide as gently away from each offensive topic, as if I touched red-hot iron. I did but hint at the possibility of those erratic Countesses of Croye, ere they attained Liege, (for thither I frankly confessed that, to the best of my belief, they were gone,) falling into the hands of some wild snapper upon the frontiers, and, *Pasques-dieu*! you would have thought I had spoken of sacrifice. It is needless to tell you what he said, and quite enough to say, that I would have held my head's safety very insecure, if, in that moment, accounts had been brought of the success of thy friend, William with the Beard, in his and thy honest scheme of bettering himself by marriage."

"No friend of mine, if it please your Majesty," said Oliver—"neither friend nor plan of mine."

"True, Oliver," answered the King; "thy plan had not been to wed, but to shave such a bridegroom."

Well, thou didst wish her as bad a one, w didst modestly hint at thyself. However lucky the man who has her not; for hang, d quarter, were the most gentle words which the cousin spoke of him who should wed the Countess, his vassal, without his most due sion."

"And he is, doubtless, as jealous of an ances in the good town of Liege?" asked the King. "As much, or much more so," replied Oliver. "as your understanding may easily anticp ever since I resolved on coming hither, my gers have been in Liege, to repress, for the every movement to insurrection; and my and bustling friends, Rouslaer and Pavillon ders to be quiet as a mouse until this happ: between my cousin and me is over."

"Judging then, from your Majesty's accor Oliver, dryly, "the utmost to be hoped I meeting is, that it should not make your worse?—Surely this is like the crane that t head into the fox's mouth, and was glad her good fortune that it was not bitten off. Majesty seemed deeply obliged even now to philosopher who encouraged you to play so game."

"No game," said the King, sharply, "despaired of until it is lost, and that I have to expect it will be in my own case. On the if nothing occurs to stir the rage of this madman, I am sure of victory; and surely, a little obliged to the skill which selects agent, as the conductor of the ladies of Croy whose horoscope so far corresponded with r he hath saved me from danger, even by obedience of my own commands, and its route which avoided De la Marck's ambu."

"Your Majesty," said Oliver, "may fin agents who will serve you on the terms, rather after their own pleasure than your tions."

"Nay, nay, Oliver," said Louis, impatient heathen poet speaks of *Vota diis exaudita*—wishes, that is, which the saints grant their wrath; and such, in the circumstance have been the success of William de la Ma ploit, had it taken place about this time, am am in the power of this Duke of Burgun this my own art foresaw—fortified by the leotti—that is, I foresaw not the miscarri la Marck's undertaking, but I foresaw the pedition of yonder Scottish Archer should pily for me—and such has been the issue, t a manner different from what I expected stars, though they foretell general results silent on the means by which such are acco being often the very reverse of what we e even desire.—But why talk I of these my thee, Oliver, who art in so far worse than devil, who is thy namesake, since he beli trembles; whereas thou art an infidel bo ligion and to science, and wilt remain so own destiny is accomplished, which, as t scope and physiognomy alike assure me, v the intervention of the gallows!"

"And if it indeed shall be so," said Oliver signed tone of voice, "it will be so ordered, I was too grateful a servant to hesitate at e the commands of my royal master."

Louis burst into his usual sardonic laugh—hast broke thy lance on me fairly, Oliver; Our Lady, thou art right, for I defied thee to prithe, tell me in sadness, dost thou disc thing in these men's measures towards us may argue any suspicion of ill usage?"

"My liege," replied Oliver, "your Majas yonder learned philosopher, look for augur stars and heavenly host—I am an earthly rep consider but the things connected with my But, methinks, there is a lack of that caro precise attention on your Majesty, which me to a welcome guest of a degree so far abov The Duke, to-night, pleaded weariness, as your Majesty not farther than to the street, lea

the officers of his household the task of conveying you to your lodgings. The rooms here are hastily and carelessly fitted up—the tapestry is hung up awry—and, in one of the pieces, as you may observe, the figures are reversed, and stand on their heads, while the trees grow with their roots uppermost."

"Pshaw! accident, and the effect of hurry," said the King. "When did you ever know me concerned about such trifles as these?"

"Not on their own account are they worth notice," said Oliver; "but as intimating the degree of esteem in which the officers of the Duke's household observe your Grace to be held by him. Believe me, that had his desire seemed sincere that your reception should be in all points marked by scrupulous attention, the soul of his people would have made minutes do the work of days.—And when," he added, pointing to the basin and ewer, "was the furniture of your Majesty's toilet of other substance than silver?"

"Nay," said the King, with a constrained smile, "that last remark upon the shaving utensils, Oliver, is too much in the style of thine own peculiar occupation to be combated by any one.—True it is, that when I was only a refugee, and an exile, I was served upon gold-plate by order of the same Charles, who accounted silver too mean for the Dauphin, though he seems to hold that metal too rich for the King of France. Well, Oliver, we will to bed.—Our resolution has been made and executed; there is nothing to be done but to play manfully the game on which we have entered. I know that my cousin of Burgundy, like other wild bulls, shuts his eyes when he begins his career. I have but to watch that moment, like one of the taurodors whom we saw at Burgos, and his impetuosity places him at my mercy."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EXPLOSION.

The listening ear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye, the sudden glance
Appeared far south, creptive through the cloud.
TAMSON'S SUMMER.

THE preceding chapter, agreeable to its title, was designed as a retrospect, which might enable the reader fully to understand the terms upon which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy stood together, when the former, moved, partly perhaps by his belief in astrology, which was represented as favourable to the issue of such a measure, and in a great measure doubtless by the conscious superiority of his own powers of mind over those of Charles, had adopted the extraordinary, and upon any other ground altogether inexplicable, resolution of committing his person to the faith of a fierce and exasperated enemy—a resolution also the more rash and unaccountable, as there were various examples in that stormy time to show, that safe-conducts, however solemnly plighted, had proved no assurance for those in whose favour they were conceived; and indeed the murder of the Duke's grandfather, at the Bridge of Montreau, in presence of the father of Louis, and at an interview solemnly agreed upon for the establishment of peace and amnesty, was a horrible precedent, should the Duke be disposed to resort to it.

But the temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to show the King more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, he evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

On the following morning after the King's arrival, there was a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed, that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his rival. Indeed, while he paid the necessary complement of a vassal to his Suzerain, in declaring that these troops were the King's, and not his own, the

curl of his upper lip, and the proud glance of his eye, intimated his consciousness, that the words he used were but empty compliment, and that his fine army, at his own unlimited disposal, was as ready to march against Paris as in any other direction. It must have added to Louis's mortification, that he recognised, as forming part of this host, many banners of French nobility, not only of Normandy and Bretagne, but of provinces more immediately subjected to his own authority, who, from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malecontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy, and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose, that he would cause those to whom he attached the greatest importance to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself laboured diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy,—an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning Princes of either.

The notice of so great and so wise a King was in itself a mighty bribe; promises did much, and direct gifts, which the customs of the time permitted the Burgundian courtiers to accept without scruple, did still more. During a boar-hunt in the forest, while the Duke, eager always upon the immediate object, whether business or pleasure, gave himself entirely up to the ardour of the chase, Louis, unrestrained by his presence, sought and found the means of speaking secretly and separately to many of those who were reported to have most interest with Charles, among whom D'Hymbercourt and Comines were not forgotten; nor did he fail to mix up the advances which he made towards those two distinguished persons with praises of the valour and military skill of the first, and of the profound sagacity and literary talents of the future historian of the period.

Such an opportunity of personally conciliating, or, if the reader pleases, corrupting, the ministers of Charles, was perhaps what the King had proposed to himself, as a principal object of his visit, even if his art should fail to cajole the Duke himself. The connexion betwixt France and Burgundy was so close, that most of the nobles belonging to the latter country had hopes or actual interests connected with the former, which the favour of Louis could advance, or his personal displeasure destroy. Formed for this and every other species of intrigue, liberal to profusion when it was necessary to advance his plans, and skilful in putting the most plausible colour upon his proposals and presents, the King contrived to reconcile the spirit of the proud to their profit, and to hold out to the real or pretended patriot the good of both France and Burgundy, as the ostensible motive; whilst the party's own private interest, like the concealed wheel of some machine, worked not the less powerfully that its operations were kept out of sight. For each man he had a suitable bait, and a proper mode of presenting it; he poured the guerdon into the sleeve of those who were too proud to extend their hand, and trusted that his bounty, though it descended like the dew, without noise and imperceptibly, would not fail to produce, in due season, a plentiful crop of good will at least, perhaps of good offices, to the donor. In fine, although he had been long paying the way by his ministers for an establishment of such an interest in the Court of Burgundy, as should be advantageous to the interests of France, Louis's own personal exertions, directed doubtless by the information of which he was previously possessed, did more to accomplish that object in a few hours, than his agents had effected in years of negotiation.

One man alone the King missed, whom he had been particularly desirous of conciliating, and that was the Count de Crèvecoeur, whose firmness, during his conduct as Envoy at Plessis, far from exciting Louis's resentment, had been viewed as a reason for making him his own if possible. He was not particularly gratified when he learnt that the Count, at the head of a hundred lances, was gone towards the frontiers of Brabant, to assist the Bishop, in case of necessity, against William de la Marck and his discontented subjects; but he consoled himself, that the appearance of this force, joined with the directions which he had sent by faithful messengers, would serve to prevent any premature disturbances in that country, the breaking out of which might, he foresaw, render his present situation very precarious.

The Court upon this occasion dined in the forest when the hour of noon arrived, as was common in those great hunting parties; an arrangement at this time particularly agreeable to the Duke, desirous as he was to abridge that ceremonious and deferential solemnity with which he was otherwise under the necessity of receiving King Louis. In fact, the King's knowledge of human nature had in one particular misled him on this remarkable occasion. He thought that the Duke would have been inexpressibly flattered to have received such a mark of condescension and confidence from his liege lord; but he forgot that the dependence of this Dukedom upon the Crown of France was privately the subject of galling mortification to a Prince so powerful, so wealthy, and so proud as Charles, whose aim it certainly was to establish an independent kingdom. The presence of the King at the Court of the Duke of Burgundy, imposed on that prince the necessity of exhibiting himself in the subordinate character of a vassal, and of discharging many rites of feudal observance and deference, which, to one of his haughty disposition, resembled derogation from the character of a Sovereign Prince, which on all occasions he affected as far as possible to sustain.

But although it was possible to avoid much ceremony by having the dinner upon the green turf, with sound of bugles, broaching of barrels, and all the freedom of a sylvan meal, it was necessary that the evening repast should, even for that very reason, be held with more than usual solemnity.

Previous orders for this purpose had been given, and, upon returning to Peronne, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendour and magnificence, as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groined under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver—on the other, Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred; for, like most men of his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court-fools and jesters—experiencing that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental infirmity, which his more acute, but not more benevolent rival, loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subject for mirth in the "fears of the brave, and follies of the wise." And indeed, if the anecdote related by Brantome be true, that a court-fool, having overheard Louis, in one of his agonies of repentant devotion, confess his accession to the poisoning of his brother, Henry Count of Guyenne, divulged it next day at dinner before the assembled court, that monarch might be supposed rather more than satisfied with the pleasantness of professed jesters for the rest of his life.

But, on the present occasion, Louis neglected not to take notice of the favourite buffoon of the Duke, and to applaud his repartees; which he did the rather, that he thought he saw that the folly of Le Glorieux, however grossly it was sometimes displayed, covered

more than the usual quantity of shrewd and caustic observation proper to his class.

In fact, Tiel Wetzweiler, called Le Glorieux, was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall, fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcilable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to attain them. He usually followed the Duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montfery, when Charles was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly, as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those knights and nobles, who had left the care of their master's person to the court-fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle, that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux, (or the boastful,) by which he was ever afterwards distinguished.

Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession; and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not shorn; on the contrary, he wore a profusion of long curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and joining with a well-arranged, and handsomely trimmed beard, set off features, which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the head-gear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

"Whose seats be those that are vacant?" said Charles to the jester.

"One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles," replied Le Glorieux.

"Why so, knave?" said Charles.

"Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons, that they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board, are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their movable estate."

"That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel," said the Duke; "but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters."

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two Princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

"What ho! sirs," exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, "your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip des Comines, you are dejected—hath D'Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you?—You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune.—By Saint George! D'Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost.—How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed

or way? or has the Wild Huntsman* met you in the forest? By my honour, you seem as if you were me to a funeral, not a festival."

While the Duke spoke, the eyes of the company were all directed towards D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of woe to whom such expression of anxious melancholy was natural, became so remarkable, that the mirth and laughter of the company, which the rapid circulation of goblets of excellent wine had raised to considerable height, was gradually hushed; and, without being able to assign any reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and portentous tidings.

"What means this silence, Messieurs?" said the Duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. "If you bring these strange looks, and this stranger silence, into festivity, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets."

"My gracious lord," said Des Comines, "as we are about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crèvecœur."

"How?" said the Duke; "already returned from absent?—but he found all well there, doubtless?"—"The Count himself will presently give you an account of his news," said D'Hymbercourt, "which we have heard but imperfectly."

"Body of me, where is the Count?" said the Duke.

"He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness," answered D'Hymbercourt.

"His dress? *Saint-bleu*?" exclaimed the impatient prince, "what care I for his dress? I think I have conspired with him to drive me mad!"

"Or rather, to be plain," said Des Comines, "he chafes to communicate these news at a private audience."

"*Tout-dieu!* my Lord King," said Charles, "this ever the way our counsellors serve us!—If they ever get hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a pack-saddle.—Some one bid Crèvecœur come to directly!—He comes from the frontiers of Liege, I see, at least," (he laid some emphasis on the word), "have no secrets in that quarter which we did wish to have proclaimed before the assembled rid."

He perceived that the Duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition, and though many would willingly have suggested that the present was neither a time for hearing nor for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on farther reference, and sat in anxious expectation of the news which the Count might have to communicate.

A brief interval intervened, during which the Duke seemed looking eagerly to the door, as if in a trance of impatience, whilst the guests sat with their heads bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently greeted by the hurried question of his master, "What news from Liege and Brabant, Sir Count?—the report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table; we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the Count, in a firm, but melancholy tone, "the news which I give you are fitter for the council board than the dining table."

"Out with them, man, if they were tidings from the Christ!" said the Duke; "but I can guess them to be Liegeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crèvecœur, very gravely. "Look there, man," said the Duke, "I have hit

The famous apparition, sometimes called le Grand Veneur. It gives some account of this hunting spectre.

at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me—the harebrained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own Suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with.—Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the Bishop."

"My lord, the farther tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflictive to you to hear.—No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent Prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liegeois, has taken his Castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall."

"Murdered him?" repeated the Duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; "thou hast been imposed upon, Crèvecœur, by some wild report—it is impossible!"

"Alas! my lord!" said the Count, "I have it from an eyewitness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order."

"And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege!" exclaimed the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury, that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. "Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen—secure the windows—let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death!—Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords." And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon, while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said,

"These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason."

"No!" replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, "but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be satisfied by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother!—rebel against thy parent!—tyrant over thy subjects!—treacherous ally!—perjured King!—dishonoured gentleman!—thou art in my power, and I thank God for it."

"Rather thank my folly," said the King; "for when we met on equal terms at Mont'heri, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now."

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or to strike a foe, who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defence of their Sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation, to be dragged in King Louis's train, objects of suspicion evidently, rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult, addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy.—"Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our Monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine.—Courage, my Lord of Orleans—and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!"

It was in that moment when a King might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns of discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press towards the

head of the table where the contending Princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents whom Louis had dragged forward out of their fitting and natural places, into importance which was not due to them, showed cowardice and cold heart, and, remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor.

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, (which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honour, or a secret inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him,) and threw himself boldly between the King and the Duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in dishevelled tresses, upon one side of his head—his pale cheek and withered brow coloured, and his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right.

"I have fought for his father and his grandsire," that was all he said, "and, by Saint Andrew, and the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch."

What has taken some time to narrate, happened, in fact, with the speed of light; for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèveœur rushed forward, and exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet,—"My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall—you are the King's vassal—do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your Sovereign on the throne you have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honour, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!"

"Out of my road, Crèveœur," answered the Duke, "and let my vengeance pass!—Out of my path!—The wrath of Kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven."

"Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*," answered Crèveœur, firmly—"Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended.—And for you, my Lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead towards bloodshed."

"He is right," said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw, that if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood, than was likely to be attempted if peace were preserved.—"My cousin Orleans—kind Dunois—and you, my trusty Crawford—bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offence too hastily. Our cousin the Duke is chafed at the tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liege, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient, and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy, lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on this spot—us, his King and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessory to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated, by your stirring.—Therefore, stand back, Crawford—Were it my last word, I speak as a King to his officer, and demand obedience—Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so, and your oath obliges you to obey."

"True, true, my lord," said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn—"It may be all very true; but, by my honour, if I were at the head of threescore and ten

of my brave fellows, instead of being loaded than the like number of years, I would try could have some reason out of these fins with their golden chains and looped-up bon brow-ward dyes and devices on them."

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on a considerable space, and then said, irony, "Crèveœur, you say well; and i our honour, that our obligations to this g our honoured and loving guest, be not so justed, as in our hasty anger we had at first. We will so act, that all Europe shall ac the justice of our proceedings.—Gentlemen you must render up your arms to my office master has broken the truce, and has no t farther benefit of it. In compassion, howe sentiments of honour, and in respect to the he hath disgraced, and the race from whi degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are as least our King's safety, in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard, ed Crawford, 'lay down his arms, save a mand of the King of France, or his Hig ble."

"Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, Crawford, your zeal will do me injury inate fit.—I trust," he added with dignity, "in cause, more than in a vain resistance, w but cost the lives of my best and bravest your swords—the noble Burgundians, v such honourable pledges, will be more abl are to protect both you and me.—Give up y —It is I who command you."

It was thus that, in this dreadful emerge showed the promptitude of decision, and c judgment, which alone could have sav He was aware, that until actual blows wer ed, he should have the assistance of most bles present to moderate the fury of their f that were a *mêlée* once commenced, and his few adherents must be instantly At the same time, his worst enemies conl his demeanour had in it nothing either of or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate the wrath of the Duke; but he neither dep seemed to fear it, and continued to look o the calm and fixed attention with which a eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, s cious that his own steadiness and compos as an insensible and powerful check on th of insanity.

Crawford, at the King's command, thre to Crèveœur, saying, "Take it! and the you joy of it.—It is no dishonour to the rig who yields it, for we have had no fair play

"Hold, gentlemen," said the Duke, in voice, as one whom passion had almost utterance, "retain your swords; it is suf promise not to use them.—And you, Louis must regard yourself as my prisoner, un cleared of having abetted sacrilege and mu him to the Castle—Have him to Earl Herbes Let him have six gentlemen of his train to a such as he shall choose.—My Lord of Crav guard must leave the Castle, and shall be quartered elsewhere. Up with every drawl down with every portcullis—Let the gates c be trebly guarded—Draw the floating-bri right-hand side of the river—Bring round my band of Black Walloons, and treble th on every post!—You, D'Hymbercourt, loc trols of horse and foot make the round of every half-hour during the night, and ever ring the next day,—if indeed such ward a cessary after daybreak, for it is like we may in this matter.—Look to the person of Lo love your life!"

He started from the table in fierce and mo dard a glance of mortal enmity at the rushed out of the apartment.

"Sir," said the King, looking with dign him, "grief for the death of his ally hath s

I trust you know better your duty, as oblemen, than to abet him in his treachery against the person of his liege

ent was heard in the streets the sound ng, and horns blowing, to call out the ry direction.

aid Crèveœur, who acted as the Marce's household, "subjects of Burgundy, or duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, will not be wanting to bring id union between your Majesty and our eantime, we must obey his commands. rds and knights will be proud to con- convenience of the illustrious Duke of e brave Dunois, and the stout Lord myself must be your Majesty's cham- ing you to your apartments in other uld be my desire, remembering the Plessis. You have only to choose e, whom the Duke's commands limit

d the King, looking around him, and moment—"I desire the attendance of a private of my Life-Guard, called may be unarmed if you will—of Tristan t two of his people—and my right loyal losopher, Martius Galeotti."

sty's will shall be complied with in all he Count de Crèveœur. "Galeotti," a moment's inquiry, "is, I understand, ping in some buxom company, but he be sent for; the others will obey your mand upon the instant."

then, to the new abode, which the hos- cousin provides for us," said the King, s strong, and have only to hope it may onding degree safe."

u the choice which King Louis has tendants?" said Le Glorieux to Count art, as they followed Louis from the

y merry gossip," replied the Count,— ou to object to them?"

nothing—only they are a rare election l rber—a Scottish hired cut-throat—a t and his two assistants, and a thieving y will along with you, Crèveœur, and n the degrees of roguery, from observ- in marshalling them. The devil him- ce have summoned such a synod, or tter president amongst them."

, the all-licensed jester, seizing the amiliarly, began to march along with der a strong guard, yet forgetting no respect, he conducted the King towards ment.*

J facts attending this celebrated interview, are narged upon in the foregoing chapter. Agents l tempted the people of Liege to rebel against uke Charles, and persecute and murder their is was not prepared for their acting with such y flew to arms with the tenacity of a sickle hishop prisoner, menaced and insulted him, and e or two of his canons. This news was sent oundly at the moment when Louis had as un- himself in his power; and the consequence, placed guards on the Castle of Peronne, and, the treachery of the King of France in exciting minions, while he pretended the most intimate biberated whether he should not put Louis to

uis was detained in this very precarious situa- only his profuse liberality amongst Charles's rriers which finally ensured him from death omimes, who was the Duke of Burgundy's the time, and slept in his apartment, says, undressed nor slept, but flung himself from he bed, and, at other times, wildly traversed It was long before his violent temper became e stable. At length he only agreed to give Louis ondition of his accompanying him in person oying his troops in subduing the mutineer es had instigated to arms.

ither and degrading alternative. But Louis, mode of compounding for the effects of his y submitted to this discreditable condition, but n a crucifix said to have belonged to Charle- particulars are from Comines. There is a suc- f them in Sir Nathaniel Wexhall's History of

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNCERTAINTY.

—Then happy low, lie down:
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry IV.—*Perr Second.*

FOETY men-at-arms, carrying alternately naked swords and blazing torches, served as the escort, or rather the guard, of King Louis, from the town-hall of Peronne to the Castle; and as he entered within its darksome and gloomy strength, it seemed as if a voice screamed in his ear that warning which the Florentine has inscribed over the portal of the infernal regions, "Leave all hope behind!"

At that moment, perhaps, some feeling of remorse might have crossed the King's mind, had he thought on the hundreds, nay thousands, whom, without cause, or on light suspicion, he had committed to the abysses of his dungeons, deprived of all hope of liberty, and loathing even the life to which they clung by animal instinct.

The broad glare of the torches outfacing the pale moon, which was more obscured on this than on the former night, and the red smoky light which they dispersed around the ancient buildings, gave a darker shade to that huge donjon, called the Earl Herbert's Tower. It was the same that Louis had viewed with misgiving presentiment on the preceding evening, and of which he was now doomed to become an inhabitant, under the terror of what violence soever the wrathful temper of his overgrown vassal might tempt him to exercise in those secret recesses of despotism.

To aggravate the King's painful feelings, he saw, as he crossed the court-yard, several bodies, over each of which had been hastily flung a military cloak. He was not long of discerning that they were corpses of slain archers of the Scottish Guard, who having disputed, as the Count Crèveœur informed him, the command given them to quit the post near the King's apartments, a brawl had ensued between them and the Duke's Walloon body-guards, and before it could be composed by the officers on either side, several lives had been lost.

"My trusty Scots!" said the King, as he looked upon this melancholy spectacle; "had they brought only man to man, all Flanders, ay, and Burgundy to boot, had not furnished champions to mate you."

"Yes, an it please your Majesty," said Balafre, who attended close behind the King, "Maistery mows the meadow—few men can fight more than two at once. I myself never care to meet three, unless it be in the way of special duty, when one must not stand to count heads."

"Art thou there, old acquaintance?" said the King, looking behind him; "then I have one true subject with me yet."

"And a faithful minister, whether in your councils, or in his offices about your royal person," whispered Oliver le Dain.

"We are all faithful," said Tristan l'Hermite, gruffly; "for should they put to death your Majesty, there is no one of us whom they would suffer to survive you, even if we would."

"Now, that is what I call good corporal bail for fidelity," said Le Glorieux, who, as already mentioned, with the restlessness proper to an infirm brain, had thrust himself into their company.

Meanwhile, the Seneschal, hastily summoned, was turning with laborious effort the ponderous key which opened the reluctant gate of the huge Gothic Keep, and was at last fain to call for the assistance of one of Crèveœur's attendants. When they had succeeded, six men entered with torches and showed the way through a narrow and winding passage, commanded at different points by shot-holes from vaults and casements constructed behind, and in the thickness of the massive walls. At the end of this passage, arose a stair of corresponding rudeness, consisting of huge blocks of stone, roughly dressed with the hammer, and of unequal height. Having mounted this ascent, a strong iron-clenched door admitted them to what had been the great hall of the donjon, lighted but very faintly even during the daytime, (for

the apertures, diminished in appearance by the excessive thickness of the walls, resembled slits rather than windows,) and now, but for the blaze of the torches, almost perfectly dark. Two or three bats, and other birds of evil presage, roused by the unusual glare, flew against the lights, and threatened to extinguish them; while the Seneschal formally apologized to the King, that the State-hall had not been put in order, such was the hurry of the notice sent to him; and adding, that, in truth, the apartment had not been in use for twenty years, and rarely before that time, so far as ever he had heard, since the time of King Charles the Simple.

"King Charles the Simple!" echoed Louis; "I know the history of the Tower now.—He was here murdered by his treacherous vassal, Herbert, Earl of Vermandois—So say our annals. I knew there was something concerning the Castle of Peronne which dwelt on my mind, though I could not recall the circumstance.—Here, then, my predecessor was slain?"

"Not here, not exactly here, and please your Majesty," said the old Seneschal, stepping with the eager haste of a cicerone, who shows the curiosities of such a place.—"Not here, but in the side-chamber a little onward, which opens from your Majesty's bedchamber."

He hastily opened a wicket at the upper end of the hall, which led into a bedchamber, small, as is usual in such old buildings; but, even for that reason, rather more comfortable than the waste hall through which they had passed. Some hasty preparations had been here made for the King's accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, a fire lighted in the rusty grate, which had been long unused, and a pallet laid down for those gentlemen who were to pass the night in his chamber, as was then usual.

"We will get beds in the hall for the rest of your attendants," said the garrulous old man; "but we have had such brief notice, if it please your Majesty—And if it please your Majesty to look upon this little wicket behind the arras, it opens into the little old cabinet in the thickness of the wall where Charles was slain; and there is a secret passage from below, which admitted the men who were to deal with him. And your Majesty, whose eyesight I hope is better than mine, may see the blood still on the oak-floor, though the thing was done five hundred years ago."

While he thus spoke, he kept fumbling to open the postern of which he spoke, until the King said, "Forbear, old man—forbear but a little while, when thou mayst have a newer tale to tell, and fresher blood to show.—My Lord of Crèvecœur, what say you?"

"I can but answer, Sire, that these two interior apartments are as much at your Majesty's disposal as those in your own Castle at Pleassia, and that Crèvecœur, a name never blackened by treachery or assassination, has the guard of the exterior defences of it."

"But the private passage into that closet, of which the old man speaks?" This King Louis said in a low and anxious tone, holding Crèvecœur's arm fast with one hand, and pointing to the wicket door with the other.

"It must be some dream of Mornay's," said Crèvecœur, "or some old and absurd tradition of the place—but we will examine."

He was about to open the closet door, when Louis answered, "No, Crèvecœur, no—Your honour is sufficient warrant.—But what will your Duke do with me, Crèvecœur? He cannot hope to keep me long a prisoner; and—in short, give me your opinion, Crèvecœur."

"My Lord and Sire," said the Count, "how the Duke of Burgundy must resent this horrible cruelty on the person of his near relative and ally, is for your Majesty to judge; and what right he may have to consider it as instigated by your Majesty's emissaries, you only can know. But my master is noble in his disposition, and made incapable, even by the very strength of his passions, of any underhand practices. Whatever he does, will be done in the face of day, and of the two nations. And I can but add, that it

will be the wish of every counsellor around him—excepting perhaps one—that he should behave in matter with mildness and generosity, as we justice."

"Ah! Crèvecœur," said Louis, taking his hat if affected by some painful recollections, "happy is the Prince who has counsellors near who can guard him against the effects of his angry passions! Their names will be read in letters, when the history of his reign is perused. Noble Crèvecœur, had it been my lot to have as thou art about my person!"

"It had in that case been your Majesty's to have got rid of them as fast as you could," Le Glorieux.

"Aha! Sir Wisdom, art thou there?" said Le Glorieux, turning round, and instantly changing the path tone in which he had addressed Crèvecœur, adopting with facility one which had a turn of sly in it—"Hast thou followed us hither?"

"Ay, sir," answered Le Glorieux, "Wisdom is follow in motley, where Folly leads the way in a ple."

"How shall I construe that, Sir Solomon," answered Louis—"Wouldst thou change condition with me?"

"Not I, by my halidome," quoth Le Glorieux, "you would give me fifty crowns to boot."

"Why, wherefore so?—Methinks I could be as enough contented, as princes go, to have thee for a king."

"Ay, Sire," replied Le Glorieux; "but the question is, whether, judging of your Majesty's wit from it having lodged you here, I should not have cause to be ashamed of having so dull a fool."

"Peace, sirrah!" said the Count of Crèvecœur, "your tongue runs too fast."

"Let it take its course," said the King; "I know of no such fair subject of railery, as the follies of those who should know better.—Here, my sagacious friend, take this purse of gold, and with it the advice never to be so great a fool as to deem yourself wiser than other people. Prithoe, do me so much favour as to inquire after my astrologer, Marinus Galeotti, and send him hither to me presently."

"I will, without fail, my Liege," answered the jester; "and I wot well I shall find him at the Doppelthur's; for philosophera, as well as fools, know where the best wine is sold."

"Let me pray for free entrance for this learned person through your guards, Seigneur de Crèvecœur," said Louis.

"For his entrance, unquestionably," answered the Count; "but it grieves me to add, that my instructions do not authorize me to permit any one to go to your Majesty's apartments.—I wish your Majesty good night," he subjoined, "and will presently make such arrangements in the outer hall, as may put the gentlemen who are to inhabit it, more at their ease."

"Give yourself no trouble for them, Sir Count," replied the King; "they are men accustomed to hardships at defiance; and, to speak truth, excepting that I wish to see Galeotti, I would desire a little further communication from without this night as may be consistent with your instructions."

"These are, to leave your Majesty," replied Crèvecœur, "undisputed possession of your own apartments. Such are my master's orders."

"Your master, Count Crèvecœur," answered Louis, "whom I may also term mine, is a right precious master.—My dominions," he added, "are somewhat shrunk in compass, now that they have dwindled to an old hall and a bedchamber; but they are still wide enough for all the subjects which I can at present boast of."

The Count of Crèvecœur took his leave; and shortly after, they could hear the noise of the sentinels moving to their posts, accompanied with the word of command from the officers, and the last tread of the guards who were relieved. At length it became still, and the only sound which filled the air was the sluggish murmur of the river Somme, as it glided, deep and muddy, under the walls of the castle.

"Go into the hall, my mates," said Louis to his

to lie down to sleep. Hold yourself for there is still something to be that of moment."

He retired to the hall accordingly, and the Provost-Marshal's two men, when the others entered the hall, found that those without had huddled upon the fire, to serve the need and heat at the same time, and, as in their cloaks, had sat down on the stoves which variously expressed and dejection of their minds. Oliver, finding nothing better to be done, than to lie; and, never very good friends to court-prosperity, they were both to repose confidence in each other and sudden reverse of fortune. So they sat in silent dejection.

His master underwent, in the retirement, agonies that might have been those which had been imposed by the king; he paced the room with short and quick steps, and stood still and clasped his hands in prayer, in short, to agitation, which, would himself able to suppress so long, pausing, and wringing his hands, himself opposite to the wicket-end pointed out by old Mornay as the place of the murder of one of his predecessors, he gave voice to his feelings in

an exclamation—Charles the Simple!—what the Eleventh Louis, whose blood refresh the stains of thine? Louis the Driveller—Louis the Infatuated—slight to mark the extremity of ink these hot-headed Liegeois, to as natural as their food, would remember that the Wild Beast of Ardenne sent, he interrupted in his career of fiery brutality—to suppose that I had arguments to any good purpose urgundy, until I had tried the force of a wild success upon a wild bull idiot that I was! But the villain escape—He has been at the bottom of the vile priest, the detestable Baluc.* This danger, I will tear from his cap, though I pull the scalp of the other traitor is in my hands enough—have yet an empire roomy unishment of the quack-salving, star-gazing, lie-coiner impostor, made a prisoner and a dupe of me! of the constellations—ay, the constant talk nonsense which would sicken sheep's-head, and I must think I understood him! But we what the conjunction hath really done to me to my devotions."

He stood in memory perhaps of the done within, was a rude niche, cut in stone. Upon this emblem eyes, as if about to kneel, but stopped—applied to the blessed image the policy, and deemed it rash to once without having secured the of some supposed favourite. He turned to the crucifix as unworthy to selecting from the images with entioned, his hat was completely sentation of the Lady of Clery, it, and made the following extra- which, it is, to be observed, the superstition induced him, in some the virgin of Clery as a different

mise of vengeance against Cardinal La was blamed as having betrayed him to Bur- returned to his own kingdom, he caused e immured in one of the iron cages at constructed with horrible ingenuity, so try size could neither stand up at his full rise in them. Some ascribe this horrid if. At any rate, he was confined in one years, nor did Louis permit him to be loose.

person from the Madonna of Embrun, a favourite idol, to whom he often paid his vows.

"Sweet Lady of Clery," he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke—"blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true, that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a King, my power is great, my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I would double the *gabellen* on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors—fill up these tremendous moats—lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given thy sister the county of Boulogne, to be held of her for ever, have I no means of showing devotion to thee also? Thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles; but he, thou knowest, is dead—poisoned by that wicked Abbe of Saint John d'Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish!—I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word.—If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins, and one—only one little deed which I must do this night—nay, it is no sin, dearest Lady of Clery—no sin, but an act of justice privately administered; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a Prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not deserving of thy protection; leave him to my care; and hold it as good service that I rid the world of him, for the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care—a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes, as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp, or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only consider how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! and I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep my word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this shall be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted."

After this extraordinary contract with the object of his adoration, Louis recited, apparently with deep devotion, the seven penitential psalms in Latin, and several aves and prayers especially belonging to the service of the Virgin. He then arose, satisfied that he had secured the intercession of the Saint to whom he had prayed, the rather, as he craftily reflected, that most of the sins for which he had requested her mediation on former occasions had been of a different character, and that, therefore, the Lady of Clery was less likely to consider him as a hardened and habitual shedder of blood, than the other saints whom he had more frequently made confidants of his crimes in that respect.*

* While I perused these passages in the old manuscript chronicle, I could not help feeling astonished that an intellect acute as that of Louis XI. certainly was, could so delude itself by a sort of superstition, of which one would think the stupidest savages incapable; but the terms of the King's prayer, on a similar occasion, as preserved by Brantome, are of a tenor fully as extraordinary. It is that which, being overheard by a fool or jester, was by him made public, and let in light on an act of fratricide, which might never have been suspected. The way in which the story is narrated by the corrupted courtier, who could jest with all that is criminal as well as with all that is profligate, is worthy the reader's notice; for such actions are seldom done where there are not men with hearts of the utter mill stone, capable and willing to make them matters of laughter.

"Among the numerous good tricks of dissimulation, feints, and finesses of gallantry, which the good King (Louis XI.) did in his time, he put to death his brother, the Duke de Guyenne, at the moment when the Duke least thought of such a thing, and while the King was making the greatest show of love to him during his life, and of affection for him at his death, managing the whole concern with so much art, that it would never have been known had not the King taken into his own service a fool who had belonged to his deceased brother. But it chanced that Louis, being engaged in his devout prayers, and

When he had thus cleared his conscience, or rather whited it over like a sepulchre, the King thrust his head out at the door of the hall, and summoned Le Balafre into his apartment. "My good soldier," he said, "thou hast served me long, and hast had little promotion. We are here in a case where I may either live or die; but I would not willingly die an ungrateful man, or leave, so far as the saints may place it in my power, either a friend or an enemy uncompensated. Now, I have a friend to be rewarded, that is thyself—an enemy to be punished according to his deserts, and that is the base, treacherous villain, Marius Galeotti, who, by his impostures and specious falsehoods, has trained me hither into the power of my mortal enemy, with as firm a purpose of my destruction, as ever butcher had of slaying the beast which he drove to the shambles."

"I will challenge him on that quarrel, since they say he is a fighting blade, though he looks somewhat unwieldy," said Le Balafre. "I doubt not but the Duke of Burgundy is so much a friend to men of the sword, that he will allow us a fair field within some reasonable space; and if your Majesty live so long, and enjoy so much freedom, you shall behold me do battle in your right, and take as proper a vengeance on this philosopher as your heart could desire."

"I commend your bravery and your devotion to my service," said the King. "But this treacherous villain is a stout man-at-arms, and I would not willingly risk thy life, my brave soldier."

"I were no brave soldier, if it please your Majesty," said Balafre, "if I dared not face a better man than he. A fine thing it would be for me, who can neither read nor write, to be afraid of a fat lurdane, who has done little else all his life!"

"Nevertheless," said the King, "it is not our pleasure so to put thee in venture, Balafre. This traitor comes hither, summoned by our command. We would have thee, so soon as thou canst find occasion, close up with him, and smite him under the fifth rib—Dost thou understand me?"

"Truly I do," answered Le Balafre; "but, if it please your Majesty, this is a matter entirely out of my course of practice. I could not kill you a dog, unless it were in hot assault, or pursuit, or upon defiance given, or such like."

"Why sure thou dost not pretend to tenderness of heart?" said the King; "thou who hast been first in storm and siege, and most eager, as men tell me, on the pleasures and advantages which are gained on such occasions by the rough heart and the bloody hand?"

"My lord," answered Le Balafre, "I have neither feared nor spared your enemies, sword in hand. And an assault is a desperate matter, under risks which raise a man's blood so, that, by Saint Andrew, it will not settle for an hour or two,—which I call a fair license for plundering after a storm. And God pity us poor soldiers, who are first driven mad with danger, and then madder with victory. I have heard of a legion consisting entirely of saints; and methinks it would take them all to pray and intercede for the rest of the army, and for all who wear plumes and corselets, buff-coats and broadswords. But what your Majesty purposes is out of my course of practice, though I will never deny that it has been wide enough. As for the astrologer, if he be a traitor, let him e'en die a traitor's death—I will neither meddle nor make with it. Your Majesty has your Provost, and two of his Marshal's-men without, who are more fit for

orisons at the high altar of our Lady of Clergy, whom he called his good patroness, and no person nigh except this fool, who, without his knowledge, was within earshot, he thus gave vent to his pious homilies:—

"Ah, my good Lady, my gentle mistress, my only friend, in whom alone I have recourse, I pray you to supplicate God in my behalf, and to be my advocate with him that he may pardon me the death of my brother whom I caused to be poisoned by that wicked Abbot of Saint John. I confess my guilt to these as to my good patroness and mistress. But then what could I do? he was perpetually causing disorder in my kingdom.—Censure me then to be pardoned, my good Lady, and I know what a reward I will give thee."

This singular confession did not escape the jester, who upbraided the King with the fratricide in the face of the whole company at dinner, which Louis was fain to let pass without observation, in case of increasing the slander.

dealing with him than a Scottish gentleman of my family and standing in the service."

"You say well," said the King; "but, at least, it belongs to thy duty to prevent interruption, and to guard the execution of my most just sentences."

"I will do so against all Peronne," said Le Balafre. "Your Majesty need not doubt my fealty in that which I can reconcile to my conscience, which, for mine own convenience and the service of your royal Majesty, I can vouch to be a pretty large one—at least, I know I have done some deeds for your Majesty, which I would rather have eaten a handful of my own dagger than I would have done for any else."

"Let that rest," said the King; "and hearken—when Galeotti is admitted, and the door shut on him, do you stand to your weapon, and guard the entrance on the inside of the apartment. Let no one intrude—that is all I require of you. Go hence, and send the Provost-Marshal to me."

Balafre left the apartment accordingly, and in a minute afterwards Tristan l'Hermite entered from the hall.

"Welcome, gossip," said the King; "what thinkest thou of our situation?"

"As of men sentenced to death," said the Provost-Marshal, "unless there come a reprieve from the Duke."

"Reprieved or not, he that decoyed us into this snare shall go our *fouirrier* to the next world, to take up lodgings for us," said the King, with a grim and ferocious smile. "Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice—*finis*—I should have said *finis coronat opus*. Thou must stand by me to the end."

"I will, my liege," said Tristan; "I am but a plain fellow, but I am grateful. I will do my duty within these walls, or elsewhere; and while I live, your Majesty's breath shall pour as potential a note of condemnation, and your sentence be as literally executed, as when you sat on your own throne. They may deal with me the next hour for it if they will—I care not."

"It is even what I expected of thee, my loving gossip," said Louis; "but hast thou good assistance?—the traitor is strong and able-bodied, and will doubtless be clamorous for aid. The Scot will do nought but keep the door; and well that he can be brought to that, by flattery and humouring. Then Oliver is good for nothing but lying, flattering, and suggesting dangerous counsels; and, *Ventre Saint-dieu*! I think is more like one day to deserve the halter himself, than to use it to another. Have you men, think you, and means, to make sharp and sure work?"

"I have Trois-Echelles and Petit-André with me," said he—"men so expert in their office, that out of three men, they would hang up one ere his two companions were aware. And we have all resolved to live or die with your Majesty, knowing we shall have as short breath to draw when you are gone, as ever fell to the lot of any of our patients.—But what is to be our present subject, an it please your Majesty? I love to be sure of my man; for, as your Majesty is pleased sometimes to remind me, I have now and then mistaken the criminal, and strung up in his place an honest labourer, who had given your Majesty no offence."

"Most true," said the other. "Know then, Tristan, that the condemned person is Marius Galeotti.—You start, but it is even as I say. The villain hath trained us all hither by false and treacherous representations, that he might put us into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy without defence."

"But not without vengeance!" said Tristan: "were it the last act of my life, I would sting him home like an expiring wasp, should I be crushed to pieces on the next instant!"

"I know thy trusty spirit," said the King, "and the pleasure which, like other good men, thou dost find in the discharge of thy duty, since virtue, as the schoolmen say, is its own reward. But away, and prepare the priests, for the victim approaches."

"Would you have it done in your own presence, my gracious liege?" said Tristan.

Louis declined this offer; but charged the Provost-

Marshal to have every thing ready for the punctual execution of his commands the moment the Astrologer left his apartment; "for," said the King, "I will see the villain once more, just to observe how he bears himself towards the master whom he has led into the toils. I shall love to see the sense of approaching death strike the colour from that ruddy cheek, and dim that eye which laughed as it lied.—O, that there were but another with him, whose counsels aided his prognostications! But if I survive this—look to your scarlet, my Lord Cardinal! for Rome shall scarce protect you—be it spoken under favour of Saint Peter and the blessed Lady of Clery, who is all over mercy.—Why do you tarry? Go get your grooms ready. I expect the villain instantly. I pray to Heaven he take not fear and come not!—that were indeed a baulk. Begone, Tristan—thou wert not wont to be so slow when business was to be done."

"On the contrary, an it like your Majesty, you were ever wont to say that I was too fast, and mistook your purpose, and did the job on the wrong subject. Now, please your Majesty to give me a sign, just when you part with Galeotti for the night, whether the business goes on or no. I have known your Majesty once or twice change your mind, and blame me for over-despatch."

"Thou suspicious creature," answered King Louis, "I tell thee I will not change my mind;—but to silence thy remonstrances, observe, if I say to the knave at parting, 'There is a Heaven above us!' then let the business go on; but if I say, 'Go in peace,' you will understand that my purpose is altered."

"My head is somewhat of the dullest out of my own department," said Tristan l'Hermite. "Stay, let me rehearse—If you bid him depart in peace, I am to have him dealt upon?"

"No, no—idiot, no!" said the King; "in that case you let him pass free. But if I say, 'There is a Heaven above us!' up with him a yard or two nearer the planets he is so conversant with."

"I wish we may have the means here," said the Provost.

"Then up with him or down with him, it matters not which," answered the King, grimly smiling.

"And the body," said the Provost, "how shall we dispose of it?"

"Let me see an instant," said the King—"the windows of the hall are too narrow; but that projecting oriel is wide enough. We will over with him into the Somme, and put a paper on his breast, with the legend, 'Let the justice of the King pass toll-free.' The Duke's officers may seize it for duties if they dare."

The Provost-Marshal left the apartment of Louis, and summoned his two assistants to council in an embrasure in the great hall, where Trois-Eschelles stuck a torch against the wall to give them light. They discoursed in whispers, little noticed by Oliver le Dain, who seemed sunk in dejection, and Le Balafré, who was fast asleep.

"Comrades," said the Provost to his executioners, "perhaps you have thought that our vocation was over, or that, at least, we were more likely to be the subjects of the duty of others, than to have any more to discharge on our own parts. But courage, my mates! our gracious master has reserved for us one noble cast of our office, and it must be gallantly executed, as by men who would live in history."

"Ay, I guess how it is," said Trois-Eschelles; "our patron is like the old Kaisars of Rome, who, when things came to an extremity, or, as we would say, to the ladder foot with them, were wont to select from their own ministers of justice some exalted person, who might spare their sacred persons from the awkward attempts of a novice or commoner in our mystery. It was a pretty custom

• Vastus, in a history of Louis XI., observes, that his Provost-Marshal was often so precipitate in execution as to slay the wrong person instead of him whom the King had indicated. This always occasioned a double execution, for the wrath or revenge of Louis was never satisfied with a vicarious punishment.

for Ethnics; but, as a good catholic, I should make some scruple at laying hands on the Most Christian King."

"Nay, but, brother, you are ever too scrupulous," said Petit-André. "If he issues word and warrant for his own execution, I see not how we can in duty dispute it. He that dwells at Rome must obey the Pope—the Marshal's men must do their master's bidding, and he the King's."

"Hush, you knaves!" said the Provost-Marshal, "there is here no purpose concerning the King's person, but only that of the Greek heretic pagan and Mahomedan wizard, Martius Galeotti."

"Galeotti!" answered Petit-André; "that comes quite natural. I never knew one of these legerdemain fellows, who pass their life, as one may say, in dancing upon a tight rope, but what they came at length to caper at the end of one—*thick!*"

"My only concern is," said Trois-Eschelles, looking upwards, "that the poor creature must die without confession!"

"Tush! tush!" said the Provost-Marshal, in reply, "he is a rank heretic and necromancer—a whole college of priests could not absolve him from the doom he has deserved. Besides, if he hath a fancy that way, thou hast a gift, Trois-Eschelles, to serve him for ghostly father thyself. But, what is more material, I fear you must use your poniards, my mates; for you have not here the fitting conveniences for the exercise of your profession."

"Now, our Lady of the Isle of Paris forbid," said Trois-Eschelles, "that the King's command should find me destitute of my tools! I always wear around my body Saint Francis's cord, doubled four times, with a handsome loop at the farther end of it; for I am of the company of Saint Francis, and may wear his cowl when I am in *extremis*—I thank God and the good fathers of Saumur."

"And for me," said Petit-André, "I have always in my budget a handy block and sheaf, or a pulley as they call it, with a strong screw for securing it where I list, in case we should travel where trees are scarce, or high-branched from the ground. I have found it a great convenience."

"That will suit as well," said the Provost-Marshal; "you have but to screw your pulley into yonder beam above the door, and pass the rope over it. I will keep the fellow in some conversation near the spot until you adjust the noose under his chin, and then!"

"And then we run up the rope," said Petit-André, "and, *thick!*—our Astrologer is so far in Heaven, that he hath not a foot on earth."

"But these gentlemen," said Trois-Eschelles, looking towards the chimney, "do not these help, and so take a handsel of our vocation?"

"Hem! no," answered the Provost; "the barber only contrives mischief, which he leaves other men to execute; and for the Scot, he keeps the door when the deed is a-doing, which he hath not spirit or quickness sufficient to partake in more actively—every one to his trade."

With infinite dexterity, and even a sort of professional delight which sweetened the sense of their own precarious situation, the worthy executioners of the Provost's mandates adapted their rope and pulley for putting in force the sentence which had been uttered against Galeotti by the captive Monarch—seeming to rejoice that that last action was to be one so consistent with their past life. Tristan l'Hermite sat eyeing their proceedings with a species of satisfaction; while Oliver paid no attention to them whatever; and Ludovic Lesly, if awaked by the bustle, he looked upon them at all, considered them as engaged in matters entirely unconnected with his own duty, and for which he was not to be regarded as responsible in one way or other.

† The author has endeavoured to give to the odious Tristan l'Hermite a species of dogged and brutal fidelity to Louis, similar to the attachment of a bull dog to his master. With all the atrocity of his execrable character, he was certainly a man of courage, and was, in his youth, made knight on the breach of France, with a great number of other young nobles, by the honour giving hand of the elder Dunois, the celebrated hero of Charles the 7th's reign.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECRIMINATION.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.

Old Play.

WHEN obeying the command, or rather the request of Louis,—for he was in circumstances in which, though a monarch, he could only request Le Glorieux to go in search of Martius Galeotti,—the jester had no trouble in executing his commission, betaking himself at once to the best tavern in Peronne, of which he himself was rather more than an occasional frequenter, being a great admirer of that species of liquor which reduced all other men's brains to a level with his own.

He found, or rather observed, the Astrologer in the corner of the public drinking-room—stove, as it is called in German and Flemish, from its principal furniture—sitting in close colloquy with a female in a singular, and something like a Moorish or Asiatic garb, who, as Le Glorieux approached Martius, rose as in the act to depart.

"These," said the stranger, "are news on which you may rely with absolute certainty;" and with that disappeared among the crowd of guests who sat grouped at different tables in the apartment.

"Cousin Philosopher," said the jester, presenting himself, "Heaven no sooner relieves one sentinel than it sends another to supply the place. One fool being gone, here I come another, to guide you to the apartments of Louis of France."

"And art thou the messenger?" said Martius, gazing on him with prompt apprehension, and discovering at once the jester's quality, though less intimated, as we have before noticed, than was usual, by his external appearance.

"Ay, sir, and like your learning," answered Le Glorieux; "when Power sends Folly to entreat the approach of Wisdom, 'tis a sure sign what foot the patient halts upon."

"How if I refuse to come, when summoned at so late an hour by such a messenger?" said Galeotti.

"In that case we will consult your ease, and carry you," said Le Glorieux. "Here are half a score of stout Burgundian yeomen at the door, with whom He of Crèvecoeur has furnished me to that effect. For know, that my friend Charles of Burgundy and I have not taken away our kinsman Louis's crown, which he was ass enough to put into our power, but have only filed and clipped it a little; and, though reduced to the size of a spangle, it is still pure gold. In plain terms, he is still paramount over his own people, yourself included, and most Christian King of the old dining-hall in the Castle of Peronne, to which you, as his liege subject, are presently obliged to repair."

"I attend you, sir," said Martius Galeotti, and accompanied Le Glorieux accordingly—seeing, perhaps, that no evasion was possible.

"Ay, sir," said the Fool, as they went towards the Castle, "you do well; for we treat our kinsman as men use an old famished lion in his cage, and thrust him now and then a calf to mumble, to keep his old jaws in exercise."

"Do you mean," said Martius, "that the King intends me bodily injury?"

"Nay, that you can guess better than I," said the jester; "for, though the night be cloudy, I warrant you can see the stars through the mist. I know nothing of the matter, nor I—only my mother always told me to go warily near an old rat in a trap, for he was never so much disposed to bite."

The Astrologer asked no more questions, and Le Glorieux, according to the custom of those of his class, continued to run on in a wild and disordered strain of sarcasm and folly mingled together, until he delivered the philosopher to the guard at the castle-gate of Peronne; where he was passed from warder to warder, and at length admitted within Herbert's Tower.

The hints of the jester had not been lost on Martius Galeotti, and he saw something which seemed to confirm them in the look and manner of Tristan, whose mode of addressing him, as he marshalled him to the King's bedchamber, was lowering, sullen, and ominous. A close observer of what passed on earth, as well as among the heavenly bodies, the pulley and the rope also caught the Astrologer's eye; and as the latter was in a state of vibration, he concluded that some one who had been busy adjusting it had been interrupted in the work by his sudden arrival. All this he saw, and summoned together his subtlety to evade the impending danger, resolved, should he find that impossible, to defend himself to the last against whomsoever should assail him.

Thus resolved, and with a step and look corresponding to the determination he had taken, Martius presented himself before Louis, alike unabashed at the miscarriage of his predictions, and undismayed at the Monarch's anger, and its probable consequences.

"Every good planet be gracious to your Majesty!" said Galeotti, with an inclination almost Oriental in manner—"Every evil constellation withhold their influences from my royal master!"

"Methinks," replied the King, "that when you look around this apartment, when you think where it is situated, and how guarded, your wisdom might consider that my propitious stars had proved faithless, and that each evil conjunction had already done its worst. Art thou not ashamed, Martius Galeotti, to see me here, and a prisoner, when you recollect by what assurances I was lured hither?"

"And art thou not ashamed, my royal Sire?" replied the philosopher; "thou, whose step in science was so forward, thy apprehension so quick, thy perseverance so unceasing,—art thou not ashamed to turn from the first frown of fortune, like a craven from the first clash of arms? Didst thou propose to become participant of those mysteries which raise men above the passions, the mischances, the pains, the sorrows of life, a state only to be attained by rivaling the firmness of the ancient Stoic, and dost thou shrink from the first pressure of adversity, and forfeit the glorious prize for which thou didst start as a competitor, frightened out of the course, like a scared racer, by shadowy and unreal evils?"

"Shadowy and unreal! frontless as thou art," exclaimed the King, "is this dungeon unreal?—the weapons of the guards of my detested enemy Burgundy, which you may hear clash at the gate, are those shadows?—What, traitor, are real evils, if imprisonment, dethronement, and danger of life, are not so?"

"Ignorance—ignorance, my brother, and pride," answered the sage, with great firmness, "are the only real evils. Believe me, that Kings in the plenitude of power, if immersed in ignorance and prejudice, are less free than sages in a dungeon, and loaded with material chains. Towards this true happiness it is mine to guide you—be it yours to attend to my instructions."

"And it is to such philosophical freedom that your lessons would have guided me?" said the King, very bitterly. "I would you had told me at Plessis, that the dominion promised me so liberally was an empire over my own passions; that the success of which I was assured, related to my progress in philosophy; and that I might become as wise and as learned as a strolling mountebank of Italy! I might surely have attained this mental ascendancy at a more moderate price than that of forfeiting the fairest crown in Christendom, and becoming tenant of a dungeon in Peronne! Go, sir, and think not to escape condign punishment—*There is a Heaven above us!*"

"I leave you not to your fate," replied Martius, "until I have vindicated, even in your eyes, darkened as they are, that reputation, a brighter gem than the brightest in thy crown, and at which the world shall wonder, ages after all the race of Capet are mouldered into oblivion in the charnels of Saint Denis."

"Speak on," said Louis; "thine impudence cannot make me change my purposes or my opinion—"

Yet as I may never again pass judgment as a King, I will not censure thee unheard. Speak, then—though the best thou canst say will be to speak the truth. Confess that I am a dupe, thou an impostor, thy pretended science a dream, and the planets which shine above us as little influential of our destiny, as their shadows, when reflected in the river, are capable of altering its course."

"And how know'st thou," answered the astrologer, boldly, "the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Speak'st thou of their inability to influence waters, when yet thou know'st that even the weakest, the moon herself,—weakest because nearest to this wretched earth of ours,—holds under her domination, not such poor streams as the Somme, but the idea of the mighty ocean itself, which ebb and increase as her disk waxes and wanes, and watch her influence as a slave waits the nod of a Sultana? And now, Louis of Valois, answer my parable in turn—confess, art thou not like the foolish passenger, who scowls wroth with his pilot because he cannot bring his vessel into harbour without experiencing occasionally the adverse force of winds and currents? I would indeed point to thee the probable issue of thine enterprise as prosperous, but it was in the power of heaven alone to conduct thee thither; and if the path is rough and dangerous, was it in my power to smooth or render it more safe? Where is thy wisdom yesterday, which taught thee so truly to discern at the ways of destiny are often ruled to our advantage, though in opposition to our wishes?"

"You remind me—you remind me," said the King, wistfully, "of one specific falsehood. You foretold, under Scot should accomplish his enterprise fortunately for my interest and honour; and thou know'st has so terminated, that no more mortal injury could I have received, than from the impression which the issue of that affair is like to make on the excited brain of the Mad Bull of Burgundy. This is direct falsehood—Thou canst plead no evasion—canst refer to no remote favourable turn of the tide, for which, like an idiot sitting on the bank until the river shall pass away, thou wouldst have me wait indefinitely.—Here thy craft deceived thee—Thou art weak enough to make a specific prediction, which has proved directly false."

"Which will prove most firm and true," answered the Astrologer, boldly, "I would desire no greater triumph of art over ignorance, than that prediction and its accomplishment will afford. I told thee he would be faithful in any honourable commission—(ath he not been so?)—I told thee he would be scrupulous in siding any evil enterprise—Hath he not proved so? If you doubt it, go ask the Bohemian, Leyradin Maugrabin."

"The King here coloured deeply with shame and anger."

"I told thee," continued the Astrologer, "that the conjunction of planets under which he set forth, assured danger to the person—and hath not his path been beset by danger?—I told thee that it augured an advantage to the sender—and of that thou wilt soon see the benefit."

"Soon have the benefit!" exclaimed the King; "Have I not the result already, in disgrace and imprisonment?"

"No," answered the Astrologer, "the End is not yet—thine own tongue shall ere long confess the benefit which thou hast received, from the manner in which the messenger bore himself in discharging thy commission."

"This is too—too insolent," said the King, "at once to deceive and to insult—But hence!—think not my wrongs shall be unavenged.—There is a Heaven above us!"

Galeotti turned to depart. "Yet stop," said Louis—"thou hearest thine imposture bravely out—Let us hear your answer to one question, and think ere we speak.—Can thy pretended skill ascertain the hour of thine own death?"

"Only by referring to the fate of another," said Galeotti.

"I understand not thine answer," said Louis.

"Know then, O King," said Martinus, "that this

only I can tell with certainty concerning mine own death, that it shall take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty!"

"Ha! say'st thou?" said Louis, his countenance again altering.—"Hold—hold—go not—wait one moment.—Saidst thou, my death should follow thine so closely?"

"Within the space of twenty-four hours," repeated Galeotti, firmly, "if there be one spark of true divination in those bright and mysterious intelligences, which speak, each on their courses, though without a tongue.—I wish your Majesty good rest."

"Hold—hold—go not," said the King, taking him by the arm, and leading him from the door. "Martinus Galeotti, I have been a kind master to thee—enriched thee—made thee my friend—my companion—the instructor of my studies.—Be open with me, I entreat you.—Is there aught in this art of yours in very deed?—Shall this Scot's mission be, in fact, propitious to me?—And is the measure of our lives

* The death of Martinus Galeotti was in some degree connected with Louis XI. The astrologer was at Lyons, and hearing that the King was approaching the city, got on horseback in order to meet him. As he threw himself hastily from his horse to pay his respects to the King, he fell with a violence which, joined to his extreme corpulence, was the cause of his death in 1478.

But the acute and ready-witted expedient to escape instant death, had no reference to the history of this philosopher. The same, or nearly the same story, is told of Tiberius, who demanded of a soothsayer, Thrassillus, if he knew the day of his own death, and received for answer, it would take place just three days before that of the Emperor. On this reply, instead of being thrown over the rocks into the sea, as had been the tyrant's first intention, he was taken great care of for the rest of his life.—*Terul. dial. lib. vi. c. 12.*

The circumstances in which Louis XI. received a similar reply from an astrologer are as follow:—The soothsayer in question had presumed that a female favourite, to whom the King was very much attached, should die in a week. As he proved a true prophet, the King was as much incensed as if the astrologer could have prevented the evil he predicted. He sent for the philosopher, and had a party stationed to assassinate him as he retired from the royal presence. Being asked by the King concerning his own fortunes, he confessed that he perceived signs of some imminent danger. Being further questioned concerning the day of his own death, he was shrewd enough to answer with composure, that it would be exactly three days before that of his Majesty. There was, of course, care taken that he should escape his destined fate, and he was ever afterwards much protected by the King, as a man of real science, and intimately connected with royal destinies.

Although almost all the historians of Louis represent him as a dupe to the common but splendid imposture of judicial astrology, yet his credulity could not be deep-rooted, if the following anecdote, reported by Bayle, be correct.

Upon one occasion, Louis intending to hunt, and doubtful of the weather, inquired of an astrologer near his person whether it would be fair. The sage, having recourse to his astrolabe, answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal cortege was met by a charcoalman, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the King should have thought of hunting in a day which threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The King and his court were driven from their sport well drenched; and Louis, having heard what the collier had said, ordered the man before him. "How were you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend," said he, "than this learned man?" "I am an ignorant man, sire," answered the collier, "was never at school, and cannot read or write. But I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and we know these signs that I foretold yesterday's storm." The King burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoalman's ass.

But if there is any truth in this story, the credulity of Louis was not of a nature to be removed by the failure of a single prediction. He is said to have believed in the prediction of Angelo Catho, his physician, and the friend of Comines, who foretold the death of Charles of Burgundy in the very time and hour when it took place at the battle of Morat. Upon this assurance, Louis vowed a silver screen to the shrine of Saint Martin, which he afterwards fulfilled at the expense of one hundred thousand francs. It is well known, besides, that he was the abject and devoted slave of his physicians. Cotcier, or Cottier, one of their number, besides the retaining fee of ten thousand crowns, extorted from his royal patient great sums in lands and money, and in addition to all, the Bishopric of Amiens for his nephew. He maintained over Louis unbounded influence, by using to him the most disrespectful haughtiness and insolence. "I know," he said to the suffering King, "that one morning you will turn me adrift like so many others. But, by Heaven, you had better beware, for you will not live eight days after you have done so!" It is unnecessary to dwell longer on the fears and superstitions of a prince, whom the wretched love of life induced to submit to such indignities.

so very—very nearly matched? Confess, my good Martius, you speak after the trick of your trade—Confess, I pray you, and you shall have no displeasure at my hand. I am in years—a prisoner—likely to be deprived of a kingdom—to one in my condition truth is worth kingdoms, and it is from thee, dearest Martius, that I must look for this inestimable jewel."

"And I have laid it before your Majesty," said Galeotti, "at the risk that, in brutal passion, you might turn upon me and rend me."

"Who, I, Galeotti?" replied Louis mildly; "Alas! thou mistakest me!—Am I not captive,—and should not I be patient, especially since my anger can only show my impotence?—Tell me then in sincerity—Have you fooled me?—Or is your science true, and do you truly report it?"

"Your Majesty will forgive me if I reply to you," said Martius Galeotti, "that time only—time and the event, will convince incredulity. It suits ill the place of confidence which I have held at the council-table of the renowned conqueror, Matthias Corvinus of Hungary—nay, in the cabinet of the Emperor himself—to reiterate assurances of that which I have advanced as true. If you will not believe me, I can but refer to the course of events. A day, or two days' patience, will prove or disprove what I have averred concerning the young Scot; and I will be contented to die on the wheel, and have my limbs broken joint by joint, if your Majesty have not advantage, and that in a most important degree, from the dauntless conduct of that Quentin Durward. But if I were to die under such tortures, it would be well your Majesty should seek a ghostly father; for, from the moment my last groan is drawn, only twenty-four hours will remain to you for confession and penitence."

Louis continued to keep hold of Galeotti's robe as he led him towards the door, and pronounced as he opened it, in a loud voice, "To-morrow we'll talk more of this. Go in peace, my learned father—*Go in peace—Go in peace!*"

He repeated these words three times; and, still afraid that the Provost-Marshal might mistake his purpose, he led the Astrologer into the hall, holding fast his robe, as if afraid that he should be torn from him, and put to death before his eyes. He did not unloose his grasp until he had not only repeated again and again the gracious phrase, "Go in peace," but even made a private signal to the Provost-Marshal, to enjoin a suspension of all proceedings against the person of the Astrologer.

Thus did the possession of some secret information, joined to audacious courage and readiness of wit, save Galeotti from the most imminent danger; and thus was Louis, the most sagacious, as well as the most vindictive, amongst the monarchs of the period, cheated of his revenge by the influence of superstition upon a selfish temper, and a mind to which, from the consciousness of many crimes, the fear of death was peculiarly terrible.

He felt, however, considerable mortification at being obliged to relinquish his purposed vengeance; and the disappointment seemed to be shared by his satellites, to whom the execution was to have been committed. Le Balafre alone, perfectly indifferent on the subject, so soon as the countermarching signal was given, left the door at which he had posted himself, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

The Provost-Marshal, as the group reclined themselves to repose in the hall after the King retired to his bedchamber, continued to eye the goody form of the Astrologer, with the look of the mastiff watching a joint of meat which the cook had retrieved from his jaws, while his attendants communicated to each other in brief sentences their characteristic sentiments.

"The poor blinded necromancer," whispered Trois-Eschelles, with an air of spiritual unction and commiseration, to his comrade, Petit-André, "hath lost the fairest chance of expiating some of his vile sorceries, by dying through means of the cord of the blessed Saint Francis! and I had purpose, indeed, to leave the comfortable noose around his neck, to scare the foul fiend from his unhappy carcass."

"And I," said Petit-André, "have missed the rarest

opportunity of knowing how far a weight of seventeen stone will stretch a three-plied cord!—It would have been a glorious experiment in our line,—and the jolly old boy would have died so easily!"

While this whispered dialogue was going forward, Martius, who had taken the opposite side of the huge stone fire-place, round which the whole group was assembled, regarded them askance, and with a look of suspicion. He first put his hand into his vest, and satisfied himself that the handle of a very sharp double-edged poniard, which he always carried about him, was disposed conveniently for his grasp; for, as we have already noticed, he was, though now somewhat unwieldy, a powerful, athletic man, and prompt and active at the use of his weapon. Satisfied that this trusty instrument was in readiness, he next took from his bosom a scroll of parchment, inscribed with Greek characters, and marked with cabalistic signs, drew together the wood in the fire-place, and made a blaze by which he could distinguish the features and attitude of all who sat or lay around—the heavy and deep slumbers of the Scottish soldier, who lay motionless, with his rough countenance as immovable as if it were cast in bronze—the pale and anxious face of Oliver, who at one time assumed the appearance of slumber, and again opened his eyes and raised his head hastily, as if stung by some internal throes, or awakened by some distant sound—the discontented, savage, bull-dog aspect of the Provost, who looked

"frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill!"—

while the background was filled up by the ghastly hypocritical countenance of Trois-Eschelles, whose eyes were cast up towards Heaven, as if he was internally saying his devotions; and the grim drolery of Petit-André, who amused himself with mimicking the gestures and wry faces of his comrade before he betook himself to sleep.

Amidst these vulgar and ignoble countenances, nothing could show to greater advantage than the stately form, handsome mien, and commanding features of the Astrologer, who might have passed for one of the ancient magi, imprisoned in a den of robbers, and about to invoke a spirit to accomplish his liberation. And, indeed, had he been distinguished by nothing else than the beauty of the graceful and flowing beard which descended over the mysterious roll which he held in his hand, one might have been pardoned for regretting that so noble an appendage had been bestowed on one, who put both talents, learning, and the advantages of eloquence, and a majestic person, to the mean purposes of a cheat and an impostor.

Thus passed the night in Count Herbert's Tower, in the Castle of Peronne. When the first light of dawn penetrated the ancient Gothic chamber, the King summoned Oliver to his presence, who found the Monarch sitting in his nightgown, and was astonished at the alteration which one night of mortal anxiety had made in his looks. He would have expressed some anxiety on the subject, but the King silenced him by entering into a statement of the various modes by which he had previously endeavoured to form friends at the Court of Burgundy, and which Oliver was charged to prosecute so soon as he should be permitted to stir abroad. And never was that wily minister more struck with the clearness of the King's intellect, and his intimate knowledge of all the springs which influence human actions, than he was during that memorable consultation.

About two hours afterwards, Oliver accordingly obtained permission from the Count of Crèvecoeur to go out and execute the commissions which his master had intrusted him with; and Louis, sending for the Astrologer, in whom he seemed to have renewed his faith, held with him, in like manner, a long consultation, the issue of which appeared to give him more spirits and confidence than he had at first exhibited, so that he dressed himself, and received the morning compliments of Crèvecoeur with a calmness, at which the Burgundian Lord could not help wondering, the rather that he had already heard that the Duke had passed several hours in a state of mind which seemed to render the King's safety very precarious.

CHAPTER XXX.

UNCERTAINTY.

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.
Old Play.

the night passed by Louis was carefully anxious agitated, that spent by the Duke of Burgundy, had at no time the same mastery over his passions, and, indeed, who permitted them almost a free uncontrolled dominion over his actions, was still disturbed.

According to the custom of the period, two of his principal and most favoured counsellors, D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines, shared his bedchamber, these being prepared for them near the bed of the king. Their attendance was never more necessary upon this night, when, distracted by sorrow, passion, by the desire of revenge, and by the sense of honour, which forbade him to exercise it upon his present condition, the Duke's mind rebelled a volcano in eruption, which throws forth the different contents of the mountain, mingled and molten into one burning mass.

He refused to throw off his clothes, or to make any preparation for sleep; but spent the night in a succession of the most violent bursts of passion. In the paroxysms he talked incessantly to his attendants so thick and so rapidly, that they were really deaf to his senses would give way; choosing for his aid, the merits and the kindness of heart of the revered Bishop of Liege, and recalling all the instances of mutual kindness, affection, and confidence, which had passed between them, until he had worked himself into such a transport of grief, that he threw himself upon his face in the bed, and seemed ready to rise with the sobs and tears which he endeavoured to stifle. Then starting from the couch, he gave vent to another and more furious mood, and traced the room hastily, uttering incoherent threats, still more incoherent oaths of vengeance, while, springing with his foot, according to his customary mode, he invoked Saint George, Saint Andrew, and whoever else he held most holy, to bear witness, that he would take bloody vengeance on De la Marche, the people of Liege, and on him who was the author of the whole.—These last threats, uttered more rarely than the others, obviously concerned the king of the King; and at one time the Duke expressed his determination to send for the Duke of Burgundy, the brother of the King, and with whom he was on the worst terms, in order to compel the captive Monarch to surrender either the Crown of France, or some of its most valuable rights and appanages.

Another day and night passed in the same stormy fitful deliberations, or rather rapid transitions of passion; for the Duke scarcely ate or drank, never changed his dress, and, altogether, demeaned himself in one in whom rage might terminate in utter insanity. By degrees he became more composed, and began to hold, from time to time, consultations with his ministers, in which much was proposed, but nothing resolved on. Comines assures us, that at one time a courier was mounted in readiness to depart for the purpose of summoning the Duke of Normandy; in that event, the prison of the French monarch would probably have been found, as in similar cases, the road to his grave.

Other times, when Charles had exhausted his strength by his features fixed in stern and rigid obduracy, like one who broods over some desperate to which he is as yet unable to work up his reason. And unquestionably it would have needed more than an insidious hint from any of the counsellors who attended his person, to have pushed the Duke to some very desperate action. But the nobles of Burgundy, from the sacred character attached to the person of a King, and a Lord Paramount, and in regard to the public faith, as well as that of the Duke, which had been pledged when Louis was himself into their power, were almost unanimously inclined to recommend moderate measures; the arguments which D'Hymbercourt and Des

Comines had now and then ventured to insinuate during the night, were, in the cooler hours of the next morning, advanced and urged by Crèvecoeur and others. Possibly their zeal in behalf of the King might not be entirely disinterested. Many, as we have mentioned, had already experienced the bounty of the King; others had either estates or pretensions in France, which placed them a little under his influence; and it is certain that the treasure which had loaded four mules when the King entered Peronne, became much lighter in the course of these negotiations.

In the course of the third day, the Count of Campo-basso brought his Italian wit to assist the counsels of Charles; and well was it for Louis, that he had not arrived when the Duke was in his first fury. Immediately on his arrival, a regular meeting of the Duke's counsellors was convened, for considering the measures to be adopted in this singular crisis.

On this occasion, Campo-basso gave his opinion, couched in the apologue of the Traveller, the Adder, and the Fox; and reminded the Duke of the advice which Reynard gave to the man, that he should crush his mortal enemy, now that chance had placed his fate at his disposal. Des Comines, who saw the Duke's eyes sparkle at a proposal which his own violence of temper had already repeatedly suggested, hastened to state the possibility, that Louis might not be, in fact, so directly accessory to the sanguinary action which had been committed at Schonwaldt; that he might be able to clear himself of the imputation laid to his charge, and perhaps to make other atonement for the distractions which his intrigues had occasioned in the Duke's dominions, and those of his allies; and that an act of violence perpetrated on the King, was sure to bring both on France and Burgundy a train of the most unhappy consequences, amongst which not the least to be feared was, that the English might avail themselves of the commotions and civil discord which must needs ensue, to repossess themselves of Normandy and Guyenne, and renew those dreadful wars, which had only, and with difficulty, been terminated by the union of both France and Burgundy against the common enemy. Finally, he confessed, that he did not mean to urge the absolute and free dismissal of Louis; but only, that the Duke should avail himself no farther of his present condition, than merely to establish a fair and equitable treaty between the countries, with such security on the King's part, as should make it difficult for him to break his faith, or disturb the internal peace of Burgundy in future. D'Hymbercourt, Crèvecoeur, and others, signified their reprobation of the violent measures proposed by Campo-basso, and their opinion, that in the way of treaty more permanent advantages could be obtained, and in a manner more honourable for Burgundy, than by an action which would stain her with a breach of faith and hospitality.

The Duke listened to these arguments with his looks fixed on the ground, and his brows so knitted together as to bring his bushy eyebrows into one mass. But when Crèvecoeur proceeded to say, that he did not believe Louis either knew of, or was accessory to, the atrocious act of violence committed at Schonwaldt, Charles raised his head, and darting a fierce look at his counsellor, exclaimed, "Have you too, Crèvecoeur, heard the gold of France clink?—Me thinks it rings in my councils as merrily as ever the bells of Saint Denis—Dare any one say that Louis is not the fomentor of these feuds in Flanders?"

"My gracious lord," said Crèvecoeur, "my hand has ever been more conversant with steel than with gold; and so far am I from holding that Louis is free from the charge of having caused the disturbances in Flanders, that it is not long since, in the face of his whole Court, I charged him with that breach of faith, and offered him defiance in your name. But although his intrigues have been doubtless the original cause of these commotions, I am so far from believing that he authorized the death of the Archbishop, that I believe one of his emissaries publicly protested against it; and I could produce the man, were it your Grace's pleasure to see him."

"It is our pleasure," said the Duke. "Saint

George! can you doubt that we desire to act justly? Even in the highest flight of our passion, we are known for an upright and a just judge. We will see France herself—we will ourselves charge him with our wrongs, and ourselves state to him the reparation which we expect and demand. If he shall be found guiltless of this murder, the atonement for other crimes may be more easy—if he hath been guilty, who shall say that a life of penitence in some retired monastery were not a most deserved and a most merciful doom?—Who," he added, kindling as he spoke, "who shall dare to blame a revenge yet more direct and more speedy? Let your witness attend—We will to the Castle at the hour before noon. Some articles we will minute down with which he shall comply, or wo on his head! others shall depend upon the proof. Break up the council and dismiss yourselves. I will but change my dress, as this is scarce a fitting trim in which to wait on my most gracious Sovereign."

With a deep and bitter emphasis on the last expression, the Duke arose, and strode out of the room.

"Louis's safety, and what is worse, the honour of Burgundy, depend on a cast of the die," said D'Hymbercourt to Crèvecoeur and to Des Comines—"Haste thee to the Castle, Des Comines—thou hast a better filed tongue than either Crèvecoeur or I. Explain to Louis what storm is approaching—he will best know how to pilot himself. I trust this life-guardsmen will say nothing which can aggravate; for who knows what may have been the secret commission with which he was charged?"

"The young man," said Crèvecoeur, "seems bold, yet prudent and wary far beyond his years. In all which he said to me he was tender of the King's character, as that of the Prince whom he serves. I trust he will be equally so in the Duke's presence. I must go seek him, and also the young Countess of Croye."

"The Countess!—you told us you had left her at Saint Bridget's Nunnery?"

"Ay, but I was obliged," said the Count, "to send for her express, by the Duke's orders; and she has been brought hither on a litter, as being unable to travel otherwise. She was in a state of the deepest distress, both on account of the uncertainty of the fate of her kinswoman, the Lady Hameline, and the gloom which overhangs her own; guilty as she has been of a feudal delinquency, in withdrawing herself from the protection of her liege lord, Duke Charles, who is not the person in the world most likely to view with indifference what trenches on his seigniorial rights."

The information that the young Countess was in the hands of Charles, added fresh and more pointed thorns to Louis's reflections. He was conscious that, by explaining the intrigues by which he had induced the Lady Hameline and her to resort to Peronne, she might supply that evidence which he had removed by the execution of Zamet Maugrabin; and he knew well how much such proof of his having interfered with the rights of the Duke of Burgundy, would furnish both motive and pretext for Charles's availing himself to the uttermost of his present predicament.

Louis discoursed on these matters with great anxiety to the Sieur Des Comines, whose acute and political talents better suited the King's temper than the blunt martial character of Crèvecoeur, or the feudal haughtiness of D'Hymbercourt.

"These iron-handed soldiers, my good friend Comines," he said to his future historian, "should never enter a King's cabinet, but be left with the halberds and pike-men in the antechamber. Their hands are indeed made for our use, but the monarch who puts their heads to any better occupation than that of anvil for his enemies' swords and maces, ranks with the fool who presented his mistress with a dog-leash for a carcanet. It is with such as thou, Philip, whose eyes are gifted with the quick and keen sense that sees beyond the exterior surface of affairs, that Princes should share their council-table, their cabinet—what do I say?—the most secret recesses of their soul."

Des Comines, himself so keen a spirit, was natu-

rally gratified with the approbation of the most sagacious Prince in Europe; and he could not so far disguise his internal satisfaction, but that Louis was aware he had made some impression on him.

"I would," continued he, "that I had such a servant, or rather that I were worthy to have such a one! I had not then been in this unfortunate situation; which, nevertheless, I should hardly regret, could I but discover any means of securing the services of so experienced a statier."

Des Comines said, that all his faculties, such as they were, were at the service of his Most Christian Majesty, saving always his allegiance to his rightful lord, Duke Charles of Burgundy.

"And am I one who would seduce you from that allegiance?" said Louis, pathetically. "Alas! am I not now endangered by having reposed too much confidence in my vassal? and can the cause of feudal good faith be more sacred with any than with me, whose safety depends on an appeal to it?—No, Philip Des Comines—continue to serve Charles of Burgundy; and you will best serve him, by bringing round a fair accommodation with Louis of France. In doing thus, you will serve us both, and one, at least, will be grateful. I am told your appointments in this Court hardly match those of the Grand Falconer; and thus the services of the wisest counsellor in Europe are put on a level, or rather ranked below, those of a fellow who feeds and physics kites! France has wide lands—her King has much gold. Allow me, my friend, to rectify this scandalous inequality. The means are not distant—Permit me to use them."

The King produced a weighty bag of money; but Des Comines, more delicate in his sentiments than most courtiers of that time, declined the proffer, declaring himself perfectly satisfied with the liberality of his native Prince, and assuring Louis that his desire to serve him could not be increased by the acceptance of any such gratuity as he had proffered.

"Singular man!" exclaimed the King; "let me embrace the only courtier of his time, at once capable and incorruptible. Wisdom is to be desired more than fine gold; and believe me, I trust in thy kindness, Philip, at this pinch, more than I do in the purchased assistance of many who have received my gifts. I know you will not counsel your master to abuse such an opportunity, as fortune, and, to speak plain, Des Comines, as my own folly, has afforded him."

"To abuse it, by no means," answered the historian; "but most certainly to use it."

"How, and in what degree?" said Louis. "I am not ass enough to expect that I shall escape without some ransom—but let it be a reasonable one—yea, I am ever willing to listen to—at Paris or at Plessis, equally as at Peronne."

"Ah, but if like your Majesty," replied Des Comines, "Reason at Paris or Plessis was used to speak in so low and soft a tone of voice, that she could not always gain an audience of your Majesty—at Peronne, she borrows the speaking trumpet of Necessity, and her voice becomes lordly and imperative."

"You are figurative," said Louis, unable to restrain an emotion of peevishness; "I am a dull, blunt man, Sir of Comines. I pray you leave your tropes, and come to plain ground. What does your Duke expect of me?"

"I am the bearer of no propositions, my lord," said Des Comines; "the Duke will soon explain his own pleasure; but some things occur to me as proposals, for which your Majesty ought to hold yourself prepared. As, for example, the final session of these towns here upon the Somme."

"I expected so much," said Louis.

"That you should disown the Liegeois, and William de la Marck."

"As willingly as I disclaim Hell and Satan," said Louis.

"Ample security will be required, by hostages, or occupation of fortresses, or otherwise, that France shall in future abstain from stirring up rebellion among the Flemings."

"It is something new," answered the King, "that a vassal should demand pledges from his Sovereign: but let that pass too."

"A suitable and independent appanage for your illustrious brother, the ally and friend of my master—Normandy or Champagne. The Duke loves your father's house, my liege."

"So well," answered Louis, "that, *mort Dieu!* he's about to make them all kings.—Is your budget of hints yet emptied?"

"Not entirely," answered the counsellor: "it will certainly be required that your Majesty shall forbear molesting, as you have done of late, the Duke de Bretagne, and that you will no longer contest the right, which he and other grand feudatories have, to strike money, to term themselves dukes and princes by the grace of God."

"In a word, to make so many kings of my vassals. Sir Philip, would you make a fratricide of me?—You remember well my brother Charles—he was no sooner Duke of Guyenne than he died.—And what will be left to the descendant and representative of Charlemagne, after giving away these rich provinces, save to be smeared with oil at Rheims, and to eat his dinner under a high canopy?"

"We will diminish your Majesty's concern on that score, by giving you a companion in that solitary exaltation," said Philip des Comines.—"The Duke of Burgundy, though he claims not at present the title of an independent king, desires nevertheless to be freed in future from the abject marks of subjection required of him to the crown of France;—it is his purpose to close his ducal coronet with an imperial arch, and surmount it with a globe, in emblem that his dominions are independent."

"And how dares the Duke of Burgundy, the sworn vassal of France," exclaimed Louis, starting up, and showing an unwonted degree of emotion—"how dares he propose such terms to his Sovereign, as, by every law of Europe, should infer a forfeiture of his fief?"

"The doom of forfeiture it would in this case be difficult to enforce," answered Des Comines, calmly.

"Your Majesty is aware, that the strict interpretation of the feudal law is becoming obsolete even in the Empire, and that superior and vassal endeavour to mend their situation in regard to each other, as they have power and opportunity.—Your Majesty's interferences with the Duke's vassals in Flanders will prove an exculpation of my master's conduct, supposing him to insist that, by enlarging his independence, France should in future be debarred from any pretext of doing so."

"Comines, Comines!" said Louis, arising again, and pacing the room in a pensive manner: "this is a dreadful lesson on the text *Vae victis!*—You cannot mean that the Duke will insist on all these hard conditions?"

"At least I would have your Majesty be in a condition to discuss them all."

"Yet moderation, Des Comines, moderation in success, is—no one knows better than you—necessary to its ultimate advantage."

"So please your Majesty, the merit of moderation as I have observed, most apt to be extolled by the losing party. The winner holds in more esteem the prudence which calls on him not to leave an opportunity unimproved."

"Well, we will consider"—replied the King: "but at least thou hast reached the extremity of your Duke's unreasonable exaction? there can remain nothing—or if there does, for so thy brow intimates—what is it—what indeed can it be—unless it be my crown? which these previous demands, if granted, will deprive of all its lustre?"

"My lord," said Des Comines, "what remains to be mentioned, is a thing partly—indeed in a great measure—within the Duke's own power, though he means to invite your Majesty's accession to it, for in truth it touches you nearly."

"*Pasques-dieu!*" exclaimed the King impatiently: "what is it?—Speak out, Sir Philip—am I to send him my daughter for a concubine, or what other dishonour is he to put on me?"

"No dishonour, my liege; but your Majesty's cousin, the illustrious Duke of Orleans!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the King; but Des Comines proceeded without heeding the interruption.

"—Having conferred his affections on the young Countess Isabelle de Croye, the Duke expects your Majesty will, on your part, as he on his, yield your assent to the marriage, and unite with him in endowing the right noble couple with such an appanage, as, joined to the Countess's estates, may form a fit establishment for a child of France."

"Never, never!" said the King, bursting out into that emotion which he had of late suppressed with much difficulty, and striding about in a disordered haste, which formed the strongest contrast to the self-command which he usually exhibited.—"Never, never!—let them bring scissars, and shear my hair like that of the parish-fool, whom I have so richly resembled! let them bid the monastery or the grave yawn for me—let them bring red-hot basins to sear my eyes—axe or aconite—whatever they will—but Orleans shall not break his plighted faith to my daughter, or marry another while she lives!"

"Your Majesty," said Des Comines, "are you set your mind so keenly against what is proposed, will consider your own want of power to prevent it. Every wise man, when he sees a rock giving way, withdraws from the bootless attempt of preventing the fall."

"But a brave man," said Louis, "will at least find his grave beneath it. Des Comines, consider the great loss—the utter destruction, such a marriage will bring upon my kingdom. Recollect, I have but one feeble boy, and this Orleans is the next heir—consider that the church hath consented to his union with Joan, which unites so happily the interests of both branches of my family,—think on all this, and think too that this union has been the favourite scheme of my whole life—that I have schemed for it, fought for it, watched for it, prayed for it,—and sinned for it. Philip des Comines, I will not forego it! Think, man, think!—pity me in this extremity—thy quick brain can speedily find some substitute for this sacrifice—some ram to be offered up instead of that project which is dear to me as the Patriarch's only son was to him. Philip, pity me!—you, at least, should know, that to men of judgment and foresight, the destruction of the scheme on which they have long dwelt, and for which they have long toiled, is more inexcessibly bitter than the transient grief of ordinary men, whose pursuits are but the gratification of some temporary passion—you, who know how to sympathize with the deeper, the more genuine distress of baffled prudence and disappointed sagacity,—will you not feel for me?"

"My Lord and King!" replied Des Comines, "I do sympathize with your distress, in so far as duty to my master"—

"Do not mention him!" said Louis, acting, or at least appearing to act, under an irresistible and headlong impulse, which withdrew the usual guard which he maintained over his language—"Charles of Burgundy is unworthy of your attachment. He who can insult and strike his counsellors—he who can distinguish the wisest and most faithful among them, by the opprobrious name of Booted-Head!"

The wisdom of Philip des Comines did not prevent his having a high sense of personal consequence; and he was so much struck with the words which the King uttered, as it were, in the career of a passion which overleaped ceremony, that he could only reply by repetition of the words "Booted-Head!" It is impossible that my master the Duke could have so termed the servant who has been at his side since he could mount a palfrey—and that too before a foreign monarch?—it is impossible!"

Louis instantly saw the impression he had made, and avoiding alike a tone of condolence, which might have seemed insulting, and one of sympathy, which might have savoured of affection, he said, with simplicity, and at the same time with dignity, "My misfortunes make me forget my courtesy, else I had not spoken to you of what it must be unpleasant for you to hear. But you have in reply taxed me with ha-

ving uttered impossibilities—this touches my honour; yet I must submit to the charge, if I tell you not the circumstances which the Duke, laughing until his eyes ran over, assigned for the origin of that opprobrious name, which I will not offend your ears by repeating. Thus, then, it chanced. You, Sir Philip Des Comines, were at a hunting-match with the Duke of Burgundy, your master; and when he alighted after the chase, he required your services in drawing off his boots. Reading in your looks, perhaps, some natural resentment of this disparaging treatment, he ordered you to sit down in turn, and rendered you the same office he had just received from you. But offended at your understanding him literally, he no sooner plucked one of your boots off, than he brutally beat it about your head till the blood flowed, exclaiming against the insolence of a subject, who had the presumption to accept of such a service at the hand of his Sovereign; and hence he, or his privileged fool Le Glorieux, is in the current habit of distinguishing you by the absurd and ridiculous name of *Tête-botte*, which makes one of the Duke's most ordinary subjects of pleasantry."

While Louis thus spoke, he had the double pleasure of galling to the quick the person whom he addressed—an exercise which it was in his nature to enjoy, even where he had not, as in the present case, the apology, that he did so in pure retaliation,—and that of observing that he had at length been able to find a point in Des Comines' character which might lead him gradually from the interests of Burgundy to those of France. But although the deep resentment which the offended courtier entertained against his master induced him at a future period to exchange the service of Charles for that of Louis, yet, at the present moment, he was contented to throw out only some general hints of his friendly inclination towards France, which he well knew the King would understand how to interpret. And indeed it would be unjust to stigmatize the memory of the excellent historian with the desertion of his master on this occasion, although he was certainly now possessed with sentiments much more favourable to Louis than when he entered the apartment.

He constrained himself to laugh at the anecdote which Louis had detailed, and then added, "I did not think so trifling a frolic would have dwelt on the mind of the Duke so long as to make it worth telling again. Some such passage there was of drawing off boots and the like, as your Majesty knows that the Duke is fond of rude play; but it has been much exaggerated in his recollection. Let it pass on."

"Ay, let it pass on," said the King; "it is indeed shame it should have detained us a minute.—And now, Sir Philip, I hope you are French so far as to afford me your best counsel in these difficult affairs. You have, I am well aware, the clew to the labyrinth, if you would but impart it."

"Your Majesty may command my best advice and service," replied Des Comines, "under reservation always of my duty to my own master."

This was nearly what the courtier had before stated; but he now repeated it in a tone so different, that whereas Louis understood from the former declaration, that the reserved duty to Burgundy was the prime thing to be considered, so he now saw clearly that the emphasis was reversed, and that more weight was now given by the speaker to his promise of counsel, than to a restriction which seemed interposed for the sake of form and consistency. The King resumed his own seat, and compelled Des Comines to sit by him, listening at the same time to that statesman, as if the words of an oracle sounded in his ears. Des Comines spoke in that low and impressive tone, which implies at once great sincerity and some caution, and at the same time so slowly, as if he was desirous that the King should weigh and consider each

individual word as having its own peculiar and determined meaning. "The things," he said, "which I have suggested for your Majesty's consideration, harsh as they sound in your ear, are but substitutes for still more violent proposals brought forward in the Duke's councils, by such as are more hostile to your Majesty. And I need scarce remind your Majesty, that the more direct and more violent suggestions find readiest acceptance with our master, who loves brief and dangerous measures better than those that are safe, but at the same time circuitous."

"I remember"—said the King, "I have seen him swim a river at the risk of drowning, though there was a bridge to be found for riding two hundred yards round."

"True, Sire; and he that weighs not his life against the gratification of a moment of impetuous passion, will, on the same impulse, prefer the gratification of his will to the increase of his substantial power."

"Most true," replied the King; "a fool will ever grasp rather at the appearance than the reality of authority. All this I know to be true of Charles of Burgundy. But, my dear friend, Des Comines, what do you infer from these premises?"

"Simply this, my lord," answered the Burgundian, "that as your Majesty has seen a skilful angler control a large and heavy fish, and finally draw him to land by a single hair, which fish had broke through a tackle tenfold stronger, had the fisher presumed to strain the line on him, instead of giving him head enough for all his wild flourishes; even so your Majesty, by gratifying the Duke in these particulars on which he has pitched his ideas of honour, and the gratification of his revenge, may evade many of the other unpalatable propositions at which I have hinted; and which—including, I must state openly to your Majesty, some of those through which France would be most especially weakened—will slide out of his remembrance and attention, and, being referred to subsequent conferences and future discussion, may be altogether eluded."

"I understand you, my good Sir Philip; but to the matter," said the King, "to which of those happy propositions is your Duke so much wedded, that contradiction will make him unreasonable and untractable?"

"To any or to all of them, if it please your Majesty, on which you may happen to contradict him. This is precisely what your Majesty must avoid; and to take up my former parable, you must needs remain on the watch, ready to give the Duke line enough whenever he shoots away under the impulse of his rage. His fury, already considerably abated, will waste itself if he be unopposed, and you will presently find him become more friendly and more tractable."

"Still," said the King, musing, "there must be some particular demands which lie deeper at my cousin's heart than the other proposals. Were I but aware of these, Sir Philip!"

"Your Majesty may make the lightest of his demands the most important, simply by opposing it," said Des Comines; "nevertheless, my lord, thus far I can say, that every shadow of treaty will be broken off, if your Majesty renounce not William de la Mark and the Liegeons."

"I have already said that I will disown them," said the King, "and well they deserve it at my hand; the villains have commenced their uproar at a moment that might have cost me my life."

"He that fires a train of powder," replied the historian, "must expect a speedy explosion of the mine.—But more than mere disavowal of their cause will be expected of your Majesty by Duke Charles; for know, that he will demand your Majesty's assistance to put the insurrection down, and your royal presence to witness the punishment which he destines for the rebels."

"That may scarce consist with our honour, Des Comines," said the King.

"To refuse it will scarcely consist with your Majesty's safety," replied Des Comines. "Charles is determined to show the people of Flanders, that no hope, nay no promise, of assistance from France, will save

* The story is told more bluntly, and less probably, in the French memoirs of the period, which affirm that Comines, out of a presumption inconsistent with his excellent good sense, had asked of Charles of Burgundy to draw off his boots, without having been treated with any previous familiarity to lead to such a freedom. I have endeavoured to give the anecdote a turn more consistent with the sense and prudence of the great author concerned.

in their mutinies from the wrath and vengeance grundy."

"Sir Philip, I will speak plainly," answered he—"Could we but procrastinate the matter, not these rogues of Liege make their own part against Duke Charles? The knaves are numerous and steady—Can they not hold out their town to him?"

"With the help of the thousand archers of France, your Majesty promised them, they might have something; but"

"I promised them!" said the King—"Alas! Sir Philip! you much wrong me in saying so." But without whom," continued Des Comines, ending the interruption,—"as your Majesty will be likely find it convenient to supply them,—chance will the burghers have of making good omen, in whose walls the large breaches made by us after the battle of St. Tron are still unrepaired; at the lances of Hainault, Brabant, and Burgundy advance to the attack twenty men in front?"

"Be imprudent idiots!" said the King—"If they thus neglected their own safety, they deserve y protection.—Pass on—I will make no quarrel for sake."

"Be next point, I fear, will sit closer to your Majesty's heart," said Des Comines.

"I replied the King, "you mean that infernal age! I will not consent to the breach of the contract with my daughter Joan and my cousin of France—it would be wresting the sceptre of France from me and my posterity; for that feeble boy the Duke is a blighted blossom, which will wither out fruit. This match between Joan of Orleans and my thought by day, my dream by night—I see, Sir Philip, I cannot give it up!—Besides, it is human to require me, with my own hand, to do at once my own scheme of policy, and the happiness of a pair brought up for each other."

"Are they then so much attached?" said Des Comines.

"One of them at least is," said the King, "and the for whom I am bound to be most anxious. But smile, Sir Philip,—you are no believer in the force of love."

"Nay," said Des Comines, "if it please you, Sire, a so little an infidel in that particular, that I was at to ask whether it would reconcile you in any way to your acquiescing in the proposed marriage with the Duke of Orleans and Isabelle de Croye, so I to satisfy you that the Countess's inclinations so much fixed on another, that it is likely it will be a match?"

"King Louis sighed.—"Alas!" he said, "my good dear friend, from what sepulchre have you drawn a dead man's comfort? Her inclination, indeed!—Nay, to speak truth, supposing that Orleans detested daughter Joan, yet, but for this ill-ravelled web of mischance, he must needs have married her; so may conjecture how little chance there is of this being able to refuse him under a similar condition, and he a Child of France besides.—Ah, no, little fear of her standing obstinate against the of such a lover.—*Varium et mutabile*, Philip."

"Your Majesty may, in the present instance, understand the obstinate courage of this young lady. She is of a race determinedly wilful; and I have led out of Crèvecœur that she has formed a romantic attachment to a young squire, who, to say the least, rendered her many services on the road."

"Ha!" said the King,—"an archer of my Guards, name Quentin Durward?"

"The same, as I think," said Des Comines; "he is made prisoner along with the Countess, travelling almost alone together."

"Now, our Lord and our Lady, and Monseigneur at Martin, and Monseigneur Saint Julian, be praised every one of them!" said the King, "and all laud I honour to the learned Galeotti, who read in the records that this youth's destiny was connected with me! If the maiden be so attached to him as to make her refractory to the will of Burgundy, this Quentin is indeed been rarely useful to me."

"I believe, my lord," answered the Burgundian,

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"according to Crèvecœur's report, that there is some chance of her being sufficiently obstinate; besides, doubtless, the noble Duke himself, notwithstanding what your Majesty was pleased to hint in way of supposition, will not willingly renounce his fair cousin, to whom he has been long engaged."

"Umph!" answered the King—"But you have never seen my daughter Joan.—A howlet, man!—an absolute owl, whom I am ashamed of! But let him be only a wise man, and marry her, I will give him leave to be mad *par amour* for the fairest lady in France.—And now, Philip, have you given me the full map of your master's mind?"

"I have possessed you, Sire, of those particulars on which he is at present most disposed to insist. But your Majesty well knows that the Duke's disposition is like a sweeping torrent, which only passes smoothly forward when its waves encounter no opposition; and what may be presented to chafe him into fury, it is impossible even to guess. Were more distinct evidence of your Majesty's practices (pardon the phrase, where there is so little time for selection) with the Liegeois and William de la Marck to occur unexpectedly, the issue might be terrible.—There are strange news from that country—they say La Marck hath married Hameline the elder Countess of Croye."

"That old fool was so mad on marriage, that she would have accepted the hand of Satan," said the King; "but that La Marck, beast as he is, should have married her, rather more surprises me."

"There is a report also," continued Des Comines, "that an envoy, or herald, on La Marck's part, is approaching Peronne;—this is like to drive the Duke frantic with rage—I trust that he has no letters, or the like, to show on your Majesty's part."

"Letters to a Wild Boar!" answered the King.—"No, no, Sir Philip, I was no such fool as to cast pearls before swine.—What little intercourse I had with the brute animal was by message, in which I always employed such low-bred slaves and vagabonds, that their evidence would not be received in a trial for robbing a hen-roost."

"I can then only farther recommend," said Des Comines, taking his leave, "that your Majesty should remain on your guard, be guided by events, and, above all, avoid using any language or argument with the Duke which may better become your dignity than your present condition."

"If my dignity," said the King, "grow troublesome to me,—which it seldom doth while there are deeper interests to think of,—I have a special remedy for that swelling of the heart.—It is but looking into a certain ruinous closet, Sir Philip, and thinking of the death of Charles the Simple; and it cures me as effectually as the cold bath would cool a fever.—And now, my friend and monitor, must thou be gone? Well, Sir Philip, the time must come when thou wilt tire reading lessons of state policy to the Bull of Burgundy, who is incapable of comprehending your most simple argument.—If Louis of Valois then lives, thou hast a friend in the Court of France. I tell thee, my Philip, it would be a blessing to my kingdom should I ever acquire thee; who, with a profound view of subjects of state, hast also a conscience, capable of feeling and discerning between right and wrong. So help me, our Lord and Lady, and Monseigneur Saint Martin, Oliver and Balue have hearts as hardened as the nether millstone; and my life is embittered by remorse and penances for the crimes they make me commit. Thou, Sir Philip, possessed of the wisdom of present and past times, canst teach how to become great without ceasing to be virtuous."

"A hard task, and which few have attained," said the historian; "but which is yet within the reach of princes, who will strive for it. Meantime, Sire, be prepared, for the Duke will presently confer with you."

"Louis looked long after Philip when he left the apartment, and at length burst into a bitter laugh. "He spoke of fishing—I have sent him home, a trout properly tickled!—And he thinks himself virtuous because he took no bribe, but contented himself with flattery and promises, and the pleasure of avenging an affront to his vanity!—Why, he is but so much

the poorer for the refusal of the money—not a jot the more honest. He must be mine, though, for he hath the shrewdest head among them.—Well, now for nobler game! I am to face this leviathan Charles, who will presently swim hitherward, cleaving the deep before him. I must, like a trembling sailor, throw a tub overboard to amuse him. But I may one day find the chance—of driving a harpoon into his entrails!"*

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier.—Gentle maiden,
Keep you your promise plight—leave age its subtleties,
And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;
But be you candid as the morning sky;
Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.—*The Trial.*

On the perilous and important morning which preceded the meeting of the two Princes in the Castle of Peronne, Oliver le Dain did his master the service of an active and skilful agent, making interest for Louis in every quarter, both with presents and promises; so that when the Duke's anger should blaze forth, all around should be interested to smother, and not to increase, the conflagration. He glided, like night, from tent to tent, from house to house, making himself friends, but not in the Apostle's sense, with the Mammon of unrighteousness. As was said of another active political agent, "his finger was in every man's palm, his mouth was in every man's ear;" and for various reasons, some of which we have formerly hinted at, he secured the favour of many Burgundian nobles, who either had something to hope or fear from France, or who thought that, were the power of Louis too much reduced, their own Duke would be likely to pursue the road to despotic authority, to which his heart naturally inclined him, with a daring and unopposed pace.

Where Oliver suspected his own presence or arguments might be less acceptable, he employed that of other servants of the King; and it was in this manner that he obtained, by the favour of the Count de Crèvecoeur, an interview betwixt Lord Crawford, accompanied by Le Balafré, and Quentin Durward, who, since he had arrived at Peronne, had been detained in a sort of honourable confinement. Private affairs were assigned as the cause of requesting this meeting; but it is probable that Crèvecoeur, who was afraid that his master might be stirred up in passion to do something dishonourably violent towards Louis, was not sorry to afford an opportunity to Crawford to give some hints to the young archer, which might prove useful to his master.

The meeting between the countrymen was cordial, and even affecting.

"Thou art a singular youth," said Crawford, stroking the head of young Durward, as a grandsire might

* There is little doubt that during the interesting scene at Peronne, Philip des Comines first learned intimately to know the great powers of mind of Louis XI., by which he was so much dazzled that it is impossible, in reading his Memoirs, not to be sensible that he was blinded by them to the more odious shades of his character. He entertained from this time forward a partiality to France. The historian passed into France about 1472, and rose high in the good graces of Louis XI. He afterwards became the proprietor of the Lordship of Argenton and others, a title which was given him by anticipation in the former editions of his work. He did not obtain it till he was in the French service. After the death of Louis, Philip des Comines fell under the suspicion of the daughter of Louis, called our Lady of Beaujeu, as too zealous a partisan of the rival House of Orleans. The historian himself was imprisoned for eight months in one of the iron cages which he has so forcibly described. It was there that he regretted the fate of a court life. "I have ventured on the great ocean," he said, in his affliction, "and the waves have devoured me." He was subjected to a trial, and exiled from court for some years by the Parliament of Paris, being found guilty of holding intercourse with disaffected persons. He survived this cloud, however, and was afterwards employed by Charles VIII. in one or two important missions, where talents were required. Louis XII. also transferred his favour to the historian, but did not employ him. He died at his Castle of Argenton, in 1509, and was regretted as one of the most profound statesmen, and certainly the best historian of his age. In a poem to his memory by the poet Ronsard, he received the distinguished praise that he was the first to show the lustre which valour and noble blood derived from being united with learning.

do that of his descendant; "Certes, you have had as meikle good fortune as if you had been born with a lucky hood on your head."

"All comes of his gaining an archer's place at such early years," said Le Balafré; "I never was so much talked of, fair nephew, because I was five-and-twenty years old before I was *hors de page*."

"And an ill-looking mountainous monster of a page thou wert, Ludovic," said the old commander, "with a beard like a baker's shool, and a back like old Wallace Wight."

"I fear," said Quentin, with downcast eyes, "I shall enjoy that title to distinction but a short time—since it is my purpose to resign the service of the Archer-guard."

Le Balafré was struck almost mute with astonishment, and Crawford's ancient features gleamed with displeasure. The former at length mustered words enough to say, "Resign!—leave your place in the Scottish Archers!—such a thing was never dreamt of. I would not give up my situation, to be made Constable of France."

"Hush! Ludovic," said Crawford; "this youngster knows better how to shape his course with the wind than we of the old world do. His journey hath given him some pretty tales to tell about King Louis; and he is turning Burgundian, that he may make his own little profit by telling them to Duke Charles."

"If I thought so," said Le Balafré, "I would cut his throat with my own hand, were he fifty times my sister's son!"

"But you would first inquire, whether I deserved to be so treated, fair kinsman?" answered Quentin;—"and you, my lord, know that I am no tale-bearer; nor shall either question or torture draw out of me a word to King Louis's prejudice, which may have come to my knowledge while I was in his service.—So far my oath of duty keeps me silent. But I will not remain in that service, in which, besides the perils of fair battle with mine enemies, I am to be exposed to the dangers of ambuscade on the part of my friends."

"Nay, if he objects to lying in ambuscade," said the slow-witted Le Balafré, looking sorrowfully at the Lord Crawford, "I am afraid, my lord, that all is over with him! I myself have had thirty beatments break upon me, and truly I think I have had an ambuscade twice as often myself, it being a favourite practice in our King's mode of making war."

"It is so indeed, Ludovic," answered Lord Crawford; "nevertheless, hold your peace, for I believe I understand this gear better than you do."

"I wish to our Lady you may, my lord," answered Ludovic; "but it wounds me to the very midriff, to think my sister's son should fear an ambuscament."

"Young man," said Crawford, "I partly guess your meaning. You have met foul play on the road where you travelled by the King's command, and you think you have reason to charge him with being the author of it?"

"I have been threatened with foul play in the execution of the King's commission," answered Quentin; "but I have had the good fortune to elude it, whether his Majesty be innocent or guilty in the matter, I leave to God and his own conscience. He led me when I was a-hungered—received me when I was a wandering stranger. I will never load him in his adversity with accusations which may indeed be unjust, since I heard them only from the victor's mouths."

"My dear boy—my own lad!" said Crawford, taking him in his arms—"Ye think like a Scot, every joint of you! Like one that will forget a cause of quarrel with a friend whose back is already at the wall, and remember nothing of him but his kindness."

"Since my Lord Crawford has embraced my nephew," said Ludovic Lemly, "I will embrace him also—though I would have you to know, that to understand the service of an ambuscament is as necessary to a soldier, as it is to a priest to be able to read his breviary."

Be hushed, Ludovic," said Crawford; "ye are an my friend, and ken not the blessing Heaven has : you in this braw callant.—And now tell me, natin, my man, hath the King any advice of this re, christian, and manly resolution of yours? for, man, he hath need, in his strait, to ken what he to reckon upon. Had he but brought the whole ade of Guards with him!—But God's will be done ens he of your purpose, think you?"

"I really can hardly tell," answered Quentin; t I assured his learned astrologer, Martius Ga-i, of my resolution to be silent on all that could re the King with the Duke of Burgundy. The iculars which I suspect, I will not (under your ur) communicate even to your lordship; and to philosopher I was, of course, far less willing to d myself."

Ha! ha!"—answered Lord Crawford—"Oliver ndeed tell me that Galeotti prophesied most stout-ncerning the line of conduct you were to hold; I am truly glad to find he did so on better au-ity than the stars."

He prophesied?" said Le Balafre, laughing; "the s never told him that honest Ludovic Leaky used elp yonder wench of his to spend the fair ducats lings into her lap."

Hush! Ludovic," said his captain, "hush! thou it, man!—If thou dost not respect my gray hairs, use I have been e'en too much of a *routier* my- respect the boy's youth and innocence, and let ave no more of such unbecoming daffing."

Your honour may say your pleasure," answered ovic Leaky; "but, by my faith, second-sighted nders Souplejaw, the town-souter of Glen-boula- was worth Galeotti, or Gallipotty, or whatever all him, twice told, for a prophet. He foretold : all my sister's children would die some day; and oretd it in the very hour that the youngest was n, and that is this lad Quentin—who, no doubt will day die, to make up the prophecy—the more is the —the whole curney of them is gone but himself. l Saunders foretold to myself one day, that I uld be made by marriage, which doubtless will o happen in due time, though it hath not yet e to pass—though how or when, I can hardly as, as I care not myself for the wedded state, and eutin is but a lad. Also, Saunders predicted."

"Nay," said Lord Crawford, "unless the prediction singularly to the purpose, I must cut you short, my od Ludovic; for both you and I must now leave nephew, with prayers to Our Lady to strengthen n in the good mind he is in; for this is a case in ich a light word might do more mischief than all s Parliament of Paris could mend.—My blessing fit you, my lad; and be in no hurry to think of aving our body, for there will be good blows going eantly in the eye of day, and no ambuscade."

And my blessing too, nephew," said Ludovic ely; "for, since you have satisfied our most noble ain, I also am satisfied, as in duty bound."

"Stay, my lord," said Quentin, and led Lord sword a little apart from his uncle. "I must not et to mention, that there is a person besides the world, who, having learned from me these umstances, which it is essential to King Louis's ty should at present remain concealed, may not k that the same obligation of secrecy, which eches to me as the King's soldier, and as having e, relieved by his bounty, is at all binding on

On her?" replied Crawford; "nay, if there be man in the secret, the Lord ha' mercy, for we all on the rocks again!"

Do not suppose so, my lord," replied Durward, it use your interest with the Count of Crèveceur ermit me an interview with the Countess Isabelle oye, who is the party possessed of my secret, I doubt not that I can persuade her to be as si- as I shall unquestionably myself remain, con- ge whatever may incense the Duke against King in."

He old soldier mused for a long time—looked up e ceiling, then down again upon the floor—then k his head,—and at length said, "There is

something in all this, which, by my honour, I do not understand. The Countess Isabelle of Croye!—an interview with a lady of her birth, blood, and posses- sions!—and thou, a raw Scottish lad, so certain of carrying thy point with her? Thou art either strange- ly confident, my young friend, or else you have used your time well upon the journey. But, by the Cross of Saint Andrew! I will move Crèveceur in thy behalf; and, as he truly fears that Duke Charles may be provoked against the King to the extremity of falling foul, I think it likely he may grant thy re- quest, though, by my honour, it is a comical one!"

So saying, and shrugging up his shoulders, the old Lord left the apartment, followed by Ludovic Leaky, who forming his looks on those of his principal, endeavoured, though knowing nothing of the cause of his wonder, to look as mysterious and im- portant as Crawford himself.

In a few minutes Crawford returned, but without his attendant Le Balafre. The old man seemed in singular humour, laughing and chuckling to himself in a manner which strangely distorted his stern and rigid features, and at the same time shaking his head, as at something which he could not help condemning, while he found it irresistibly ludicrous. "My certes, countryman," said he, "but you are not blate—you will never lose fair lady for faint heart! Crèveceur swallowed your proposal as he would have done a cup of vinegar, and swore to me roundly, by all the saints in Burgundy, that were less than the honour of princes and the peace of kingdoms at stake, you should never see even so much as the print of the Countess Isabelle's foot on the clay. Were it not that he had a dame, and a fair one, I would have thought that he meant to break a lance for the prize himself. Perhaps he thinks of his nephew, the County Stephen. A Countess!—would no less serve you to be minting at?—But come along—your interview with her must be brief—But I fancy you know how to make the most of little time—ho! ho! ho!—By my faith, I can hardly chide thee for the presumption, I have such a good will to laugh at it!"

With a brow like scarlet, at once offended and dis- concerted by the blunt inferences of the old soldier, and vexed at beholding in what an absurd light his passion was viewed by every person of experience, Durward followed Lord Crawford in silence to the Ursuline convent, in which the Countess was lodged, and in the parlour of which he found the Count de Crèveceur.

"So, young gallant," said the latter, sternly, "you must see the fair companion of your romantic expedi- tion once more, it seems?"

"Yes, my Lord Count," answered Quentin, firmly; "and what is more, I must see her alone."

"That shall never be," said the Count de Crève- ceur.—"Lord Crawford, I make you judge. This young lady, the daughter of my old friend and com- panion in arms, the richest heiress in Burgundy, has confessed a sort of a—what was I going to say?—in short, she is a fool, and your man-at-arms here a presumptuous coxcomb—In a word, they shall not meet alone."

"Then will I not speak a single word to the Countess in your presence," said Quentin, much de- lighted. "You have told me much that I did not dare presumptuous as I may be, even to hope."

"Ay, truly said, my friend," said Crawford. "You have been imprudent in your communications; and, since you refer to me, and there is a good stout gra- tting across the parlour, I would advise you to trust to it, and let them do the worst with their tongues. What, man! the life of a King, and many thousands besides, is not to be weighed with the chance of two young things whilly-whawing in ilk other's ears for a minute?"

So saying, he dragged off Crèveceur, who follow- ed very reluctantly, and cast many angry glances at the young Archer as he left the room.

In a moment after, the Countess Isabelle entered on the other side of the grate, and no sooner saw Quentin alone in the parlour, than she stopped short, and cast her eyes on the ground for the space of half a minute. "Yet why should I be ungrateful," she

said, "because others are unjustly suspicious?—My friend—my preserver, I may almost say, so much have I been beset by treachery—my only faithful and constant friend!"

As she spoke thus, she extended her hand to him through the grate, nay, suffered him to retain it, until he had covered it with kisses, not unmingled with tears. She only said, "Durward, were we ever to meet again, I would not permit this folly."

If it be considered that Quentin had guarded her through so many perils—that he had been, in truth, her only faithful and zealous protector, perhaps my fair readers, even if countesses and heiresses should be of the number, will pardon the derogation.

But the Countess extricated her hand at length, and stepping a pace back from the grate, asked Durward, in a very embarrassed tone, what boon he had to ask of her?—"For that you have a request to make, I have learned from the old Scottish Lord, who came here but now with my cousin of Crèvecœur. Let it be but reasonable," she said, "but such as poor Isabelle can grant with duty and honour unfringed, and you cannot tax my slender powers too highly. But, O! do not speak hastily,—do not say," she added, looking around with timidity, "aught that might, if overheard, do prejudice to us both!"

"Fear not, noble lady," said Quentin, sorrowfully; "it is not here that I can forget the distance which fate has placed between us, or expose you to the censure of your proud kindred, as the object of the most devoted love to one, poorer and less powerful—not perhaps less noble than themselves. Let that pass like a dream of the night to all but one bosom, where, dream as it is, it will fill up the room of all existing realities."

"Hush! hush!" said Isabelle; "for your own sake,—for mine,—be silent on such a theme. Tell me rather what it is you have to ask of me."

"Forgiveness to one," replied Quentin, "who, for his own selfish views, hath conducted himself as your enemy."

"I trust I forgive all my enemies," answered Isabelle; "but oh, Durward! through what scenes have your courage and presence of mind protected me!—Yonder bloody hall—the good Bishop—I knew not till yesterday half the horrors I had unconsciously witnessed!"

"Do not think on them," said Quentin, who saw the transient colour which had come to her cheek during their conference, fast fading into the most deadly paleness—"Do not look back, but look steadily forward, as they needs must who walk in a perilous road. Harken to me. King Louis deserves nothing better at your hand, of all others, than to be proclaimed the wily and insidious politician, which he really is. But to tax him as the encourager of your flight—still more as the author of a plan to throw you into the hands of De la Marck—will at this moment produce perhaps the King's death or dethronement; and, at all events, the most bloody war between France and Burgundy which the two countries have ever been engaged in."

"These evils shall not arrive for my sake, if they can be prevented," said the Countess Isabelle; "and indeed your slightest request were enough to make me forego my revenge, were that at any time a passion which I deeply cherish. Is it possible I would rather remember King Louis's injuries, than your invaluable services?—Yet how is this to be?—When I am called before my Sovereign, the Duke of Burgundy, I must either stand silent, or speak the truth. The former would be contumacy; and to a false tale you will not desire me to train my tongue."

"Surely not," said Durward; "but let your evidence concerning Louis be confined to what you yourself positively know to be truth; and when you mention what others have reported, no matter how credibly, let it be as reports only, and beware of pledging your own personal evidence to that, which, though you may fully believe, you cannot personally know to be true. The assembled Council of Burgundy cannot refuse to a Monarch the justice, which in my country is rendered to the meanest person un-

der accusation. They must esteem him innocent until direct and sufficient proof shall demonstrate his guilt. Now, what does not consist with your own certain knowledge, should be proved by other evidence than your report from hearsay."

"I think I understand you," said the Countess Isabelle.

"I will make my meaning plainer," said Quentin and was illustrating it accordingly by more than one instance, when the convent-bell tolled.

"That," said the Countess, "is a signal that we must part—part for ever!—But do not forget me, Durward; I will never forget you—your faithful services!"

She could not speak more, but again extended her hand, which was again pressed to his lips; and I know not how it was, that, in endeavouring to withdraw her hand, the Countess came so close to the grating, that Quentin was encouraged to press the adieu on her lips. The young lady did not chide him—perhaps there was no time; for Crèvecœur and Crawford, who had been from some loop-hole eyewitnesses, if not ear-witnesses also, of what was passing, rushed into the apartment, the first in a towering passion, the latter laughing, and holding the Count back.

"To your chamber, young mistress—to your chamber!" exclaimed the Count to Isabelle, who, flung down her veil, retired in all haste,—which should be exchanged for a cell, and bread and water,—did you, gentle sir, who are so malapert, the time all come when the interests of kings and kingdoms may not be connected with such as you are; and you then learn the penalty of your audacity in raising your beggarly eyes!"

"Hush! hush!—enough said—rein up—rein up," said the old Lord;—"and you, Quentin, I command you, be silent, and begone to your quarters. There is no such room for so much scorn neither. The Count of Crèvecœur, that I must say now he is out of hearing—Quentin Durward is as much a gentleman as the King, only, as the Spaniard says, not so rich. He is as noble as myself, and I am chief of my name. Tush, tush! man, you must not speak us of penalties."

"My lord, my lord," said Crèvecœur, impatiently, "the insolence of these foreign mercenaries is provoking, and should receive rather rebuke than encouragement from you, who are their leader."

"My Lord Count," answered Crawford, "I have ordered my command for these fifty years, without advice either from Frenchman or Burgundian; and I intend to do so, under your favour, so long as I shall continue to hold it."

"Well, well, my lord," said Crèvecœur, "I must you no disrespect; your nobleness, as well as your age, entitle you to be privileged in your impatience; and for these young people, I am satisfied to overlook the past, since I will take care that they never meet again."

"Do not take that upon your salvation, Crèvecœur," said the old Lord, laughing; "mountain is said, may meet, and why not mortal creatures that have legs, and life and love to put those legs in motion? You kiss, Crèvecœur, came tenderly off—it thinks it was ominous."

"You are striving again to disturb my patient," said Crèvecœur, "but I will not give you that advantage over me—Hark! they toll the summons to the Castle—an awful meeting, of which God only foretel the issue."

"This issue I can foretel," said the old Scottish Lord, "that if violence is to be offered to the person of the King, few as his friends are, and surrounded by his enemies, he shall neither fall alone nor be avenged; and grieved I am, that his own political orders have prevented my taking measures to prepare for such an issue."

"My Lord of Crawford," said the Burgundian, "to anticipate such evil is the sure way to give occasion to it. Obey the orders of your royal master, and give no pretext for violence by taking hasty offence, and you will find that the day will pass over more smoothly than you now conjecture."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE INVESTIGATION.

He rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up—your heart is up, I know,
Thou high at least—although your knee—

King Richard II.

In the first toll of the bell, which was to summon great nobles of Burgundy together in council, with very few French peers who could be present on occasion, Duke Charles, followed by a part of his men, armed with partisans and battle-axes, entered the Hall of Herbert's Tower, in the Castle of Peene. King Louis, who had expected the visit, arose, made two steps towards the Duke, and then reined standing with an air of dignity, which, in spite of the meanness of his dress, and the familiarity of his ordinary manners, he knew very well how to assume when he judged it necessary. Upon the present importunities, the composure of his demeanour had an instant effect upon his rival, who changed the abrupt hasty step with which he entered the apartment, to one more becoming a great vassal entering the presence of his Lord Paramount. Apparently the Duke had formed the internal resolution to treat him, in the outset at least, with the formalities due to his high station; but at the same time it was evident, that, in doing so, he put no small constraint on the fiery impatience of his own disposition, and was scarce able to control the feelings of resentment, the thirst of revenge, which boiled in his bosom. Hence, though he compelled himself to use the outward acts, and in some degree the language, of courtesy and reverence, his colour came and went rapidly, his voice was abrupt, hoarse, and broken—his limbs shook, as if impatient of the curb imposed on his motions—he frowned and bit his lip until the blood came—every look and movement showed that the most moderate prince who ever lived, was under the dominion of one of his most violent paroxysms of rage.

The King marked this war of passion with a calm untroubled eye; for, though he gathered from the Duke's looks a foretaste of the bitterness of death, which he dreaded alike as a mortal and a sinful man, he was resolved, like a wary and skilful pilot, not to suffer himself to be disconcerted by his own rage, nor to abandon the helm, while there was a chance of saving the vessel by adroit pilotage. Therefore, when the Duke, in a hoarse and broken tone, mentioned the scarcity of his accommodations, answered with a smile, that he could not complain, as he had as yet found Herbert's Tower a better dwelling than it had proved to one of his ancestors. "They told you the tradition then?" said Charles. "Yes—here he was slain—but it was because he refused to take the cowl, and finish his days in a monastery."

"The more fool he," said Louis, affecting unconcern, "since he gained the torment of being a martyr, about the merit of being a saint."

"I come," said the Duke, "to pray your Majesty to send a high council, at which things of weight are to be deliberated upon concerning the welfare of France and Burgundy. You will presently meet them, as it is, if such be your pleasure."

"Nay, my fair cousin," said the King, "never strain yourself so far, as to entreat what you may so boldly demand—To council, since such is your Grace's sure. We are somewhat shorn of our train," he added, looking upon the small suite that arranged themselves to attend him—"but you, cousin, must be out for us both."

Accompanied by Toison d'Or, chief of the heralds of Burgundy, the Princes left the Earl Herbert's Tower, entered the castle-yard, which Louis observed was filled with the Duke's body-guard and men-at-arms, suddenly accounted for, and drawn up in martial array. Passing the court, they entered the Council-hall, which was in a much more modern part of the building than that of which Louis had been the tenant, though in disrepair, had been hastily arranged for the solemnity of a public council. Two chairs of

state were erected under the same canopy, that for the King being raised two steps higher than the one which the Duke was to occupy; about twenty of the chief nobility sat, arranged in due order, on either hand of the chair of state; and thus, when both the Princes were seated, the person for whose trial, as it might be called, the council was summoned, held the highest place, and appeared to preside in it.

It was perhaps to get rid of this inconsistency, and the scruples which might have been inspired by it, that Duke Charles, having bowed slightly to the royal chair, bluntly opened the sitting with the following words:—

"My good vassals and counsellors, it is not unknown to you what disturbances have arisen in our territories, both in our father's time, and in our own, from the rebellion of vassals against superiors, and subjects against their princes. And lately, we have had the most dreadful proof of the height to which these evils have arrived in our case, by the scandalous flight of the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and her aunt the Lady Hameline, to take refuge with a foreign power, thereby renouncing their fealty to us, and inferring the forfeiture of their fiefs; and in another more dreadful and deplorable instance, by the sacrilegious and bloody murder of our beloved brother and ally the Bishop of Liege, and the rebellion of that treacherous city, which was but too mildly punished for the last insurrection. We have been informed that these sad events may be traced, not merely to the inconstancy and folly of women, and the presumption of pampered citizens, but to the agency of foreign power, and the interference of a mighty neighbour, from whom, if good deeds could merit any return in kind, Burgundy could have expected nothing but the most sincere and devoted friendship. If this should prove truth," said the Duke, setting his teeth, and pressing his heel against the ground, "what consideration shall withhold us—the means being in our power—from taking such measures, as shall effectually, and at the very source, close up the main spring, from which these evils have yearly flowed on us?"

The Duke had begun his speech with some calmness, but he elevated his voice at the conclusion; and the last sentence was spoken in a tone which made all the counsellors tremble, and brought a transient fit of paleness across the King's cheek. He instantly recalled his courage, however, and addressed the council in his turn, in a tone evincing so much ease and composure, that the Duke, though he seemed desirous to interrupt or stop him, found no decent opportunity to do so.

"Nobles of France and of Burgundy," he said, "Knights of the Holy Spirit and of the Golden Fleece! since a King must plead his cause as an accused person, he cannot desire more distinguished judges, than the flower of nobleness, and muster and pride of chivalry. Our fair cousin of Burgundy hath but darkened the dispute between us, in so far as his courtesy has declined to state it in precise terms. I, who have no cause for observing such delicacy, nay, whose condition permits me not to do so, crave leave to speak more precisely. It is to Us, my lords—to Us, his liege Lord, his kinsman, his ally,—that unhappy circumstances, perverting our cousin's clear judgment and better nature, have induced him to apply the hateful charges of seducing his vassals from their allegiance, stirring up the people of Liege to revolt, and stimulating the outlawed William de la Marck to commit a most cruel and sacrilegious murder. Nobles of France and Burgundy, I might truly appeal to the circumstances in which I now stand, as being in themselves a complete contradiction of such an accusation; for is it to be supposed, that, having the sense of a rational being left me, I should have thrown myself unreservedly into the power of the Duke of Burgundy, while I was practising treachery against him, such as could not fail to be discovered, and which, being discovered, must place me, as I now stand, in the power of a justly exasperated prince? The folly of one who should seat himself quietly down to repose on a mine, after he had lighted the match which was to cause instant explosion, would have been wisdom compared to

... closely united communities, assailed by the
whose numerous virtues, qualities, and
teers of these unhappy wanderers for a little while,
and the mediator betwixt them and their liege Lord.
I say, therefore, the only circumstances which seem
in my brother of Burgundy's hasty view of this sub-
ject, to argue unworthy suspicions against me, are
such as can be explained on the fairest and most ho-
nourable motives; and I say, moreover, that no one
particle of credible evidence can be brought to support
the injurious charges which have induced my brother
to alter his friendly looks towards one who came to
him in full confidence of friendship—have caused him
to turn his festive hall into a court of justice, and his
hospitable apartments into a prison."

"My lord, my lord," said Charles, breaking in so
soon as the King paused, "for your being here at a
time so unluckily coinciding with the execution of
your projects, I can only account by supposing, that
those who make it their trade to impose on others, do
sometimes egregiously delude themselves. The en-
gineer is sometimes killed by the springing of his own
petard.—For what is to follow, let it depend on the
event of this solemn inquiry.—Bring hither the Count-
ess Isabelle of Croye!"

As the young lady was introduced, supported on
the one side by the Countess of Crèvecœur, who had
her husband's commands to that effect, and on the
other by the Abbess of the Ursuline convent, Charles
exclaimed, with his usual harshness of voice and
manner,—"Soh! sweet Princess—you, who could
scarce find breath to answer us when we last laid our
just and reasonable commands on you, yet have had
wind enough to run as long a course as ever did
hunted doe—what think you of the fair work you
have made between two great Princes, and two
mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for
your baby face?"

The publicity of the scene, and the violence of
Charles's manner, totally overcame the resolution
which Isabelle had formed, of throwing herself at the
Duke's feet, and imploring him to take possession of
her estates, and permit her to retire into a cloister.
She stood motionless, like a terrified female in a
storm, who hears the thunder roll on every side of
her, and apprehends, in every fresh peal, the bolt
which is to strike her dead. The Countess of Crève-
cœur, a woman of spirit equal to her birth, and to the
honour which she possessed, even in her maternal

Hayraddin Maugrabin, and ac-
tained no doubt that the elder
met, the original adviser of th
of every species of treachery, a
the character of an agent of Lo

There was a pause while th
briefly, from the time she left
gundy, in company with her m
of Schonwaldt, and her final
of Crèvecœur. All remained
finished her brief and broken n
of Burgundy bent his fierce da
like one who seeks for a pret
sion, but finds none sufficient
himself in his own eyes.

length, looking upwards, "wit
teranean path beneath our f
that we, though conscious of
solutely trace them. Yet I
Louis, wherefore he maintain
Court, had they not gone thut
tion."

"I did not so entertain th
swered the King. "Out of
received them in privacy, but
nity of placing them under the
excellent Bishop, your own al
God assoil him!) a better judg
lar prince, how to reconcile th
ives, with the duty which a
from whose dominions they h
this young lady, whether my r
cordial, or whether it was not
as made them express regret th
Court their place of refuge?"

"So much was it otherwise
ed the Countess, "that it in
doubt how far it was possible th
have actually given the invita
been assured, by those who ca
agents; since, supposing them
as they were duly authorized, to
to reconcile your Majesty's co
expected from a king, a knight

The Countess turned her ey
smile, with a look which was

more Kings by the ears,—were it not well a fitting match for her?"

"A, though conscious what ungrateful probably to be made next, gave a calm and to what Charles said; but the Countess restored to courage by the very extremity of her passion. She quitted the arm of the Countess, on which she had hitherto leaned, came, die, yet with an air of dignity, and, kneeling Duke's throne, thus addressed him:—

"I am of Burgundy, and my liege Lord; I am my fault in having withdrawn myself from dominions without your gracious permission most humbly acquiesce in any penalty ased to impose. I place my lands and my rightful disposal, and pray you only of county, and for the sake of my father's allow the last of the line of Croye, out of me, such a moderate maintenance as may mission into a convent for the remainder

"I thank you, Sir, of the young person's petition," said the Duke, addressing Louis. "I am so much obliged to you for your so pious and humble motion," said the King, "that I am glad to see that grace which ought to be rewarded or withstood."

"Noble and lowly shall be exalted," said Arise, Countess Isabelle—"we mean better than you have devised for yourself. We wish to sequester your estates, nor to abase them, but, on the contrary, will add largely

to your lord," said the Countess, continuing on "it is even that well-meant goodness still more than your Grace's displeasure, to me."

"The Duke of Burgundy!" said Duke Charles, to be thwarted, and our commands dis-try turn? Up, I say, minion, and with- present—when we have time to think of so order matters, that, *Teste-Saint-Gris!* ner obey us, or do worse."

"Anding this stern answer, the Countess aned at his feet, and would probably, by ty, have driven him to say upon the spot et more severe, had not the Countess of who better knew that Prince's humour, raise her young friend, and to conduct hall.

"Durward was now summoned to appear, d himself before the King and Duke with a distant alike from bashful reserve and dness, which becomes a youth at once d well-nurtured, who gives honour where without permitting himself to be dazzled by the presence of those to whom it is ed. His uncle had furnished him with f again equipping himself in the arms an Archer of the Scottish Guard, and on, mien, and air, suited in an uncom- his splendid appearance. His extreme xposed the counsellors in his favour, at no one could easily believe that the mis would have chosen so very young a some the confidant of political intrigues; King enjoyed, in this as in other cases, advantage from his singular choice of as to age and rank, where such election likely to be made. At the command of the yned by that of Louis, Quentin commen- at of his journey with the Ladies of Croye urhood of Liege, premising a statement s's instructions, which were, that he t them safely to the castle of the Bishop. obeyed my orders accordingly?" said the

"e," replied the Scot.

"a circumstance," said the Duke. "You on in the forest by two wandering

st become me to remember or to pro- n incident," said the youth, blushing in-

th not become me to forget it," said the

Duke of Orleans. "This youth discharged his com- mission manfully, and maintained his trust in a man- ner that I shall long remember.—Come to my apart- ment, Archer, when this matter is over, and thou shalt find I have not forgot thy brave bearing, while I am glad to see it is equalled by thy modesty."

"And come to mine," said Dunois. "I have a helmet for thee, since I think I owe thee one." Quentin bowed low to both, and the examination was re- sumed. At the command of Duke Charles, he pro- duced the written instructions which he had received for the direction of his journey.

"Did you follow these instructions literally, sol- dier?" said the Duke.

"No, if it please your Grace," replied Quentin. "They directed me, as you may be pleased to ob- serve, to cross the Maes near Namur; whereas I kept the left bank, as being both the nigher and the safer road to Liege."

"And wherefore that alteration?" said the Duke.

"Because I began to suspect the fidelity of my guide," answered Quentin.

"Now mark the questions I have next to ask thee," said the Duke. "Reply truly to them, and fear no- thing from the resentment of any one. But if you palter or double in your answers, I will have thee hung alive in an iron chain from the steeple of the market-house, where thou shalt wish for death for many an hour ere he come to relieve you!"

There was a deep silence ensued. At length, having given the youth time, as he thought, to consider the circumstances in which he was placed, the Duke de- manded to know of Durward, who his guide was, by whom supplied, and wherefore he had been led to entertain suspicion of him? To the first of these questions, Quentin Durward answered, by naming Hayraddin Maugrabin, the Bohemian; to the second, that the guide had been recommended by Tristan l'Hermite; and in reply to the third point, he men- tioned what had happened in the Franciscan con- vent, near Namur; how the Bohemian had been ex- pelled from the holy house; and how, jealous of his behaviour, he had dogged him to a rendezvous with one of William de la Marck's lanzknechts, where he overheard them arrange a plan for surprising the ladies who were under his protection.

"Now, hark thee," said the Duke, "and once more remember thy life depends on thy veracity, did these villains mention their having this King's—I mean this very King Louis of France's authority, for their scheme of surprising the escort, and carrying away the ladies?"

"If such infamous fellows had said so," replied Quentin, "I know not how I should have believed them, having the word of the King himself to place in opposition to theirs."

Louis, who had listened hitherto with most earnest attention, could not help drawing his breath deeply, when he heard Durward's answer, in the manner of one from whose bosom a heavy weight has been at once removed. The Duke again looked disconcerted and moody; and, returning to the charge, questioned Quentin still more closely, whether he did not under- stand, from these men's private conversation, that the plots which they meditated had King Louis's sanction?

"I repeat, that I heard nothing which could au- thorize me to say so," answered the young man, who, though internally convinced of the King's ac- cession to the treachery of Hayraddin, yet held it contrary to his allegiance to bring forward his own suspicions on the subject; "and if I had heard such men make such an assertion, I again say, that I would not have given their testimony weight against the instructions of the King himself."

"Thou art a faithful messenger," said the Duke, with a sneer; "and I venture to say, that in obeying the King's instructions, thou hast disappointed his expectations in a manner that thou mightest have smarted for, but that subsequent events have made thy bull-headed fidelity seem like good service."

"I understand you not, my lord," said Quentin Durward; "all I know is, that my master King Louis sent me to protect these ladies, and that I did

so accordingly, to the extent of my ability, both in the journey to Schonwaldt, and through the subsequent scenes which took place. I understood the instructions of the King to be honourable, and I executed them honourably; had they been of a different tenor, they would not have suited one of my name or nation."

"*Pier comme un Ecossois*," said Charles, who, however disappointed at the tenor of Durward's reply, was not unjust enough to blame him for his boldness. "But hark thee, Archer, what instructions were those which made thee, as some sad fugitives from Schonwaldt have informed us, parade the streets of Liege, at the head of these mutineers, who afterwards cruelly murdered their temporal Prince and spiritual Father? And what harangue was it which thou didst make after that murder was committed, in which you took upon you, as agent for Louis, to assume authority among the villains who had just perpetrated so great a crime?"

"My lord," said Quentin, "there are many who could testify, that I assumed not the character of an envoy of France in the town of Liege, but had it fixed upon me by the obstinate clamours of the people themselves, who refused to give credit to any disclamation which I could make. This I told to those in the service of the Bishop when I had made my escape from the city, and recommended their attention to the security of the Castle, which might have prevented the calamity and horror of the succeeding night. It is, no doubt, true, that I did, in the extremity of danger, avail myself of the influence which my imputed character gave me, to save the Countess Isabelle, to protect my own life, and, so far as I could, to rein in the humour for slaughter, which had already broke out in so dreadful an instance. I repeat, and will maintain it with my body, that I had no commission of any kind from the King of France, respecting the people of Liege, far less instructions to instigate them to mutiny; and that, finally, when I did avail myself of that imputed character, it was as if I had snatched up a shield to protect myself in a moment of emergency, and used it, as I should surely have done, for the defence of myself and others, without inquiring whether I had a right to the heraldic emblazonments which it displayed."

"And therein my young companion and prisoner," said Crèveceur, unable any longer to remain silent, "acted with equal spirit and good sense; and his doing so cannot justly be imputed as blame to King Louis."

There was a murmur of assent among the surrounding nobility which sounded joyfully in the ears of King Louis, whilst it gave no little offence to Charles. He rolled his eyes angrily around; and the sentiments, so generally expressed by so many of his highest vassals and wisest counsellors, would not perhaps have prevented his giving way to his violent and despotic temper, had not Des Comines, who foresaw the danger, prevented it, by suddenly announcing a herald from the city of Liege.

"A herald from weavers and nailers?" exclaimed the Duke—"but, admit him instantly. By Our Lady, I will learn from this same herald something further of his employers' hopes and projects, than this young French-Scottish man-at-arms seems desirous to tell me!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HERALD.

Arlet. — Hark! they roar.

Prospero. Let them be hunted soundly.

The Tempest.

THERE WAS room made in the assembly, and no small curiosity evinced by those present to see the herald whom the insurgent Liegeois had ventured to send to so haughty a Prince as the Duke of Burgundy, while in such high indignation against them. For it must be remembered, that at this period heralds were only dispatched from sovereign princes to each other upon solemn occasions; and that the

inferior nobility employed pursuivants, a lower rank of officers-at-arms. It may be also noticed in passing, that Louis XI., an habitual derider of whatever did not promise real power or substantial advantage, was in especial a professed contemner of heralds and heraldry, "red, blue, and green, with all their trumpery,"* to which the pride of his rival Charles, which was of a very different kind, attached no small degree of ceremonious importance.

The herald, who was now introduced into the presence of the monarchs, was dressed in a tabard, or coat, embroidered with the arms of his master, in which the Boar's-head made a distinguished appearance, in blazonry, which, in the opinion of the skilful, was more showy than accurate. The rest of his dress—a dress always sufficiently tawdry—was overcharged with lace, embroidery, and ornament of every kind; and the plume of feathers which he wore was so high, as if intended to sweep the roof of the hall. In short, the usual gaudy splendour of the heraldic attire was caricatured and overdone. The Boar's-head was not only repeated on every part of his dress, but even his bonnet was formed into that shape, and it was represented with gory tongue and bloody tusks, or, in proper language, *langed and dentated gules*; and there was something in the man's appearance which seemed to imply a mixture of boldness and apprehension, like one who has undertaken a dangerous commission, and is sensible that audacity alone can carry him through it with safety. Something of the same mixture of fear and effrontery was visible in the manner in which he paid his respects, and he showed also a grotesque awkwardness, not usual amongst those who were accustomed to be received in the presence of princes.

"Who art thou, in the devil's name?" was the greeting with which Charles the Bold received this singular envoy.

"I am Rouge Sanglier," answered the herald. "the officer-at-arms of William de la March, by the grace of God, and the election of the Chapter, Prince Bishop of Liege."

"Ha!" exclaimed Charles; but, as if subduing his own passion, he made a sign to him to proceed.

"And, in right of his wife, the Honourable Countess Hameline of Croye, Count of Croye, and Lord of Bracquemont!"

The utter astonishment of Duke Charles at the extremity of boldness with which these titles were announced in his presence, seemed to strike him dumb; and the herald, conceiving, doubtless, that he had made a suitable impression by the announcement of his character, proceeded to state his errand.

"*Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum*," he said; "I let you, Charles of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, to know, in my master's name, that under favour of a dispensation of our Holy Father of Rome, presently expected, and appointing a fitting substitute *ad sacra*, he proposes to exercise at once the office of Prince Bishop, and maintain the rights of Count of Croye."

The Duke of Burgundy, at this and other passages in the herald's speech, only ejaculated "Ha!" or some similar interjection, without making any answer; and the tone of exclamation was that of one who, though surprised and moved, is willing to hear all that is to be said ere he commits himself by making an answer. To the further astonishment of all who were present, he forebore from his usual abrupt and violent gesticulations, remaining with the nail of his thumb pressed against his teeth, which was his favourite attitude when giving attention, and keeping his eyes bent on the ground, as if unwilling to betray the passion which might gleam in them.

The envoy, therefore, proceeded boldly and unabashed in the delivery of his message. "In the name, therefore, of the Prince Bishop of Liege, and Count of Croye, I am to require of you, Duke Charles, to desist from those pretensions and encroachments which you have made on the free and imperial city

* For a remarkable instance of this, see note, p. 122.

y connivance with the late Louis of Bour-
rthy Bishop thereof."—
again exclaimed the Duke.

to restore the banners of the community,
took violently from the town, to the num-
-and-thirty;—to rebuild the breaches in
and restore the fortifications which you
y dismantled,—and to acknowledge my
iliam de la Marck, as Prince Bishop, law-
d in a free Chapter of Canons, of which
procès-verbal."

"ou finished?" said the Duke.

t," replied the envoy: "I am further to
ir Grace, on the part of the said right
venerable Prince, Bishop, and Count, that
eently withdraw the garrison from the
racquement, and other places of strength,
to the Earldom of Croye, which have been
e, whether in your own most gracious
t that of Isabelle, calling herself Countess
r any other; until it shall be decided by
al Diet, whether the fiefs in question shall
to the sister of the late Count, my most
ady Hameline, rather than to his daugh-
-et of the *jus emphyteusis*."

aster is most learned," replied the Duke.
continued the herald, "the noble and
Prince and Count will be disposed, all
ites betwixt Burgundy and Liege being
fix upon the Lady Isabelle such an ap-
may become her quality."
enerous and considerate," said the Duke,
s tone.

y a poor fool's conscience," said Le Glo-
y, to the Count of Crèvecœur, "I would
t the worst cow's hide that ever died of
s, than in that fellow's painted coat! The
oes on like drunkards, who only look to
ot, and not to the score which mine host
ehind the lattice."

rou yet done?" said the Duke to the

ord more," answered Rouge Sanglier,
noble and venerable lord aforesaid, re-
s worthy and trusty ally, the Most Chris-

xclaimed the Duke, starting, and in a
than he had yet used; but checking him-
tantly composed himself again to atten-

most Christian King's royal person it is
that you, Charles of Burgundy, have
er restraint, contrary to your duty as a
e Crown of France, and to the faith ob-
ong Christian Sovereigns. For which
said noble and venerable master, by my
arges you to put his Royal and Most
lly forthwith at freedom, or to receive the
hich I am authorized to pronounce to

ou yet done?" said the Duke.

"answered the herald, "and await your
rver, trusting it may be such as will save
of Christian blood."

y Saint George of Burgundy"—said the
ere he could proceed further, Louis arose,
in with a tone of so much dignity and
hat Charles could not interrupt him.

our favour, fair cousin of Burgundy," said
"we ourselves crave priority of voice in
this insolent fellow.—Sirrah herald, or
son art, carry back notice to the perjured
murderer, William de la Marck, that the
ince will be presently before Liege, for the
punishing the sacrilegious murderer of his
kinsman, Louis of Bourbon; and that
s to gibbet De la Marck alive, for the in-
terming himself his ally, and putting his
into the mouth of one of his own base
L."

atever else on my part," said Charles,
may not misbecome a prince to send to a
hief, and murderer.—And begone!—Yet
er herald went from the Court of Bur-

gundy without having cause to cry, *Largesse!*—Let
him be scourged till the bones are laid bare!"

"Nay, but if it please your Grace," said Crève-
cœur and D'Hymbercourt together, "he is a herald,
and so far privileged."

"It is you, Messires," replied the Duke, "who are
such owls, as to think that the tabard makes the
herald. I see by that fellow's blazoning he is a mere
impostor. Let Toison d'Or step forward, and ques-
tion him in your presence."

In spite of his natural effrontery, the envoy of the
Wild Boar of Ardennes now became pale; and that
notwithstanding some touches of paint with which
he had adorned his countenance. Toison d'Or, the
chief herald, as we have elsewhere said, of the Duke,
and King-at-arms within his dominions, stepped for-
ward with the solemnity of one who knew what
was due to his office, and asked his supposed brother,
in what College he had studied the science which he
professed.

"I was bred a pursuivant at the Heraldic College
at Ratisbon," answered Rouge Sanglier, "and re-
ceived the diploma of Ehrenhold from that same
learned fraternity."

"You could not derive it from a source more wor-
thy," answered Toison d'Or, bowing still lower than
he had done before; "and if I presume to confer with
you on the mysteries of our sublime science, in obe-
dience to the orders of the most gracious Duke, it is
not in hopes of giving, but of receiving knowledge."

"Go to," said the Duke, impatiently. "Leave off
ceremony, and ask him some question that may try
his skill."

"It were injustice to ask a disciple of the worthy
College of Arms at Ratisbon, if he comprehended
the common terms of blazonry," said Toison d'Or;
"but I may, without offence, crave of Rouge Sang-
lier to say, if he is instructed in the more mysterious
and secret terms of the science, by which the more
learned do emblematically, and as it were parabolically,
express to each other what is conveyed to
others in the ordinary language, taught in the very
accidence as it were of Heraldry?"

"I understand one sort of blazonry as well as an-
other," answered Rouge Sanglier, boldly; "but it
may be we have not the same terms in Germany
which you have here in Flanders."

"Alas, that you will say so!" replied Toison d'Or;
"our noble science, which is indeed the very banner
of nobleness, and glory of generosity, being the same
in all Christian countries, nay, known and acknow-
ledged even by the Saracens and Moors. I would,
therefore, pray of you to describe what coat you
will after the celestial fashion, that is, by the planets."

"Blazon it yourself as you will," said Rouge Sang-
lier; "I will do no such apish tricks upon command-
ment, as an ape is made to come aloft."

"Show him a coat, and let him blazon it his own
way," said the Duke; "and if he fails, I promise him
that his back shall be gules, azure, and sable."

"Here," said the herald of Burgundy, taking from
his pouch a piece of parchment, "is a scroll, in which
certain considerations led me to prick down, from my
own poor fashion, an ancient coat. I will pray
brother, if indeed he belong to the honourable Col-
lege of Arms at Ratisbon, to decipher it in fitting
language."

Le Glorieux, who seemed to take great pleasure in
this discussion, had by this time bustled himself close
up to the two heralds. "I will help thee, good fel-
low," said he to Rouge Sanglier, as he looked hope-
lessly upon the scroll. "This, my lords and masters,
represents the cat looking out at the dairy-win-
dow."

This sally occasioned a laugh, which was some-
thing to the advantage of Rouge Sanglier, as it led
Toison d'Or, indignant at the misconception of his
drawing, to explain it as the coat-of-arms assumed
by Childebert, King of France, after he had taken
prisoner Gandemar, King of Burgundy; representing
an ounce, or tiger-cat, the emblem of the captive
prince, behind a grating, or, as Toison d'Or techni-
cally defined it, "Sable, a mous passant Or,
oppressed with a trellis gules, clous of the second"

"By my bauble," said Le Glorieux, "if the cat resemble Burgundy, she has the right side of the grating now-a-days."

"True, good fellow," said Louis, laughing, while the rest of the presence, and even Charles himself, seemed disconcerted at so broad a jest.—"I owe thee a piece of gold for turning something that looked like sad earnest, into the merry game which I trust it will end in."

"Silence, Le Glorieux," said the Duke; "and you, Toison d'Or, who are too learned to be intelligible, stand back,—and bring that rascal forward, some of you.—Hark ye, villain," he said, in his harshest tone, "do you know the difference between argent and or, except in the shape of coined money?"

"For pity's sake, your Grace, be good unto me!—Noble King Louis, speak for me!"

"Speak for thyself," said the Duke—"In a word, art thou herald or not?"

"Only for this occasion!" acknowledged the detected official.

"Now, by St. George!" said the Duke, eyeing Louis askance, "we know no king—no gentleman—save one, who would have so prostituted the noble science on which royalty and gentry rest! save that King, who sent to Edward of England a serving man disguised as a herald!"

"Such a stratagem," said Louis, laughing or affecting to laugh, "could only be justified at a Court where no heralds were at the time, and when the emergency was urgent. But, though it might have passed on the blunt and thick-witted islander, no one with brains a whit better than those of a wild boar would have thought of passing such a trick upon the accomplished Court of Burgundy."

"Send him who will," said the Duke, fiercely, "he shall return on their hands in poor case.—Here!—drag him to the market-place!—slash him with bridles-reins and dog-whips until the tabard hang about him in tatters!—Upon the Rouge Sanglier!—ça, ça!—Haloo, haloo!"

Four or five large hounds, such as are painted in the hunting-pieces upon which Reubens and Schneiders laboured in conjunction, caught the well-known notes with which the Duke concluded, and began to yell and bay as if the boar were just roused from his lair.

"By the rood!" said King Louis, observant to catch the vein of his dangerous cousin, "since the ass has put on the boar's hide, I would set the dogs on him to bait him out of it!"

"Right! right!" exclaimed Duke Charles, the fancy exactly chiming in with his humour at the moment—"it shall be done!—uncouple the hounds!—"

* *Disguised Herald.*—The heralds of the middle ages, like the *scutelles* of the Romans, were invested with a character which was held almost sacred. To strike a herald was a crime which incurred a capital punishment; and to counterfeit the character of such an august official was a degree of treason towards those men who were accounted the depositaries of the secrets of monarchs and the honour of nobles. Yet a prince so unscrupulous as Louis XI. did not hesitate to practise such an imposition, when he wished to enter into communication with Edward IV. of England.

Exercising that knowledge of mankind for which he was so eminent, he selected, as an agent fit for his purpose, a simple valet. This man, whose address had been known to him, he disguised as a herald, with all the insignia of his office, and sent him in that capacity to open a communication with the English army. Two things are remarkable in this transaction. First, that the stratagem, though of so fraudulent a nature, does not seem to have been necessarily called for, since all that King Louis could gain by it would be, that he did not commit himself by sending a more responsible messenger. The other circumstance worthy of notice, is, that Comines, though he mentions the affair at great length, is so pleased with the King's shrewdness in selecting, and dexterity at indoctrinating, his pseudo-herald, that he forgets all remark on the impudence and fraud of the imposition, as well as the great risk of discovery. From both which circumstances, we are led to the conclusion, that the solemn character which the heralds endeavoured to arrogate to themselves, had already begun to lose regard among statesmen and men of the great world.

Even Ferne, zealous enough for the dignity of the herald, seems to impute this intrusion on their rights in some degree to necessity. "I have heard some," he says, "but with shame enough, allow of the action of Louis XI. of the kingdom of France, who had so unkindly a regard both of his own honour, and also of arms, that he seldom had about his court any of those at-arms. And therefore, at such time as Edward IV., King of England, had entered France with a hostile power, and lay be-

Hyke a Talbot! hyke a Beaumont!—We will course him from the door of the Castle to the east gate."

"I trust your Grace will treat me as a beast of chase," said the fellow, putting the best face he could upon the matter, "and allow me fair law?"

"Thou art but vermin," said the Duke, "and entitled to no law, by the letter of the book of hunting; nevertheless thou shalt have sixty yards in advance, were it but for the sake of thy unparalleled impudence.—Away, away, airs!—we will see this sport."—And the council breaking up tumultuously, all hurried, none faster than the two Princes, to enjoy the humane pastime which King Louis had suggested.

The Rouge Sanglier showed excellent sport; for, winged with terror, and having half a score of fierce boar-hounds hard at his haunches, encouraged by the blowing of horns and the woodland cheer of the hunters, he flew like the very wind, and had he not been encumbered with his herald's coat, (the worst possible habit for a runner), he might fairly have escaped dog-free; he also doubled once or twice, in a manner much approved of by the spectators. None of these, nay, not even Charles himself, was so delighted with the sport as King Louis, who, partly from political considerations, and partly as being naturally pleased with the sight of human suffering when ludicrously exhibited, laughed till the tears ran from his eyes, and in his ecstasies of rapture, caught hold of the Duke's ermine cloak, as if to support himself; whilst the Duke, no less delighted, flung his arm around the King's shoulder, making thus an exhibition of confidential sympathy and familiarity, very much at variance with the terms on which they had so lately stood together.

At length the speed of the pseudo-herald could save him no longer from the fangs of his pursuers; they seized him, pulled him down, and would probably soon have throttled him, had not the Duke called out—"Stave and tail!—stave and tail!—Take them off him!—He hath shown so good a course, that, though he has made no sport at bay, we will not have him dispatched."

Several officers accordingly busied themselves in taking off the dogs; and they were soon seen coupling some up, and pursuing others which ran through the streets, shaking in sport and triumph the tattered fragments of painted cloth and embroidery rent from the tabard, which the unfortunate wearer had put on in an unlucky hour.

At this moment, and while the Duke was too much engaged with what passed before him to mind what was said behind him, Oliver le Dain, gliding behind King Louis, whispered into his ear,—"It is the Bohe-

fore the town of Saint Quentin, the same French King, for want of a herald to carry his mind to the English King, was constrained to assume a vadellet, or common serving man, with a trumpet-banner, having a hole made through the middle of this preposterous herald to put his head through, and to cast it over his shoulders instead of a better court-armour of France. And thus came this hastily-arrayed courier as a counterfeiter of at-arms, with instructions from his sovereign's mouth to offer peace to our King. 'Well,' replies Torquatus, the other interlocutor in the dialogue, 'that fault was never yet to be seen in any of our English Kings, nor ever shall be, I hope.'—Fisher's *Biographia*, 1588, p. 181.

In this curious book, the author, besides some assertions in favour of coat-armour, too nearly approaching blasphemy to be quoted, informs us, that the Apostles were gentlemen of blood, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Maccabeus; but through the course of time and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrained to servile works. So were the four doctors and fathers of the church (Ambrose, Augustine, Hierome, and Gregorie) gentlemen both of blood and arms, p. 28. The author's copy of this rare tract (memorial of a hopeful young friend, now no more) exhibits a curious sally of the national and professional irritability of a Scottish herald.

This person appears to have been named Thomas Dryden, a lay Herald, who purchased the volume in 1818, and seems to have perused it with patience and profit till he came to the following passage in Ferne, which enters into the distinction between sovereign and feudatory crowns. "There is also a King, and he a homager, or feudatory to the estate and majesty of another King, as to his superior lord, as that of Scotland to our English empire." This assertion set on fire the Scottish blood of Islay Herald, who, forgetting the book had been printed nearly forty years before, and that the author was probably dead, writes on the margin in great wrath, and in a half rant hand, "He is a traitor and liar to his throat, and I offer him no combat, that says Scotland's Kings were ever feudatories to England."

nism, Hayraddin Maugrabin—It were not well he should come to speech of the Duke."

"He must die," answered Louis, in the same tone—"dead men tell no tales."

One instant afterwards, Tristan l'Hermite, to whom Niver had given the hint, stepped forward before the King and the Duke, and said, in his blunt manner, "So please your Majesty and your Grace, this piece of game is mine, and I claim him—he is marked with my stamp—the fleur-de-lis is branded on his shoulder, as all men may see.—He is a known villain, and hath slain the King's subjects, robbed churches, deflowered virgins, slain deer in the royal parks!"

"Enough, enough," said Duke Charles, "he is my loyal cousin's property by many a good title. What will your Majesty do with him?"

"If he is left to my disposal," said the King, "I will at least give him one lesson in the science of heraldry, in which he is so ignorant—only explain to him practically, the meaning of a cross *potence*, with a noose dangling there."

"Not as to be by him borne, but as to bear him.—Let him take the degrees under your gossip Tristan—he is a deep professor in such mysteries."

Thus answered the Duke, with a burst of discordant laughter at his own wit, which was so cordially scorned by Louis, that his rival could not help looking kindly at him, while he said—

"Ah, Louis, Louis! would to God thou wert as highful a monarch as thou art a merry companion! I cannot but think often on the jovial time we used to spend together."

"You may bring it back when you will," said Louis; "I will grant you as fair terms as for very shame's sake you ought to ask in my present condition, without making yourself the fable of Christendom; and I will swear to observe them upon the holy relique which I have ever the grace to bear about my person, being a fragment of the true cross."

Here he took a small golden reliquary, which was suspended from his neck next to his shirt by a chain of the same metal, and having kissed it devoutly, continued—

"Never was false oath sworn on this most sacred relique, but it was avenged within the year."

"Yet," said the Duke, "it was the same on which you swore amity to me when you left Burgundy, and shortly after sent the Bastard of Rubempré to murder or kidnap me."

"Nay, gracious cousin, now you are ripping up ancient grievances," said the King; "I promise you, that you were deceived in that matter.—Moreover, it was not upon this relique which I then swore, but upon another fragment of the true cross which I got from the Grand Seigneur, weakened in virtue, doubtless, by sojourning with infidels. Besides, did not the war of the Public Good break out within the year; and was not a Burgundian army encamped at Saint Denis, backed by all the great feudatories of France; and was I not obliged to yield up Normandy to my brother?—O God, shield us from perjury on such a warrant as this!"

"Well, cousin," answered the Duke; "I do believe thou hadst a lesson to keep faith another time.—And now for once, without finesse and doubling, will you make good your promise, and go with me to punish this murdering La Marck and the Liegeois?"

"I will march against them," said Louis, "with the Ban and Arrière-Ban of France, and the Oriflamme displayed."

"Nay, nay," said the Duke, "that is more than is needed, or may be advisable. The presence of your Scottish Guard, and two hundred choice lances, will serve to show that you are a free agent. A large army might"—

"Make me so in effect, you would say, my fair cousin?" said the King. "Well, you shall dictate the numbers of my attendants."

"And to put this fair cause of mischief out of the way, you will agree to the Countess Isabelle of Croye wedding with the Duke of Orleans?"

"Fair cousin," said the King, "you drive my company to extremity. The Duke is the betrothed bridegroom of my daughter Joan. Be generous—

yield up this matter, and let us speak rather of the towns on the Somme."

"My council will talk to your Majesty of these," said Charles; "I myself have less at heart the acquisition of territory, than the redress of injuries. You have tampered with my vassals, and your royal pleasure must needs dispose of the hand of a Ward of Burgundy. Your Majesty must bestow it within the pale of your own royal family, since you have meddled with it—otherwise, our conference breaks off."

"Were I to say I did this willingly," said the King, "no one would believe me; therefore do you, my fair cousin, judge of the extent of my wish to oblige you, when I say, most reluctantly, that the parties consenting, and a dispensation from the Pope being obtained, my own objections shall be no bar to this match which you propose."

"All besides can be easily settled by our Ministers," said the Duke, "and we are once more cousins and friends."

"May Heaven be praised!" said Louis, "who, holding in his hand the hearts of princes, doth mercifully incline them to peace and clemency, and prevent the effusion of human blood.—Oliver," he added apart to that favourite, who ever waited around him like the familiar beside a sorcerer, "Hark thee—tell Tristan to be speedy in dealing with yonder runaway Bohemian."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE EXECUTION.

I'll take thee to the good green wood,
And make thine own hand choose the tree.

Old Ballad.

"Now God be praised, that gave us the power of laughing, and making others laugh, and shame to the dull cur who scorns the office of a jester! Here is a joke, and that none of the brightest, (though it may pass, since it has amused two Princes,) which hath gone farther than a thousand reasons of state to prevent a war between France and Burgundy."

Such was the inference of Le Glorieux, when, in consequence of the reconciliation of which we gave the particulars in the last Chapter, the Burgundian guards were withdrawn from the Castle of Peronne, the abode of the King removed from the ominous Tower of Count Herbert, and, to the great joy both of French and Burgundians, an outward show at least of confidence and friendship seemed so established between Duke Charles and his liege lord. Yet still the latter, though treated with ceremonial observance, was sufficiently aware that he continued to be the object of suspicion, though he prudently affected to overlook it, and appeared to consider him self as entirely at his ease.

Meanwhile, as frequently happens in such cases, whilst the principal parties concerned had so far made up their differences, one of the subaltern agents concerned in their intrigues was bitterly experiencing the truth of the political maxim, that if the great have frequent need of base tools, they make amends to society by abandoning them to their fate, so soon as they find them no longer useful.

This was Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, surrendered by the Duke's officers to the King's Provost-Marshal, was by him placed in the hands of his two trusty aides-de-camp, Trois-Echelles and Petit-André, to be despatched without loss of time. One on either side of him, and followed by a few guards and a multitude of rabble,—this playing the Allegro, that the Penseroso,—he was marched off (to use a modern comparison, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy) to the neighbouring forest; where, to save all farther trouble and ceremonial of a gibbet, and so forth, the disposers of his fate proposed to knit him up to the first sufficient tree.

They were not long in finding an oak, as Petit-André facetiously expressed it, fit to bear such an acorn; and placing the wretched criminal on a bank under a sufficient guard, they began their extemporaneous preparations for the final catastrophe. At

that moment Hayraddin, seeing on the crowd, *expressed* the eyes of Quentin Durward, who, thinking to *renew* the countenance of his fatherless ghost, that of the detected impostor had followed with the crowd to witness the execution, and aware himself of the penalty.

When the executioners informed him that all was ready Hayraddin, with much calmness, asked a single boon of their hands.

"Any thing, my son, consistent with our office," said Trois-Eschelles.

"That a—," said Hayraddin, "any thing but my life."

"Even so," said Trois-Eschelles, "and something more; for as you seem resolved to do credit to our mystery, and do like a man, without making wry mouths—why, though our orders are to be prompt, I care not if I indulge you ten minutes longer."

"You are even too generous," said Hayraddin.

"Truly we may be blamed for it," said Petit-André; "but what of that?—I could consent almost to give my life for such a jerry-come-tumble, such a smart fight, firm lad, who proposes to come from aloft with a grace, as an honest fellow should do."

"So that if you want a confessor," said Trois-Eschelles—

"Or a tire of wine," said his facetious companion—

"Or a psalm," said Tragedy—

"Or a song," said Comedy—

"Neither, my good, kind, and most expeditious friends," said the Bohemian—"I only pray to speak a few minutes with yonder Archer of the Scottish Guard."

The executioners hesitated a moment; but Trois-Eschelles, recollecting that Quentin Durward was believed, from various circumstances, to stand high in the favour of their master, King Louis, they resolved to permit the interview.

When Quentin, at their summons, approached the condemned criminal, he could not but be shocked at his appearance, however justly his doom might have been deserved. The remnants of his heraldic finery, rent to tatters by the fangs of the dogs, and the clutches of the bipeds who had rescued him from their fury to lead him to the gallows, gave him at once a ludicrous and a wretched appearance. His face was discoloured with paint, and with some remnants of a fictitious beard, assumed for the purpose of disguise, and there was the paleness of death upon his cheek and upon his lip; yet, strong in passive courage, like most of his tribe, his eye, while it glistened and wandered, as well as the contorted smile of his mouth, seemed to bid defiance to the death he was about to die.

Quentin was struck partly with horror, partly with compassion, as he approached the miserable man, and these feelings probably betrayed themselves in his manner, for Petit-André, called out, "Trip it more smartly, jolly Archer—This gentleman's leisure cannot wait for you, if you walk as if the pebbles were eggs, and you afraid of breaking them."

"I must speak with him in privacy," said the criminal, despair seeming to croak in his accent as he uttered the words.

"That may hardly consist with our office, my merry Leap-the-ladder," said Petit-André; "we know you for a slippery eel of old."

"I am tied with your horse-girths, hand and foot," said the criminal—"You may keep guard around me, though out of ear-shot—the Archer is your own King's servant—And if I give you ten gilders—"

"Laid out in masses, the sum may profit his poor soul," said Trois-Eschelles.

"Laid out in wine or brandwein, it will comfort my poor body," responded Petit-André. "So let them be forthcoming, my little crack-rope."

"Pay the blood-bounds their fee," said Hayraddin to Durward; "I was plundered of every silver when they took me—it shall avail thee much."

Quentin paid the executioners their gerdon, and, like men of promise, they retreated out of hearing—keeping, however, a careful eye on the criminal's motions. After waiting an instant till the unhappy

man should speak, as he still remained silent, Quentin at length addressed him. "And to this conclusion thou hast at length arrived?"

"Ay," answered Hayraddin, "it required neither astrologer, nor physiognomist, nor chiromantist, to see that I should follow the destiny of a family."

"Bravest to this early end by thy long course of crime and treachery," said the Scot.

"No, by the bright Aubeoran and all his broth twinklers," answered the Bohemian. "I am browed neither by my folly, in believing that the bloodthirsty cruelty of a Frank could be restrained even by what they themselves profess to hold most sacred, priest's vestment would have been no safer garb for me than a herald's tabard, however sanctimonious are your professions of devotion and chivalry."

"A detected impostor has no right to claim immunities of the disguise he had usurped," said Durward.

"Detected!" said the Bohemian. "My jargon was as good as yonder old fool of a herald's—let it pass. As well now as hereafter."

"You abuse time," said Quentin. "If you have ought to tell me, say it quickly, and then take care of your soul."

"Of my soul!" said the Bohemian, with a hidden laugh. "Think ye a legercy of twenty years can I cured in an instant?—If I have a soul, it hath been in such a course since I was ten years old and more that it would take me one month to recall all my crimes, and another to tell them to the priest—as were such space granted me, it is five to one I would employ it otherwise."

"Hardened wretch, blaspheme not! Tell me what thou hast to say, and I leave thee to thy fate," said Durward, with mingled pity and horror.

"I have a boon to ask," said Hayraddin—"be first I will buy it of you; for your tribe, with all the professions of charity, give nought for nought."

"I could well nigh say thy gifts perish with thee," answered Quentin, "but that thou art on the verge of eternity.—Ask thy boon—reserve thy boon—it can do me no good—I remember enough of your good offices of old."

"Why, I loved you," said Hayraddin, "for it matter that chanced on the banks of the Cher; as I would have helped you to a wealthy dame. Ye wore her scarf, which partly misled me; and when I thought that Hameline with her portable wealth was more for your market-penny than the other hen sparrow, with her old roost at Bracquemont, which Charles has clutched, and is likely to keep his claw upon."

"Talk not so idly, unhappy man," said Quentin, "yonder officers become impatient."

"Give them ten gilders for ten minutes more," said the culprit, "who, like most in his situation, must with his hardihood a desire of procrastinating his fate."

"I tell thee it shall avail thee much."

"Use then well the minutes so purchased," said Durward, and easily made a new bargain with the Marshal's men.

This done, Hayraddin continued.—"Yea, I assure you I meant you well; and Hameline would have proved an easy and convenient spouse. Why, she has reconciled herself even with the Boar of Ardennes, though his mode of wooing was somewhat of the roughest, and lords it yonder in his sty, as if he had fed on mast-husks and acorns all her life."

"Cease this brutal and untimely jesting," said Quentin, "or, once more I tell you, I will leave you to your fate."

"You are right," said Hayraddin, after a moment's pause; "what cannot be postponed must be faced!—Well, know then, I came hither in this assumed disguise, moved by a great reward from De la Marck, and hoping a yet mightier one from King Louis, and merely to bear the message of defiance which you may have heard of, but to tell the King an important secret."

"It was a fearful risk," said Durward.

"It was paid for as such, and such it hath proved," answered the Bohemian. "De la Marck attempted

re to communicate with Louis by means of Marck; but she could not, it seems, approach nearer than the astrologer, to whom she told all the ages of the journey, and of Schonwaldt; but it is once if her tidings ever reach Louis, except in the form of a prophecy. But hear my secret, which is so important that ought she could tell. William Marck has assembled a numerous and strong army within the city of Liege, and augments it daily means of the old priest's treasures. But he proposes not to hazard a battle with the chivalry of Burly, and still less to stand a siege in the dismantled city. This he will do—he will suffer the hot-brained ones to sit down before the place without opposition; and in the night, make an outfall or sally upon the leaguer with his whole force. Many he will have trench armour, who will cry France, Saint Louis, Denis Montjoye, as if there were a strong body of French auxiliaries in the city. This cannot choose to strike utter confusion among the Burgundians; if King Louis, with his guards, attendants, and soldiers as he may have with him, shall second efforts, the Boar of Ardennes nothing doubts the omfiture of the whole Burgundian army.—There is my secret, and I bequeath it to you. Forward, or vent the enterprise—sell the intelligence to King Louis, or to Duke Charles, I care not—save or destroy as thou wilt; for my part, I only grieve that I not spring it like a mine, to the destruction of them all!

It is indeed an important secret," said Quentin, anxiously comprehending how easily the national jealousy might be awakened in a camp consisting partly of French, partly of Burgundians.

Ay, so it is," answered Hayraddin; "and, now have it, you would fain be gone, and leave me without granting the boon for which I have paid band."

Tell me thy request," said Quentin—"I will grant it be in my power."

Nay, it is no mighty demand—it is only in behalf of my Klepper, my palfrey, the only living thing that I miss me.—A due mile south, you will find him lying by a deserted collier's hut; whistle to him, and (he whistled a peculiar note,) "and call him his name, Klepper, he will come to you; here is bridle under my gaberdine—it is lucky the hounds do not, for he obeys no other. Take him, and keep much of him—I do not say for his master's sake, but because I have placed at your disposal the fruit of a mighty war. He will never fail you at night and day, rough and smooth, fair and foul, rain and sun, and the winter sky, are the same to him; had I cleared the gates of Peronne, and got as far as where I left him, I had not been in this case. Will you be kind to Klepper?"

"I swear to you that I will," answered Quentin, affected by what seemed a trait of tenderness in a character so hardened.

"Then fare thee well!" said the criminal—"Yet stay—I would not willingly die in discourtesy, getting a lady's commission.—This billet is from a very gracious and extremely silly Lady of the old Boar of Ardennes, to her black-eyed niece—I see your look I have chosen a willing messenger. And one word more—I forgot to say, that in the fling of my saddle you will find a rich purse of gold coins, for the sake of which I put my life on the venture which has cost me so dear. Take them, and lace a hundred-fold the gilders you have bestowed these bloody slaves—I make you mine heir."

"I will bestow them in good works, and masses for the benefit of thy soul," said Quentin.

"Name not that word again," said Hayraddin, his countenance assuming a dreadful expression; "there—there can be—there shall be—no such thing!—it is a dream of priestcraft!"

"Unhappy—most unhappy being! Think better!—I am speed for a priest—these men will delay yet a longer—I will bribe them to it," said Quentin.

"What canst thou expect, dying in such opinions, and impatient?"

"To be resolved into the elements," said the hardened atheist, pressing his fettered arms against his

bosom; "my hope, trust, and expectation is, that the mysterious frame of humanity shall melt into the general mass of nature, to be recomposed in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear, and return under different forms,—the watery particles to streams and showers, the earthly parts to enrich their mother earth, the airy portions to wanton in the breeze, and those of fire to supply the blaze of Aldeboran and his brethren.—In this faith have I lived, and I will die in it!—Hence! begone!—disturb me no farther!—I have spoken the last word that mortal ears shall listen to!"

Deeply impressed with the horrors of his condition, Quentin Durward yet saw that it was vain to hope to awaken him to a sense of his fearful state. He bid him, therefore, farewell; to which the criminal only replied by a short and sullen nod, as one who, plunged in reverie, bade adieu to company which distracts his thoughts. He bent his course towards the forest, and easily found where Klepper was feeding. The creature came at his call, but was for some time unwilling to be caught, snuffing and starting when the stranger approached him. At length, however, Quentin's general acquaintance with the habits of the animal, and perhaps some particular knowledge of those of Klepper, which he had often admired while Hayraddin and he travelled together, enabled him to take possession of the Bohemian's dying bequest. Long ere he returned to Peronne, the Bohemian had gone where the vanity of his dreadful creed was to be put to the final issue—a fearful experience for one who had neither expressed remorse for the past, nor apprehension for the future!

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PRIZE FOR COURAGE.

'Tis brave for Beauty when the best blade wins her.
The Count Palatine.

WHEN Quentin Durward reached Peronne, a council was sitting, on the issue of which he was interested more deeply than he could have apprehended, and which, though held by persons of a rank with whom one of his could scarce be supposed to have community of interest, had nevertheless the most extraordinary influence on his fortunes.

King Louis, who, after the interlude of De la Marck's envoy, had omitted no opportunity to cultivate the returning interest which that circumstance had given him in the Duke's opinion, had been engaged in consulting him, or, it might be almost said, receiving his opinion, upon the number and quality of the troops, by whom, as auxiliary to the Duke of Burgundy, he was to be attended in their joint expedition against Liege. He plainly saw the wish of Charles was to call into his camp such Frenchmen as, from their small number and high quality, might be considered rather as hostages than as auxiliaries; but, observant of Crèvecoeur's advice, he assented as readily to whatever the Duke proposed, as if it had arisen from the free impulse of his own mind.

The King failed not, however, to indemnify himself for his complaisance, by the indulgence of his vindictive temper against Balue, whose counsels had led him to repose such exuberant trust in the Duke of Burgundy. Tristan, who bore the summons for moving up his auxiliary forces, had the farther commission to carry the Cardinal to the Castle of Loches, and there shut him up in one of those iron cages, which he himself is said to have invented.

"Let him make proof of his own devices," said the King; "he is a man of holy church—we may not shed his blood; but, *Pasques-dieu!* his bishopric, for ten years to come, shall have an impregnable frontier to make up for its small extent!—And see the troops are brought up instantly."

Perhaps, by this prompt acquiescence, Louis hoped to evade the more unpleasant condition with which the Duke had clogged their reconciliation. But if he so hoped, he greatly mistook the temper of his cousin; for never man lived more tenacious of his purpose than Charles of Burgundy, and least of all was he

to the nobility and chivalry of Burgundies hath done amiss, let her be the manner that becomes her rank, and connected with her house by c."

ed a moment, and looked full at his stare of a bull, which, when com-herd from the road which he wishes with himself whether to obey, or to ; and toss him into the air.

ever, prevailed over fury—he saw s general in his council—was afraid s which Louis might derive from among his vassals; and probably— of a coarse and violent, than of a r—felt ashamed of his own disho- l.

he said, "Crèveœur, and I spoke ; shall be determined according to lry. Her flight to Liege hath given ; Bishop's murder. He that best d, and brings us the head of the Jennes, shall claim her hand of us ; his right, we can at least grant him t to his generosity to allow her what retire into a convent."

the Countess, "think I am the t Reinold—of your father's old, va-servant. Would you hold me out best sword-player?"

ess," said the Duke, "was won at shall be fought for in real *melle*. Count Reinold's sake, the success-a gentleman, of unimpeached birth, arings; but, be he such, and the r drew the strap of a sword-belt ue of a buckle, he shall have at least r hand. I swear it, by St. George, n, and by the Order that I wear!— he added, turning to the nobles pre-s is, I think, in conformity with the "

nstrances were drowned in a gene-assent, above which was heard the

Crawford, regretting the weight of ited his striking for so fair a prize. ratified by the general applause, and t to flow more smoothly, like that er when it hath subsided within its s.

hom fate has given dames already," "to be bystanders at this fair game? ist with my honour to be so, for I w to be paid at the expense of that ed brute, De la Marck."

"in, Crèveœur," said the Duke; nce thou canst not wear her thyself, re thou wilt—on Count Stephen, ou list."

y lord!" said Crèveœur, "I will do battle; and, should I be fortunate remost, Stephen shall try his elo-at of the Lady Abbess."

d Dunois, "that the chivalry of eluded from this fair contest?"

id! brave Dunois," answered the but for the sake of seeing you do

"But," he added, "though there be ady Isabelle wedding a Frenchman, ary that the Count of Croye must of Burgundy."

ugh," said Dunois, "my bar sinister ounted by the coronet of Croye— French. But yet, though I should will strike a blow for the lady."

red not speak aloud in such a pre-tered to himself—

ers Souplejuaw, hold thine own!— ist the fortune of our house was to ge, and never had you such a chance d with us."

is of me," said Le Glorieux, "who off the prize from all of you."

pient friend," said Louis; "when a

woman is in the case, the greatest fool is ever the first in favour."

While the princes and their nobles thus jested over her fate, the Abbess and the Countess of Crèveœur endeavoured in vain to console Isabelle, who had withdrawn with them from the council-presence. The former assured her, that the Holy Virgin would frown on every attempt to withdraw a true votaries from the shrine of Saint Ursula; while the Countess of Crèveœur whispered more temporal consolation, that no true knight, who might succeed in the em-prize proposed, would avail himself, against her in-clinations, of the Duke's award; and that perhaps the successful competitor might prove one who should find such favour in her eyes as to reconcile her to obedience. Love, like despair, catches at straws; and, faint and vague as was the hope which this in-sinuation conveyed, the tears of the Countess Isabelle flowed more placidly while she dwelt upon it.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SALLY.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still the darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.—GOLDSMITH.

Few days had passed ere Louis had received, with a smile of gratified vengeance, the intelligence, that his favourite and his counsellor, the Cardinal Ba-lue, was groaning within a cage of iron, so dispo-sed as scarce to permit him to enjoy repose in any posture except when recumbent; and of which, be it said in passing, he remained the unpitied tenant for nearly twelve years. The auxiliary forces which the Duke had required Louis to bring up had also appear-ed; and he comforted himself that their numbers were sufficient to protect his person against vio-lence, although too limited to cope, had such been his purpose, with the large army of Burgundy. He saw himself also at liberty, when time should suit, to resume his project of marriage between his daughter and the Duke of Orleans; and, although he was sensi-ble to the indignity of serving with his noblest peers un-der the banners of his own vassal, and against the peo-ple whose cause he had abetted, he did not allow these circumstances to embarrass him in the meantime, trusting that a future day would bring him amends. —"For chance," said he to his trusty Oliver, "may indeed gain one hit, but it is patience and wisdom which win the game at last."

With such sentiments, upon a beautiful day in the latter end of harvest, the King mounted his horse; and, indifferent that he was looked upon rather as a part of the pageant of a victor, than in the light of an independent Sovereign surrounded by his guards and his chivalry, King Louis sallied from under the Gothic gateway of Peronne, to join the Burgundian army, which commenced at the same time its march against Liege.

Most of the ladies of distinction who were in the place, attended, dressed in their best array, upon the battlements and defences of the gate, to see the ga-lant show of the warriors setting forth on the expedi-tion. Thither had the Countess Crèveœur brought the Countess Isabelle. The latter attended very reluctantly; but the peremptory order of Charles had been, that she who was to bestow the palm in the tourney, should be visible to the knights who were about to enter the lists.

As they thronged out from under the arch, many a pennon and shield was to be seen, graced with fresh devices, expressive of the bearer's devoted resolution to become a competitor for a prize so fair. Here a charger was painted starting for the goal,—there an arrow aimed at a mark,—one knight bore a bleeding

* The perilling the hand of an heiress upon the event of a battle, was not so likely to take place in the fourteenth century, as when the laws of chivalry were in more general observance. Yet it was not unlikely to occur to no absolute a Prince as Duke Charles, in circumstances like those supposed.

heart, indicative of his passion,—another a skull, and a coronet of laurels, showing his determination to win or die. Many others there were; and some so cunningly intricate and obscure, that they might have defied the most ingenious interpreter. Each knight, too, it may be presumed, put his courser to his mettle, and assumed his most gallant seat in the saddle, as he passed for a moment under the view of the fair bevy of dames and damsels, who encouraged their valour by their smiles, and the waving of kerchiefs and of veils. The Archer-guard, selected almost at will from the flower of the Scottish nation, drew general applause, from the gallantry and splendour of their appearance.

And there was one among these strangers, who ventured on a demonstration of acquaintance with the lady Isabelle, which had not been attempted even by the most noble of the French nobility. It was Quentin Durward, who, as he passed the ladies in his rank, presented to the Countess of Croye, on the point of his lance, the letter of her aunt.

"Now, by my honour," said the Count of Crève-cœur, "that is over insolent in an unworthy adventurer!"

"Do not call him so, Crève-cœur," said Dunois; "I have good reason to bear testimony to his gallantry—and in behalf of that lady, too."

"You make words of nothing," said Isabelle, blushing with shame, and partly with resentment; "it is a letter from my unfortunate aunt—She writes cheerfully, though her situation must be dreadful."

"Let us hear, let us hear what says the Boar's bride," said Crève-cœur.

The Countess Isabelle read the letter, in which her aunt seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and to console herself for the haste and indecorum of her nuptials, by the happiness of being wedded to one of the bravest men of the age, who had just acquired a principedom by his valour. She implored her niece not to judge of her William (as she called him) by the report of others, but to wait till she knew him personally. He had his faults, perhaps, but they were such as belonged to characters whom she had ever venerated. William was rather addicted to wine, but so was the gallant Sir Godfrey, her grandaunt;—he was something hasty and sanguinary in his temper, such had been her brother, Renold of blessed memory;—he was blunt in speech, few Germans were otherwise; and a little wilful and peremptory, but she believed all men loved to rule. More there was to the same purpose; and the whole concluded with the hope and request, that Isabelle would, by means of the bearer, endeavour her escape from the tyrant of Burgundy, and come to her loving kinswoman's Court of Liege, where any little differences concerning their mutual rights of succession to the Earldom might be adjusted by Isabelle's marrying Earl Ebersson—a bridegroom younger indeed than his bride, but that, as she (the Lady Hameline) might perhaps say from experience, was an inequality more easy to be endured than Isabelle could be aware of.*

Here the Countess Isabelle stopped; the Abbess observing, with a prim aspect, that she had read quite enough concerning such worldly vanities, and the Count of Crève-cœur breaking out, "Aroint thee, deceitful witch!—Why, this device smells rank as the toasted cheese in a rat-trap—Now fie, and double fie, upon the old decoy-duck!"

The Countess of Crève-cœur gravely rebuked her husband for his violence—"The Lady Hameline," she said, "must have been deceived by De la Marck with a show of courtesy."

"He show courtesy!" said the Count—"I acquit him of all such dissimulation. You may as well expect courtesy from a literal wild boar—you may as well try to lay leaf-gold on old rusty gibbet-irons. No—idiot as she is, she is not quite goose enough to fall in love with the fox who has snapped her, and that in his very den. But you women are all alike—fair words carry it—and, I dare say, here is my

pretty cousin impatient to join her aunt in this paradise, and marry the Boar-Pig."

"So far from being capable of such folly," Isabelle, "I am doubly desirous of vengeance on murderers of the excellent Bishop, because it was the same time, free my aunt from the villain's pot."

"Ah! there indeed spoke the voice of Croye!" claimed the Count; and no more was said concerning the letter.

But while Isabelle read her aunt's epistle to friends, it must be observed that she did not it necessary to recite a certain *postscript*, in which the Countess Hameline, lady-like, gave an account of her occupations, and informed her niece, she had laid aside for the present a surcoat which was working for her husband, bearing the arms of Croye and La Marck in conjugal fashion, partly pale, because her William had determined, for poses of policy, in the first action to have dressed in his coat-armour, and himself to as the arms of Orleans, with a bar sinister—in words, those of Dunois. There was also a paper in another hand, the contents of which Countess did not think it necessary to mention simply these words—"If you hear not of me, and that by the trumpet of Fame, conclude me but not unworthy."

A thought, hitherto repelled as wildly increased now glanced with double keenness through Isabelle's soul. As female wit seldom fails in the contrivance of means, she so ordered it, that ere the troops fully on march, Quentin Durward received from unknown hand the billet of Lady Hameline, marked with three crosses opposite to the postscript, and vouching these words subjoined:—"He who feared the arms of Orleans when on the breast of their landlord owner, cannot dread them when displayed that of a tyrant and murderer." A thousand sad times was this intimation kissed and pressed the bosom of the young Scot! for it marshalled him on the path where both Honour and Love held the reward, and possessed him with a secret unknown to others, by which to distinguish him whose due could alone give life to his hopes, and which he had resolutely resolved to lock up in his own bosom.

But Durward saw the necessity of acting otherwise respecting the information communicated by Bayard, since the proposed sally of De la Marck, so less heedfully guarded against, might prove the destruction of the besieging army; so difficult was it in the tumultuous warfare of those days, to recover from a nocturnal surprise. After pondering on the matter, he formed the additional resolution, that he would not communicate the intelligence save personally, and to both the Princes while together; perhaps, because he felt that to mention so well-considered and hopeful a scheme to Louis whilst in private might be too strong a temptation to the wavering probity of that Monarch, and lead him to assist, rather than repel the intended sally. He determined, therefore, to watch for an opportunity of revealing the matter whilst Louis and Charles were met, which, as they were not particularly fond of the constraint imposed by each other's society, was not likely soon to occur.

Meanwhile the march continued, and the Condé's soldiers soon entered the territories of Liege. And the Burgundian soldiers, at least a part of those composed of those bands who had acquired the title of *Ecorcheurs*, or flayers, showed by the usage which they gave the inhabitants, under pretext of avenging the Bishop's death, that they well deserved that honourable title; while their conduct greatly prejudiced the cause of Charles, the aggrieved inhabitants, who might otherwise have been passive in the guard, assuming arms in self-defence, harassing his march by cutting off small parties, and falling back on the main body upon the city itself, thus augmenting the numbers and desperation of those who had resolved to defend it. The French, few in number, yet those the choice soldiers of the country, kept, according to the King's orders, close by their respective standards, and observed the strictest discipline; a contrast which increased the suspicions of Charles, who could not help remarking that the troops

* It is almost unnecessary to add, that the marriage of William de la Marck with the Lady Hameline, is as apocryphal as the lady herself. The real bride of the Wild Boar of Ardenne was Joan D'Arche, Baroness of Sconoboves.

saned themselves as if they were rather Liegeois, than allies of Burgundy.

, without experiencing any serious opportunity arrived in the rich valley of the Maes, the large and populous city of Liège. The Schonwaldt they found had been totally and learned that William de la Marck, talents were of a military cast, had with-whole forces into the city, and was deterring the encounter of the chivalry of France in the open field. But the invaders, of experiencing the danger which must be in attacking a large town, however open, tants are disposed to defend it desperately. f the Burgundian vanguard, conceiving he dismantled and breached state of the had nothing to do but to march into ease, entered one of the suburbs with of "Burgundy, Burgundy! Kill, kill—all member Louis of Bourbon!" But as they disorder through the narrow streets, and dispersed for the purpose of pillage, a of the inhabitants issued suddenly from fell furiously upon them, and made con-slaughter. De la Marck even availed him-reaches in the walls, which permitted the issue out at different points, and, by tak-e routes into the contested suburb, to be front, flank, and rear, at once, the asho, stunned by the furious, unexpected, ed nature of the resistance offered, could d to their arms. The evening, which be-s, added to their confusion.

s news was brought to Duke Charles, he with rage, which was not much appeas-offer of King Louis, to send the French is into the suburbs, to rescue and bring-gundian vanguard. Rejecting this offer would have put himself at the head of his s, to extort those engaged in the incau-ce; but D'Hymbercourt and Crèvecoeur im to leave the service to them, and, to the scene of action at two points, with and proper arrangement for mutual sup-two celebrated captains succeeded in re-Liegeois, and in extricating the vanguard, besides prisoners, no fewer than eight n, of whom about a hundred were men-the prisoners, however, were not nume-of them having been rescued by D'Hymho now proceeded to occupy the contested l to place guards opposite to the town, it was divided by an open space, or of five or six hundred yards, left free of r the purpose of defence. There was no xt the suburb and town, the ground being at place. A gate fronted the suburb, from se might be easily made, and the wall was wo or three of those breaches which Duke d caused to be made after the battle of l, and which had been hastily repaired barricades of timber. D'Hymbercourt culverins on the gate, and placed two site to the principal breach, to repel any the city, and then returned to the Bur-ny, which he found in great disorder.

he main body and rear of the numerous e Duke had continued to advance, while and repulsed vanguard was in the act of and they had come into collision with to the great confusion of both. The ne-sance of D'Hymbercourt, who discharged s of Maréchal du Camp, or, as we should Quarter-master-general, augmented the nd to complete, the whole, the night sunk as a wolf's mouth: there fell a thick and the ground, on which the beleaguer-nust needs take up their position, was d intersected with many canals. It is ble to form an idea of the confusion which the Burgundian army, where leaders were rom their soldiers, and soldiers from their nd officers. Every one, from the highest st, was seeking shelter and accommoda-

tion where he could individually find it; while the wearied and wounded, who had been engaged in the battle, were calling in vain for shelter and refreshment; and while those who knew nothing of the disaster, were pressing on to have their share in the sack of the place, which they had no doubt was proceeding merrily.

When D'Hymbercourt returned, he had a task to perform of incredible difficulty, and embittered by the reproaches of his master, who made no allowance for the still more necessary duty in which he had been engaged, until the temper of the gallant soldier began to give way under the Duke's unreasonable reproaches.—"I went hence to restore some order in the van," he said, "and left the main body under your Grace's own guidance; and now, on my return, I can neither find that we have front, flank, nor rear, so utter is the confusion."

"We are the more like a barrel of herrings," answered Le Glorieux, "which is the most natural resemblance for a Flemish army."

The jester's speech made the Duke laugh, and perhaps prevented a farther prosecution of the altercation betwixt him and his general.

By dint of great exertion, a small lust-haus, or country villa of some wealthy citizen of Liège, was secured and cleared of other occupants, for the accommodation of the Duke and his immediate attendants; and the authority of D'Hymbercourt and Crèvecoeur at length established a guard in the vicinity, of about forty men-at-arms, who lighted a very large fire, made with the timber of the outhouses, which they pulled down for the purpose.

A little to the left of this villa, and betwixt it and the suburb, which, as we have said, was opposite to the city-gate, and occupied by the Burgundian vanguard, lay another pleasure-house, surrounded by a garden and court-yard, and having two or three small enclosures or fields in the rear of it. In this the King of France established his own head-quarters. He did not himself pretend to be a soldier, farther than a natural indifference to danger and much sagacity qualified him to be called such; but he was always careful to employ the most skilful in that profession, and reposed in them the confidence they merited. Louis and his immediate attendants occupied this second villa, a part of his Scottish Guard were placed in the court, where there were outhouses and sheds to shelter them from the weather; the rest were stationed in the garden. The remainder of the French men-at-arms were quartered closely together and in good order, with alarm-posts stationed, in case of their having to sustain an attack.

Dunois and Crawford, assisted by several old officers and soldiers, amongst whom Le Balafre was conspicuous for his diligence, contrived, by breaking down walls, making openings through hedges, filling up ditches, and the like, to facilitate the communication of the troops with each other, and the orderly combination of the whole in case of necessity.

Meanwhile, the King judged it proper to go without farther ceremony to the quarters of the Duke of Burgundy, to ascertain what was to be the order of proceeding, and what co-operation was expected from him. His presence occasioned a sort of council of war to be held, of which Charles might not otherwise have dreamed.

It was then that Quentin Durward prayed earnestly to be admitted, as having something of importance to deliver to the two Princes. This was obtained without much difficulty, and great was the astonishment of Louis, when he heard him calmly and distinctly relate the purpose of William de la Marck, to make a sally upon the camp of the besiegers, under the dress and banners of the French. Louis would probably have been much better pleased to have had such important news communicated in private; but as the whole story had been publicly told in presence of the Duke of Burgundy, he only observed, "that, whether true or false, such a report concerned them most materially."

"Not a whit!—not a whit!" said the Duke, carelessly. "Had there been such a purpose as this young man announces, it had not been communi-

cated to me by an Archer of the Scottish Guard."

"However that may be," answered Louia, "I pray you, my dear cousin, you and your captains, to attend, that to prevent the unpleasant consequences of such an attack, should it be made unexpectedly, I will cause my soldiers to wear white scarfs over their armour—Dunois, see it given out on the instant—that is," he added, "if our brother and general approves of it."

"I see no objection," replied the Duke, "if the chivalry of France are willing to run the risk of having the name of Knights of the Smock-sleeve bestowed on them in future."

"It would be a right well adapted title, friend Charles," said Le Glorieux, "considering that a woman is the reward of the most valiant."

"Well spoken, Sagacity," said Louis—"Cousin, good-night, I will go arm me.—By the way, what if I win the Countess with mine own hand?"

"Your Majesty," said the Duke, in an altered tone of voice, "must then become a true Fleming."

"I cannot," answered Louis, in a tone of the most sincere confidence, "be more so than I am already, could I but bring you, my dear cousin, to believe it."

The Duke only replied by wishing the King good-night, in a tone resembling the snort of a shy horse, starting from the caress of the rider when he is about to mount, and is soothing him to stand still.

"I could pardon all his duplicity," said the Duke to Crèvecoeur, "but cannot forgive his supposing me capable of the gross folly of being duped by his professions."

Louia, too, had his confidences with Oliver le Dain when he returned to his own quarters.—"This Scot," he said, "is such a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, that I know not what to make of him. *Pas-que-dieu!* think of his unpardonable folly in bringing out honest De la Marck's plan of a sally before the face of Burgundy, Crèvecoeur, and all of them, instead of rounding it in my ear, and giving me at least the choice of betting or defeating it!"

"It is better as it is, Sire," said Oliver; "there are many in your present train who would scruple to assail Burgundy undefied, or to ally themselves with De la Marck."

"Thou art right, Oliver. Such fools there are in the world, and we have no time to reconcile their scruples by a little dose of self-interest. We must be true men, Oliver, and good allies of Burgundy, for this night at least,—time may give us a chance of a better game. Go, tell no man to unarm himself; and let them shoot, in case of necessity, as sharply on those who cry *France* and *St. Denis!* as if they cried *Hell* and *Satan!* I will myself sleep in my armour. Let Crawford place Quentin Durward on the extreme point of our line of sentinels, next to the city. Let him e'en have the first benefit of the sally which he has announced to us—if his luck bear him out, it is the better for him. But take an especial care of Martius Galeotti, and see he remain in the rear, in a place of the most absolute safety—he is even but too venturesome; and, like a fool, would be both swordsman and philosopher. See to these things, Oliver, and good-night—Our Lady of Clercy, and Monseigneur Saint Martin of Tours, be gracious to my slumbers!"

* *Attack upon Liège.*—The Duke of Burgundy, full of resentment for the usage which the Bishop had received from the people of Liège, (whose death, as already noticed, did not take place for some years after,) and knowing that the walls of the town had not been repaired since they were breached by himself after the battle of Saint Trois, advanced recklessly to their assault. His commanders shared his presumptuous confidence; for the advanced guard of his army, under the Marshal of Burgundy and Seigneur D'Hymbercourt, rushed upon one of the suburbs, without waiting for the rest of their army, which, commanded by the Duke in person, remained about seven or eight leagues in the rear. The night was closing, and, as the Burgundian troops observed no discipline, they were exposed to a sudden attack from a party of the citizens commanded by Jean de Vilde, who, assailing them in front and rear, threw them into great disorder, and killed more than eight hundred men, of whom one hundred were men-at-arms.

When Charles and the King of France came up, they took up their quarters in two villas situated near to the wall of the city. In the two or three days which followed, Louis was distinguished for the quiet and regulated composure with which he pressed the siege, and provided for defence in case of allies; while the Duke of Burgundy, no way deficient in courage, and who showed the majesty and want of order which was his principal char-

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SALLY.

He looked, and saw what numbers number'd
The city-gates out-pour'd.—*Paradise Regain'd*

A DEAD silence soon reigned over that gay which lay in leaguer before Liège. For a while the cries of the soldiers repeating their sig seeking to join their several banners, sounds howling of bewildered dogs seeking their But at length, overcome with weariness by tiques of the day, the dispersed soldiers under such shelter as they could meet those who could find none, sunk down thro fatigue, under walls, hedges, and such temp tation, there to wait for morning,—a morn some of them were never to behold. A fell on almost all, excepting those who lay and weary watch by the lodgings of the Kir Duke. The dangers and hopes of the morn the schemes of glory which many of the bility had founded upon the splendid prize to him who should avenge the murdered Liège—glided from their recollection as the pified with fatigue and sleep. But not so w in Durward. The knowledge that he w possessed of the means of distinguishing l in the contest—the recollection by whom the ation had been communicated, and the fa which might be drawn from her conveying—the thought that his fortune had brought most perilous and doubtful crisis indeed, but c there was still, at least, a chance of his triumphphant, banished every desire to sleep, a his nerves with vigour, which defied fatigue

Posted, by the King's express order, on the point between the French quarters and the good way to the right of the suburb which mentioned, he sharpened his eye to penetrate which lay before him, and excited his ears, the slightest sound which might announce motion in the beleaguered city. But its hup had successively knelled three hours after m and all continued still and silent as the grave

At length, and just when Quentin began t the attack would be deferred till daybreak, l ly recollected that there would be then light to descry the Bar Sinister across the Fleu Orleans, he thought he heard in the city a b murmur, like that of disturbed bees mustering defence of their hives. He listened—the s continued; but it was of a character so undist by any peculiar or precise sound, that it might murmur of a wind rising among the boughs of tant grove, or perhaps some stream swollen late rain, which was discharging itself in sluggish Mace with more than usual clamour. tin was prevented by these considerations fr standly giving the alarm, which, if done can would have been a heavy offence.

racteristic, seemed also extremely suspicious that it would desert him and join with the Liegeois.

They lay before the town for five or six days, and fixed the 30th of October, 1468, for a general storm. The who had probably information of their intent, resolved vent their purpose, and determined on anticipating it perate sally through the breaches in their walls. Te at their head six hundred of the men of the little le Franchement, belonging to the Bishopric of Liège, and ed the most valiant of their troops. They bent t town on a sudden, surprised the Duke of Burgundy's ere his guards could put on their armour, and which they off to enjoy some repose before the assault. The France's lodgings were also attacked and endangered. confusion ensued, augmented incalculably by the m lousy and suspicious of the French and Burgundian people of Liège were, however, unable to maintain enterprise, when the men-at-arms of the King and Du to recover from their confusion, and were finally fore fire within their walls, after narrowly missing the e surprising both King Louis and the Duke of Burgundy, powerful Princes of their time. At daybreak the sit place, as had been originally intended, and the citi hoaried and fatigued by the nocturnal sally, did not much resistance as was expected. Liège was taken, a rably pillaged, without regard to sex or age, things things profane. These particulars are fully related by in his Memoirs, liv. ii. chap. 11, 12, 13, and do not dif from the account of the same events in this and the p chapter.

the noise rose louder, and seemed pour-
time towards his own post, and to-
uburb, he deemed it his duty to fall back
possible, and call his uncle, who com-
small body of Archers destined to his
ll were on their feet in a moment, and
noise as possible. In less than a second,
ord was at their head, and, despatching
alarm the King and his household, drew
the party to some distance behind their
hat they might not be seen by its light.
sound, which had approached them more
ned suddenly to have ceased; but they
instinctly the more distant heavy tread of
of men approaching the suburb.

"Burgundians are asleep on their post,"
Crawford; "make for the suburb, Cund-
awaken the stupid oxen."
ell to the rear as you go," said Durward;
eard the tread of mortal men, there is a
interposed between us and the suburb."
l, Quentin, my dainty callant," said Craw-
art a soldier beyond thy years. They
all till the others come forward.—I would
knowledge where they are!"
ep forward, my lord," said Quentin, "and
o bring you information."

ny bonny chield; thou hast sharp ears
d good will—but take heed—I would not
two and a plack!"

with his harquebuss ready prepared, stole
ough ground which he had reconnoitred
the twilight of the preceding evening,
s not only certain that he was in the
od of a very large body of men, who were
it betwixt the King's quarters and the
also that there was a detached party of
nber in advance, and very close to him.
l to whisper together, as if uncertain what

At last, the steps of two or three *Enfans*
ched from that smaller party, approached
as twice a pike's length. Seeing it im-
retreat undiscovered, Quentin called out
i vive?" and was answered by "*Vive*
est-adire," (added he who spoke, cor-
self,) "*Vive la France!*"—Quentin in-
his harquebuss—a man groaned and fell,
elf, under the instant but vague discharge
of pieces, the fire of which ran in a dis-
ner alongst the column, and showed it to
erous, hastened back to the main guard.
ly done, my brave boy!" said Crawford.
lanta, draw in within the court-yard—
many to mell with in the open field."
v within the court-yard and garden
chere they found all in great order, and the
d to mount his horse.

away, sire?" said Crawford; "you are
with your own people."

said Louis; "I must instantly to the
must be convinced of our good faith at
moment, or we shall have both Liegeois
lians upon us at once." And springing
he bade Dunois command the French
at the house, and Crawford the Arch-
her household troops to defend the lust-
enclosures. He commanded them to
sakers, and as many falconets, (pieces
r the field,) which had been left about
the rear; and, in the meantime, to make
sta, but by no means to advance, what-
they might obtain; and having given
he rode off, with a small escort, to the
ara.

which permitted these arrangements to
ly into effect, was owing to Quentin's
ately shot the proprietor of the house,
guide to the column which was designed
and whose attack, had it been made in-
have had a chance of being successful.
who, by the King's order, attended him
found the latter in a state of choleric
e, which almost prevented his discharg-
eccentric expression for something you value.

ing the duties of a general, which were never more
necessary; for, besides the noise of a close and fu-
rious combat which had now taken place in the su-
burb upon the left of their whole army,—besides the
attack upon the King's quarters, which was fiercely
maintained in the centre,—a third column of Liegeois,
of even superior numbers, had filed out from a more
distant breach, and, marching by lanes, vineyards,
and passes, known to themselves, had fallen upon
the right flank of the Burgundian army, who, alarmed
at their war-cries of *Vive la France!* and *Denis*
Montjoie! which mingled with those of *Liege* and
Rouge Sanglier, and at the idea thus inspired, of
treachery on the part of the French confederates,
made a very desultory and imperfect resistance; while
the Duke, foaming, and swearing, and cursing his
liege Lord and all that belonged to him, called out to
shoot with bow and gun on all that was French,
whether black or white,—alluding to the sleeves with
which Louis's soldiers had designated themselves.

The arrival of the King, attended only by Le Bal-
fré and Quentin, and half a score of Archers, restored
confidence between France and Burgundy. D'Hym-
bercourt, Crèvecœur, and others of the Burgundian
leaders, whose names were then the praise and dread
of war, rushed devotedly into the conflict; and, while
some commanders hastened to bring up more distant
troops, to whom the panic had not extended, others
threw themselves into the tumult, re-animating the
instinct of discipline, and while the Duke toiled in the
front, shouting, hacking, and lewling, like an ordinary
man-at-arms, brought their men by degrees into ar-
ray, and dismayed the assailants by the use of their
artillery. The conduct of Louis on the other hand, was
that of a calm, collected, sagacious leader, who nei-
ther sought nor avoided danger, but showed so much
self-possession and sagacity, that the Burgundian
leaders readily obeyed the orders which he issued.

The scene was now become in the utmost degree
animated and horrible. On the left the suburb, after
a fierce contest, had been set on fire, and a wide and
dreadful conflagration did not prevent the burning
ruins from being still disputed. On the centre, the
French troops, though pressed by immense odds,
kept up so close and constant a fire, that the little
pleasure-house shone bright with the glancing flashes,
as if surrounded with a martyr's crown of flames.
On the left, the battle awayed backwards and for-
wards with varied success, as fresh reinforcements
poured out of the town, or were brought forward
from the rear of the Burgundian host; and the strife
continued with unremitting fury for three mortal
hours, which at length brought the dawn, so much
desired by the besiegers. The enemy, at this period;
seemed to be slackening their efforts upon the right
and in the centre, and several discharges of cannon
were heard from the lust-haus.

"Go," said the King, to Le Balfré and Quentin,
the instant his ear had caught the sound; "they have
got up the sakers and falconets—the pleasure-house
is safe, blessed be the Holy Virgin!—Tell Dunois to
move this way, but rather nearer the walls of Liege,
with all our men-at-arms, excepting what he may
leave for the defence of the house, and cut in between
those thick-headed Liegeois on the right and the city,
from which they are supplied with recruits."

The uncle and nephew galloped off to Dunois and
Crawford, who, tired of their defensive war, joyfully
obeyed the summons, and, filing out at the head of a
gallant body of about two hundred French gentle-
men, besides squires, and the greater part of the Ar-
chers and their followers, marched across the field,
trampling down the wounded, till they gained the
flank of the large body of Liegeois, by whom the
right of the Burgundians had been so fiercely assailed.
The increasing daylight discovered that the enemy
were continuing to pour out from the city, either for
the purpose of continuing the battle on that point, or
of bringing safely off the forces who were already
engaged.

"By Heaven!" said old Crawford to Dunois, "were
I not certain it is thou that art riding by my side, I
would say I saw thee among yonder banditti and
burghers, marshalling and arraying them with thy

"It is Ludovic Lesly, Sir, whom we call Le Balafre," replied the old soldier.

"But is he noble?" said the Duke; "is he of gentle blood?—otherwise our promise is void."

"He is a cross ungainly piece of wood enough," said Crawford, looking at the tall, awkward, embarrassed figure of the Archer; "but I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothes for all that—and they have been as noble as any house in France or Burgundy, ever since it is told of their founder, that,

Between the less-lee and the mair,
He slew the Knight, and left him there."

"There is then no help for it," said the Duke, "and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a rude mercenary soldier like this, or die secluded in a convent—and she the only child of our faithful Reginald de Croye—I have been too rash."

And a cloud settled on his brow, to the surprise of his peers, who seldom saw him evince the slightest token of regret for the necessary consequences of an adopted resolution.

"Hold, but an instant," said the Lord Crawford, "it may be better than your Grace conjectures. Hear but what this cavalier has to say.—Speak out, man, and a murmur to thee," he added, apart to Le Balafre.

But that blunt soldier, though he could make a shift to express himself intelligently enough to King Louis, to whose familiarity he was habituated, yet found himself incapable of enunciating his resolution before so splendid an assembly as that in presence of which he then stood; and after having turned his shoulder to the Princess, and preluded with a hoarse chuckling laugh, and two or three tremendous contortions of countenance, he was only able to pronounce the words, "Saunders Souplejaw"—and then stuck fast.

"May it please your Majesty, and your Grace," said Crawford, "I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. You shall understand, that he has had it prophesied to him by a Seer in his own land, that the fortune of his house is to be made by marriage; but as he is, like myself, something the worse for the wear,—loves the wine-house better than a lady's summer-parlour, and, in short, having some barrack tastes and likings, which would make greatness in his own person rather an encumbrance to him, he hath acted by my advice, and resigns the pretensions acquired by the fate of slaying William de la Marck, to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew."

"I will vouch for that youth's services and prudence," said King Louis, overjoyed to see that fate had thrown so gallant a prize to one over whom he had some influence. "Without his prudence and vigilance, we had been ruined—It was he who made us aware of the night-sally."

"I then," said Charles, "owe him some reparation for doubting his veracity."

"And I can attest his gallantry as a man-at-arms," said Dunois.

"But," interrupted Crèvecoeur, "though the uncle be a Scottish *gentilâtre*, that makes not the nephew necessarily so."

"He is of the house of Durward," said Crawford; "descended from that Allen Durward, who was High Steward of Scotland."

"Nay, if it be young Durward," said Crèvecoeur, "I say no more. Fortune has declared herself on his side too plainly, for me to struggle farther with her humoursome ladyship;—but it is strange, from lord to horseboy, how wonderfully these Scots stick by each other."

"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!" answered

* An old rhyme, by which the Leslies vindicate their descent from an ancient knight, who is said to have slain a gigantic Hungarian champion, and to have formed a proper name for himself by a play of words upon the place where he fought his adversary.

Lord Crawford, laughing at the mortification of the proud Burgundian.

"We have yet to inquire," said Charles, thoughtfully, "what the fair lady's sentiments may be towards this fortunate adventurer."

"By the mass!" said Crèvecoeur, "I have but too much reason to believe your Grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions.—But why should I grudge this youth his preferment? since, after all, it is sense, firmness, and gallantry, which have put him in possession of WEALTH, RANK, and BEAUTY!"

I HAD already sent these sheets to the press, concluding, as I thought, with a moral of excellent tendency for the encouragement of all fair-haired, blue-eyed, long-legged, stout-hearted emigrants from my native country, who might be willing in stirring times to take up the gallant profession of Cavalier of Fortune. But a friendly monitor, one of those who like the lump of sugar which is found at the bottom of a teacup, as well as the flavour of the souchong itself, has entered a bitter remonstrance, and insists that I should give a precise and particular account of the espousals of the young heir of Glen-houlakin and the lovely Flemish Countess, and tell what tournaments were held, and how many lances were broken, upon so interesting an occasion; nor withhold from the curious reader the number of sturdy boys, who inherited the valour of Quentin Durward, and of bright damsels, in whom were renewed the charms of Isabelle de Croye. I replied in course of post, that times were changed, and public weddings were entirely out of fashion. In days, traces of which I myself can remember, not only were the "fifteen friends" of the happy pair invited to witness their union, but the bridal minstrelsy still continued, as in the "Ancient Manner," to "nod their heads" till morning shone on them. The sack-posset was eaten in the nuptial chamber—the stocking was thrown—and the bride's garter was struggled for in presence of the happy couple whom Hymen had made one flesh. The authors of the period were laudably accurate in following its fashions. They spared you not a blush of the bride, not a rapturous glance of the bridegroom, not a diamond in her hair, not a button on his embroidered waistcoat; until at length, with Astrea, "they fairly put their characters to bed." But how little does this agree with the modest privacy which induces our modern brides—sweet bashful darlings!—to steal from pomp and plate, and admiration and flattery, and, like honest Shenstone,

"Seek for freedom at an inn!"

To these, unquestionably, an exposure of the circumstances of publicity with which a bridal in the fifteenth century was always celebrated, must appear the highest degree disgusting. Isabelle de Croye would be ranked in their estimation far below the maid who milks, and does the meanest chores; for even she, were it in the church-porch, would reject the hand of her journeyman shoe maker, should he propose "*faire des noces*," as it is called on Parisian signs, instead of going down on the top of the long coach to spend the Honeymoon *incognito* at Deptford or Greenwich. I will not, therefore tell more of this matter, but will steal away from the wedding as Arios from that of Angelica, leaving it to whom it may please to add farther particulars, after the fashion of their own imagination.

"Some better bard shall sing, in feudal state
How Braquemont's Castle op'd its Gothic gate,
When on the wand'ring Scot, its lover's heir
Bestow'd her beauty and an earldom fair."

* E come a ritornare in sua contrada
Tryssave e buon navigio e migior tempo
E dell' India a Bindor venne lo spietto
Forse altri cantara con miglior pietra.

ORLANDO FURORE, Canto XXX. Stanza 14.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

A merry place, 'tis said, in days of yore;
But something ails it now,—the place is cursed.
Wordsworth.



INTRODUCTION TO ST. RONAN'S WELL.

THE novel which follows is upon a plan different from any yet that the author has ever written, although it is perhaps the most legitimate which relates to this kind of light literature.

It is intended, in a word—*celebrare domestica facta*—to give an illustration of the shifting manners of our own time, and paint lives, the originals of which are daily passing round us, so at a minute's observation may compare the copies with the originals. It must be confessed that this style of composition was adopted by the author rather from the tempting circumstances of its offering some novelty in his compositions, and of giving worn out characters and positions, than from the hope of rivaling the many formidable competitors who have already won deserved honours in this department. The ladies, in particular, gifted by nature with keen powers of observation and satirical, have been so distinguished by these works of talent, that, reckoning from the authoress of *Evelina* to her of *Marriage*, a catalogue might be made, including the brilliant and talented names of Edgeworth, Austen, Charlotte Smith, and others, whose success seems to have appropriated this province of the novel as exclusively their own. It was therefore with a sense of temerity that the author intruded upon a species of composition which had been of late practised with such distinguished success. This consciousness was lost, however, under the necessity of seeking for novelty, without which, it is as much to be apprehended, such repeated incursions on his part would nauseate the long indulgent public at the last.

The scene chosen for the author's little drama of modern life is a mineral spring, such as are to be found in both divisions of Britain, and which are supplied with the usual materials for securing health, or driving away care. The invalid often finds relief from his complaints, less from the healing virtues of the water itself, than because his system of ordinary life undergoes an entire change, in his being removed from his ledger and account-books—from his legal folios and progress of title-deeds from his counters and shelves,—from whatever else forms the aim source of his constant anxiety at home, destroys his appetite, mars the custom of his exercise, deranges the digestive powers, and clogs up the springs of life. Thither, too, comes a squire, anxious to get rid of that wearisome attendant staff, and thither come both males and females, who, upon a different principle, desire to make themselves double.

The society of such places is regulated, by their very nature, on a scheme much more indulgent than that which rules the orbit of fashion, and the narrow circles of rank in the metropolis. The titles of rank, birth, and fortune, are received at a watering-place without any very strict investigation, as adequate to the purpose for which they are preferred; and as the situation infers a certain degree of intimacy and sociability for a time, so to whatever heights it may have been carried, it is understood to imply any duration beyond the length of the season. No intimacy can be supposed more close for the time, and more transitory in its endurance, than that which is attached to a watering-place acquaintance. The novelist, therefore, who fixes upon such a scene for his tale, endeavours to play a species of society, where the strongest contrast of amorous characters and manners may be brought to bear on and illustrate each other with less violation of probability, than could be supposed to attend the same miscellaneous assemblage in any other situation.

In such scenes, too, are frequently mingled characters, not every ridiculous, but dangerous and hateful. The unprincipled waster, the heartless fortune-hunter, all those who eke out their means of subsistence by pandering to the vices and follies of the rich and gay, who drive, by their various arts, sobles to crimes, and imprudence into acts of ruinous madness, are to be found where their victims naturally resort, with the same intimacy that eagles are gathered together at the place of slaughter. By this the author takes a great advantage for the management of his story, particularly in its darker and more bloodthirsty passages. The impostor, the gambler, all who live upon the skirts of society, or, like vermin, thrive by its excretions, are to be found at such retreats, when they easily, as a matter of course, mingle with those dupes, who might otherwise have escaped their snares. But besides these cha-

acters who are actually dangerous to society, a well-frequented watering-place generally exhibits for the amusement of the company, and the perplexity and amazement of the more inexperienced, a sprinkling of persons called by the newspapers eccentric characters—individuals, namely, who, either from some real derangement of their understanding, or, much more frequently, from an excess of vanity, are ambitious of distinguishing themselves by some striking peculiarity in dress or address, conversation or manners, and perhaps in all. These affectations are usually adopted, like Dr. Scanlan's extravagances, to show *they dare*; and I must needs say, those who profess them are more frequently to be found among the English, than among the natives of either of the other two divisions of the United Kingdom. The reason probably is, that the consciousness of wealth, and a sturdy feeling of independence, which generally pervade the English nation, are, in a few individuals, perverted into absurdity, or at least peculiarity. The witty Irishman, on the contrary, adapts his general behaviour to that of the best society, or that which he thinks such; nor is it any part of the shrewd Scot's national character unnecessarily to draw upon himself public attention. These rules, however, are not without their exceptions; for we find men of every country playing the eccentric at these independent resorts of the gay and the wealthy, where every one enjoys the license of doing what is good in his own eyes.

It scarce needed these obvious remarks to justify a novelist's choice of a watering-place as the scene of a fictitious narrative. Unquestionably, it affords every variety of character, mixed together in a manner which cannot, without a breach of probability, be supposed to exist elsewhere; neither can it be denied that in the concourse which such miscellaneous collections of persons afford, events extremely different from those of the quiet routine of ordinary life may, and often do, take place.

It is not, however, sufficient that a mine be in itself rich and easily accessible; it is necessary that the engineer who explores it should himself, in mining phrase, have an accurate knowledge of the country, and possess the skill necessary to work it to advantage. In this respect, the author of *St. Ronan's Well* could not be termed fortunate. His habits of life had not led him much, of late years at least, into its general or bustling scenes, nor had he mingled often in the society which enables the observer to "shoot folly as it flies." The consequence perhaps was, that the characters wanted that force and precision which can only be given by a writer who is familiarly acquainted with his subject. The author, however, had the satisfaction to chronicle his testimony against the practice of gambling, vice which the devil has contrived to render all his own, since it is deprived of whatever pleads an apology for other vices, and is founded entirely on the cold-blooded calculation of the most exclusive selfishness. The character of the traveller, meddling, self-important, and what the ladies call fussy, but yet generous and benevolent in his purposes, was partly taken from nature. The story, being entirely modern, cannot require much explanation, after what has been here given, either in the shape of notes, or a more prolix introduction.

It may be remarked, that the English critics, in many instances, though none of great influence, pursued *St. Ronan's Well* with hue and cry, many of the fraternity giving it as their opinion that the author had exhausted himself, or, as the technical phrase expresses it, written himself out; and as an unusual tract of success too often provokes many persons to mark and exaggerate a slip when it does occur, the author was publicly accused, in prose and verse, of having committed a literary suicide in this unhappy attempt. The voices, therefore, were, for a time, against *Saint Ronan's* on the southern side of the Tweed.

In the author's own country, it was otherwise. Many of the characters were recognised as genuine Scottish portraits, and the good fortune which had hitherto attended the productions of the Author of *Waverley*, did not desert, notwithstanding the ominous vaticinations of its censurers, this new attempt, although out of its ordinary style.

1st February, 1832.



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD-WORLD LANDLADY.

But to make up my tale,
She breweth good ale,
And therefore maketh sale.

SKELTON.

THOUGH few, if any, of the countries of Europe, increased so rapidly in wealth and cultivation as land during the last half century, Sultan Mahomet's owls might nevertheless have found in Caithness, at any term within that flourishing period, a dowery of ruined villages. Accident or local changes have, in many instances, transferred the sites of ancient hamlets, from the situations which their predecessors chose with more respect to utility than convenience, to those in which their increasing industry and commerce could more easily find itself; and hence places which stand distinguished in Scottish history, and which figure in Dr. Macpherson's excellent historical map, can now be discerned from the wild moor by the verdure which clothes their site, or at best, by a few scattered, resembling pinfolds, which mark the spot of former existence.

The little village of St. Ronan's, though it had very fallen into the state of entire oblivion we described, was, about twenty years since, fastening towards it. The situation had something in it romantic, that it provoked the pencil of every tourist; and we will endeavour therefore, to tie it in language which can scarcely be less legible than some of their sketches, avoiding, never for reasons which seem to us of weight, to any more exact indication of the site, than that on the southern side of the Forth, and not above seven miles distant from the English frontier.

The river of considerable magnitude pours its course through a narrow vale, varying in breadth from two miles to a fourth of that distance, and which is composed of rich alluvial soil, is, and has long been, enclosed, tolerably well inhabited, and cultivated with all the skill of Scottish agriculture. The side of this valley is bounded by a chain of hills, on the right in particular, may be almost called mountains. Little brooks arising in these hills, and finding their way to the river, offer each within little vale to the industry of the cultivator. Some of them bear fine large trees, which have escaped the axe, and upon the sides of most there are scattered patches and fringes of natural copse-wood, above and around which the banks of the river arise, somewhat desolate in the colder months, but in summer glowing with dark purple heath, or with the golden lustre of the broom and gorse. This is a sort of scenery peculiar to those tracts, which abound, like Scotland, in hills and in rivers, and where the traveller is ever and anon overpowered in some intricate and unexpected recess, by the simple and silvan beauty, which pleases him the more, that it seems to be peculiarly his own property as a first discoverer.

One of these recesses, and so near its opening that it commands the prospect of the river, the broader valley, and the opposite chain of hills, stood, and still stands, the ancient and decayed village of St. Ronan's. The site was singularly picturesque, as the straggling street of the village ran up a very steep on the side of which were clustered, as it were, a few little terraces, the cottages which composed the

place, seeming, as in the Swiss towns on the Alps, to rise above each other towards the ruins of an old castle, which continued to occupy the crest of the eminence, and the strength of which had doubtless led the neighbourhood to assemble under its walls for protection. It must, indeed, have been a place of formidable defence, for, on the side opposite to the town, its walls rose straight up from the verge of a tremendous and rocky precipice, whose base was washed by Saint Ronan's burn, as the brook was entitled. On the southern side, where the declivity was less precipitous, the ground had been carefully levelled into successive terraces, which ascended to the summit of the hill, and were, or rather had been, connected by staircases of stone, rudely ornamented. In peaceful periods these terraces had been occupied by the gardens of the castle, and in times of siege they added to its security, for each commanded the one immediately below it, so that they could be separately and successively defended, and all were exposed to the fire from the place itself—a massive square tower of the largest size, surrounded, as usual, by lower buildings, and a high embattled wall. On the northern side arose a considerable mountain, of which the descent that lay between the eminence on which the Castle was situated seemed a detached portion, and which had been improved and deepened by three successive huge trenches. Another very deep trench was drawn in front of the main entrance from the east, where the principal gateway formed the termination of the street, which, as we have noticed, ascended from the village, and this last defence completed the fortifications of the tower.

In the ancient gardens of the Castle, and upon all sides of it excepting the western, which was precipitous, large old trees had found root, mantling the rock and the ancient and ruinous walls with their dusky verdure, and increasing the effect of the shattered pile which towered up from the centre.

Seated on the threshold of this ancient pile, where the "proud porter" had in former days "read himself," a stranger had a complete and commanding view of the decayed village, the houses of which, to a fanciful imagination, might seem as if they had been suddenly arrested in hurrying down the precipitous hill, and fixed as if by magic in the whimsical arrangement which they now presented. It was like a sudden pause in one of Amphion's country dances, when the huts which were to form the future Thebes were jiggling it to his lute. But, with such an observer, the melancholy excited by the desolate appearance of the village soon overcame all the lighter frolics of the imagination. Originally constructed on the humble plan used in the building of Scotch cottages about a century ago, the greater part of them had been long deserted; and their fallen roofs, blackened gables, and ruinous walls, showed Desolation's triumph over Poverty. On some huts the rafters, varnished with soot, were still standing, in whole or in part, like skeletons, and a few, wholly or partially covered with thatch, seemed still inhabited, though scarce habitable; for the smoke of the peat-fire, which prepared the humble meal of the indwellers, stole upwards, not only from the chimneys, its regular vent, but from various other crevices in the roofs. Nature, in the mean while, always changing, but renewing as she changes, was supplying, by the power of vegetation, the fallen and decaying marks of human labour. Small pollards, which had been formerly planted around the little gardens,

* See the old Ballad of King Estmere, in *Percy's Reliques*.

had now waxed into huge and high forest trees; the fruit-trees had extended their branches over the verges of the little yards, and the hedges had shot up into huge and irregular bushes; while quantities of dock, and nettles, and henlock, hiding the ruined walls, were busily converting the whole scene of desolation into a picturesque forest-bank.

Two houses in St. Ronan's were still in something like decent repair; places essential—the one to the spiritual weal of the inhabitants, the other to the accommodation of travellers. These were the clergyman's manse, and the village inn. Of the former we need only say, that it formed no exception to the general rule by which the landed proprietors of Scotland seem to proceed in lodging their clergy, not only in the cheapest, but in the ugliest and most inconvenient house which the genius of masonry can contrive. It had the usual number of chimneys—two, namely—rising like asses' ears at either end, which answered the purpose for which they were designed as ill as usual. It had all the ordinary leaks and inlets to the fury of the elements, which usually form the subject of the complaints of a Scottish incumbent to his brethren of the presbytery; and, to complete the picture, the clergyman being a bachelor, the pigs had unimplored admission to the garden and court-yard, broken windows were repaired with brown paper, and the disordered and squalid appearance of a low farmhouse, occupied by a bankrupt tenant, dishonoured the dwelling of one, who, besides his clerical character, was a scholar and a gentleman, though a little of a humourist.

Beside the manse stood the kirk of St. Ronan's, a little old mansion with a clay floor, and an assemblage of wretched pews, originally of carved oak, but heedfully clouted with white fir-deal. But the external form of the church was elegant in the outline, having been built in Catholic times, when we cannot deny to the forms of ecclesiastical architecture that grace, which, as good Protestants, we refuse to their doctrine. The fabric hardly raised its gray and vaulted roof among the crumbling hills of mortality by which it was surrounded, and was indeed so small in size, and so much lowered in height by the graves on the outside, which ascended half way up the low Saxon windows, that it might itself have appeared only a funeral vault, or mausoleum of larger size. Its little square tower, with the ancient belfry, alone distinguished it from such a monument. But when the gray-headed beadle turned the keys with his shaking hand, the antiquary was admitted into an ancient building, which, from the style of its architecture, and some monuments of the Mowbrays of St. Ronan's, which the old man was accustomed to point out, was generally conjectured to be as early as the thirteenth century.

These Mowbrays of St. Ronan's seem to have been at one time a very powerful family. They were allied to, and friends of the house of Douglas, at the time when the overgrown power of that heroic race made the Stewarts tremble on the Scottish throne. It followed that, when, as our old naïf historian expresses it, "no one dared to strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas's man, for if he did, he was sure to come by the war," the family of St. Ronan's shared their prosperity, and became lords of almost the whole of the rich valley of which their mansion commanded the prospect. But upon the turning of the tide, in the reign of James II., they became despoiled of the greater part of those fair acquisitions, and succeeding events reduced their importance still farther. Nevertheless, they were, in the middle of the seventeenth century, still a family of considerable note; and Sir Reginald Mowbray, after the unhappy battle of Dunbar, distinguished himself by the obstinate defence of the Castle against the arms of Cromwell, who, incensed at the opposition which he had unexpectedly encountered in an obscure corner, caused the fortress to be dismantled and blown up with gunpowder.

After this catastrophe the old Castle was abandoned to ruin; but Sir Reginald, when, like Allan Ramsay's Sir William Worthy, he returned after the Revolution, built himself a house in the fashion of that later age, which he prudently suited in size to the diminished

fortunes of his family. It was situated about the middle of the village, whose vicinity was not in those days judged any inconvenience, upon a spot of ground more level than was presented by the rest of the acclivity, where, as we said before, the houses were notched as it were into the side of the steep bank, with little more level ground about them than the spot occupied by their site. But the Laird's house had a court in front and a small garden behind, connected with another garden, which, occupying three terraces, descended, in emulation of the orchards of the old Castle, almost to the banks of the stream.

The family continued to inhabit this new messuage until about fifty years before the commencement of our history, when it was much damaged by a casual fire; and the Laird of the day, having just succeeded to a more pleasant and commodious dwelling at the distance of about three miles from the village, determined to abandon the habitation of his ancestors. As he cut down at the same time an ancient rookery, (perhaps to defray the expenses of the migration,) it became a common remark among the country folk, that the decay of St. Ronan's began when Laird Lawrence and the crows flew off.

The deserted mansion, however, was not consigned to owls and birds of the desert; on the contrary, for many years it witnessed more fun and festivity than when it had been the sombre abode of a grave Scottish Baron of "auld lang syne." In short, it was converted into an inn, and marked by a huge sign, representing on the one side St. Ronan catching hold of the devil's game leg with his Episcopalian crook, as the story may be read in his veracious legend, and on the other the Mowbray arms. It was by far the best frequented public house in that vicinity; and a thousand stories were told of the revels which had been held within its walls, and the gambols achieved under the influence of its liquors. All this, however, had long since passed away, according to the lines in my frontispiece,

"A merry place, 'twas said, in days of yore;
But something ail'd it now,—the place was cursed."

The worthy couple (servants and favourites of the Mowbray family) who first kept the inn, had died reasonably wealthy, after long carrying on a flourishing trade, leaving behind them an only daughter. They had acquired by degrees not only the property of the inn itself, of which they were originally tenants, but of some remarkably good meadow-land by the side of the brook, which, when touched by a little pecuniary necessity, the Lairds of St. Ronan's had disposed of piece-meal, as the readiest way to portion off a daughter, procure a commission for the younger son, and the like emergencies. So that Meg Dods, when she succeeded to her parents, was a considerable heiress, and, as such, had the honour of refusing three topping farmers, two bonnet-lairds, and a horse-couper, who successively made proposals to her.

Many bets were laid on the horse-couper's success, but the knowing ones were taken in. Determined to ride the fore-horse herself, Meg would admit no helpmate who might soon assert the rights of a master; and so, in single blessedness, and with the despotism of Queen Bess herself, she ruled all matters with a high hand, not only over her men-servants and maid-servants, but over the stranger within her gates, who, if he ventured to oppose Meg's sovereign will and pleasure, or desire to have either fare or accommodation different from that which she chose to provide for him, was instantly ejected with that answer which Erasmus tells us silenced all complaints in the German inns of his time, *Quare aliud hospitium*;* or, as Meg expressed it, "Troop aff wi' ye to another public." As this amounted to a banishment in extent equal to sixteen miles from Meg's residence, the unhappy party on whom it was passed, had no other refuge save by deprecating the wrath of his landlady, and resigning himself to her will. It is but justice to Meg Dods to state, that though hers was a severe and almost despotic government, it could not be termed a

* In a colloquy of Erasmus, called *Diversaria*, there is a very unsavoury description of a German inn of the period, where an objection of the guest is answered in the manner expressed in the text—a great sign of want of competition on the road.

tyranny, since it was exercised, upon the whole, for the good of the subject.

The vaults of the old Laird's cellar had not, even in his own day, been replenished with more excellent wine; the only difficulty was to prevail on Meg to look for the precise liquor you chose;—to which it may be added, that she often became restive when she thought a company had had "as much as did them good," and refused to furnish any more supplies. Then her kitchen was her pride and glory; she looked to the dressing of every dish herself, and there were some with which she suffered no one to interfere. Such were the cock-a-leeky, and the savoury minced collops, which rivalled in their way even the veal cutlets of our old friend Mrs. Hall, at Ferrybridge. Meg's table-linen, bed-linen, and so forth, were always home-made, of the best quality, and in the best order; and a weary day was that to the chambermaid in which her lynx eye discovered any neglect of the strict cleanliness which she constantly enforced. Indeed, considering Meg's country and calling, we were never able to account for her extreme and scrupulous nicety, unless by supposing that it afforded her the most apt and frequent pretext for scolding her maids; an exercise in which she displayed so much eloquence and energy, that we must needs believe it to have been a favourite one.*

We have only further to commemorate, the moderation of Meg's reckonings, which, when they closed her banquet, often relieved the apprehensions, instead of saddening the heart, of the rising guest. A shilling or breakfast, three shillings for dinner, including a pint of old port, eighteen pence for a snug supper—such were the charges of the inn of St. Ronan's, under this landlady of the olden world, even after the nineteenth century had commenced; and they were very tendered with the pious recollection, that her good father never charged half so much, but these weary times rendered it impossible for her to make any lawing less.†

Notwithstanding all these excellent and rare properties, the inn at Saint Ronan's shared the decay of its village to which it belonged. This was owing to various circumstances. The high-road had been turned aside from the place, the steepness of the street, and the positions declared) to their ost-horses. It was thought that Meg's stern refusal to treat them with liquor, or to connive at their exchanging for porter and whisky the corn which should feed their cattle, had no small influence on the opinion of those respectable gentlemen, and that a little sitting and levelling would have made the ascent easy enough; but let that pass. This alteration of the highway was an injury which Meg did not easily forgive to the country gentlemen, most of whom she had recollected when children. "Their fathers," she said, "was not have done the like of it to a lone woman." Then the decay of the village itself, which had formerly contained a set of fensars and bonnet-makers, who, under the name of the Chirruping Club, invited to drink twopenny, qualified with brandy or whisky, at least twice or thrice a week, was some small loss.

The temper and manners of the landlady scared away all customers of that numerous class, who will

* This circumstance shows of itself, that the Meg Dods of the tale cannot be identified with her namesake Jenny Dods, who kept the inn at Howgate, on the Peebles road; for Jenny is different from our heroine, was unmatched as a slattern.

† This was universally the case in Scotland forty or fifty years ago; and so little was charged for a domestic living when the author became first acquainted with the road, that a shilling or eighteen pence was sufficient board wages for a man-servant, when a crown would not now answer the purpose. It is true the cause of these reasonable charges rested upon a principle equally unjust to the landlord, and inconvenient to the guest. The landlord did not expect to make any thing upon a charge for eating which his bill contained; in consideration of which, the guest was expected to drink more wine than might be convenient or agreeable to him, "for the good," as it is called, "of the house." The landlord indeed was willing to assist, in this duty, every stranger who came within a gate. Other things were in proportion. A charge for lodging, fire, and candle, was long a thing unheard of in Scotland, the shilling to the housemaid settled all such considerations. I saw, from memorandums of 1790, that a young man, with two maids and a serving-lad, might travel from the house of one leg Dods to another, through most part of Scotland, for about six or six shillings a-day.

not allow originality to be an excuse for the breach of decorum, and who, little accustomed perhaps to attendance at home, love to play the great man at an inn, and to have a certain number of bows, deferential speeches, and apologies, in answer to the G—d d—n ye's which they bestow on the house, attendance, and entertainment. Unto those who commenced this sort of barter in the Clachan of Saint Ronan's, well could Meg Dods pay it back, in their own coin; and glad they were to escape from the house with eyes not quite scratched out, and ears not more deafened than if they had been within hearing of a pitched battle.

Nature had formed honest Meg for such encounters; and as her noble soul delighted in them, so her outward properties were in what Tony Lumpkin calls a concatenation accordingly. She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and gray, which was apt to escape in clif-locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—gray eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the Kirk to the Castle of Saint Ronan's?

These notable gifts, however, had no charms for the travellers of these light and giddy-paced times, and Meg's inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing waters, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in feu, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a ton-tine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called a hotel; and so the desertion of Meg Dods became general.*

She had still, however, her friends and well-wishers, many of whom thought, that as she was a lone woman, and known to be well to pass in the world, she would act wisely to retire from public life, and take down a sign which had no longer fascination for guests. But Meg's spirit scorned submission, direct or implied. "Her father's door," she said, "should be open to the road, till her father's bairn should be streekit and carried out at it with her feet foremost. It was not for the profit—there was little profit at it;—profit?—there was a dead loss; but she was not to be dunned by any of them. They maun hae a hottle,† maun they?—and an honest public canna serve them! They may hottle that likes; but they shall see that Lucky Dods can hottle on as lang as she best of them

* In Scotland a village is erected upon a species of landright, very different from the copyhold so frequent in England. Every alienation or sale of landed property must be made in the shape of a feudal conveyance, and the party who acquires it holds thereby an absolute and perfect right of property in the soil, while he discharges the stipulations of the vassal, and, above all, pays the feu-duty. The vassal or tenant of the site of the smallest cottage holds his possession as absolutely as the proprietor, of whose large estate it is perhaps scarce a perceptible portion. By dint of excellent laws, the sales, or deeds, or delivery of such fees, are placed on record in such order, that every burden affecting the property can be seen for payment of a very moderate fee; so that a person proposing to lend money upon it, knows exactly the nature and extent of his security.

† From the nature of these landrights being so explicit and secure, the Scottish people have been led to entertain a jealousy of building leases, of however long duration. Not long ago, a great landed proprietor took the latter mode of disposing of some ground near a thriving town in the west country. The number of years in the lease was settled at nine hundred and ninety nine. All was agreed to, and the deeds were ordered to be drawn. But the tenant, as he walked down the avenue, began to reflect that the lease, though so very long as to be almost perpetual, nevertheless had a termination; and that after the lapse of a thousand years, lacking one, the connexion of his family and representatives with the estate would cease. He took a qualm at the thought of the loss to be sustained by his posterity a thousand years hence; and going back to the house of the gentleman who feued the ground, he demanded, and readily obtained, the additional term of fifty years to be added to the lease.

* This Gallic word (hotel) was first introduced in Scotland during the author's childhood, and was so pronounced by the lower class.

—ay, though they had made a Tamteen of it, and linkit aw their breaths of lives, whilk are in their nostrils, on end of ilk other like a string of wild-geese, and the langest liver bruck a', (whilk was sinful presumption,) she would match ilk ane of them as lang as her ain wind held out." Fortunate it was for Meg, since she had formed this doughty resolution, that although her inn had decayed in custom, her land had risen in value in a degree which more than compensated the balance on the wrong side of her books, and, joined to her usual providence and economy, enabled her to act up to her lofty purpose.

She prosecuted her trade too with every attention to its diminished income; shut up the windows of one half of her house, to baffle the tax-gatherer; retrenched her furniture; discharged her pair of post-horses, and pensioned off the old humpbacked positioner who drove them, retaining his services, however, as an assistant to a still more aged hostler. To console herself for restrictions by which her pride was secretly wounded, she agreed with the celebrated Dick Tinto to re-paint her father's sign, which had become rather undecipherable; and Dick accordingly gilded the Bishop's crook, and augmented the horrors of the Devil's aspect, until it became a terror to all the younger fry of the school-house, and a sort of visible illustration of the terrors of the arch-enemy, with which the minister endeavoured to impress their infant minds.

Under this renewed symbol of her profession, Meg Dods, or Meg Dorta, as she was popularly termed, on account of her refractory humours, was still patronised by some steady customers. Such were the members of the Killnakelty Hunt, once famous on the turf and in the field, but now a set of venerable gray-headed sportsmen, who had sunk from fox-hounds to basket-beagles and coursing, and who made an easy canter on their quiet nags a gentle induction to a dinner at Meg's. "A set of honest decent men they were," Meg said; "had their sang and their joke—and what for no? Their bind was just a Scots pint over-head, and a tappithen to the bill, and no man ever saw them the waur o't. It was thae cockle-brained calants of the present day that would be mair ower'tan with a puir quart than dounce folk were with a magnum."

Then there was a set of ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh, who visited Saint Ronan's frequently in the spring and summer, a class of guests peculiarly acceptable to Meg, who permitted them more latitude in her premises than she was known to allow to any other body. "They were," she said, "pawky auld carles, that kend whilk side their bread was buttered upon. Ye never kend of ony o' them ganging to the spring, as they behaved to ca' the stinking well yonder.—Na, na—they were up in the morning—had their parritch, wi' maybe a thimblefu' of brandy, and then awa up into the hills, eat their bit could meat on the heather, and came hame at e'en with the creel full of caller trouts, and had them to their dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and their drap punch, and were set singing their catches and glees, as they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' God bless ye—and what for no?"

Thirdly, we may commemorate some ranting blades, who also came from the metropolis to visit Saint Ronan's, attracted by the humours of Meg, and still more by the excellence of her liquor, and the cheapness of her reckonings. These were members of the Helter Skelter Club, of the Wildfire Club, and other associations formed for the express purpose of getting rid of care and sobriety. Such dashers occasioned many a racket in Meg's house, and many a *bouree* in Meg's temper. Various were the arts of flattery and violence by which they endeavoured to get supplies of liquor, when Meg's conscience told her they had had too much already. Sometimes they failed, as when the croupier of the Helter Skelter got himself scalded with the mulled wine, in an unsuccessful attempt to coax this formidable virago by a salute; and the excellent president of the Wildfire received a broken head from the keys of the cellar, as he endeavoured to possess himself of these emblems of authority. But little did these dauntless officials care for the exuberant frolics of Meg's temper, which were to

them only "pretty Fanny's way!"—the *dulces Amyrillidis iræ*. And Meg, on her part, though she often called them "drunken ne'er-do-weels, and thoroughbred High-street blackguards," allowed no other person to speak ill of them in her hearing. "They were daft callants," she said, "and that was all—when the drink was in, the wit was out—ye could not put an auld head upon young shouthers—a young covey will canter, be it up-hill or down—and what for no?" was her uniform conclusion.

Nor must we omit, among Meg's steady customers, "faithful amongst the unfaithful found," the copper-nosed sheriff-clerk of the county, who, when summoned by official duty to that district of the shire, warmed by recollections of her double-brewed ale, and her generous Antigua, always advertised that his "Prievies," or "Comptis," or whatever other business was in hand, were to proceed on such a day and hour, "within the house of Margaret Dods, vintner in Saint Ronan's."

We have only farther to notice Meg's mode of conducting herself towards chance travellers, who, knowing nothing of nearer or more fashionable accommodations, or perhaps consulting rather the state of their purse than of their taste, stumbled upon her house of entertainment. Her reception of these was as precarious as the hospitality of a savage nation to sailors shipwrecked on their coast. If the guests seemed to have made her mansion their free choice—or if she liked their appearance (and her taste was very capricious)—above all, if they seemed pleased with what they got, and little disposed to criticise or give trouble, it was all very well. But if they had come to Saint Ronan's because the house at the Well was full—or if she disliked what the sailor calls the cut of her jib—or if, above all, they were critical about their accommodations, none so likely as Meg to give them what in her country is called a *sloan*. In fact, she reckoned such persons a part of that ungenerous and ungrateful public, for whose sake she was keeping her house open at a dead loss, and who had left her, as it were, a victim to her patriotic zeal.

Hence arose the different reports concerning the little inn of Saint Ronan's, which some favoured travellers praised as the neatest and most comfortable old-fashioned house in Scotland, where you had good attendance, and good cheer, at moderate rates; while others, less fortunate, could only talk of the darkness of the rooms, the homeliness of the old furniture, and the detestable bad humour of Meg Dods, the landlady.

Reader, if you come from the more sunny side of the Tweed—or even if, being a Scot, you have had the advantage to be born within the last twenty-five years, you may be induced to think this portrait of Queen Elizabeth, in Dame Quickly's piqued hat and green apron, somewhat overcharged in the features. But I appeal to my own contemporaries, who have known wheel-road, bridle-way, and foot path, for thirty years, whether they do not, every one of them, remember Meg Dods—or somebody very like her. Indeed, so much is this the case, that, about the period I mention, I should have been afraid to have rambled from the Scottish metropolis, in almost any direction, lest I had lighted upon some one of the sisterhood of Dame Quickly, who might suspect me of having showed her up to the public in the character of Meg Dods. At present, though it is possible that some one or two of this peculiar class of wild-cats may still exist, their talons must be much impaired by age; and I think they can do little more than sit, like the Giant Pope, in the Pilgrim's Progress, at the door of their unfrequented caverns, and grin at the pilgrims over whom they used formerly to execute their despotism.

CHAPTER II.

THE GUEST.

Quis novus hic hospes?—*Dido apud Virgilium.*

Ch'am-maid! The German in the front parlour!

Scott's *First Translation of the Idiot.*

It was on a fine summer's day that a solitary traveller rode under the old-fashioned archway, and alighted

in the court-yard of Meg Dods's inn, and delivered the bridle of his horse to the humpbacked postilion. "Bring my saddle-bags," he said, "into the house—or stay—I am abler, I think, to carry them than you." He then assisted the poor meager groom to unbuckle the straps which secured the humble and now despised convenience, and mean time gave strict charges that his horse should be unbridled, and put into a clean and comfortable stall, the girths slacked, and a cloth cast over his loins; but that the saddle should not be removed until he himself came to see him dressed.

The companion of his travels seemed in the hostler's eye deserving of his care, being a strong active horse, fit either for the road or field, but rather high in bone from a long journey, though from the state of his skin it appeared the utmost care had been bestowed to keep him in condition. While the groom obeyed the stranger's directions, the latter, with the saddle-bags laid over his arm, entered the kitchen of the inn.

Here he found the landlady herself in none of her most blessed humours. The cook-maid was abroad on some errand, and Meg, in a close review of the kitchen apparatus, was making the unpleasant discovery, that trenchers had been broken or cracked, pots and saucepans not so accurately scoured as her precise notions of cleanliness required, which, joined to other detections of a more petty description, stirred her bile in no small degree; so that while she disarranged and arranged the *bin*, she maundered, in an under tone, complaints and menaces against the absent delinquent.

The entrance of a guest did not induce her to suspend this agreeable amusement—she just glanced at him as he entered, then turned her back short on him, and continued her labour and her soliloquy of lamentation. Truth is, she thought she recognised in the person of the stranger, one of those useful envoys of the commercial community, called, by themselves and the waiters, *Travellers*, par excellence—by others, Riders and Bagmen. Now against this class of customers Meg had peculiar prejudices; because, there being no shops in the old village of Saint Ronan's, the said commercial emissaries, for the convenience of their traffic, always took up their abode at the New Inn, or Hotel, in the rising and rival village called Saint Ronan's Well, unless when some straggler, by chance or dire necessity, was compelled to lodge himself at the Auld Town, as the place of Meg's residence began to be generally termed. She had, therefore, no sooner formed the hasty conclusion, that the individual in question belonged to this obnoxious class, than she resumed her former occupation, and continued to soliloquize and apostrophize her absent bandmaids, without even appearing sensible of his presence.

"The huzzy Beenie—the jaud Eppie—the deil's buckie of a callant!—Another plate gane—they'll break me out of house and ha'!"

The traveller, who, with his saddle-bags rested on the back of a chair, had waited in silence for some note of welcome, now saw that, ghost or no ghost, he must speak first, if he intended to have any notice from his landlady.

"You are my old acquaintance, Mrs. Margaret Dods?" said the stranger.

"What for no?—and wha are ye that speers?" said Meg, in the same breath, and began to rub a brass candlestick with more vehemence than before—the dry tone in which she spoke, indicating plainly how little concern she took in the conversation.

"A traveller, good Mistress Dods, who comes to take up his lodgings here for a day or two."

"I am thinking ye will be mista'en," said Meg; "there's nae room far bags or jaugs here—ye've mista'en your road neighbour—ye maun e'en bundle yourself a bit farther down hill!"

"I see you have not got the letter I sent you, Mistress Dods?" said the guest.

"How should I, man?" answered the hostess; "they have ta'en awa the post-office from us—moved it down till the Spa-well yonder, as they ca'd."

"Why, that is but a step off," observed the guest.

"Ye will get there the sooner," answered the hostess.

"Nay, but," said the guest, "if you had sent there for my letter, you would have learned?"

"I'm no wanting to learn ony thing at my years," said Meg. "If folk have ony thing to write to me about, they may gie the letter to John Hislop, the carrier, that has used the road these forty years. As for the letters at the post-mistress's, as they ca' her, down by yonder, they may bide in her shop-window, wi' the snaps and bawbee rows, till Beltane or I loose them. I'll never file my fingers with them. Post-mistress, indeed!—Upsetting cutty! I mind her fu' weel when she dreed penance for ante-nup!"

Laughing, but interrupting Meg in good time for the character of the post-mistress, the stranger assured her he had sent his fishing-rod and trunk to her confidential friend the carrier, and that he sincerely hoped she would not turn an old acquaintance out of her premises, especially as he believed he could not sleep in a bed within five miles of Saint Ronan's, if he knew that her Blue room was unengaged.

"Fishing-rod!—Auld acquaintance!—Blue room!" echoed Meg, in some surprise; and, facing round upon the stranger, and examining him with some interest and curiosity,—"Ye'll be nae bagman, then, after a'?"

"No," said the traveller; "not since I have laid the saddle-bags out of my hand."

"Weel, I canna say but I am glad of that—I canna abide their yanking way of knapping English at every word.—I have kent decent lads among them too.—What for no?—But that was when they stopped up here whiles, like other douce folk; but since they gaed down, the hail flight of them, like a string of wild-geese, to the new-fashioned hottle yonder, I am told there are as many hellicate tricks played in the travellers' room, as they behave to call it, as if it were fu' of drunken young lairds."

"That is because they have not you, to keep good order among them, Mistress Margaret."

"Ay, lad?" replied Meg, "ye are a fine blaw-in-my-lug, to think to cuttle me off sae cleverly!" And, facing about upon her guest, she honoured him with a more close and curious investigation than she had at first designed to bestow upon him.

All that she remarked was in her opinion rather favourable to the stranger. He was a well-made man, rather above than under the middle size, and apparently betwixt five-and-twenty and thirty years of age—for, although he might, at first glance, have passed for one who had attained the latter period, yet, on a nearer examination, it seemed as if the burning sun of a warmer climate than Scotland, and perhaps some fatigue, both of body and mind, had imprinted the marks of care and of manhood upon his countenance, without abiding the course of years. His eyes and teeth were excellent, and his other features, though they could scarce be termed handsome, expressed sense and acuteness; he bore, in his aspect, that ease and composure of manner, equally void of awkwardness and affectation, which is said emphatically to mark the gentleman; and, although neither the plainness of his dress, nor the total want of the usual attendants, allowed Meg to suppose him a wealthy man, she had little doubt that he was above the rank of her lodgers in general. Amidst these observations, and while she was in the course of making them, the good landlady was embarrassed with various obscure recollections of having seen the object of them formerly; but when, on what occasions she was quite unable to call to remembrance. She was particularly puzzled by the cold and sarcastic expression of a countenance, which she could not by any means reconcile with the recollections which it awakened. At length she said, with as much courtesy as she was capable of assuming,—"Either I have seen you before, sir, or some one very like ye?—Ye ken the Blue room, too, and you a stranger in these parts?"

"Not so much a stranger as you may suppose, Meg," said the guest, assuming a more intimate tone, "when I call myself Frank Tyrel."

"Tirl!" exclaimed Meg, with a tone of wonder—

It's impossible! You cannot be Francie Tirl, the wild callant that was fishing and bird-nesting here seven or eight years syne—it canna be—Francie was but a callant!"

"But add seven or eight years to that boy's life, Meg," said the stranger gravely, "and you will find you have the man who is now before you."

"Even sae!" said Meg, with a glance at the reflection of her own countenance in the copper coffee-pot, which she had scoured so brightly that it did the office of a mirror—"Just e'n sae—but folk maun grow auld or die.—But, Maister Tirl, for I mauna ca' ye Francie now, I am thinking—"

"Call me what you please, good dame," said the stranger; "it has been so long since I heard any one call me by a name that sounded like former kindness, that such a one is more agreeable to me than a lord's title would be."

"Weel, then, Maister Francie—if it be no offence to you—I hope ye are no a Nabob?"

"Not I, I can safely assure you, my old friend;—but what an I were?"

"Naething—only maybe I might bid ye gang farther, and be waur served.—Nabobs, indeed! the country's plagued wi' them. They have raised the price of eggs and poorty for twenty miles round—But what is my business?—They use amais't a' of them the Well down by—they need it, ye ken, for the clearing of their copper collections, that need scouring as much as my saucepans, that naeboddy can clean but myself."

"Well, my good friend," said Tyrrel, "the upshot of all this is, I hope, that I am to etay and have dinner here?"

"What for no?" replied Mrs. Dods.

"And that I am to have the Blue room for a night or two—perhaps longer?"

"I dinna ken that," said the dame.—"The Blue room is the best—and they that get naist best, are no ill off in this world."

"Arrange it as you will," said the stranger, "I leave the whole matter to you, mistress.—Mean time, I will go see after my horse."

"The merciful man," said Meg, when her guests had left the kitchen, "is merciful to his beast.—He had aye something about him by ordinary, that callant—But eh, sirs! there is a sair change on his cheek-haff since I saw him last!—He sa'll no want a good dinner for auld lang syne, that I've engage for."

Meg set about the necessary preparations with all the natural energy of her disposition, which was so much exerted upon her culinary cares, that her two maids, on their return to the house, escaped the bitter reprimand which she had been previously conniving over, in reward for their alleged slatternly negligence. Nay, so far, did she carry her complaisance, that when Tyrrel crossed the kitchen to recover his saddle-bags, she formally rebuked Eppie for an idle taupie, for not carrying the gentleman's things to his room.

"I thank you, mistress," said Tyrrel; "but I have some drawings and colours in these saddle-bags, and I always like to carry them myself."

"Ay, and are you at the painting trade yet?" said Meg; "an unco slasher ye used to make with it lang syne."

"I cannot live without it," said Tyrrel; and taking the saddle-bags, was formally inducted by the maid into a snug apartment, where he soon had the satisfaction to behold a capital dish of minced collops, with vegetables, and a jug of excellent ale, placed on the table by the careful hand of Meg herself. He could do no less, in acknowledgment of the honour, than ask Meg for a bottle of the yellow-seal, "if there was any of that excellent claret still left."

"Left?—ay is there, walth of it," said Meg; "I dinna gie it to every body.—Ah! Maister Tirl, ye have not got over your auld tricks!—I am sure, if ye are painting for your leevings, as you say, a little rum and water would come cheaper, and do ye as much good. But ye maun hae your ain way the day, nae doubt, if ye should never have it again."

Away trudged Meg, her keys clattering as she went, and, after much rummaging, returned with such a bottle of claret as no fashionable tavern could have

produced, were it called for by a duke, or at a duke's price; and she seemed not a little gratified when her guest assured her that he had not yet forgotten its excellent flavour. She retired after these acts of hospitality, and left the stranger to enjoy in quiet the excellent matters which she had placed before him.

But there was that on Tyrrel's mind which defied the enlivening power of good cheer and of wine, which only maketh man's heart glad when that heart has no secret oppression to counteract its influence. Tyrrel found himself on a spot which he had loved in that delightful season, when youth and high spirits awaken all those flattering promises which are so ill kept to manhood. He drew his chair into the embrasure of the old-fashioned window, and throwing up the sash to enjoy the fresh air, suffered his thoughts to return to former days, while his eyes wandered over objects which they had not looked upon for several eventful years. He could behold beneath his eye, the lower part of the decayed village, as its ruins peeped from the umbrageous shelter with which they were shrouded. Still lower down, upon the little holm which formed its church-yard, was seen the Kirk of Saint Ronan's; and looking yet farther, towards the junction of Saint Ronan's burn with the river which traversed the larger dale or valley, he could see whitened, by the western sun, the rising houses, which were either newly finished, or in the act of being built, about the medicinal spring.

"Time changes all around us," such was the course of natural though trite reflection, which flowed upon Tyrrel's mind; "wherefore should loves and friendships have a longer date than our dwellings and our monuments?" As he indulged these sombre recollections, his officious landlady disturbed their tenour by her entrance.

"I was thinking to offer you a dish of tea, Maister Francie, just for the sake of auld lang syne, and I'll gar the quean Beenie bring it here, and mak it myself.—But ye arena done with your wine yet?"

"I am indeed, Mrs. Dods," answered Tyrrel; "and I beg you will remove the bottle."

"Remove the bottle, and the wine no half drank out!" said Meg, displeasure lowering on her brow; "I hope there is nae fault to be found wi' the wine, Maister Tirl?"

To this answer, which was put in a tone resembling defiance, Tyrrel submissively replied, by declaring "the claret not only unexceptionable, but excellent."

"And what for dinna ye drink it, then?" said Meg sharply; "folk should never ask for mair liquor than they can make a gude use of. Maybe ye think we have the fashion of the table-dot, as they ca' their newfangled ordinary down-by yonder, where a' the bits of vinegar cruets are put awa into an awmyr, as they tell me, and ilk ane wi' the bit dribbles of syndings in it, and a paper about the neck o't, to show which of the customers is aught it—there they stand like doctor's drogs—and no an honest Scottish mitch-kin will ane o' their viols haud, granting it were at the fourest."

"Perhaps," said Tyrrel, willing to indulge the spleen and prejudice of his old acquaintance, "perhaps the wine is not so good as to make full measure desirable."

"Ye may say that, lad—and yet them that sell it might afford a gude penniworth, for they hae it for the making—maist feck of it ne'er saw France or Portugal. But as I was saying—this is no ane of their newfangled places, where wine is put by for them that canna drink it—when the cork's drawn the bottle maun be drank out—and what for no?—unless it be corkit."

"I agree entirely, Meg," said her guest; "but my ride to-day has somewhat heated me—and I think the dish of tea you promise me, will do me more good than to finish my bottle."

"Na, then, the best I can do for you is to put it by, to be sauce for the wild-duck the morn; for I think ye said ye were to bide here for a day or twa."

"It is my very purpose, Meg, unquestionably," replied Tyrrel.

"Sae be it then," said Mrs. Dods; "and then the

liquor's no lost—it has been seldom sic claret as that has simmered in a saucepan, let me tell you that, neighbour;—and I mind the day, when, headach or nae headach, ye wad hae been at the hinder-end of that bottle, and may be anither, if ye could have gotten it wiled out of me. But then ye had your cousin to help you—Ah! he was a blithe bairn that Valentine Bulmer!—Ye were a canny callant too, Maister Francie, and muckle ado I had to keep ye baith in order when ye were on the ramble. But ye were a thought douchter than Valentine—But O! he was a bonny laddie!—wi' e'en like diamonds, cheeks like roses, a head like a heather-tap—he was the first I ever saw wear a crap, as they ca' it, but a' body cheats the barber now—and he had a laugh that wad hae raised the dead!—What wi' flyin on him, and what wi' laughing at him, there was nae minding any other body when that Valentine was in the house. —And how is your cousin Valentine Bulmer, Maister Francie?"

Tyrrel looked down, and only answered with a sigh.

"Ay—and is it even sae?" said Meg; "and has the puir bairn been sae soon removed frae this fashious world?—Ay—ay—we maun a' gang an gate—crackit quart-stoups and geisen'd barrels—leaky quighas are we a', and canna keep in the liquor of life—Ohon, sirs!—Was the puir lad Bulmer frae Buimer bay, where they land the Hollands, think ye, Maister Francie?—They whiles rin in a pickle tea there too—I hope that is good that I have made you, Maister Francie?"

"Excellent, my good dame," said Tyrrel; but it was in a tone of voice which intimated that she had pressed upon a subject that awakened some unpleasant reflections.

"And when did this puir lad die?" continued Meg, who was not without her share of Eve's qualities, and wished to know something concerning what seemed to affect her guest so particularly; but he disappointed her purpose, and at the same time awakened another train of sentiment in her mind, by turning again to the window, and looking upon the distant buildings of Saint Ronan's Well. As if he had observed for the first time these new objects, he said to Mistress Dods in an indifferent tone, "You have got some gay new neighbours yonder, mistress."

"Neighbours!" said Meg, her wrath beginning to arise, as it always did upon any allusion to this sore subject—"Ye may ca' them neighbours, if ye like—but the deil flee awa wi' the neighbourhood for Meg Dods!"

"I suppose," said Tyrrel, as if he did not observe her displeasure, "that yonder is the Fox Hotel they told me of?"

"The Fox!" said Meg: "I am sure it is the fox that has carri'd off a' my geese—I might shut up house, Maister Francie, if it was the thinz I lived by—me, that has seen a' our gentelfolk bairns, and gien them snaps and sugar-biscuit maist of them wi' my ain hand! They wad hae seen my father's roof-tree fa' down and smoor me before they wad hae gien a boddle a-piece to have propped it up—but they could a' link out their fifty pounds ower head to bigg a hottle at the Well yonder. And muckle they hae made o'—the bankrupt body, Sandie Lawson, hasna paid them a bawbee of four terms' rent."

"Surely, mistress, I think if the Well became so famous for its cures, the least the gentlemen could have done was to make you the priestess."

"Me priestess! I am nae Quaker, I wot, Maister Francie; and I never heard of allowfate that turned preacher, except Luckie Buchan in the west.* And if I were to preach, I think I have mair the spirit of a Scottishwoman, than to preach in the very room they hae been dancing in lika night in the week, Saturday itself not excepted, and that till twa o'clock at night. Na, na, Maister Francie; I leave the like o' that to Mr. Simon Chatterly, as they ca' the bit prelatel sprig of divinity from the town yonder, that plays at cards and dances six days in the week, and

on the seventh reads the Common Prayer-book in the ball-room, with Tam Simson, the drunken barber, for his clerk."

"I think I have heard of Mr. Chatterly," said Tyrrel.

"Ye'll be thinking o' the sermon he has printed," said the angry dame, "where he compares their nasty puddle of a Well yonder to the pool of Bethesda, like a foul-mouthed, fleecing, feather-headed fule as he is! He should hae kend that the place got fule a' its fame in the times of black Popery; and though they pat it in St. Ronan's name, I'll never believe for one that the honest man had any hand in it; for I hae been tell'd by ane that suld ken, that he was nae Roman, but only a Cuddie, or Culdee, or such like.—But will ye not take anither dish of tea, Maister Francie? and a wee bit of the diet-ladle, raised wi' my ain fresh butter, Maister Francie? and no wi' greasy kitchen-foe, like the seedcake down at the confectioner's yonder, that has as many dead flees as carvy in it. Set him up for a confectioner!—Wi' a penniworth of rye-meal, and anither of tryacle, and twa or three carvy-seeds, I will make better confections than ever cam out of his oven."

"I have no doubt of that, Mrs. Dods," said the guest; "and I only wish to know how these new comers were able to establish themselves against a house of such good reputation and old standing as yours?—It was the virtues of the mineral, I dare say; but how came the waters to recover a character all at once, mistress?"

"I dinna ken, sir—they used to be thought good for naething, but here and there for a puir body's bairn, that had gotten the cruells,* and could not afford a penniworth of salts. But my ledly Penelope Penfeather had fa' an ill, it's like, as nae other body ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate naebody was ever cured, which was naething mair than was reasonable—and my ledly, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her ledlyship's wull and pleasure to call Air-castle—and they have a' their different turns, and some can clunk verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay—and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae many road-makers run daft—they say it is to see how the world was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments—and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like crows on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forby men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken; and maybe twa or three draggetailed missees, that wear my Ledly Penelope's follies when she has dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second-hand claitches. So, after her ledlyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down cam the hail tribe of wild-geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a wheen tinklers; and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt, in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Ledly Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behaved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I'm tauld, made unco havoc amang them or they wan hame; and this they ca'd picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her ledlyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin syne; for down cam masons and murgoon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and pie-bakery, and doctors and druggsters; by the shop folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of Saint Ronan's, where blithe decent folk had been heartsome enough for mony a day before any o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kiltled in their cracked brains."

"What said, your landlord, the Laird of Saint Ronan's, to all this?" said Tyrrel.

"Is't my landlord ye are asking after, Maister Francie?—the Laird of Saint Ronan's is nae landlord of

* The foundress of a sect called Buchanites; a species of Joanna Southcott, who long after death was expected to return and head her disciples on the road to Jerusalem.

* *Exorcistes*, King's Evil.

mine, and I think ye might hae minded that.—Na, na, thanks be to Fraise! Meg Dods is baith landlord and landlady. Ill enugh to keep the doors open as it is, let be facing Whitsunday and Martinmas—an auld leather pock there is, Maister Francie, in ane of worthy Maister Bindoose the sheriff-clerk's pigeon-holes, in his dowcot of a closet in the burgh; and therein is baith charter and sasine, and special service to boot; and that will be chapter and verse, speer when ye list."

"I had quite forgotten," said Tyrrel, "that the inn was your own; though I remember you were a considerable landed proprietor."

"Maybe I am," replied Meg, "maybe I am not; and if I be, what for no?—But as to what the Laird, whose grandfather was my father's landlord, said to the new domgs yonder—he just jumped at the ready penny, like a cock at a grosert, and fe'd the bonny holm beside the Well, that they ca'd the Saint-Well-holm, that was like the best land in his aught, to be carved, and biggit, and howkit up, just at the pleasure of Jock Ashier the stane-mason, that ca's himsell an arkiteck—there's nae living for new words in this new world neither, and that is another vex to auld folk such as me.—It's a shame o' the young Laird, to let his auld patrimony gang the gate it's liko to gang, and my heart is sair to see't, though it has but little cause to care what comes of him or his."

"Is it the same Mr. Mowbray," said Mr. Tyrrel, "who still holds the estate?—the old gentleman, you know, whom I had some dispute with?"

"About hunting moorfo' upon the Spring-well-head mairs?" said Meg. "Ah, lad! honest Mr. Bindoose brought you neatly off there.—No, it's no that honest man, but his son John Mowbray—the t'other has slept down-by in Saint Ronan's Kirk for these six or seven years."

"Did he leave," asked Tyrrel, with something of a faltering voice, "no other child than the present Laird?"

"No other son," said Meg; "and there's c'en enugh, unless he could have left a better ane."

"He died then," said Tyrrel, "excepting this son, without children?"

"By your leave, no," said Meg; "there is the lassie Miss Clara, that keeps house for the Laird, if it can be ca'd keeping house, for he is almost aye down at the Well yonder—so a sma' kitchen serves them at the Shaws."

"Miss Clara will have but a dull time of it there during her brother's absence?" said the stranger.

"Out no!—he has her aften jinketing about, and back and forward, wi' a' the fine fichtering fools that come yonder; and clapping palms wi' them, and linking at their dances and daffings. I wuss nae ill come o't, but it's a shame her father's daughter should keep company wi' a' that scauff and raff of physie-students, and writers' prentices, and bagmen, and sickle trash as are down at the Well yonder."

"You are severe, Mrs. Dods," replied the guest. "No doubt Miss Clara's conduct deserves all sort of freedom."

"I am saying naething against her conduct," said the dame; "and there's nae ground to say any thing that I ken of.—But I wad hae like draw to like, Maister Francie. I never quarrelled the ball that the gentry used to hae at my bit house a zude wheen years bygone—when they came, the auld folk in their coaches, wi' lang-tailed black horses, and a wheen galliard gallants on their hunting horses, and mony a decent ledly behind her nin goodman, and mony a bonny smirking lassie on her pownie, and wha sae happy as they.—And what for no? And then there was the farmers' ball, wi' the tight lads of yeomen with the bran new breeks and the buckskins.—These were decent meetings—but then they were a' ac man's bairns that were at them, ilk ane kend ilk other—they danced farmers wi' farmers' daughters, at the tane, and gentles wi' gentles blood, at the t'other, unless maybe when some of the gentlemen of the Kill-nakely Club would gie me a round of the floor mysell, in the way of daffing and fun, and me no able to flyte on them for laughing—I am sure I never grudged these innocent pleasures, although it has cost me

maybe a week's redding up, before I got the better of the confusion."

"But, dame," said Tyrrel, "this ceremonial would be a little hard upon strangers like myself, for how were we to find partners in these family parties of yours?"

"Never you fash your thumb about that, Maister Francie," returned the landlady, with a knowing wink.—"Every Jack will find a Jill, gang the world as it may—and, at the worst o't, better hae some fashery in finding a partner for the night, than get yoked with ane that you may not be able to shake off the morn."

"And does that sometimes happen?" asked the stranger.

"Happen!—and is't among the Well folk that ye mean?" exclaimed the hostess. "Was it not the last season, as they ca't, no farther gane, that young Sir Bingo Binks, the English lad wi' the red coat, that keeps a mail-coach, and drives it himsell, gat elcud with Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg, the auld Leddy Loap-engirth's lang-legged daughter—and they danced sa-lang thegither, that there was mair said than could hae been said about it—and the lad would fain hae louped back, but the auld ledly held him to his tackle, and the Commissary Court and somebody else made her Leddy Binks in spite of Sir Bingo's heart—and he has never daured take her to his friends in England, but they have just wintered and summered it at the Well ever since—and that is what the Well is good for!"

"And does Clara,—I mean does Miss Mowbray, keep company with such women as these?" said Tyrrel, with a tone of interest which he checked as he proceeded with the question.

"What can she do, puir thing?" said the dame. "She maun keep the company that her brother keeps, for she is clearly dependent.—But, speaking of that, I ken what I have to do, and that is no little, before it darkens. I have sat clavering with you ower lang, Maister Francie."

And away she marched with a resolved step, and soon the clear octaves of her voice were heard in shrill admonition to her handmaids.

Tyrrel paused a moment in deep thought, then took his hat, paid a visit to the stable, where his horse saluted him with feathering ears, and that low amicable neigh, with which that animal acknowledges the approach of a loving and beloved friend. Having seen that the faithful creature was in every respect attended to, Tyrrel availed himself of the continued and lingering twilight, to visit the old Castle, which, upon former occasions, had been his favourite evening walk. He remained while the light permitted, admiring the prospect we attempted to describe in the first chapter, and comparing, as in his former reverie, the faded hues of the glimmering landscape to those of human life, when early youth and hope have ceased to gild them.

A brisk walk to the inn, and a light supper on a Welsh rabbit and the dame's home-brewed, were stimulants of livelier, at least more resigned thoughts—and the Blue bedroom, to the honours of which he had been promoted, received him a contented if not a cheerful tenant.

CHAPTER III.

ADMINISTRATION.

There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag-herds have their leader;
Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.

The Admon. of St. Erasmus.

FRANCIS TYRREL WAS, in the course of the next day, formally settled in his old quarters, where he announced his purpose of remaining for several days. The old-established carrier of the place brought his fishing-rod and travelling-trunk, with a letter to Meg, dated a week previously, desiring her to prepare to receive an old acquaintance. This announcement, though something of the latest, Meg received with great complacency, observing it was a civil attention in Maister Tirl; and that John Hialop, though he was not just

sae fast, was far surer than ony post of them a', or express either. She also observed with satisfaction, that there was no gun-case along with her guest's baggage; "for that weary gunning had brought him and her into trouble—the lards had cried out upon it, as if she made her house a howf for common fowlers and poachers; and yet how could she hinder twa daft hemple callants from taking a start and an over-loup?" They had been over the neighbour's ground they had leave on up to the march, and they weren't just to ken meiths when the moorfowl got up."

In a day or two, her guest fell into such quiet and solitary habits, that Meg, herself the most restless and bustling of human creatures, began to be vexed, for want of the trouble which she expected to have had with him, experiencing, perhaps, the same sort of feeling from his extreme and passive indifference on all points, that a good horse-man has for the over-patient steed, which he can scarce feel under him. His walks were devoted to the most solitary recesses among the neighbouring woods and hills—his fishing-rod was often left behind him, or carried merely as an apology for sauntering slowly by the banks of some little brooklet—and his success so indifferent, that Meg said the piper of Perleth would have caught a creelf^a before Maister Francis made out the half-dozen; so that he was obliged, for peace's sake, to vindicate his character, by killing a handsome salmon.

Tyrral's painting, as Meg called it, went on equally slowly: He often, indeed, showed her the sketches which he brought from his walks, and used to finish at home; but Meg held them very cheap. What signified, she said, a when bits of paper, wi' black and white scarts upon them, that he ca'd bushes, and trees, and craigs?—Couldna he paint them wi' green, and blue, and yellow, like the other folk? "Ye will never mak your bread that way, Maister Francis. Ye sould munt up a muckle square of canvass, like Dick Tinto, and paint folks ainsells, that they lke muckle better to see than ony craig in the hail water; and I wadna muckle obiect even to some of the Walkers coming up and sitting to ye. They waste their time waur, I wis—and, I warrant, ye might make a guinea a-head of them. Dick made twa, but he was an auld used hand, and folk maun creep before their gaze."

In answer to these remonstrances, Tyrral assured her, that the sketches with which he busied himself were held of such considerable value, that very often an artist in that line received much higher remuneration for these, than for portraits or coloured drawings. He added, that they were often taken for the purpose of illustrating popular poems, and hinted as if he himself were engaged in some labour of that nature.

Eagerly did Meg long to pour forth to Nelly Trotter, the fish-woman,—whose cart formed the only neutral channel of communication between the Auld Town and the Well, and who was in favour with Meg, because, as Nelly passed her door in her way to the Well, she always had the first choice of her fish,—the merits of her lodger as an artist. Luckie Dods had, in truth, been so much annoyed and bullied, as it were, with the report of clever persons, accomplished in all sorts of excellence, arriving day after day at the Hotel, that she was overjoyed in this fortunate opportunity to triumph over them in their own way; and it may be believed, that the excellencies of her lodger lost nothing by being trumpeted through her mouth.

"I maun hae the best of the cart, Nelly—if you and me can gree—for it is for one of the best of painters. Your fine folk down yonder would gie their lugs to look at what he has been doing—he gets gowd in goupins, for three downricht skarts and three cross anes—And he is no an ungrateful loon, like Dick Tinto, that had nae sooner my good five-and-twenty shillings in his pocket than he gae'd down to birl it awa at their bonny lottle yonder, but a decent quiet lad, that kens when he is weel aff, and bides still at the auld howf.—And what for no?—Tell them all this, and h-a-r what they will say til't."

"Indeed, mistress. I can tell ye that already, with-

^a The usual expression for a slight encroachment on a neighbour's property.

^b The said piper was famous at the mystery.

out stirring my shanks for the matter," answered Nelly Trotter; "they will e'en say that ye are an auld fule, and me anither, that may hae some judgment in cock-brce or in sente-rumples, but mauna fash our beards about ony thing else."

"Wad they say sae, the frontless villains! and me been a housekeeper this thirty year!" exclaimed Meg; "I wadna hae them say it to my face! But I am no speenking without warrant—for what an I had spoken to the minister, lass, and shown him one of the loose skarts of paper that Maister Tirl leaves fleeing about his room?—and what an he had said he had kend Lord Bidmore gie five guineas for the waur on't? and a' the waird kens he was lang tutor in the Bidmore family."

"Troth," answered her gossip, "I doubt if I was to tell a' this they would hardly believe me, mistress; for there are sae many judges among them, and they think sae muckle of themselves, and sae little of other folk, that unless ye were to send down the bit picture, I am no thinking they will believe a word that I can tell them."

"No believe what an honest woman says—let abee to say twa o' them!" exclaimed Meg; "O the un-believing generation!—Weel, Nelly, since my back is up, ye sall tak down the picture, or sketching, or whatever it is, (though I thought sketchers^c were aye made of air), and shame wi' it the conceited crew that they are.—But see and bring't back wi' ye again, Nelly, for it's a thing of value; and trusht it out o' your hand, that I charge you, for I lippen no muckle to their honesty.—And Nelly, ye may tell them he has an illustrated poem—*illustrated*—murd the word, Nelly—that is to be stuck as fou o' the like o' that, as ever turkey was larded wi' dabs o' bacon."

Thus furnished with her credentials, and acting the part of a herald betwix two hostile countries, honest Nelly switched her little fish-cart downwards to St. Ronan's Well.

In watering-places, as in other congregated assemblies of the human species, various kinds of government have been dictated, by chance, caprice, or convenience; but in almost all of them, some sort of direction has been adopted, to prevent the consequences of anarchy. Sometimes the sole power has been vested in a Master of Ceremonies; but this, like other despotisms, has been of late unfashionable, and the powers of this great officer have been much limited even at Bath, where Nash once ruled with undisputed supremacy. Committees of management, chosen from among the most steady guests, have been in general resorted to, as a more liberal mode of sway, and to such was confided the administration of the infant republic of St. Ronan's Well. This little senate, it must be observed, had the more difficult task in discharging their high duties, that, like those of other republics, their subjects were divided into two jarring and contending factions, who every day eat, drank, danced, and made merry together, hating each other all the while with all the animosity of political party, endeavouring by every art to secure the adherence of each guest who arrived, and ridiculing the absurdities and follies of each other, with all the wit and bitterness of which they were masters.

At the head of one of these parties was no less a personage than Lady Penelope Penfeather, to whom the establishment owed its fame, nay, its existence; and whose influence could only have been balanced by that of the Lord of the Manor, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, or, as he was called usually by the company who affected what Meg called knapping English, The Squire, who was leader of the opposite faction.

The rank and fortune of the lady, her pretensions to beauty as well as talent, (though the former was something faded,) and the consequence which she arrogated to herself as a woman of fashion, drew round her painters and poets, and philosophers, and men of science, and lecturers, and foreign adventurers, *c' hoc genus omne*.

On the contrary, the Squire's influence, as a man of family and property in the immediate neighbourhood, who actually kept greyhounds and pointers, and at

^c Skates are called skotchers in Scotland.

least talked of hunters and of racers, ascertained him the support of the whole class of bucks, half and whole bred, from the three next counties; and if more inducements were wanting, he could grant his favourites the privilege of shooting over his moors, which is enough to turn the head of a young Scottishman at any time. Mr. Mowbray was of late especially supported in his pre-eminence, by a close alliance with Sir Bingo Binks, a sapient English Baronet, who, ashamed, as many thought to return to his own country, had set him down at the Well of St. Ronan's, to enjoy the blessing which the Caledonian Hymen had so kindly forced on him in the person of Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg. As this gentleman actually drove a regular-built mail-coach, not in any respect differing from that of his Majesty, only that it was more frequently overturned, his influence with a certain set was irresistible, and the Squire of St. Ronan's, having the better sense of the two, contrived to reap the full benefit of the consequence attached to his friendship.

These two contending parties were so equally balanced, that the predominance of the influence of either was often determined by the course of the sun. Thus, in the morning and forenoon, when Lady Penelope led forth her herd to lawn and shady bower, whether to visit some ruined monument of ancient times, or eat their pic-nic luncheon, to spoil good paper with bad drawings, and good verses with repetition—in a word,

"To rave, recite, and madden round the land,"

her ladyship's empire over the loungers seemed uncontrolled and absolute, and all things were engaged in the *tourbillon*, of which she formed the pivot and centre. Even the hunters, and shooters, and hard drinkers, were sometimes fain reluctantly to follow in her train, sulking, and quizzing, and flouting at her solemn festivals, besides encouraging the younger nymphs to giggle when they should have looked sentimental. But after dinner the scene was changed and her ladyship's sweetest smiles, and softest invitations, were often insufficient to draw the neutral part of the company to the tea-room; so that her society was reduced to those whose constitution or finances rendered early retirement from the dining-parlour a matter of convenience, together with the more devoted and zealous of her own immediate dependents and adherents. Even the faith of the latter was apt to be debauched. Her ladyship's poet-laureate, in whose behalf she was teasing each new-comer for subscriptions, got sufficiently independent to sing in her ladyship's presence, at supper, a song of rather equivocal meaning; and her chief painter, who was employed upon an illustrated copy of the Loves of the Plants, was, at another time, seduced into such a state of potvalour, that, upon her ladyship's administering her usual dose of criticism upon his works, he not only bluntly disputed her judgment, but talked something of his right to be treated like a gentleman.

These feuds were taken up by the Managing Committee, who interceded for the penitent offenders on the following morning, and obtained their re-establishment in Lady Penelope's good graces, upon moderate terms. Many other acts of moderating authority they performed, much to the assuaging of faction, and the quiet of the Wellers; and so essential was their government to the prosperity of the place, that, without them, St. Ronan's spring would probably have been speedily deserted. We must, therefore, give a brief sketch of that potential Committee, which both factions, acting as if on a self-denying ordinance, had combined to invest with the reins of government.

Each of its members appeared to be selected, as Fortunio, in the fairy tale, chose his followers, for his peculiar gifts. First on the list stood the MAN OF MEDICINE, Dr. Quentin Quackleben, who claimed right to regulate medical matters at the spring, upon the principle which, of old, assigned the property of a newly-discovered country to the bucanier who committed the earliest piracy on its shores. The acknowledgment of the Doctor's merit, as having been first to proclaim and vindicate the merits of these healing fountains, had occasioned his being universally in-

stalled First Physician and Man of Science, which last qualification he could apply to all purposes, from the boiling of an egg to the giving a lecture. He was, indeed, qualified, like many of his profession, to spread both the bane and antidote before a dyspeptic patient, being as knowing a gastronome as Dr. Redgill himself, or any other worthy physician who has written for the benefit of the *cuisine*, from Dr. Moncrieff of Tippermalloch, to the late Dr. Hunter of York, and the present Dr. Kitchiner of London. But pluralities are always invidious, and therefore the Doctor prudently relinquished the office of caterer and head-carver to the Man of Taste, who occupied regularly, and *ex officio*, the head of the table, reserving to himself the occasional privilege of criticising, and a principal share in consuming, the good things which the common entertainment afforded. We have only to sum up this brief account of the learned Doctor, by informing the reader that he was a tall, lean, beetle-browed man, with an ill-made black scratch-wig, that stared out on either side from his lantern jaws. He resided nine months out of the twelve at St. Ronan's, and was supposed to make an indifferent good thing of it,—especially as he played whist to admiration.

First in place, though perhaps second to the Doctor in real authority, was Mr. Winterblossom; a civil sort of person, who was nicely precise in his address, wore his hair cued, and dressed with powder, had knee-buckles set with Bristol stones, and a scaling as large as Sir John Falstaff's. In his heyday he had a small estate, which he had spent like a gentleman, by mixing with the gay world. He was, in short, one of those respectable links that connect the comcombs of the present day with those of the last age, and could compare, in his own experience, the follies of both. In latter days, he had sense enough to extricate himself from his course of dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.

Mr. Winterblossom now lived upon a moderate annuity, and had discovered a way of reconciling his economy with much company and made dishes, by acting as perpetual president of the table-d'ôte at the Well. Here he used to amuse the society by telling stories about Garrick, Foote, Bonnel Thornton, and Lord Kelly, and delivering his opinions in matters of taste and vertu. An excellent carver, he knew how to help each guest to what was precisely his due; and never failed to reserve a proper slice as the reward of his own labours. To conclude, he was possessed of some taste in the fine arts, at least in painting and music, although it was rather of the technical kind, than that which warms the heart and elevates the feelings. There was, indeed, about Winterblossom, nothing that was either warm or elevated. He was shrewd, selfish, and sensual; the last two of which qualities he screened from observation, under a specious varnish of exterior complaisance. Therefore, in his professed and apparent anxiety to do the honours of the table, to the most punctilious point of good breeding, he never permitted the attendants upon the public taste to supply the wants of others, until all his own private comforts had been fully arranged and provided for.

Mr. Winterblossom was also distinguished for possessing a few curious engravings, and other specimens of art, with the exhibition of which he occasionally beguiled a wet morning at the public room. They were collected, "*vis et modis*," said the Man of Law, another distinguished member of the Committee, with a knowing cock of his eye to his next neighbour.

Of this person little need be said. He was a large-boned, loud-voiced, red-faced man, named Meiklewham; a country writer, or attorney, who managed the matters of the Squire much to the profit of one or other,—if not of both. His nose projected from the front of his broad vulgar face, like the stile of an old sun-dial, twisted all of one side. He was as great a bully in his profession, as if it had been military instead of civil: conducted the whole technicalities concerning the cutting up the Saint's-Well-baugh, so much lamented by Dame Doda, into building-stones, and was on excellent terms with Doctor Quackleben.

who always recommended him to make the wills of his patients.

After the Man of Law comes Captain Mungo MacTurk, a Highland lieutenant on half-pay, and that of ancient standing; one who preferred toddy of the strongest to wine, and in that fashion and cold drams finished about a bottle of whisky *per diem*, whenever he could come by it. He was called the Man of Peace, on the same principle which assigns to constables, Bow-street runners, and such like, who carry bludgeons to break folk's heads, and are perpetually and officially employed in scenes of riot, the title of peace-officers—that is, because by his valour he compelled others to act with discretion. The Captain was the general referee in all those abortive quarrels, which, at a place of this kind, are so apt to occur at night, and to be quietly settled in the morning; and occasionally adopted a quarrel himself, by way of taking down any guest who is unusually pugnacious. This occupation procured Captain MacTurk a good deal of respect at the Well; for he was precisely that sort of person, who is ready to fight with any one,—whom no one can find an apology for declining to fight with,—in fighting with whom considerable danger was incurred, for he was ever and anon showing that he could snuff a candle with a pistol ball,—and lastly, through fighting with whom no eclat or credit could redound to the antagonist. He always wore a blue coat and red collar, had a supercilious taciturnity of manner, ate sliced leeks with his chere, and resembled in complexion a Dutch red-herring.

Still remains to be mentioned the Man of Religion—the gentle Mr. Simon Chatterly, who had strayed to St. Ronan's Well from the banks of Cam or Isis, and who piqued himself, first on his Greek, and secondly, on his politeness to the ladies. During all the week days, as Dame Dods has already hinted, this reverend gentleman was the partner at the whist-table, or in the ball-room, to what maid or matron soever lacked a partner at either; and on the Sundays, he read prayers in the public room to all who chose to attend. He was also a deviser of charades, and an unriddler of riddles; he played a little on the flute, and was Mr. Winterblossom's principal assistant in contriving those ingenious and romantic paths, by which, as by the zig-zags which connect military parallels, you were enabled to ascend to the top of the hill behind the hotel, which commands so beautiful a prospect, at exactly that precise angle of ascent, which entitles a gentleman to offer his arm, and a lady to accept it, with perfect propriety.

There was yet another member of this Select Committee, Mr. Michael Meredith, who might be termed the Man of Mirth, or, if you please, the Jack Pudding of the company, whose business it was to crack the best joke, and sing the best song,—he could. Unluckily, however, this functionary was for the present obliged to absent himself from St. Ronan's; for, not recollecting that he did not actually wear the privileged motley of his profession, he had passed some time upon Captain MacTurk, which cut so much to his quick, that Mr. Meredith was fain to go to goat-vhey quarters, at some ten miles' distance, and remain there in a sort of concealment, until the affair should be made up through the mediation of his brethren of the Committee.

Such were the honest gentlemen who managed the affairs of this rising settlement, with as much impartiality as could be expected. They were not indeed without their own secret predilections; for the lawyer and the soldier privately inclined to the party of the squire, while the parson, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Winterblossom, were more devoted to the interests of Lady Penelope; so that Doctor Quacklegen alone, who probably recollected that the gentlemen were as able to stomach complaints, as the ladies to nervous disorders, seemed the only person who preserved in cord and deed the most rigid neutrality. Nevertheless, the interests of the establishment being very much at the heart of this honourable council, and each seeing his own profit, pleasure, or comfort, in some degree involved, they suffered not their private affections to interfere with their public duties, but acted,

every one in his own sphere, for the public benefit of the whole community.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INVITATION.

Thus painters write their names at Co.—PRIOR.

THE clamour which attends the removal of dinner from a public room had subsided; the clatter of plates, and knives and forks—the bustling tread of awkward boobies of country servants, kicking each other's shins, and wrangling, as they endeavour to rush out of the door three abreast—the clash of glasses and tumblers, borne to earth in the tumult—the shrieks of the landlord—the curses, not loud, but deep, of the landlord—had all passed away; and those of the company who had servants, had been accommodated by their respective Ganymedes with such remnants of their respective bottles of wine, spirits, &c., as the said Ganymedes had not previously consumed, while the rest, broken into such observance by Mr. Winterblossom, waited patiently until the worthy president's own special and multifarious commissions had been executed by a tidy young woman and a lumpish lad, the regular attendants belonging to the house, but whom he permitted to wait on no one, till, as the hymn says,

"All his wants were well supplied."

"And Dinah—my bottle of pale sherry, Dinah—place it on this side—there's a good girl!—and, Toby—get my jug with the hot water—and let it be boiling—and don't spill it on Lady Penelope, if you can help it, Toby."

"No—for her ladyship has been in hot water to-day already," said the Squire; a sarcasm to which Lady Penelope only replied with a look of contempt.

"And, Dinah, bring the sugar—the soft East India sugar, Dinah—and a lemon, Dinah, one of those which came fresh to-day—Go fetch it from the bar, Toby—and don't tumble down stairs, if you can help it.—And, Dinah—stay, Dinah—the nutmeg, Dinah, and the ginger, my good girl.—And, Dinah—put the cushion up behind my back—and the footstool to my foot, for my toe is something the worse of my walk with your ladyship this morning to the top of Belvidere."

"Her ladyship may call it what she pleases in common parlance," said the writer; "but it must stand Munt-grunzie in the stamped paper, being so nominated in the ancient writs and evidents thereof."

"And, Dinah," continued the president, "lift up my handkerchief—and a bit of biscuit, Dinah—and—and I do not think I want any thing else—Look to the company, my good girl.—I have the honour to drink the company's very good health—Will your ladyship honour me by accepting a glass of negus?—I learned to make negus from old Dartineuf's son.—He always used East India sugar and added a tamarind—it improves the flavour infinitely.—Dinah, see your father sends for some tamarinds.—Dartineuf knew a good thing almost as well as his father—I met him at Bath in the year—let me see—Garrick was just taking leave, and that was in," &c. &c. &c. "And what is this now, Dinah?" he said, as she put into his hand a roll of paper.

"Something that Nelly Trotter (Trotting Nelly, as the company called her) 'brought from a sketching gentleman that lives at the woman's' (thus bluntly did the upstart minx describe the reverend Mrs. Margaret Dods) "at the Cleikum of Aultoun yonder"—A name, by the way, which the inn had acquired from the use which the saint upon the sign-post was making of his pastoral crook.

"Indeed, Dinah?" said Mr. Winterblossom, gravely taking out his spectacles, and wiping them before he opened the roll of paper; "some boy's daubing, I suppose, whose pa and ma wish to get him into the Trustees' School, and so are beating about for a little interest.—But I am drained dry—I put three lads in last season; and if it had not been my particular interest with the secretary, who asks my opinion now and then, I could not have managed it. But giff-gaff, say I.—Eh! What, in the devil's name, is this?—Here

is both force and keeping—Who can this be, my lady?—Do but see the sky-line—why, this is really a little bit—an exquisite little bit—Who the devil can it be? and how can he have stumbled upon the dog-hole in the Old Town, and the snarling b—— I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons—that kennels there?"

"I dare say, my lady," said a little miss of fourteen, her eyes growing rounder and rounder, and her cheeks redder and redder, as she found herself speaking, and so many folks listening—"O la! I dare say it is the same gentleman we met one day in the Low-wood walk, that looked like a gentleman, and yet was none of the company, and that you said was a handsome man."

"I did not say handsome, Maria," replied her ladyship; "ladies never say men are handsome—I only said he looked genteel and interesting."

"And that, my lady," said the young parson, bowing and smiling, "is, I will be judged by the company, the more flattering compliment of the two—We shall be jealous of this Unknown presently."

"Nay, but," continued the sweetly communicative Maria, with some real and some assumed simplicity, "your ladyship forgets—for you said presently after, you were sure he was no gentleman, for he did not run after you with your glove which you had dropped—and so I went back myself to find your ladyship's glove, and he never offered to help me, and I saw him closer than your ladyship did, and I am sure he is handsome, though he is not very civil."

"You speak a little too much and too loud, miss," said Lady Penelope, a natural blush reinforcing the nuance of rouge by which it was usually superseded.

"What say you to that, Squire Mowbray?" said the elegant Sir Bingo Binks.

"A fair challenge to the field, Sir Bingo," answered the squire; "when a lady throws down the gauntlet, a gentleman may throw the handkerchief."

"I have always the benefit of your best construction, Mr. Mowbray," said the lady with dignity.

"I suppose Miss Maria has contrived this pretty story for your amusement. I can hardly answer to Mr. Diggs, for bringing her into company where she receives encouragement to behave so."

"Nay, nay, my lady," said the president, "you must let the jest pass by; and since this is really such an admirable sketch, you must honour us with your opinion, whether the company can consistently with propriety make any advances to this man."

"In my opinion," said her ladyship, the angry spot still glowing on her brow, "there are enough of men among us already—I wish I could say gentlemen—As matters stand, I see little business ladies can have at St. Ronan's."

This was an intimation which always brought the Squire back to good-breeding, which he could make use of when he pleased. He deprecated her ladyship's displeasure, until she told him, in returning good humour, that she really would not trust him unless he brought his sister to be security for his future politeness.

"Clara, my lady," said Mowbray, "is a little wilful; and I believe your ladyship must take the task of unharbouring her into your own hands. What say you to a gipsy party up to my old shop?—It is a bachelor's house—you must not expect things in much order; but Clara would be honoured!"

The Lady Penelope eagerly accepted the proposal of something like a party, and, quite reconciled with Mowbray, began to inquire whether she might bring the stranger artist with her; "that is," said her ladyship, looking to Dinah, "if he be a gentleman."

Here Dinah interposed her assurance, "that the gentleman at Meg Dods's was quite and clean a gentleman, and an illustrated poet besides."

"An illustrated poet, Dinah?" said Lady Penelope; "you must mean an illustrious poet."

"I dare to say your ladyship is right," said Dinah, dropping a curtsy.

A joyous flutter of impatient anxiety was instantly excited through all the blue-stocking faction of the company, nor were the news totally indifferent to the rest of the community. The former belonged to that class, who, like the young Ascanius, are ever beating

about in quest of a tawny lion, though they are much more successful in now and then snaring a great bore;* and the others, having left all their own ordinary affairs and subjects of interest at home, were glad to make a matter of importance of the most trivial occurrence. A mighty poet, said the former class—who could it possibly be?—All names were recited—all Britain scrutinized, from Highland hills to the Lakes of Cumberland—from Sydenham Common to St. James's Place—even the Banks of the Bosphorus were explored for some name which might rank under this distinguished epithet.—And then, besides his illustrious poesy, to sketch so imitatively—who could it be? And all the gapers, who had nothing of their own to suggest, answered with the antistrophe, "Who could it be?"

The Claret-Club, which comprised the choicest and firmest adherents of Squire Mowbray and the Baronet—men who scorned that the reversion of one bottle of wine should furnish forth the feast of tomorrow, though caring naught about either of the fine arts in question, found out an interest of their own, which centred in the same individual.

"I say, little Sir Bingo," said the Squire, "this is the very fellow that we saw down at the Willow-slack on Saturday—he was tog'd gnostically enough, and cast twelve yards of line with one hand—the fly fell like a thistle-down on the water."

"Uch!" answered the party he addressed, in the accents of a dog choking in the collar.

"We saw him pull out the salmon yonder," said Mowbray; "you remember—clean fish—the tid-ticks on his gills—weighed, I dare say, a matter of eighteen pounds."

"Sixteen!" replied Sir Bingo, in the same tone of strangulation.

"None of your rigs, Bing!" said his companion, "nearer eighteen than sixteen!"

"Nearer sixteen, by—!"

"Will you go a dozen of blue on it to the company?" said the Squire.

"No, d—n me!" croaked the Baronet—"to our own set I will."

"Then, I say done!" quoth the Squire.

And "Done!" responded the Knight; and out came their red pocketbooks.

"But who shall decide the bet?" said the Squire.

"The genius himself, I suppose; they talk of asking him here, but I suppose he will scarce mind quizzes like them."

"Write myself—John Mowbray," said the Baronet.

"You, Baronet!—you write!" answered the Squire.

"d—n me, that cock won't fight—you won't."

"I will," growled Sir Bingo, more articulately than usual.

"Why, you can't!" said Mowbray. "You never wrote a line in your life, save those you were whipped for at school."

"I can write—I will write!" said Sir Bingo. "Two to one I will."

And there the affair rested, for the council of the company were in high consultation concerning the most proper manner of opening a communication with the mysterious stranger; and the voice of Mr. Winterblossom, whose tones, originally fine, age had reduced to falsetto, was calling upon the whole party for "Order, order!" So that the bucks were obliged to lounge in silence, with both arms reclined on the table, and testifying, by coughs and yawns, their indifference to the matters in question, while the rest of the company debated upon them, as if they were matters of life and death.

"A visit from one of the gentlemen—Mr. Winterblossom, if he would take the trouble—in name of the company at large—would, Lady Penelope Penfeather presumed to think, be a necessary preliminary to an invitation."

Mr. Winterblossom was "quite of her ladyship's opinion, and would gladly have been the personal representative of the company at St. Ronan's Well."

"The one or the other was equally *in reris* to Ascanius."

"Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte Iovis." Modern Trojans make a great distinction betwixt these two objects of chase.

but it was up hill—her ladyship knew his tyrant, the rout, was hovering upon the frontiers—there were other gentlemen, younger and more worthy to fly at the lady's command than an ancient Vulcan like him—there was the valiant Mars and the eloquent Mercury."

Thus speaking, he bowed to Captain MacTurk and the Rev. Mr. Simon Charterly, and reclined on his chair, sipping his negus with the self-satisfied smile of one, who, by a pretty speech, has rid himself of a troublesome commission. At the same time, by an act probably of mental absence, he put in his pocket the drawing, which, after circulating around the table, had returned back to the chair of the president, leaving the point from which it had set out.

"By Cot, madam," said Captain MacTurk, "I should be proud to obey your leddyship's commands—but, by Cot, I never call first on any man that ever called upon me at all, unless it were to carry im a friend's message, or such like."

"Twig the old connoisseur," said the Squire to the Knight.—"He is condiddling the drawing."

"Go it, Johnnie Mowbray—pour it into him," whispered Sir Bingo.

"Thank ye for nothing, Sir Bingo," said the Squire, in the same tone "Winter-blossom is one of us ^{was} none of us at least—and won't stand the ironing. He as his Wogdens still, that were right things in ^{is} day, and can hit the hay-stack with the best of s—but stay, they ^{are} hallooing on the parson."

"They were indeed bused on all hands, to obtain Mr. 'hatter's' consent to wait on me, but I was unknown; at though he smiled and stamped, and was absolutely incapable of saying No, he begged leave, in all humility, to decline that commission. "The truth was," he pleaded in his excuse, "that having one day called to visit the old Castle of St. Roman's, and returning through the Auld Town, as it was popularly called, he had stopped at the door of the *Chickum*," pronounced *Anglic*, with the open dudition," in hopes to get a glass of syrup of capillaire, or a draught of something cooling; and had in fact expressed his wishes, and was knocking pretty loudly, when a snash-window was thrown suddenly up, and ere he was aware what was about to happen, he was soused with a deluge of water," (as he said,) "while the voice of a hot hag from within assured him, that if that did not cool him there was another biding him, —an indication which induced him to retreat in all haste from the repetition of the shower-bath."

All laughed at the account of the chaplain's misfortune, the history of which seemed to be wronging him reluctantly, by the necessity of assigning some weighty cause for declining to execute the vicar's commands. But the Squire and Baronet continued their mirth far longer than decorum allowed, laughing themselves back in their chairs, with their hands thrust into their side-pockets, and their mouths expanded with unrestrained enjoyment, until the sufferer, angry, disconcerted, and endeavoring to look scornful, incurred another general burst of laughter on all hands.

When Mr. Winterblossom had succeeded in restoring some degree of order, he found the mishaps of the diving proved as intimidating as ludicrous. For one of the company chose to go Envoys Extraordinary to the dominions of Queen Meiz, who might be suspected of paying little respect to the sanctity of an ambassador's person. And what was worse, when it was resolved that a civil card from Mr. Winterblossom, in the name of the company, should be sent to the stranger, instead of a personal visit, Dinah informed them that she was sure no one about the house could be bribed to carry up a letter of the kind; and when such an event had taken place two summers since, Meiz, who construed it into an attempt to seduce from her tenement the invited guest, had so handled a country-boy who carried the letter, that he killed the plough-side altogether, and never thought himself safe till he was at a village ten miles off, where it was afterwards learned he enlisted with a recruiting party, choosing rather to face the Frenchman to return within the sphere of Meiz's displeasure.

Just while they were agitating this new difficulty,

a prodigious clamour was heard without, which, to the first apprehensions of the company, seemed to be Meg, in all her terrors, come to anticipate the proposed invasion. Upon inquiry, however, it proved to be her gossip, Trotting Nelly, or Nelly Trotter, in the act of forcing her way up stairs, against the united strength of the whole household of the hotel, to reclaim Luckie Dod's picture, as she called it. This made the connoisseur so to assure tremble in his pocket, who, thrusting a half-crown into Toby's hand, exhorted him to give it her, and try his influence in keeping her back. Toby, who knew Nelly's nature, put the half-crown into his own pocket, and snatched up a gill-stoup of whisky from the side-board. Thus armed, he boldly confronted the virago, and interposing a *remora*, which was able to check poor Nelly's course in her most determined moods, not only succeeded in averting the immediate storm which approached the company in general, and Mr. Winterblossom in particular, but brought the guests the satisfactory information, that Trotting Nelly had agreed, after she had slept out her nap in the barn, to convey their commands to the Unknown of Cleikum of Aultoun.

Mr. Winterblossom, therefore, having authenticated his proceedings, by inserting in the Minutes of the Committee, the authority which he had received, wrote his card in the best style of diplomacy, and sealed it with the seal of the Spa, which bore something like a nymph, seated beside what was designed to represent an urn.

The rival factions, however, did not trust entirely to this official invitation. Lady Penelope was of opinion that they should find some way of letting the stranger—a man of talent unquestionably—understand that there were in the society to which he was invited, spirits of a more select sort, who felt worthy to intrude the miselves on his solitude.

Accordingly, her ladyship imposed upon the elegant Mr. Chatterly the task of expressing the desire of the company to see the unknown artist, in a neat occasional copy of verses. The poor gentleman's muse, however, proved unpropitious; for he was able to proceed no farther than two lines in half an hour, which, coupled with its variations, we insert from the blotted manuscript, as Dr. Johnson has printed the alterations in Pope's version of the *Iliad*:

1. *Maids*. 2. *Dances*. unity joining.
The [nymphs] of St. Ronnan's (in purpose combining
1. *Sixth*. 2. *Men*.
To the [youth] who is great both in verse and designing.
during.

The elegance of a prose billet was necessarily resorted to in the absence of the heavenly muse, and the said billet was secretly intrusted to the care of Trotting Nelly. The same truste emissary, when refreshed by her nap among the *pois-e-straw*, and about to harness her cart for her return to the sea-coast, (in the course of which she was to pass the Aultoun, received another card, written, as he had threatened, by Sir Bingo Banks himself, who had given himself this trouble to secure the settlement of the bet; conjecturing that a man with a fashionable exterior, who could throw twelve yards of line at a cast with such precision, might consider the invitation of Winterblossom as that of an old twaddler, and care as little for the good graces of an affected blue-stocking, and her *edotrie*, whose conversation, in Sir Bingo's mind, relished of nothing but of weak tea and bread and butter. Thus the happy Mr. Francis Tyrrel received, considerably to his surprise, no less than three invitations at once from the Well of St. Roman's.

CHAPTER V.

EPISTOLARY ELOQUENCE.

But how can I answer, since first I must read thee?—**PRIOR.**

Desirous of authenticating our more important facts, by as many original documents as possible, we have, after much research, enabled ourselves to present the reader with the following accurate tran-

scripts of the notes intrusted to the care of Trotting Nelly. The first ran thus:

"Mr. Winterblossom [of Silverhed] has the commands of Lady Penelope Penfeather, Sir Bingo and Lady Binka, Mr. and Miss Mowbray [of St. Ronan's], and the rest of the company at the Hotel and Tontine Inn of St. Ronan's Well, to express their hope that the gentleman lodged at the Cleikum Inn, Old Town of St. Ronan's, will favour them with his company at the Ordinary, as early and as often as may suit his convenience. The COMPANY think it necessary to send this intimation, because, according to the RULES of the place, the Ordinary can only be attended by such gentlemen and ladies as lodge at St. Ronan's Well; but they are happy to make a distinction in favour of a gentleman so distinguished for success in the fine arts as Mr. ———, residing at Cleikum. If Mr. ——— should be inclined, upon becoming further acquainted with the COMPANY and RULES of the Place, to remove his residence to the Well, Mr. Winterblossom, though he would not be understood to commit himself by a positive assurance to that effect, is inclined to hope that an arrangement might be made, notwithstanding the extreme crowd of the season, to accommodate Mr. ——— at the lodging-house, called Lilliput-Hall. It will much conduce to facilitate this negotiation, if Mr. ——— would have the goodness to send an exact note of his stature, as Captain Rannletree seems disposed to resign the folding-bed at Lilliput-Hall, on account of his finding it rather deficient in length. Mr. Winterblossom begs farther to assure Mr. ——— of the esteem in which he holds his genius, and of his high personal consideration.

"For ———, Esquire,
Cleikum Inn, Old Town of
St. Ronan's.

"*The Public Rooms,
Hotel and Tontine, St. Ronan's Well,
&c. &c. &c.*

The above card was written (we love to be precise in matters concerning orthography) in a neat, round, clerk-like hand, which, like Mr. Winterblossom's character, in many particulars was most accurate and commonplace, though betraying an affectation both of flourish and of facility.

The next billet was a contrast to the diplomatic gravity and accuracy of Mr. Winterblossom's official communication, and ran thus, the young divine's academic jests and classical flowers of eloquence being mingled with some wild flowers from the teeming fancy of Lady Penelope.

"A choir of Dryads and Naiads, assembled at the healing spring of St. Ronan's, have learned with surprise that a youth, gifted by Apollo, when the Deity was prodigal, with two of his most esteemed endowments, wanders at will among their domains, frequenting grove and river, without once dreaming of paying homage to its tutelary deities. He is, therefore, summoned to their presence, and prompt obedience will insure him forgiveness; but in case of contumacy, let him beware how he again essays either the lyre or the pallet.

"*Postscript.* The adorable Penelope, long enrolled among the Goddesses for her beauty and virtues, gives Nectar and Ambrosia, which mortals call tea and cake, at the Public Rooms, near the Sacred Spring, on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, when the Muses never fail to attend. The stranger's presence is requested to participate in the delights of the evening.

"*Second Postscript.* A shepherd, ambitiously aiming at more accommodation than his narrow cot affords, leaves it in a day or two.

"Assuredly the thing is to be hired."—*As You Like It.*

"*Postscript third.* Our Iris, whom mortals know as Trotting Nelly in her tartan cloak, will bring us the stranger's answer to our celestial summons."

This letter was written in a delicate Italian hand,

garnished with fine hair-strokes and dashes, which were sometimes so dexterously thrown off as to represent lyres, pallets, vases, and other appropriate decorations, suited to the tenor of the contents.

The third epistle was a complete contrast to the other two. It was written in a coarse, irregular, schoolboy half-text, which, however, seemed to have cost the writer as much pains as if it had been a specimen of the most exquisite calligraphy. And these were the contents:—

"Sux—Jack Moobray has betted with me that the samon you killed on Saturday last wcyd, ni to eiten pounds.—I say nyer sixteen.—So you being a sportsman, 'tis refer'd.—So hope you will come or send me't; do not doubt you will be on honour. The bet is a dozen of claret, to be drank at the hotel by our own set, on Monday next; and we beg you will make one; and Moobray hopes you will come down.—Being, sir, your most humble servant,—Bingo Binka Baronet, and of Block-hall.

"*Postscript.* Have sent some loops of Indian gout, also some black hankies of my groom's dressing; hope they will prove killing, as suiting river and season."

No answer was received to any of these invitations for more than three days; which, while it secretly, rather added to than diminished the curiosity of the Wellers concerning the Unknown, occasioned much railing in public against him, as ill-mannered and rude.

Mean time, Francis Tyrrel, to his great surprise, began to find, like the philosophers, that he was never less alone than when alone. In the most silent and sequestered walks, to which the present state of his mind induced him to betake himself, he was sure to find some strollers from the Well, to whom he had become the object of so much solicitous interest. Quite innocent of the knowledge that he himself possessed the attraction which occasioned his meeting them so frequently, he began to doubt whether the Lady Penelope and her maidens—Mr. Winterblossom and his gray pony—the parson and his short black coat and raven-gray pantaloons—were not either actually polygraphic copies of the same individuals or possessed of a celerity of motion resembling omnipresence and ubiquity; for no where could he go without meeting them, and that oftener than once a-day, in the course of his walks. Sometimes the presence of the sweet Lycoris was intimated by the sweet prattle in an adjacent shade; sometimes, when Tyrrel thought himself most solitary, the parson's flute was heard snoring forth Gramachree Molly; and if he betook himself to the river, he was pretty sure to find his sport watched by Sir Bingo or some of his friends.

The efforts which Tyrrel made to escape from the persecution, and the impatience of it which his manner indicated, procured him, among the Wellers, the name of the *Misanthrope*; and, once distinguished as an object of curiosity, he was the person most attended to, who could at the ordinary of the day give the most accurate account of where the *Misanthrope* had been, and how occupied in the course of the morning. And so far was Tyrrel's shyness from diminishing the desire of the Wellers for his society, that the latter feeling increased with the difficulty of gratification,—as the angler feels the most peculiar interest when throwing his fly for the most cunning and considerate trout in the pool.

In short, such was the interest which the excited imaginations of the company took in the *Misanthrope*, that, notwithstanding the unamiable qualities which the word expresses, there was only one of the society who did not desire to see the specimen at their rooms, for the purpose of examining him closely and at leisure; and the ladies were particularly desirous to inquire whether he was actually a *Misanthrope*? Whether he had been always a *Misanthrope*? What had induced him to become a *Misanthrope*? And whether there were no means of inducing him to cease to be a *Misanthrope*?

One individual only, as we have said, neither

desired to see and hear more of the supposed Timon of Cleikum, and that was Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's. Through the medium of that venerable character John Pirner, professed weaver and practical black-fisher in the Aultoun of St. Ronan's, who usually attended Tyrral, to show him the casts of the river, carry his bag, and so forth, the Squire had ascertained that the judgment of Sir Bingo regarding the disputed weight of the fish was more correct than his own. This inferred an immediate loss of honour, besides the payment of a heavy bill. And the consequences might be yet more serious; nothing short of the emancipation of Sir Bingo, who had hitherto been Mowbray's convenient shadow and adherent, and who, if triumphant, confiding in his superiority of judgment upon so important a point, might either cut him altogether, or expect that, in future, the Squire, who had long seemed the planet of their set, should be content to roll around himself, Sir Bingo, in the capacity of a satellite.

The Squire, therefore, devoutly hoped that Tyrral's ostentatious disposition might continue, to prevent the decision of the bet, while, at the same time, he nourished a very reasonable degree of dislike to that stranger, who had been the indirect occasion of the unpleasant predicament in which he found himself, not catching a salmon weighing a pound heavier. He, therefore, openly censured the meanness of those who proposed taking further notice of Tyrral, and referred to the unanswered letters, as a piece of impertinence which announced him to be no gentleman.

But though appearances were against him, and though he was in truth naturally inclined to solitude, and averse to the affectation and bustle of such a society, that part of Tyrral's behaviour which indicated ill-breeding was easily accounted for, by his never having received the letters which required an answer. Trotting Nelly, whether unwilling to face her gossip, Meg Dods, without bringing back the bawling, or whether oblivious through the influence of the double dram with which she had been indulged at the Well, jumbled off with her cart to her beloved village of Scate-raw, from which she transmitted the letters by the first bare-legged gillie who travelled towards Aultoun of St. Ronan's; so that at last, but after a long delay, they reached the Cleikum Inn and the hands of Mr. Tyrral.

The arrival of these documents explained some part of the oddity of behaviour which had surprised him in his neighbours of the Well; and as he saw they had got somehow an idea of his being a lion extraordinary, and was sensible that such a character equally ridiculous, and difficult to support, he hastened to write to Mr. Winterblossom a card in the style of ordinary mortals. In this he stated the delay occasioned by miscarriage of the letter, and his regret on that account; expressed his intention of dining with the company at the Well on the succeeding day, while he regretted that other circumstances, as well as the state of his health and spirits, would permit him this honour very infrequently during his stay in the country, and begged no trouble might be taken about his accommodation at the Well, as he was perfectly satisfied with his present residence. A separate note to Sir Bingo, said he was happy he could verify the weight of the fish, which he had noted in his diary; ("D—n the fellow, does he keep a diary?" said the Baronet,) and though the result could only be particularly agreeable to one party, he should wish both winner and loser mirth with their wine;—he was sorry he was unable to promise himself the pleasure of participating in either. Enclosed was a signed note of the weight of the fish. Armed with this, Sir Bingo claimed his wine—trumped in his judgment—swore louder and more articulately than ever he was known to utter any previous sounds, that this Tyrral was a devilish honest fellow, and he trusted to be better acquainted with him; while the crest-fallen Squire, privately cursing the stranger by all his gods, had no mode of silencing his companion but by allowing his loss, and fixing a day for discussing the bet.

In the public rooms the company examined even

microscopically the response of the stranger to Mr. Winterblossom, straining their ingenuity to discover, in the most ordinary expressions, a deeper and esoteric meaning, expressive of something mysterious, and not meant to meet the eye. Mr. McKlewham, the writer, dwelt on the word *circumstances*, which he read with peculiar emphasis.

"Ah, poor lad!" he concluded, "I doubt he sits cheaper at Meg Dort's chimney-corner than he could do with the present company."

Doctor Quackleben, in the manner of a clergyman selecting a word from his text, as that which is to be particularly insisted upon, repeated in an under tone, the words, "*State of health*?"—umph—state of health?—Nothing acute—no one has been sent for—must be chronic—tending to gout, perhaps.—Or his shyness to society—light wild eye—irregular step—starting when met suddenly by a stranger, and turning abruptly and angrily away—Pray, Mr. Winterblossom, let me have an order to look over the file of newspapers—it's very troublesome that restriction about consulting them."

"You know it is a necessary one, Doctor," said the president; "because so few of the good company read any thing else, that the old newspapers would have been worn to pieces long since."

"Well, well, let me have the order," said the Doctor; "I remember something of a gentleman run away from his friends—I must look at the description.—I believe I have a strait-jacket somewhere about the Dispensary."

While this suggestion appalled the male part of the company, who did not much relish the approaching dinner in company with a gentleman whose situation seemed so precarious, some of the younger Misses whispered to each other—"Ah, poor fellow!—and if it be as the Doctor supposes, my lady, who knows what the cause of his illness may have been?—His spirits he complains of—ah, poor man!"

And thus, by the ingenious commentaries of the company at the Well, on as plain a note as ever covered the eighth part of a sheet of foolscap, the writer was deprived of his property, his reason, and his heart, "all or either, or one or other of them," as is briefly and distinctly expressed in the law phrase.

In short, so much was said *pro* and *con*, so many ideas started and theories maintained, concerning the disposition and character of the Misanthrope, that, when the company assembled at the usual time, before proceeding to dinner, they doubted, as it seemed, whether the expected addition to their society was to enter the room on his hands or his feet; and when "Mr. Tyrral" was announced by Toby, at the top of his voice, the gentleman who entered the room had so very little to distinguish him from others, that there was a momentary disappointment. The ladies, in particular, began to doubt whether the compound of talent, misanthropy, madness, and mental sensibility, which they had pictured to themselves, actually was the same with the genteel, and even fashionable looking man whom they saw before them; who, though in a morning-dress, which the distance of his residence, and the freedom of the place, made excusable, had, even in the minute points of his exterior, none of the negligence, or wildness, which might be supposed to attach to the vestments of a misanthropic recluse, whether sane or insane. As he paid his compliments round the circle, the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of those he spoke to; and they saw with surprise, that the exaggerations had existed entirely in their own preconceptions, and that whatever the fortunes, or rank in life, of Mr. Tyrral might be, his manners, without being showy, were gentlemanlike and pleasing. He returned his thanks to Mr. Winterblossom in a manner which made that gentleman recall his best breeding to answer the stranger's address in kind. He then escaped from the awkwardness of remaining the sole object of attention, by gliding gradually among the company,—not like an owl, which seeks to hide itself in a thicket, or an awkward and retired man, shrinking from the society into which he is compelled, but with the air of one who could maintain with ease his part in a higher circle. His address to Lady Penelope was adapted to the roman-

tic tone of Mr. Chatterly's epistle, to which it was necessary to allude. He was afraid, he said, he must complain to Juno of the neglect of Iris, for her irregularity in delivery of a certain ethereal command, which he had not dared to answer otherwise than by mute obedience—unless, indeed, as the import of the letter seemed to infer, the invitation was designed for some more gifted individual than he to whom chance had assigned it.

Lady Penelope by her lips, and many of the young ladies with their eyes, assured him there was no mistake in the matter; that he was really the gifted person whom the nymphs had summoned to their presence, and that they were well acquainted with his talents as a poet and a painter. Tyrrel disclaimed, with earnestness and gravity, the charge of poetry, and professed, that, far from attempting the art itself, he "read with reluctance all but the productions of the very first-rate poets, and some of these—he was almost afraid to say—he should have liked better in humble prose."

"You have now only to disown your skill as an artist," said Lady Penelope, "and we must consider Mr. Tyrrel as the falsest and most deceitful of his sex, who has a mind to deprive us of the opportunity of benefiting by the productions of his unparalleled endowments. I assure you I shall put my young friends on their guard. Such dissimulation cannot be without its effect."

"And I," said Mr. Winterblossom, "can produce a piece of real evidence against the culprit."

So saying, he unrolled the sketch which he had filched from Trotting Nelly, and which he had pared and pasted, (arts in which he was eminent,) so as to take out its creases, repair its branches, and vamp it as well as my old friend Mrs. Weir could have repaired the damages of time on a folio Shakespeare.

"The *vara corpus delicti*," said the writer, grinning and rubbing his hands.

"If you are so good as to call such scratches drawings," said Tyrrel, "I must stand so far confessed. I used to do them for my own amusement; but since my landlady, Mrs. Dods, has of late discovered that I gain my livelihood by them, why should I disown it?"

This avowal, made without the least appearance either of shame or *reluctance*, seemed to have a striking effect on the whole society. The president's trembling hand stole the sketch back to the portfolio, afraid doubtless it might be claimed in form, or else compensation expected by the artist. Lady Penelope was disconcerted, like an awkward horse when it changes the leading foot in galloping. She had to recede from the respectful and easy footing on which he had contrived to place himself, to one which might express patronage on her own part, and dependence on Tyrrel's; and this could not be done in a moment.

The Man of Law murmured, "Circumstances—circumstances—I thought so!"

Sir Bingo whispered to his friend the Squire, "Run out—blown up—off the course—pity—d—d pretty fellow he has been!"

"A raff from the beginning!" whispered Mowbray. "I never thought him any thing else."

"I'll hold ye a poney of that, my dear, and I'll ask him."

"Done, for a poney, provided you ask him in ten minutes," said the Squire; "but you dare not, Bingie—he has a d—d cross game look, with all that civil chaff of his."

"Done," said Sir Bingo, but in a less confident tone than before, and with a determination to proceed with some caution in the matter.—"I have got a rouleau above, and Winterblossom shall hold stakes."

"I have no rouleau," said the Squire; "but I'll fly a cheque on Meiklewham."

"See it be better than your last," said Sir Bingo, "for I won't be skylarked again. Jack, my boy, you are had."

"Not till the bet's won; and I shall see you walking dandy break your head, Bingie, before that,"

answered Mowbray. "Best speak to the Captain before hand—it is a hellish scrape you are running into—I'll let you off yet, Bingie, for a guinea forfeit.—See, I am just going to start the tattle!"

"Start, and be d—d!" said Sir Bingo. "You are gotten, I assure you o' that, Jack." And with a bow and a shuffle, he went up and introduced himself to the stranger as Sir Bingo Binks.

"Had—honour—write—sir," were the only sounds which his throat, or rather his cravat seemed to send forth.

"Confound the booby!" thought Mowbray; "he will get out of leading strings, if he goes on at this rate; and doubly confounded be this cursed trumper, who, the Lord knows why, has come hither from the Lord knows where, to drive the pigs through my game."

In the mean time, while his friend stood with his stop-watch in his hand, with a visage lengthened under the influence of these reflections, Sir Bingo, with an instinctive tact, which self-preservation seemed to dictate to a brain neither the most delicate nor subtle in the world, premised his inquiry by some general remark on fishing and field-sports. With all these, he found Tyrrel more than passably acquainted. Of fishing and shooting, particularly, he spoke with something like enthusiasm; so that Sir Bingo began to hold him in considerable respect, and to assure himself that he could not be, or at least could not originally have been bred, the itinerant artist which he now gave himself out—and this, with the fast lapse of the time, induced him thus to address Tyrrel.—"I say, Mr. Tyrrel—why, you have been one of us—I say."

"If you mean a sportsman, Sir Bingo—I have been, and am a pretty keen one still," replied Tyrrel.

"Why, then, you did not always do them sort of things?"

"What sort of things do you mean, Sir Bingo?" said Tyrrel. "I have not the pleasure of understanding you."

"Why, I mean them sketches," said Sir Bingo. "I'll give you a handsome order for them, if you will tell me. I will, on my honour."

"Does it concern you particularly, Sir Bingo, to know any thing of my affairs?" said Tyrrel.

"No—certainly—not immediately," answered Sir Bingo, with some hesitation, for he liked not the dry tone in which Tyrrel's answers were returned, half so well as a bumper of dry sherry; "only I said you were a d—d gnostic fellow, and I laid a bet you have not been always professional—that's all."

Mr. Tyrrel replied, "A bet with Mr. Mowbray. I suppose?"

"Yes, with Jack," replied the Baronet—"you have hit it—I hope I have done him?"

Tyrrel bent his brows, and looked first at Mr. Mowbray, then at the Baronet, and, after a moment's thought, addressed the latter.—"Sir Bingo Binks, you are a gentleman of elegant inquiry and acute judgment.—You are perfectly right—I was not bred to the profession of an artist, nor did I practise it formerly, whatever I may do now; and so that question is answered."

"And Jack is diddled," said the Baronet, smiling his high in triumph, and turning towards the Squire and the stake-holder, with a smile of exaltation.

"Stop a single moment, Sir Bingo," said Tyrrel; "take one word with you. I have a great respect for bets.—it is part of an Englishman's charter to bet on what he thinks fit, and to prosecute his inquiries over hedge and ditch, as if he were steple-hunting. But as I have satisfied you on the subject of two bets that is sufficient compliance with the custom of the country; and therefore I request, Sir Bingo, you will not make me or my affairs the subject of any more wagers."

"I'll be d—d if I do," was the internal resolution of Sir Bingo. Aloud he muttered some apologies, and was heartily glad that the dinner-bell, sounding at the moment, afforded him an apology for shuffling off in a different direction.

CHAPTER VI.

TABLE-TALK.

And, sir, if these accounts be true,
The Dutch have mighty things in view;
The Austrians—I admire French boasts,
Dear ma'am, above all other greens.

And all as lively and as brisk
As—Ma'am, d'ye choose a game at whist?

Table-Talk.

WHEN they were about to leave the room, Lady Penelope assumed Tyrrel's arm with a sweet smile of condescension, meant to make the honoured party understand in its full extent the favour conferred. But the unreasonable artist, far from intimating the least confusion at an attention so little to be expected, seemed to consider the distinction as one which was naturally paid to the greatest stranger present; and when he placed Lady Penelope at the head of the table, by Mr. Winterblossom the president, and took a chair for himself betwixt her ladyship and Lady Binks, the provoking wretch appeared no more: sensible of being exalted above his proper rank in society, than if he had been sitting at the bottom of the table by honest Mrs. Blower from the Bow-head, who had come to the Well to carry off the drugs of the *Influenza*, which she scorned to term a surfeit.

Now this indifference puzzled Lady Penelope's arse extremely, and irritated her desire to get at the bottom of Tyrrel's mystery, if there was one, and secure him to her own party. If you were ever at a watering-place, reader, you know that while the guests do not always pay the most polite attention to marked individuals, the appearance of a stray lion takes an interest as strong as it is reasonable, and the Amazonian chiefs of each coterie, like the hunters of Buenos-Ayres, prepare their *lasno*, and manoeuvre to the best advantage they can, each hoping to noose an unsuspecting monster, and lead him captive to her own menagerie. A few words concerning Lady Penelope Penfeather will explain why she practised this sport with even more than common zeal.

She was the daughter of an earl, possessed a hoary person, and features which might be called handsome in youth, though now rather too much *ronanese* to render the term proper. The nose was become sharper; the cheeks had lost the roundness of youth; and as, during fifteen years that she had signed a beauty and a ruling toast, the right man had not spoken, or, at least, had not spoken at the right time, her ladyship now rendered sufficiently independent by the inheritance of an old relation, poked in praise of friendship, began to dislike the sun in summer, and to "babble of green fields."

About the time Lady Penelope thus changed the colour of her life, she was fortunate enough, with Dr. Quackleben's assistance, to find out the virtues of St. Ronan's spring; and having contributed her bare to establish the *urbs in rure*, which had risen round it, she sat herself down as leader of the fashion in the little province which she had in a great measure both discovered and colonized. She was therefore, justly desirous to compel homage and tribute from all who should approach the territory.

In other respects, Lady Penelope pretty much resembled the numerous class she belonged to. She was at bottom a well-principled woman, but too thoughtless to let her principles control her humour, therefore not scrupulously nice in her society. She was good-natured, but capricious and whimsical, and willing enough to be kind or generous, if it neither thwarted her humour, nor cost her much trouble; could have chaperoned a young friend any where, and moved the world for subscription tickets; but never troubled herself how much her giddy charge irritated, or with whom; so that, with a numerous lass of Misses, her ladyship was the most delightful creature in the world. Then Lady Penelope had had so much in society, knew so exactly when to speak, and how to escape from an embarrassing discussion by professing ignorance, while she looked intelligence, that she was not generally discovered to be a fool, unless when she set up for being remarkably clever. This happened more frequently of

late, when, perhaps, as she could not but observe that the repairs of the toilet became more necessary, she might suppose that new lights, according to the poet, were streaming on her mind through the chinks that Time was making. Many of her friends, however, thought that Lady Penelope would have better consulted her genius by remaining in mediocrity, as a fashionable and well-bred woman, than by parading her new-founded pretensions to taste and patronage; but such was not her own opinion, and doubtless, her ladyship was the best judge.

On the other side of Tyrrel sat Lady Binks, lately the beautiful Miss Bonnyrigg, who, during the last season, had made the company at the Well alternately admire, smile, and stare, by dancing the highest Highland fling, riding the wildest pony, laughing the loudest laugh at the broadest joke, and wearing the briefest petticoat of any nymph of St. Ronan's. Few knew that this wild, hoydenish, half-mad humour, was only superinduced over her real character, for the purpose of getting well married. She had fixed her eyes on Sir Bingo, and was aware of his maxim, that to catch him, "a girl must be" in his own phrase, "bang up to every thing;" and that he would choose a wife for the neck-or-nothing qualities which recommended a good hunter. She made out her catch-match, and she was miserable. Her wild gool-humour was entirely an assumed part of her character, which was passionate, ambitious, and thoughtful. Delicacy she had none—she knew Sir Bingo was a brute and a fool, even while she was hunting him down; but she had so far mistaken her own feelings, as not to have expected that when she became bone of his bone, she should feel so much shame and anger when she saw his folly expose him to be laughed at and plundered, or so disgusted when his brutality became intimately connected with herself. It is true, he was on the whole rather an innocent monster; and between biting and bridling, coaxing and humouring, might have been made to pad on well enough. But an unhappy hogging which had taken place previous to the declaration of their private marriage, had so exasperated her spirits against her helpmate, that modes of conciliation were the last she was likely to adopt. Not only had the assistance of the Scottish Themis, so propitiously indulgent to the foibles of the fair, been resorted to on the occasion, but even Mars seemed ready to enter upon the tapis, if Hymen had not intervened. There was, *de par le monde*, a certain brother of the lady—an officer—and, as it happened, on leave of absence—who alighted from a hack-chaise at the Fox Hotel, at eleven o'clock at night, holding in his hand a slip of well-dried oak, accompanied by another gentleman, who, like himself, wore a military travelling-cap and a black stock; out of the said chaise, as was reported by the trusty Toby, was handed a small Reise-sac, an Andrew Ferrara, and a neat mahogany box, eighteen inches long, three deep, and some six broad. Next morning a solemn *palaver* (as the natives of Madagascar call their national convention) was held at an unusual hour, at which Captain MacTurk and Mr. Mowbray assisted; and the upshot was, that at breakfast the company were made happy by the information, that Sir Bingo had been for some weeks the happy bridegroom of their general favourite; which union, concealed for family reasons, he was now at liberty to acknowledge, and to fly with the wings of love to bring his sorrowing turtle from the shades to which she had retired, till the obstacles to their mutual happiness could be removed. Now, though all this sounded very smoothly, that gall-less turtle, Lady Binks, could never think of the tenor of the proceedings without the deepest feelings of resentment and contempt for the principal actor, Sir Bingo.

Besides all these unpleasant circumstances, Sir Bingo's family had refused to countenance her wish that he should bring her to his own seat; and hence a new shock to her pride, and new matter of contempt against poor Sir Bingo, for being ashamed and afraid to face down the opposition of his kinsfolk, for whose displeasure, though never attending to any good advice from them, he retained a childish awe.

The manners of the young lady were no less

changed than was her temper; and, from being much too careless and free, were become reserved, sullen, and haughty. A consciousness that many scrupled to hold intercourse with her in society, rendered her disagreeably tenacious of her rank, and jealous of every thing that appeared like neglect. She had constituted herself mistress of Sir Bingo's purse; and, unrestrained in the expenses of dress and equipage, chose, contrary to her maiden practice, to be rather rich and splendid than gay, and to command that attention by magnificence, which she no longer deigned to solicit by rendering herself either agreeable or entertaining. One secret source of her misery was the necessity of showing deference to Lady Penelope Penfeather, whose understanding she despised, and whose pretensions to consequence, to patronage, and to literature, she had acuteness enough to see through, and to contemn; and this dislike was the more grievous, that she felt she depended a good deal on Lady Penelope's countenance for the situation she was able to maintain even among the not very select society of St. Ronan's Well; and that, neglected by her, she must have dropped lower in the scale even there. Neither was Lady Penelope's kindness to Lady Binks extremely cordial. She partook in the ancient and ordinary dislike of single nymphs of a certain age, to those who make splendid alliances under their very eye—and she more than suspected the secret disaffection of the lady. But the name sounded well; and the style in which Lady Binks lived was a credit to the place. So they satisfied their mutual dislike with saying a few sharp things to each other occasionally, but all under the mask of civility.

Such was Lady Binks; and yet, being such, her dress, and her equipage, and carriages, were the envy of half the Misses at the Well, who, while she sat disfiguring with sullenness her very lovely face, (for it was as beautiful as her shape was exquisite,) only thought she was proud of having carried her point, and felt herself, with her large fortune and diamond bandeau, no fit company for the rest of the party. They gave way, therefore, with meekness to her domineering temper, though it was not the less tyrannical, that in her maiden state of hoydenhood, she had been to some of them an object of slight and of censure; and Lady Binks had not forgotten the offences offered to Miss Bonnyrigg. But the fair sisterhood submitted to her retaliations, as lieutenants endure the bullying of a rude and boisterous captain of the sea, with the secret determination to pay it home to their underlings, when they shall become captains themselves.

In this state of importance, yet of penance, Lady Binks occupied her place at the dinner-table, alternately disconcerted by some stupid speech of her lord and master, and by some slight sarcasm from Lady Penelope, to which she longed to reply, but dared not.

She looked from time to time at her neighbour Frank Tyrrel, but without addressing him, and accepted in silence the usual civilities which he proffered to her. She had remarked keenly his interview with Sir Bingo, and knowing by experience the manner in which her honoured lord was wont to retreat from a dispute in which he was unsuccessful, as well as his genius for getting into such perplexities, she had little doubt that he had sustained from the stranger some new indignity; whom, therefore, she regarded with a mixture of feeling, scarce knowing whether to be pleased with him for having given pain to him whom she hated, or angry with him for having affronted one in whose degradation her own was necessarily involved. There might be other thoughts—on the whole, she regarded him with much thought with mute attention. He paid her but little in return, being almost entirely occupied in replying to the questions of the engrossing Lady Penelope Penfeather.

Receiving polite though rather evasive answers to her inquiries concerning his late avocations, her ladyship could only learn that Tyrrel had been travelling in several remote parts of Europe, and even of Asia. Baffled, but not repulsed, the lady continued her courtesy, by pointing out to him, as a stranger, several individuals of the company to whom she proposed introducing him, as persons from whose society he

might derive either profit or amusement. In the midst of this sort of conversation, however, she suddenly stopped short.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "if I say I have been watching your thoughts for some moments, and that I have detected you? All the while that I have been talking of these good folks, and that you have been making such civil replies, that they might be with great propriety and utility inserted in the 'Familiar Dialogues,' teaching foreigners how to express themselves in English upon ordinary occasions!—your mind has been entirely fixed upon that empty chair, which hath remained there opposite betwixt our worthy president and Sir Bingo Binks."

"I own, madam," he answered, "I was a little surprised at seeing such a distinguished seat unoccupied, while the table is rather crowded."

"O, confess more, sir!—Confess that to a poet a seat unoccupied—the chair of Banquo—has more charms than if it were filled even as an alderman would fill it.—What if 'the Dark Ladye' should glide in and occupy it?—Would you have courage to stand the vision, Mr. Tyrrel?—I assure you the thing is not impossible."

"What is not impossible, Lady Penelope?" said Tyrrel, somewhat surprised.

"Startled already?—Nay, then, I despair of your enduring the awful interview."

"What interview? who is expected?" said Tyrrel, unable with the utmost exertion to suppress some signs of curiosity, though he suspected the whole to be merely some mystification of her ladyship.

"How delighted I am," she said, "that I have found out where you are vulnerable!—Expected—do I say expected?—no, not expected."

* She glides, like Night, from land to land,
She hath strange power of speech."

—But come, I have you at my mercy, and I will be generous and explain.—We call—that is, among ourselves, you understand—Miss Clara Mowbray, the sister of that gentleman that sits next to Miss Parker, the Dark Ladye, and that seat is left for her.—For she was expected—no, not expected—I forget again—but it was thought possible she might honour us to-day, when our feast was so full and piquant.—Her brother is our Lord of the Manor—and so they pay her that sort of civility to regard her as a visitor—and neither Lady Binks nor I think of objecting.—She is a singular young person, Clara Mowbray—she amuses me very much—I am always rather glad to see her."

"She is not to come hither to-day," said Tyrrel: "am I so to understand your ladyship?"

"Why, it is past her time—even her time," said Lady Penelope—"dinner was kept back half an hour, and our poor invalids were famishing, as you may see by the deeds they have done since.—But Clara is an odd creature, and if she took it into her head to come hither at this moment, hither she would come—she is very whimsical.—Many people think her handsome—but she looks so like something from another world, that she makes me always think of Mat Lewis's Spectre Lady."

And she repeated with much cadence,

"There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that gay gold ring,
O warrior, give it me!"

"And then you remember his answer:

"This ring Lord Brooke from his daughter took.
And a solemn oath he swore,
That that ladye my bride should be
When this crusade was o'er."

You do figures as well as landscapes, I suppose, Mr. Tyrrel?—You shall make a sketch for me—a sketch!

* The Dark Ladye is one of those tantalizing fragments in which Mr. Coleridge has shown us what exquisite powers of poetry he has suffered to remain uncultivated. Let us be thankful for what we have received, however. The unfinished one drawn from so rich a mine, is worth all to which art can add its highest decorations, when drawn from less abundant sources. The verses beginning the poem which are published separately, are said to have soothed the last hours of Mr. Fox. They are the stanzas entitled LOVE.

thing—for sketches, I think, show the freedom of art better than finished pieces—I dote on the first conceptions of genius—flashing like lightning from the cloud!—You shall make a sketch for my own boudoir—my dear sulky den at Air Castle, and Clara Mowbray shall sit for the Ghost Ladye.”

“That would be but a poor compliment to your ladyship’s friend,” replied Tyrrel.

“Friend? We don’t get quite that length, though I like Clara very well.—Quite sentimental cast of face—I think I saw an antique in the Louvre very like her—(I was there in 1800)—quite an antique countenance—eyes something hollowed—care has dug caves for them, but they are caves of the most beautiful marble, arched with jet—a straight nose, and absolutely the Grecian mouth and chin—a profusion of long straight black hair, with the whitest skin you ever saw—as white as the whitest parchment—and not a shade of colour in her cheek—none whatever—If she would be naughty, and borrow a prudent touch of complexion, she might be called beautiful. Even as it is, many think her so, although, surely, Mr. Tyrrel, three colours are necessary to the female face. However, we used to call her the Melpomene of the Spring last season, as we called Lady Binks—who was not then Lady Binks—our Euphrosyne—Did we not, my dear?”

“Did we not what, madam?” said Lady Binks, in a tone something sharper than ought to have belonged to so beautiful a countenance.

“I am sorry I have started you out of your reverie, my love,” answered Lady Penelope. “I was only assuring Mr. Tyrrel that you were once Euphrosyne, though now so much under the banners of *Il Penseroso*.”

“I do not know that I have been either one or the other,” answered Lady Binks; “one thing I certainly am not—I am not capable of understanding your ladyship’s wit and learning.”

“Poor soul,” whispered Lady Penelope to Tyrrel; “we know what we are, we know not what we may be.—And now, Mr. Tyrrel, I have been your sibyl to guide you through this Elysium of ours, I think, in reward, I deserve a little confidence in return.”

“If I had any to bestow, which could be in the slightest degree interesting to your ladyship,” answered Tyrrel.

“Oh! cruel man—he will not understand me!” exclaimed the lady.—“In plain words, then, a peep into your portfolio—just to see what objects you have rescued from natural decay, and rendered immortal by the pencil. You do not know—indeed, Mr. Tyrrel, you do not know how I dote upon your ‘serenely silent art,’ second to poetry alone—equal—superior perhaps—to music.”

“I really have little that could possibly be worth the attention of such a judge as your ladyship,” answered Tyrrel; “such trifles as your ladyship has seen. I sometimes leave at the foot of the tree I have been sketching.”

“As Orlando left his verses in the Forest of Ardenne?—Oh, the thoughtless prodigality!—Mr. Winterblossom, do you hear this!—We must follow Mr. Tyrrel in his walks, and glean what he leaves behind him.”

Her ladyship was here disconcerted by some laughter on Sir Binzo’s side of the table, which she chastised by an angry glance, and then proceeded emphatically.

“Mr. Tyrrel—this must not be—this is not the way of the world, my good sir, to which even genius must stoop its flight. We must consult the engraver—though perhaps you etch as well as you draw.”

“I should suppose so,” said Mr. Winterblossom, edging in a word with difficulty, “from the freedom of Mr. Tyrrel’s touch.”

“I will not deny my having spoiled a little copper now and then,” said Tyrrel, “since I am charged with the crime by such good judges; but it has only been by way of experiment.”

“Say no more,” said the lady; “my darling wish is accomplished!—We have long desired to have the remarkable and most romantic spots of our little Arcadia here—spots consecrated to friendship, the fine

arts, the loves and the graces, immortalized by the graver’s art, faithful to its charge of fame—you shall labour on this task, Mr. Tyrrel; we will all assist with notes and illustrations—we will all contribute—only some of us must be permitted to remain anonymous—Fairy favours, you know, Mr. Tyrrel, must be kept secret—And you shall be allowed the pillage of the Album—some sweet things there of Mr. Chatterly’s—and Mr. Edgeit, a gentleman of your own profession, I am sure will lend his aid—Dr. Quackloben will contribute some scientific notices.—And for subscription!”

“Financial—financial—your leddyship, I speak to order!” said the writer, interrupting Lady Penelope with a tone of impudent familiarity, which was meant doubtless for jocular ease.

“How am I out of order, Mr. Meiklewham?” said her ladyship, drawing herself up.

“I speak to order!—No warrants for money can be extracted before intimation to the Committee of Management.”

“Pray, who mentioned money, Mr. Meiklewham?” said her ladyship.—“That wretched old pettifogger,” she added in a whisper to Tyrrel, “thinks of nothing else but the filthy pelf.”

“Ye spake of subscription, my leddy, whilk is the same thing as money, differing only in respect of time—the subscription being a contract *de futuro*, and having a *tractus temporis in gremio*.—And I have kend many honest folks in the company at the Well, complain of the subscriptions as a great abuse, as obliging them either to look unlike other folk, or to gie good lawful coin for ballants and picture-books, and things they carena a pinch of snuff for.”

Several of the company, at the lower end of the table, assented both by nods and murmurs of approbation; and the orator was about to proceed, when Tyrrel with difficulty procured a hearing before the debate went farther, and assured the company that her ladyship’s goodness had led her into an error; that he had no work in hand worthy of their patronage, and, with the deepest gratitude for Lady Penelope’s goodness, had it not in his power to comply with her request. There was some tittering at her ladyship’s expense, who, as the writer slyly observed, had been something *ultrounious* in her patronage. Without attempting for the moment any rally, (as indeed the time which had passed since the removal of the dinner scarce permitted an opportunity,) Lady Penelope gave the signal for the ladies’ retreat, and left the gentlemen to the circulation of the bottle.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEA-TABLE.

—While the cups,

Which cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each.—*COWPER.*

It was common at the Well, for the fair guests occasionally to give tea to the company,—such at least as, from their rank and leading in the little society, might be esteemed fit to constitute themselves patronesses of an evening; and the same lady generally carried the authority she had acquired into the ball-room, where two fiddles and a bass, at a guinea a night, with a *quantum sufficit* of tallow candles, (against the use of which Lady Penelope often mutinied,) enabled the company—to use the appropriate phrase—“to cloose the evening on the light fantastic toe.”

On the present occasion, the lion of the hour, Mr. Francis Tyrrel, had so little answered the high-wrought expectations of Lady Penelope, that she rather regretted having ever given herself any trouble about him, and particularly that of having manoeuvred herself into the patronage of the tea-table for the evening, to the great expenditure of souching and congo. Accordingly, her ladyship had no sooner summoned her own woman, and her *filles de chambre*, to make tea, with her page, footman, and postilion, to hand it about, (in which duty they were assisted by two richly-laced and thickly-powdered footmen of Lady Binks’s, whose liveries put to shame the more modest garb of Lady Penelope’s, and even dimmed

the glory of the suppressed coronet upon the buttons,) than she began to vilipend and depreciate what had been so long the object of her curiosity.

"This Mr. Tyrrel," she said, in a tone of authoritative decision, "seems after all a very ordinary sort of person, quite a commonplace man, who, she dared say, had considered his condition, in going to the old alehouse, much better than they had done for him, when they asked him to the Public Rooms. He had known his own place better than they did—there was nothing uncommon in his appearance or conversation—nothing at all *frappant*—she scarce believed he could even draw that sketch. Mr. Winterblossom, indeed, made a great deal of it; but then all the world knew that every scrap of engraving or drawing, which Mr. Winterblossom contrived to make his own, was, the instant it came into his collection, the finest thing that ever was seen—that was the way with collectors—their geese were all swans."

"And your ladyship's swan has proved but a goose, my dearest Lady Pen," said Lady Binks.

"My swan, dearest Lady Binks! I really do not know how I have deserved the appropriation."

"Do not be angry, my dear Lady Penelope; I only mean, that for a fortnight and more you have spoke constantly of this Mr. Tyrrel, and all dinner-time you spoke to him."

The fair company began to collect around, at hearing the word *dear* so often repeated in the same brief dialogue, which induced them to expect sport, and, like the vulgar on a similar occasion, to form a ring for the expected combatants.

"He sat betwixt us, Lady Binks," answered Lady Penelope, with dignity. "You had your usual headache, you know, and, for the credit of the company, I spoke for one."

"For *two*, if your ladyship please," replied Lady Binks. "I mean," she added, softening the expression, "for yourself and me."

"I am sorry," said Lady Penelope, "I should have spoken for one who can speak so smartly for herself, as my dear Lady Binks—I did not, by any means, desire to engross the conversation—I repeat it, there is a mistake about this man."

"I think there is," said Lady Binks, in a tone which implied something more than mere assent to Lady Penelope's proposition.

"I doubt if he is an artist at all," said the Lady Penelope; "or if he is, he must be doing things for some Magazine, or Encyclopedia, or some such matter."

"I doubt, too, if he be a professional artist," said Lady Binks. "If so, he is of the very highest class, for I have seldom seen a better-bred man."

"There are very well-bred artists," said Lady Penelope. "It is the profession of a gentleman."

"Certainly," answered Lady Binks; "but the poorer class have often to struggle with poverty and dependance. In general society, they are like commercial people in presence of their customers; and that is a difficult part to sustain. And so you see them of all sorts—shy and reserved, when they are conscious of merit—petulant and whimsical, by way of showing their independence—intrusive, in order to appear easy—and sometimes obsequious and fawning, when they chance to be of a mean spirit. But you seldom see them quite at their ease, and therefore I hold this Mr. Tyrrel to be either an artist of the first class, raised completely above the necessity and degradation of patronage, or else to be no professional artist at all."

Lady Penelope looked at Lady Binks with much such a regard as Baalam may have cast upon his ass, when he discovered the animal's capacity for holding an argument with him. She muttered to herself—

"*Mon ane parle, et mème il parle bien !*"

But, declining the altercation which Lady Binks seemed disposed to enter into, she replied, with good humour, "Well, dearest Rachel, we will not pull caps about this man—nay, I think your good opinion of him gives him new value in my eyes. That is always the way with us, my good friend! We may confess it, when there are none of these conceited male

wretches among us. We will know what he really is—he shall not wear fern-seed, and walk among us invisible thus—what say you, Maria?"

"Indeed, I say, dear Lady Penelope," answered Miss Digges, whose ready chatter we have already introduced to the reader, "he is a very handsome man, though his nose is too big, and his mouth too wide—but his teeth are like pearl—and he has such eyes!—especially when your ladyship spoke to him. I don't think you looked at his eyes—they are quite deep and dark, and full of glow, like what you read to us in the letter from that lady, about Robert Burns."

"Upon my word, miss, you come on finely!" said Lady Penelope.—"One had need take care what they read or talk about before you, I see.—Come, Jones, have mercy upon us—put an end to that symphony of tinkling cups and saucers, and let the first act of the tea-table begin, if you please."

"Does her ladyship mean the grace?" said honest Mrs. Blower, for the first time admitted into this worshipful society, and busily employed in arranging an Indian handkerchief, that might have made a mainsail for one of her husband's smuggling luggers, which she spread carefully on her knee, to prevent damage to a flowered black silk gown from the re-peat of tea and cake, to which she proposed to do due honour.—"Does her ladyship mean the grace? I see the minister is just coming in.—Her ladyship waits till ye say a blessing, an ye please, sir."

Mr. Winterblossom, who toddled after the chaplain, his toe having given him an alert hint to quit the dining-table, though he saw every feature in the poor woman's face swollen with desire to procure information concerning the ways and customs of the place, passed on the other side of the way, regardless of her agony of curiosity.

A moment after, she was relieved by the entrance of Dr. Quackleben, whose maxim being, that one patient was as well worth attention as another, and who knew by experience, that the *honoraria* of a godly wife of the Bow-head were as apt to be forthcoming (if not more so), as my Lady Penelope's he 'e'en sat himself quietly down by Mrs. Blower, and proceeded with the utmost kindness to inquire after her health, and to hope he had not forgotten taking a table-spoonful of spirits burnt to a *residuum*, in order to qualify the cruties.

"Indeed, Doctor," said the honest woman, "I lost the brandy burn as long as I dought look at the godly creature wasting itself that gate—and then, when I was fain to put it out for very thrift, I did take a thimbleful of it, (although it is not the thing I am used to, Dr. Quackleben,) and I winna say but that it did me good."

"Unquestionably, madam," said the Doctor, "I am no friend to the use of alcohol in general, but there are particular cases—there are particular cases, Mrs. Blower—My venerated instructor, one of the greatest men in our profession that ever lived, took a wine-glassful of old rum, mixed with sugar, every day after his dinner."

"Ay? dear heart, he would be a comfortable doctor that," said Mrs. Blower. "He wad maybe ken something of my case. Is he leevin' think ye, sir?"

"Dead for many years, madam," said Dr. Quackleben; "and there are but few of his pupils that can fill his place, I assure ye. If I could be thought an exception, it is only because I was a favourite. Ah! blessings on the old red cloak of him!—It covered more of the healing science than the gowns of a whole modern university."

"There is ane, sir," said Mrs. Blower, "that has been muckle recommended about Edinburgh—Macgregor, I think they ca' him—folk come far and near to see him."

"I know whom you mean, ma'am—a clever man—no denying it—a clever man—but there are certain cases—yours, for example—and I think that of many that come to drink this water—which I cannot say I

* The late Dr. Gregory is probably intimated, as one of the celebrated Dr. Cullen's personal habits is previously mentioned. Dr. Gregory was distinguished for putting his patients on a severe regimen.

think he perfectly understands—hasty—very hasty and rapid. Now I—give the disease its own way at first—then watch it, Mrs. Blower—watch the turn of the tide.”

“Ay, troth, that’s true,” responded the widow; “John Blower was aye watching turn of tide, puir man.”

“Then he is a starving doctor, Mrs. Blower—reduces diseases as soldiers do towns—by famine, not considering that the friendly inhabitants suffer as much as the hostile garrison—ahem!”

Here he gave an important and emphatic cough, and then proceeded.

“I am no friend either to excess or to violent stimulus, Mrs. Blower—but nature must be supported—a generous diet—cordials judiciously thrown in—not without the advice of a medical man—that is my opinion, Mrs. Blower, to speak as a friend—others may starve their patients if they have a mind.”

“It wadna do for me, the starving, Dr. Keekeren,” said the alarmed relict,—“it wadna do for me at a—Just a’ I can do to wear through the day with the sma’ supports that nature requires—not a soul to look after me, Doctor, since John Blower was ta’en awa.—Thank ye kindly, sir,” (to the servant who handed the tea.)—“thank ye, my bonny man,” (to the page who served the cake.)—“Now, dinna, ye think, Doctor,” (in a low and confidential voice,) “that her ladyship’s tea is rather of the weakest—water bewitched, I think—and Mrs. Jones, as they ca’ her, has cut the seedcake very thin?”

“It is the fashion, Mrs. Blower,” answered Dr. Quackleben; “and her ladyship’s tea is excellent. But your taste is a little chilled, which is not uncommon at the first use of the waters, so that you are not sensible of the flavour—we must support the system—reinforce the digestive powers—give me leave—you are a stranger, Mrs. Blower, and we must take care of you—I have an elixir which will put that matter to rights in a moment.”

So saying, Dr. Quackleben pulled from his pocket a small portable case of medicines—“Catch me without my tools,”—he said, “here I have the real useful pharmacopœia—the rest is all humbug and hard names—this little case, with a fortnight or month, spring and fall, at St. Ronan’s Well, and no one will die till his day come.”

Thus boasting, the Doctor drew from his case a large vial or small flask, full of a high-coloured liquid, of which he mixed three tea-spoonfuls in Mrs. Blower’s cup, who, immediately afterwards, allowed that the flavour was improved beyond all belief, and that it was “vera comfortable and restorative indeed.”

“Will it not do good to my complaints, Doctor?” said Mr. Winterblossom, who had strolled towards them, and held out his cup to the physician.

“I by no means recommend it, Mr. Winterblossom,” said Dr. Quackleben, shutting up his case with great coolness; “your case is oedematous, and you treat it your own way—you are as good a physician as I am, and I never interfere with another practitioner’s patient.”

“Well, Doctor,” said Winterblossom, “I must wait till Sir Bingo comes in—he has a hunting-flask usually about him, which contains as good medicine as yours to the full.”

“You will wait for Sir Bingo some time,” said the Doctor; “he is a gentleman of sedentary habits—he has ordered another magnum.”

“Sir Bingo is an unco name for a man o’ quality, dinna ye think sae, Dr. Cocklehen?” said Mrs. Blower. “John Blower, when he was a wee bit in the wind’s eye, as he ca’d it, puir fellow—used to sing a sang about a dog they ca’d Bingo, that sould hae belonged to a farmer.”

“Our Bingo is but a puppy yet, madam—or if a dog, he is a sad dog,” said Mr. Winterblossom, applauding his own wit, by one of his own inimitable smiles.

“Or a mad dog, rather,” said Mr. Chatterly, “for he drinks no water;” and he also smiled gracefully at the thoughts of having trumped, as it were, the president’s pun.

“Twa pleasant men, Doctor,” said the widow, “and so is Sir Bingo too, for that matter; but O! is nae it a pity he should bide sae lang by the bottle? It was puir John Blower’s fault too, that weary tipping; when he was to the lee-side of a bowl of punch, there was nae raising him.—But they are taking awa the things, and, Doctor, is it not an awfu’ thing that the creature-comforts should hae been used without grace or thanksgiving?—that Mr. Chatterly, if he really be a minister, has muckle to answer for, that he neglects his Master’s service.”

“Why, madam,” said the Doctor, “Mr. Chatterly is scarce arrived at the rank of a minister plenipotentiary.”

“A minister potentiary—ah, Doctor, I doubt that is some jest of yours,” said the widow; “that’s sae like puir John Blower. When I wad hae had him gie up the Lovely Peggy, ship and cargo, (the vessel was named after me, Doctor Kittleben,) to be remembered in the prayers of the congregation, he wad say to me, ‘they may pray that stand the risk, Peggy Bryce, for I’ve made insurance.’ He was a merry man, Doctor; but he had the root of the matter in him, for a’ his light way of speaking, as deep as any skipper that ever loosed anchor from Leith Roads. I hae been a forsaken creature since his death—O the weary days and nights that I hae had!—and the weight on the spirits—the spirits, Doctor!—though I canna say I hae been easier since I hae been at the Wall than even now—if I kend what I was awing ye for, elixsir, Doctor, for it’s done me muckle heart’s good, for-by the opening of my mind to you.”

“Fie, fie, ma’am,” said the Doctor, as the widow pulled out a seal-skin pouch, such as sailors carry to tobacco in, but apparently well-stuffed with bank-notes, “Fie, fie, madam—I am no apothecary—I have my diploma from Leyden—a regular physician, madam,—the elixir is heartily at your service; and should you want any advice, no man will be prouder to assist you than your humble servant.”

“I am sure I am muckle obliged to your kindness, Dr. Kickalpin,” said the widow, folding up her pouch; “this was puir John Blower’s *spleuchan*, as they ca’ it—I’ve wear it for his sake. He was a kind man, and left me comfortable in warld’s gudes; but comforts hae their cumberers,—to be a lone woman is a sair weid, Dr. Kittlepin.”

Dr. Quackleben drew his chair a little nearer that of the widow, and entered into a closer communication with her, in a tone doubtless of more delicate consolation than was fit for the cars of the company at large.

One of the chief delights of a watering-place is, that every one’s affairs seem to be put under the special surveillance of the whole company, so that, in all probability, the various flirtations, *liaisons*, and so forth, which naturally take place in the society, are not only the subject of amusement to the parties engaged, but also to the lookers on; that is to say, generally speaking, to the whole community, of which for the time the said parties are members. Lady Penelope, the presiding goddess of the region, watchful over all her circle, was not long of observing that the Doctor seemed to be suddenly engaged in close communication with the widow, and that he had even ventured to take hold of her fair plump hand, with a manner which partook at once of the gallant suitor, and of the medical adviser.

“For the love of Heaven,” said her ladyship, “who can that comely dame be, on whom our excellent and learned Doctor looks with such uncommon regard?”

“Fat, fair, and forty,” said Mr. Winterblossom; “that is all I know of her—a mercantile person.”

“A carrack, Sir President,” said the chaplain, “richly laden with colonial produce, by name the Lovely Peggy Bryce—no master—the late John Blower of North Leith having pushed off his boat for the Stygian Creek, and left the vessel without a hand on board!”

“The Doctor,” said Lady Penelope, turning her glass towards them, “seems willing to play the part of pilot.”

* A fur pouch for keeping tobacco.

"I dare say he will be willing to change her name and register," said Mr. Chatterly.

"He can be no less in common requital," said Winterblossom. "She has changed his name six times in the five minutes that I stood within hearing of them."

"What do you think of the matter, my dear, Lady Binks?" said Lady Penelope.

"Madam?" said Lady Binks, starting from a reverie, and answering as one who either had not heard, or did not understand the question.

"I mean, what think you of what is going on yonder?"

Lady Binks turned her glass in the direction of Lady Penelope's glance, fixed the widow and the Doctor with one bold fashionable stare, and then dropping her hand slowly, said with indifference, "I really see nothing there worth thinking about."

"I dare say it is a fine thing to be married," said Lady Penelope; "one's thoughts, I suppose, are so much engrossed with one's own perfect happiness, that they have neither time nor inclination to laugh like other folks. Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg would have laughed till her eyes ran over, had she seen what Lady Binks cares so little about—I dare say it must be an all-sufficient happiness to be married."

"He would be a happy man that could convince your ladyship of that in good earnest," said Mr. Winterblossom.

"Oh, who knows—the whim may strike me," replied the lady; "but no—no—no;—and that is three times."

"Say it sixteen times more," said the gallant president, "and let nineteen nay-says be a grant."

"If I should say a thousand Nocs, there exists not the alchymy in living man that could extract one Yes out of the whole mass," said her ladyship. "Blessed be the memory of Queen Bess!—She set us all an example to keep power when we have it—What noise is that?"

"Only the usual after-dinner quarrel," said the divine. "I hear the Captain's voice, else most silent, commanding them to keep peace, in the devil's name and that of the ladies."

"Upon my word, dearest Lady Binks, this is too bad of that lord and master of yours, and of Mowbray, who might have more sense, and of the rest of that claret-drinking set, to be quarrelling and alarming our nerves every evening with presenting their pistols perpetually at each other, like sportsmen confined to the house upon a rainy 12th of August. I am tired of the Peace-maker—he but skins the business over in one case to have it break out elsewhere.—What think you, love, if we were to give out in orders, that the next quarrel which may arise, shall be *bona fide* fought to an end?—We will all go out and see it, and wear the colours on each side; and if there should a funeral come of it, we will attend it in a body.—Weeds are so becoming!—Are they not, my dear Lady Binks? Look at Widow Blower in her deep black—don't you envy her, my love?"

Lady Binks seemed about to make a sharp and hasty answer, but checked herself, perhaps under the recollection that she could not prudently come to an open breach with Lady Penelope.—At the same moment the door opened, and a lady dressed in a riding-habit, and wearing a black veil over her hat, appeared at the entry of the apartment.

"Angels and ministers of grace!" exclaimed Lady Penelope, with her very best tragic start—"my dearest Clara, why so late? and why thus? Will you step to my dressing-room—Jones will get you one of my gowns—we are just of a size, you know—do, pray—let me be vain of something of my own for once, by seeing you wear it."

This was spoken in the tone of the fondest female friendship, and at the same time the fair hostess bestowed on Miss Mowbray one of those tender caresses, which ladies—God bless them!—sometimes bestow on each other with unnecessary prodigality, to the great discontent and envy of the male spectators.

"You are fluttered, my dearest Clara—you are feverish—I am sure you are," continued the sweetly

anxious Lady Penelope; "let me persuade you to lie down."

"Indeed you are mistaken, Lady Penelope," said Miss Mowbray, who seemed to receive much as a matter of course her ladyship's profusion of affectionate politeness:—"I am heated, and my pony trotted hard, that is the whole mystery.—Let me have a cup of tea, Mrs. Jones, and the matter is ended."

"Fresh tea, Jones, directly," said Lady Penelope, and led her passive friend to her own corner, as she was pleased to call the recess, in which she held her little court—ladies and gentlemen curtsying and bowing as she passed; to which civilities the new guest made no more return, than the most ordinary politeness rendered unavoidable.

Lady Binks did not rise to receive her, but sat upright in her chair, and bent her head very stiffly; a courtesy which Miss Mowbray returned in the same stately manner, without farther greeting on either side.

"Now, who can that be, Doctor?" said the Widow Blower—"mind ye have promised to tell me all about the grand folk—who can that be that Leddy Penelope hauds such a racket wi'?—and what for does she come wi' a habit and a beaver-hat, when we are a' (a glance at her own gown) in our silks and satins?"

"To tell you who she is, my dear Mrs. Blower, is very easy," said the officious Doctor. "She is Miss Clara Mowbray, sister to the Lord of the Manor—the gentleman who wears the green coat, with an arrow on the cape. To tell why she wears that habit, or does any thing else, would be rather beyond doctor's skill. Truth is, I have always thought she was a little—a very little—touched—call it nerves—hypochoondria—or what you will."

"Lord help us, puir thing!" said the compassionate widow.—"And troth it looks like it. But it's a shame to let her go loose, Doctor—she might hurt herself, or somebody. See, she has ta'en the knife!—O, it's only to cut a shave of the diet-leaf. She winna let the powder-monkey of a boy hlp her. There's judgment in that though, Doctor, for she can cut thick or thin as she likes.—Dear me! she has not taken mair than a crumb, that ane would pit between the wires of a canary-bird's cage, after all. I wish she would lift up that lang veil, or put off that ridiculous skirt, Doctor. She should really be showed the regulations, Doctor Kickslishin."

"She cares about no rules we can make, Mrs. Blower," said the Doctor; "and her brother's will and pleasure, and Lady Penelope's whim of inculeging her, carry her through in every thing. They should take advice on her case."

"Ay, truly, it's time to take advice, when young creatures like her caper in among dressed lasses just as if they were come from scampering on Leith sands.—Such a wark as my leddy makes wi' her Doctor! Ye would think they were baith fools of a feather."

"They might have flown on one wing, for what I know," said Dr. Quackleben; "but there was early and sound advice taken in Lady Penelope's case. My friend, the late Earl of Featherhead, was a man of judgment—did little in his family but by rule of medicine—so that, what with the waters, and what with my own care, Lady Penelope is only freakish—fanciful—that's all—and her quality bears it out—the recent principle might have broken out under other treatment."

"Ay—she has been well-friended," said the widow; "but this bairn Mowbray, puir thing! how came she to be sae left to herself?"

"Her mother was dead—her father thought of nothing but his sports," said the Doctor. "Her brother was educated in England, and cared for nobody but himself, if he had been here. What education she got was at her own hand—what reading she read was in a library full of old romances—what friends or company she had was what chance sent her—then no family-physician, not even a good surgeon, within miles! And so you cannot wonder if the poor thing became unsettled."

"Puir thing!—no doctor—nor even a surgeon!—But, doctor," said the widow, "may be the par

thing had the enjoyment of her health, ye ken, and then—

"Ah! ha! ha!—why then, madam, she needed a physician far more than if she had been delicate. A skilful physician, Mrs. Blower, knows how to bring down that robust health, which is a very alarming state of the frame when it is considered *secundum artem*. Most sudden deaths happen when people are in a robust state of health. Ah! that state of perfect health is what the doctor dreads most on behalf of his patient."

"Ay, ay, Doctor?—I am quite sensible, nae doubt," said the widow, "of the great advantage of having a skilful person about ane."

Here the Doctor's voice, in his earnestness to convince Mrs. Blower of the danger of supposing herself capable of living and breathing without a medical man's permission, sunk into a soft pleading tone, of which our reporter could not catch the sound. He was, as great orators will sometimes be, "inaudible in the gallery."

Mean while, Lady Penelope overwhelmed Clara Mowbray with her caresses. In what degree her adship, at her heart, loved this young person, might be difficult to ascertain,—probably in the degree in which a child loves a favourite toy. But Clara was a toy not always to be come by—as whimsical in her way as her ladyship in her own, only that poor Clara's singularities were real, and her ladyship's chiefly affected. Without adopting the harshness of the Doctor's conclusions concerning the former, she was certainly unequal in her spirits; and her occasional fits of levity were chequered by very long intervals of sadness. Her levity also appeared, in the world's eye, greater than it really was; for she had never been under the restraint of society which was really good, and entertained an undue contempt for that which she sometimes mingled with; having unhappily none to teach her the important truth, that some forms and restraints are to be observed, less in respect to others than to ourselves. Her dress, her manners, and her ideas, were therefore very much her own; and though they became her wonderfully, yet, like Ophelia's garlands, and wild snatches of melody, they were calculated to excite compassion and melancholy, even while they amused the observer.

"And why came you not to dinner?—We expected you—your throne was prepared."

"I had scarce come to tea," said Miss Mowbray, "of my own free will. But my brother says your ladyship proposes to come to Shaws-Castle, and he insisted it was quite right and necessary, to confirm you in so flattering a purpose, that I should come and say, Pray do, Lady Penelope; and so now here am I to say, Pray, do come."

"Is an invitation so flattering limited to me alone, my dear Clara?—Lady Binks will be jealous."

"Bring Lady Binks, if she has the condescension to honour us"—[a bow was very stiffly exchanged between the ladies].—"bring Mr. Springblossom—Winterblossom—and all the lions and lionesses—we have room for the whole collection. My brother, I suppose, will bring his own particular regiment of bears, which, with the usual assortment of monkeys seen in all caravans, will complete the menagerie. How you are to be entertained at Shaws-Castle, is, I thank Heaven, not my business, but John's."

"We shall want no formal entertainment, my love," said Lady Penelope; "a *déjeuner à la fourchette*—we know, Clara, you would die of doing the honours of a formal dinner."

"Not a bit; I should live long enough to make my will, and bequeath all large parties to old Nick, who invented them."

"Miss Mowbray," said Lady Binks, who had been thwarted by this free-spoken young lady, both in her former character of a coquette and romp, and in that of a prude which she at present wore—"Miss Mowbray declares for

'Champagne and a chicken at last.'

"The chicken without the champagne, if you please," said Miss Mowbray; "I have known ladies pay dear to have champagne on the board.—By the

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by, Lady Penelope, you have not your collection in the same order and discipline as Pidecock and Polito. There was much growling and snarling in the lower den when I passed it."

"It was feeding-time, my love," said Lady Penelope; "and the lower animals of every class become pugnacious at that hour—you see all our safer and well-conditioned animals are loose, and in good order."

"Oh, yes—in the keeper's presence, you know—Well, I must venture to cross the hall again among all that growling and grumbling—I would I had the fairy prince's quarters of mutton to toss among them if they should break out—He, I mean, who fetched water from the Fountain of Lions. However, on second thoughts, I will take the back way, and avoid them.—What says honest Bottom?—

'For if they should as lions come in strife
Into such place, 'twere pity of their life.'

"Shall I go with you, my dear?" said Lady Penelope. "No—I have too great a soul for that—I think some of them are lions only as far as the hide is concerned."

"But why would you go so soon, Clara?"

"Because my errand is finished—have I not invited you and yours? and would not Lord Chesterfield himself allow I have done the polite thing?"

"But you have spoke to none of the company—how can you be so odd, my love?" said her ladyship.

"Why, I spoke to them all when I spoke to you and Lady Binks—but I am a good girl, and will do as I am bid."

So saying, she looked round the company, and addressed each of them with an affectation of interest and politeness, which thinly concealed scorn and contempt.

"Mr. Winterblossom, I hope the gout is better—Mr. Robert Rymar—I have escaped calling him Thomas for once)—I hope the public give encouragement to the munes—Mr. Keelavine, I trust your pencil is busy—Mr. Chatterly, I have no doubt your flock improves—Dr. Quackkleben, I am sure your patients recover.—These are all the especials of the worthy company I know—for the rest, health to the sick, and pleasure to the healthy!"

"You are not going in reality, my love?" said Lady Penelope; "these hasty rides agitate your nerves—they do, indeed—you should be cautious—Shall I speak to Quackkleben?"

"To neither Quack nor quackle, on my account, my dear lady. It is not as you would seem to say, by your winking at Lady Binks—it is not, indeed—I shall be no Lady Clementina, to be the wonder and pity of the spring of St. Ronan's—No Ophelia neither—though I will say with her, Good-night, ladies—Good night, sweet ladies!—and now—not my coach, my coach—but my horse, my horse!"

So saying, she tripped out of the room by a side passage, leaving the ladies looking at each other significantly, and shaking their heads with an expression of much import.

"Something has ruffled the poor unhappy girl," said Lady Penelope; "I never saw her so very odd before."

"Were I to speak my mind," said Lady Binks, "I think, as Mrs. Highmore says in the farce, her madness is but a poor excuse for her impertinence."

"Oh fie! my sweet Lady Binks," said Lady Penelope, "spare my poor favourite! You, surely, of all others, should forgive the excesses of an amiable eccentricity of temper.—Forgive me, my love, but I must defend an absent friend—My Lady Binks, I am very sure, is too generous and candid to

'Hate for arts which caused herself to rise.'

"Not being conscious of any high elevation, my lady," answered Lady Binks, "I do not know any arts I have been under the necessity of practising to attain it. I suppose a Scotch lady of an ancient family may become the wife of an English baronet, and no very extraordinary great cause to wonder at it."

"No, surely—but people in this world will, you know wonder at nothing," answered Lady Penelope.

"If you envy me my poor quiz, Sir Bingo, I'll get you a better, Lady Pen."

"I don't doubt your talents, my dear, but when I want one, I will get one for myself.—But here comes the whole party of quizzes.—Joliffe, offer the gentlemen tea—then get the floor ready for the dancers, and set the card-tables in the next room."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER DINNER.

They draw the cork, they broach the barrel,
And first they kiss, and then they quarrel.—*PRIOU.*

If the reader has attended much to the manners of the canine race, he may have remarked the very different manner in which the individuals of the different sexes carry on their quarrels among each other. The females are testy, petulant, and very apt to indulge their impatient dislike of each other's presence, or the spirit of rivalry which it produces, in a sudden bark and snap, which last is generally made as much at advantage as possible. But these ebullitions of peevishness lead to no very serious or prosecuted conflict; the affair begins and ends in a moment. Not so the ire of the male dogs, which, once produced and excited by growls of mutual offence and defiance, leads generally to a fierce and obstinate contest; in which, if the parties be dogs of game, and well-matched, they grapple, trotle, tear, roll each other in the kennel, and can only be separated by choking them with their own collars, till they lose wind and hold at the same time, or by surprising them out of their wrath by sousing them with cold water.

The simile, though a curriish one, will hold good in its application to the human race. While the ladies in the tea-room of the Fox Hotel were engaged in the light snappish visitation, or skirmish, which we have described, the gentlemen who remained in the parlour were more than once like to have quarrelled more seriously.

We have mentioned the weighty reasons which induced Mr. Mowbray to look upon the stranger whom a general invitation had brought into their society, with unfavourable prepossessions; and these were far from being abated by the demeanour of Tyrrel, which, though perfectly well-bred, indicated a sense of equality, which the young Laird of St. Ronan's considered as extremely presumptuous.

As for Sir Bingo, he already began to nourish the genuine hatred always entertained by a mean spirit against an antagonist, before whom it is conscious of having made a dishonourable retreat. He forgot not the manner, look, and tone, with which Tyrrel had checked his unauthorized intrusion; and though he had sunk beneath it at the moment, the recollection rankled in his heart as an affront to be avenged. As he drank his wine, courage, the want of which was, in his more sober moments, a check upon his bad temper, began to inflame his malignity, and he ventured upon several occasions to show his spleen, by contradicting Tyrrel more flatly than good manners permitted upon so short an acquaintance, and without any provocation. Tyrrel saw his ill humour and despised it, as that of an overgrown school-boy, whom it was not worth his while to answer according to his folly.

One of the apparent causes of the Baronet's rudeness was indeed childish enough. The company were talking of shooting, the most animating topic of conversation among Scottish country gentlemen of the younger class, and Tyrrel had mentioned something of a favourite setter, an uncommonly handsome dog, from which he had been for sometime separated, but which he expected would rejoin him in the course of next week.

"A setter?" retorted Sir Bingo, with a sneer; "a pointer I suppose you mean?"

"No, sir," said Tyrrel; "I am perfectly aware of the difference betwixt a setter and a pointer, and I know the old-fashioned setter is become unfashionable among modern sportsmen. But I love my dog as a companion, as well as for his merits in the field; and a setter is more sagacious, more attached, and fitter for his place on the hearth-rug, than a pointer

—not," he added, "from any deficiency of intellects on the pointer's part, but he is generally so abused while in the management of brutal breakers and grooma, that he loses all excepting his professional accomplishments, of finding and standing steady to game."

"And who the d—l desires he should have more?" said Sir Bingo.

"Many people, Sir Bingo," replied Tyrrel, "have been of opinion, that both dogs and men may follow sport indifferently well, though they do happen, at the same time, to be fit for mixing in friendly intercourse in society."

"That is for licking trenchers, and scratching copper, I suppose," said the Baronet, *sotto voce*; and added, in a louder and more distinct tone.—"He never before heard that a setter was fit to follow any man's heels but a poacher's."

"You know it now then, Sir Bingo," answered Tyrrel; "and I hope you will not fall into so great a mistake again."

The Peace-maker here seemed to think his interference necessary, and, surmounting his taciturnity, made the following pithy speech:—"By Cot! and do you see, as you are looking for my opinion, I think there is no dispute in the matter—because, by Cot! it occurs to me, d'y'e see, that ye are both right, by Cot! It may do ferry well for my excellent friend Sir Bingo who hath stables, and kennels, and what not, to maintain the six filthy prutes that are yelping and yowling all the day, and all the night too, under my window, by Cot!—And if they are yelping and yowling there, may I never die but I wish they were yelping and yowling somewhere else. But then there's many a man who may be as cool a gentleman at the bottom as my worthy friend Sir Bingo, though it may be that he is poor; and if he is poor—and as if it might be my own case, or that of this honest gentleman, Mr. Tirl—is that a reason or a law, that he is not to keep a prute of a tog, to help him to take his sports and his pleasures? and if he has not a stable or a kennel to put the creature into, must he not keep it in his pit of room, or upon his parlour hearth, seeing that Luke Dods would make the kitchen too hot for the pair—and so, if Mr. Tirl finds a setter more fitter for its purpose than a pointer, by Cot, I know no law against it, else may I never die the black death."

If this oration appear rather long for the occasion, the reader must recollect that Captain MacTurl had in all probability the trouble of translating it from the periphrastic language of Ossian, in which it was originally conceived in his own mind.

The Man of Law replied to the Man of Peace, "Ye are mistaken for aince in your life, Captain, for there is a law against setters; and I will undertake to prove them to be the 'lying dogs' which are mentioned in the auld Scots statute, and which all and sundry are discharged to keep, under a penalty of—"

Here the Captain broke in, with a very solemn mien and dignified manner—"By Cot! Master Meiklewham, and I shall be asking what you mean by talking to me of peing mistaken, and apout lying dogs, sir—because I would have you to know, and to believe, and to very well consider, that I never was mistaken in my life, sir, unless it was when I took you for a gentleman."

"No offence, Captain," said Mr. Meiklewham: "dinna break the wand of peace, man, you that should be the first to keep it.—He is as cankered," continued the Man of Law, apart to his patron, "as an auld Highland terrier, that snaps at whatever comes near it—but I tell you as thing, St. Ronan's, and that is on saul and conscience, that I believe this is the very lad Tirl, that I raised a summons against before the justices—him and another hemple—in your father's time, for shooting on the Spring-well-head muirs."

"The devil you did, Mick!" replied the Lord of the Manor, also aside;—"Well I am obliged to you for giving me some reason for the ill thoughts I had of him—I knew he was some trumpery scamp—I'll blow him, by—"

"Whisht—stop—hush—haud your tongue, St. Ronan's—keep a calm sough—ye see, I intended the

process, by your worthy father's desire, before the Quarter Sessions—but I ken na—The auld sheriff-clerk stood the lad's friend—and some of the justices thought it was but a mistake of the marches, and sae we couldna get a judgment—and your father was very ill of the gout, and I was feared to vex him, and so I was fain to let the process sleep, for fear they had been assotized.—Sae ye had better gang cautiously to work, St. Ronan's, for though they were summoned, they were not convict."

"Could ye not take up the action again?" said Mr. Mowbray.

"Whew! it's been prescribed sex or seven year syne. It is a great shame, St. Ronan's, that the game laws, whilk are the very best protection that is left to country gentlemen against the encroachment of their inferiors, rin sae short a course of prescription—a poacher may just jink ye back and forward like a flea in a blanket, (wi' pardon)—hap ye out of ae county and into anither at their pleasure, like pyote—and unless ye get your thumb-nail on them in the fory nick o' time, ye may dine on a dish of prescription, and sup upon an absolvitor."

"It is a shame indeed," said Mowbray, turning from his confidant and agent, and addressing himself to the company in general, yet not without a peculiar look directed to Tyrrel.

"What is a shame, sir?" said Tyrrel, conceiving that the observation was particularly addressed to him.

"That we should have so many poachers upon our nuirs, sir," answered St. Ronan's. "I sometimes regret having countenanced the Well here, when I think how many guns it has brought on my property every season."

"Hout flet hout awa, St. Ronan's!" said his Man of Law; "no countenance the Waal? What would he country-side be without it, I would be glad to ken? It's the greatest improvement that has been made on this country since the year forty-five. Na, na, it's no the Waal that's to blame for the poaching and delinquencies on the game. We maun to the hultoun for the howf of that kind of cattle. Our ules at the Waal are clear and express against trespassers on the game."

"I can't think," said the Squire, "what made my ather sell the property of the old change-house yonder, to the hag that keeps it open out of spite, I think, and to harbour poachers and vagabonds!—I cannot conceive what made him do so foolish a thing!"

"Probably because your father wanted money, sir," said Tyrrel, dryly; "and my worthy landlady, Mrs. Dodds, had got some.—You know, I presume, sir, hat I lodge there?"

"Oh, sir," replied Mowbray, in a tone betwixt scorn and civility, "you cannot suppose the present company is alluded to; I only presumed to mention as a fact, that we have been annoyed with unqualified people shooting on our grounds, without either liberty or license. And I hope to have her sign taken down or it—that is all.—There was the same plague in my ather's days, I think, Mick?"

But Mr. Meiklewham, who did not like Tyrrel's looks so well as to induce him to become approver on the occasion, replied with an inarticulate grunt, addressed to the company, and a private admonition to his patron's own ear, "to let sleeping dogs lie."

"I can scarce forbear the fellow," said St. Ronan's; "and yet I cannot well tell where my dislike to him lies—but it would be d-d folly to turn out with him for nothing; and so, honest Mick, I will be as quiet as I can."

"And that you may be so," said Meiklewham, "I think you had best take no more wine."

"I think so too," said the Squire; "for each glass I drink in his company gives me the heartburn—yet the man is not different from other raffs either—but there is something about him intolerable to me."

So saying, he pushed back his chair from the table, and—*regis ad exemplum*—after the pattern of the Laird, all the company arose.

Sir Bingo got up with reluctance, which he testified by two or three deep growls, as he followed the rest of the company into the outer apartment, which

served as an entrance-hall, and divided the dining-parlour from the tea-room, as it was called. Here, while the party were assuming their hats, for the purpose of joining the ladies' society, (which old-fashioned folk used only to take up for that of going into the open air,) Tyrrel asked a smart footman, who stood near, to hand him the hat which lay on the table beyond.

"Call your own servant, sir," answered the fellow, with the true insolence of a pampered menial.

"Your master," answered Tyrrel, "ought to have taught you good manners, my friend, before bringing you here."

"Sir Bingo Binks is my master," said the fellow, in the same insolent tone as before.

"Now for it, Bingle," said Mowbray, who was aware that the Baronet's pot-courage had arrived at fighting pitch.

"Yes!" said Sir Bingo aloud, and more articulately than usual—"The fellow is my servant—what has any one to say to it?"

"I at least have my mouth stopped," answered Tyrrel, with perfect composure. "I should have been surprised to have found Sir Bingo's servant better bred than himself."

"What d'ye mean by that, sir?" said Sir Bingo, coming up in an offensive attitude, for he was no mean pupil of the Fives-Court—"What d'ye mean by that? D—n you, sir! I'll serve you out before you can say dumpling."

"And I, Sir Bingo, unless you presently lay aside that look and manner, will knock you down before you can cry help."

The visitor held in his hand a slip of oak, with which he gave a flourish, that, however slight, intimated some acquaintance with the noble art of single-stick. From this demonstration Sir Bingo thought it prudent somewhat to recoil, though backed by a party of friends, who, in their zeal for his honour, would rather have seen his bones broken in conflict bold, than his honour injured by a discreditable retreat; and Tyrrel seemed to have some inclination to indulge them. But, at the very instant when his hand was raised with a motion of no doubtful import, a whispering voice, close to his ear, pronounced the emphatic words—"Are you a man?"

Not the thrilling tone with which our inimitable Siddons used to electrify the scene, when she uttered the same whisper, ever had a more powerful effect upon an auditor, than had these unexpected sounds on him, to whom they were now addressed. Tyrrel forgot every thing—his quarrel—the circumstances in which he was placed—the company. The crowd was to him at once annihilated, and life seemed to have no other object than to follow the person who had spoken. But suddenly as he turned, the disappearance of the monitor was at least equally so, for amid the group of commonplace countenances by which he was surrounded, there was none which assorted to the tone and words, which possessed such a power over him. "Make way," he said, to those who surrounded him; and it was in the tone of one who was prepared, if necessary, to make way for himself.

Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's stepped forward. "Come, sir," said he, "this will not do—you have come here, a stranger among us, to assume airs and dignities, which, by G—d, would become a duke, or a prince! We must know who and what you are, before we permit you to carry your high tone any farther."

This address seemed at once to arrest Tyrrel's anger, and his impatience to leave the company. He turned to Mowbray, collected his thoughts for an instant, and then answered him thus:—"Mr. Mowbray, I seek no quarrel with any one here—with you, in particular, I am most unwilling to have any disagreement. I came here by invitation, not certainly expecting much pleasure, but, at the same time, supposing myself secure from incivility. In the last point, I find myself mistaken, and therefore wish the company good-night. I must also make my adieu to the ladies."

So saying, he walked several steps, yet, as it

seemed, rather irresolutely, towards the door of the card-room—and then, to the increased surprise of the company, stopped suddenly, and muttering something about the “unfitness of the time,” turning on his heel, and bowing haughtily, as there was way made for him, walked in the opposite direction towards the door which led to the outer hall.

“D—me, Sir Bingo, will you let him off?” said Mowbray, who seemed to delight in pushing his friend into new scrapes—“To him, man—to him—he shows the white feather.”

Sir Bingo, thus encouraged, planted himself with a look of defiance exactly between Tyrrel and the door; upon which the retreating guest, bestowing on him most emphatically the epithet Fool, seized him by the collar, and flung him out of his way with some violence.

“I am to be found at the Old Town of St. Ronan’s by whomsoever has any concern with me.”—Without waiting the issue of this aggression farther than to utter these words, Tyrrel left the hotel. He stopped in the court-yard, however, with the air of one uncertain whether he intended to go, and who was desirous to ask some question, which seemed to die upon his tongue. At length his eye fell upon a groom who stood not far from the door of the inn, holding, in his hand a handsome pony, with a side-saddle.

“Whose?” said Tyrrel—but the rest of the question he seemed unable to utter.

The man, however, replied, as if he had heard the whole interrogation.—“Miss Mowbray’s, sir, of St. Ronan’s—she leaves directly—and so I am walking the pony—a clever thing, sir, for a lady.”

“She returns to Shaws-Castle by the Buck-stane road?”

“I suppose so, sir,” said the groom. “It is the highest, and Miss Clara cares little for rough roads. Zounds! She can spank it over wet and dry.”

Tyrrel turned away from the man, and hastily left the hotel—not, however, by the road which led to the Aultoun, but by a footpath among the natural copse-wood, which, following the course of the brook, intersected the usual horse-road to Shaws-Castle, the seat of Mr. Mowbray, at a romantic spot called the Buck-stane.

In a small peninsula, formed by a winding of the brook, was situated, on a rising hillock, a large rough-hewn pillar of stone, said by tradition to commemorate the fall of a stag of unusual speed, size, and strength, whose flight, after having lasted through a whole summer’s day, had there terminated in death, to the honour and glory of some ancient baron of St. Ronan’s, and of his staunch hounds. During the periodical cuttings of the copse, which the necessities of the family of St. Ronan’s brought round more frequently than Ponty would have recommended, some onks had been spared in the neighbourhood of this massive obelisk, old enough perhaps to have heard the whoop and halloo which followed the fall of the stag, and to have witnessed the raising of the rude monument by which that great event was commemorated. These trees, with their broad spreading boughs, made a twilight even of noon-day; and, now that the sun was approaching its setting point, their shade already anticipated night. This was especially the case where three or four of them stretched their arms over a deep gully, through which winded the horse-path to Shaws-Castle, at a point about a pistol-shot distant from the Buck-stane. As the principal access to Mr. Mowbray’s mansion was by a carriage-way, which passed in a different direction, the present path was left almost in a state of nature, full of large stones, and broken by gullies, delightful, from the varied character of its banks, to the picturesque traveller, and most inconvenient, nay dangerous, to him who had a stumbling horse.

The footpath to the Buck-stane, which here joined the bridle-road, had been constructed, at the expense of a subscription, under the direction of Mr. Winter-blossom, who had taste enough to see the beauties of this secluded spot, which was exactly such as in earlier times might have harboured the ambush of some marauding chief. This recollection had not escaped Tyrrel, to whom the whole scenery was familiar, who

now hastened to the spot, as one which peculiarly suited his present purpose. He sat down by one of the larger projecting trees, and, screened by its enormous branches from observation, was enabled to watch the road from the Hotel for a great part of its extent, while he was himself invisible to any who might travel upon it.

Mean while his sudden departure excited a considerable sensation among the party whom he had just left, and who were induced to form conclusions not very favourable to his character. Sir Bingo, in particular, blustered loudly and more loudly, in proportion to the increasing distance betwixt himself and his antagonist, declaring his resolution to be revenged on the scoundrel for his insolence—to drive him from the neighbourhood—and I know not what other menaces of formidable import. The devil in the old stories of *diablerie*, was always sure to start up at the elbow of any one who nursed diabolical purposes, and only wanted a little backing from the foul fiend to carry his imaginations into action. The noble Captain MacTurk had so far this property of his infernal majesty, that the least hint of an approaching quarrel drew him always to the vicinity of the party concerned. He was now at Sir Bingo’s side, and was taking his own view of the matter, in his character of peace-maker.

“By Cot! and it’s very exceedingly true, my good friend, Sir Bingo—and as you say, it concerns your honour, and the honour of the place, and credit and character of the whole company, by Cot! that this matter be properly looked after; for, as I think he laid hands on your body, my excellent good friend.”

“Hands, Captain MacTurk?” exclaimed Sir Bingo, in some confusion; “no, blast him—not so bad as that neither—if he had, I should have handed him over the window—but, by —, the fellow had the impudence to offer to collar me—I had just stepped back to square at him, when, curse me, the blackguard ran away.”

“Right, vara right, Sir Bingo,” said the Man of Law, “a vara perfect blackguard, a poaching scoundrel sort of fellow, that I will have secured out of the country before he be three days aulder. Fash you your beard nae farther about the matter, Sir Bingo.”

“By Cot! but I can tell you, Mr. Meiklewham,” said the Man of Peace, with great solemnity of voice, “that you are scolding your lips in other folk’s kae, and that it is necessary for the credit, and honour, and respect of this company, at the Well of St. Ronan’s, that Sir Bingo goes by more competent advice than yours upon the present occasion, Mr. Meiklewham; for though your counsel may do very well in a small debt court, here, do you see, Mr. Meiklewham, is a question of honour, which is not a thing in your line, as I take it.”

“No, before George! it is not,” answered Meiklewham; “e’en take it all to yourself, Captain, and meikle ye are likely to make on’t.”

“Then,” said the Captain, “Sir Bingo, I will beg the favour of your company to the smoking room, where we may have a cigar and a glass of gin-twig; and we will consider how the honour of the company must be supported and upholden upon the present conjuncture.”

The Baronet complied with this invitation, as much perhaps, in consequence of the medium through which the Captain intended to convey his warlike counsels as for the pleasure with which he anticipated the result of these counsels themselves. He followed the military step of his leader, whose stride was more stiff, and his form more perpendicular, when exalted by the consciousness of an approaching quarrel, to the smoking-room, where, sighing as he lighted his cigar, Sir Bingo prepared to listen to the words of wisdom and valour, as they should flow in mingled stream from the lips of Captain MacTurk.

Mean while the rest of the company joined the ladies. “Here has been Clara,” said Lady Penelope to Mr. Mowbray; “here has been Miss Mowbray among us, like the ray of a sun which does but dazzle and die.”

“Ah, poor Clara,” said Mowbray; “I thought I saw

her way through the crowd a little while was not sure."

said Lady Penelope, "she has asked us all to be at the Castle on Thursday, to a *dîner à la*—I trust you confirm your sister's invitation?"

"Yes," replied Mowbray; "truly glad Clara has had the grace to think we shall acquit ourselves in a different way, neither she nor I are much accustomed to such hostessship."

"It will be delightful, I am sure," said Lady Penelope. "Clara has a grace in everything she does, Mr. Mowbray, can be a perfectly well-mannered woman—when you please."

"Her qualification is severe—Well—good manner—speed—I will certainly please to do my duty. I see your ladyship at Shaws-Castle, received no company this many a day—I have lived a wild life of it, each in their

way," said Lady Binks, "if I sume to speak—I think you do suffer your ride about a little too much without an attendant."

"I know Miss Mowbray rides as a woman before, but still an accident may happen," said Mowbray. "Ah, Lady Binks, accidents happen as frequently when ladies are out as when they are without them."

"Yes, who, in her maiden state, had cantered all about these woods under Sir Bingo's escort, looked spiteful, and was silent."

"Yes," said John Mowbray, more lightly, "the risk, after all? There are no wolves down to eat up our pretty Red-Riding Hoods; is either—except those of Lady Penelope's

raw the car of Cybele," said Mr. Chatterly. "Lady Penelope luckily did not understand the allusion—was indeed better intended than ima-

gine!" she said; "what have you done with your horse of the day? I see Mr. Tyrrel no where shining an additional bottle with Sir Bingo?" "Tyrrel, madam," said Mowbray, "has acted by the lion rampant, and the lion passant: in quarrels, and he has run away—fled from the re of your doughty knight, Lady Binks." "I am sure I hope not," said Lady Binks; "my unsuccessful campaigns have been unable to give him his taste for quarrels—a victory would have been man of him for life."

"The inconvenience might bring its own consolation—said Winterblossom, apart to Mowbray; "he is not usually live long."

"Yes," replied Mowbray, "the lady's despair, he out just now, even in her own despite, is rational—absolutely legitimate. Sir Bingo will have a chance that way."

"I then made his bow to Lady Penelope, in answer to her request that he would join the card-table, observed, that he had no time to do so, that the heads of the old domestics at the castle would be by this time absolutely turned, and apprehensions of what Thursday was to bring down that as Clara would certainly give no difficulty in the proper arrangements, it was necessary he should take that trouble himself."

"I ride smartly," said Lady Penelope, "you are even a temporary alarm, by overtaking your creature, ere she gets home—She somewhere her pony to go at will along the lane, as Betty Foy's."

"But then," said little Miss Digges, "Miss Mowbray sometimes gallops as if the lark was a snail, and it quite frights one to see her." "The doctor touched Mrs. Blower, who had appeared as to be on the verge of the gentle cure, she did not venture within it—they exchanged looks, and a most pitiful shake of the head."

Mowbray's eye happened at that moment to fall on them; and doubtless, notwithstanding the attempt to compose their countenances to a diffident expression, he comprehended what was pass-

ing through their minds;—and perhaps it awoke a corresponding note in his own. He took his hat, and with a cast of thought upon his countenance which it seldom wore, left the apartment. A moment afterwards his horse's feet were heard spurning the pavement, as he started off at a sharp pace.

"There is something singular about these Mowbrays to-night," said Lady Penelope.—"Clara, poor dear angel, is always particular; but I should have thought Mowbray had too much worldly wisdom to be fanciful.—What are you consulting your *souvenir* for with such attention, my dear Lady Binks?"

"Only for the age of the moon," said her ladyship, putting the little tortoise shell bound calendar into her reticule; and having done so, she proceeded to assist Lady Penelope in the arrangements for the evening.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING.

We meet as shadows in the land of dreams,
Which speak not but in signs.

Anonymous.

BEHIND one of the old oaks which we have described in the preceding chapter, shrouding himself from observation like a hunter watching for his game, or an Indian for his enemy, but with different, very different purpose, Tyrrel lay on his breast near the Buck-stane, his eye on the horse-road which wound down the valley, and his ear alertly awake to every sound which mingled with the passing breeze, or with the ripple of the brook.

"To have met her in yonder congregated assembly of brutes and fools!—such was a part of his internal reflections,—"had been little less than an act of madness—madness almost equal in its degree to that cowardice which has hitherto prevented my approaching her when our eventful meeting might have taken place unobserved.—But now—now—my resolution is as fixed as the place is itself favourable. I will not wait till some chance again shall throw us together, with a hundred malignant eyes to watch, and wonder, and stare, and try in vain to account for the expression of feelings which I might find it impossible to suppress.—Hark—hark!—I hear the tread of a horse—No—it was the changeful sound of the water rushing over the pebbles. Surely she cannot have taken the other road to Shaws-Castle!—No—the sounds become distinct—her figure is visible on the path, coming swiftly forward.—Have I the courage to show myself?—I have—the hour is come, and what must be shall be."

Yet this resolution was scarcely formed ere it began to fluctuate, when he reflected upon the fittest manner of carrying it into execution. To show himself at a distance, might give the lady an opportunity of turning back and avoiding the interview which he had determined upon—to hide himself till the moment when her horse, in rapid motion, should pass his lurking-place, might be attended with danger to the rider—and while he hesitated which course to pursue, there was some chance of his missing the opportunity of presenting himself to Miss Mowbray at all. He was himself sensible of this, formed a hasty and desperate resolution not to suffer the present moment to escape, and, just as the ascent induced the poney to slacken its pace, Tyrrel stood in the middle of the defile, about six yards distant from the young lady.

She pulled up the reins, and stopped as if arrested by a thunderbolt.—"Clara!"—"Tyrrel!" These were the only words which were exchanged between them, until Tyrrel, moving his feet as slowly as if they had been of lead, began gradually to diminish the distance which lay betwixt them. It was then that, observing his closer approach, Miss Mowbray called out with great eagerness,—"No nearer—no nearer!—So long have I endured your presence, but if you approach me more closely, I shall be mad indeed!"

"What do you fear?" said Tyrrel, in a hollow voice—"What can you fear?" and he continued to draw nearer, until they were within a pace of each other.

Clara, mean while, dropping her bridle, clasped her hands together, and held them up towards Heaven,

muttering, in a voice scarcely audible, "Great God!—If this apparition be formed by my heated fancy, let it pass away; if it be real, enable me to bear its presence!—Tell me, I conjure you, are you Francis Tyrrel in blood and body, or is this but one of those wandering visions, that have crossed my path and glared on me, but without daring to abide my steadfast glance?"

"I am Francis Tyrrel," answered he, "in blood and body, as much as she to whom I speak is Clara Mowbray."

"Then God have mercy on us both!" said Clara, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Amen!" said Tyrrel.—"But what avails this excess of agitation?—You saw me but now, Miss Mowbray—Your voice still rings in my ears—You saw me but now—you spoke to me—and that when I was among strangers—Why not preserve your composure, when we are where no human eye can see—no human ear can hear?"

"Is it so?" said Clara; "and was it indeed yourself whom I saw even now?—I thought so, and something I said at the time—but my brain has been but ill settled since we last met—But I am well now—quite well—I have invited all the people yonder to come to Shaws-Castle—my brother desired me to do it—I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Tyrrel there—though I think there is some old grudge between my brother and you."

"Alas! Clara, you mistake. Your brother I have scarcely seen," replied Tyrrel much distressed, and apparently uncertain in what tone to address her, which might soothe, and not irritate her mental malady, of which he could now entertain no doubt.

"True—true," she said, after a moment's reflection, "my brother was then at college. It was my father, my poor father, whom you had some quarrel with.—But you will come to Shaws-Castle on Thursday, at two o'clock?—John will be glad to see you—he can be kind when he pleases—and then we will talk of old times—I must get on, to have things ready—Good evening."

She would have passed him, but he took gently hold of the rein of her bridle.—"I will walk with you, Clara," he said; "the road is rough and dangerous—you ought not to ride fast.—I will walk along with you, and we will talk of former times now, more conveniently than in company."

"True—true—very true, Mr. Tyrrel—it shall be as you say. My brother obliges me sometimes to go into company at that hateful place down yonder; and I do so because he likes it, and because the folks let me have my own way, and come and go as I list. Do you know Tyrrel, that very often when I am there, and John has his eye on me, I can carry it on as gayly as if you and I had never met?"

"I would to God we never had," said Tyrrel, in a trembling voice, "since this is to be the end of all?"

"And wherefore should not sorrow be the end of sin and of folly? And when did happiness come of disobedience?—And when did sound sleep visit a bloody pillow? That is what I say to myself, Tyrrel, and that is what you must learn to say too, and then you will bear your burden as cheerfully as I endure mine. If we have no more than our deserts, why should we complain?—You are shedding tears, I think—Is not that childish?—They say it is a relief—if so, weep on, and I will look another way."

Tyrrel walked on by the pony's side, in vain endeavouring to compose himself so as to reply.

"Poor Tyrrel," said Clara, after she had remained silent for some time—"Poor Frank Tyrrel!—Perhaps you will say in your turn, Poor Clara—but I am not so poor in spirit as you—the blast may bend, but it shall never break me."

There was another long pause; for Tyrrel was unable to determine with himself in what strain he could address the unfortunate young lady, without awakening recollections equally painful to her feelings, and dangerous, when her precarious state of health was considered. At length she herself proceeded:—

"What needs all this, Tyrrel?—and indeed, why came you here?—Why did I find you but now braw-

ling and quarrelling among the loudest of the brawlers and quarrellers of yonder idle and dissipated debauchees?—You were used to have more temper—more sense. Another person—ay, another that you and I once knew—he might have committed such a folly, and he would have acted perhaps in character.—But you who pretend to wisdom—for shame, for shame!

—And indeed, when we talk of that, what wisdom was there in coming hither at all?—or what good purpose can your remaining here serve?—Surely you need not come, either to renew your own unhappiness or to augment mine?"

"To augment yours—God forbid!" answered Tyrrel. "No—I came hither only because, after so many years of wandering, I longed to revisit the spot where all my hopes lay buried."

"Ay—buried is the word," she replied, "crushed down and buried when they budded fairest. I often think of it, Tyrrel; and there are times when, Heaven help me! I can think of little else.—Look at me—you remember what I was—see what grief and solitude have made me."

She flung back the veil which surrounded her riding-hat, and which had hitherto hid her face. It was the same countenance which he had formerly known in all the bloom of early beauty; but though the beauty remained, the bloom was fled for ever. Not the agitation of exercise—not that which arose from the pain and confusion of this unexpected interview, had called to poor Clara's cheek even the momentary semblance of colour. Her complexion was marble-white, like that of the finest piece of statuary.

"Is it possible?" said Tyrrel; "can grief have made such ravages?"

"Grief," replied Clara, "is the sickness of the mind, and its sister is the sickness of the body—they are twin-sisters, Tyrrel, and are seldom long separate. Sometimes the body's disease comes first, and dims our eyes and palsies our hands, before the fire of our mind and of our intellect is quenched. But mark me—soon after comes her cruel sister with her urn, and sprinkles cold dew on our hopes and on our loves, or memory, our recollections, and our feelings, and shows us that they cannot survive the decay of our bodily powers."

"Alas!" said Tyrrel, "is it come to this?"

"To this," she replied, speaking from the rapid and irregular train of her own ideas, rather than comprehending the purport of his sorrowful exclamation,—"to this it must ever come, while immortal souls are wedded to the perishable substance of which our bodies are composed. There is another state, Tyrrel, in which it will be otherwise—God grant our time of enjoying it were come!"

She fell into a melancholy pause, which Tyrrel was afraid to disturb. The quickness with which she spoke, marked but too plainly the irregular succession of thought, and he was obliged to restrain the agony of his own feelings, rendered more acute by a thousand painful recollections, lest by giving way to his expressions of grief, he should throw her into a still more disturbed state of mind.

"I did not think," she proceeded, "that after so horrible a separation, and so many years, I could have met you thus calmly and reasonably. But although what we were formerly to each other can never be forgotten, it is now all over, and we are only friends—Is it not so?"

Tyrrel was unable to reply.

"But I must not remain here," she said, "till the evening grows darker on me.—We shall meet again, Tyrrel—meet as friends—nothing more.—You will come up to Shaws-Castle and see me?—no need of secrecy now—my poor father is in his grave, and his prejudices sleep with him—my brother John is kind, though he is stern and severe sometimes.—Indeed, Tyrrel, I believe he loves me, though he has taught me to tremble at his frown when I am in spirits, and talk too much.—But he loves me, at least I think so, for I am sure I love him; and I try to go down amongst them yonder, and to endure their folly, and all things considered, I do carry on the farce of life wonderfully well.—We are but actors, you know, and the world but a stage."

"And ours has been a sad and tragic scene," said Tyrrel, in the bitterness of his heart, unable any longer to refrain from speech.

"It has indeed—but, Tyrrel, when was it otherwise with engagements formed in youth and in folly? You and I would, you know, become men and women, while we were yet scarcely more than children.—We have run, while yet in our nonage, through the passions and adventures of youth, and therefore we are now old before our day, and the winter of our life has come on ere its summer was well begun.—O Tyrrel! often and often have I thought of this!—Thought of it often? Alas, when will the time come that I shall be able to think of any thing else!"

The poor young woman sobbed bitterly, and her ears began to flow with a freedom which they had not probably enjoyed for a length of time. Tyrrel walked on by the side of her horse, which now prosecuted its road homewards, unable to devise a proper mode of addressing the unfortunate young lady, and caring alike to awaken her passions and his own. Whatever he might have proposed to say, was disconcerted by the plain indications that her mind was clouded, more or less slightly, with a shade of insanity, which deranged, though it had not destroyed, her powers of judgment.

At length he asked her, with as much calmness as he could assume—if she was contented—if aught could be done to render her situation more easy—if there was aught of which she could complain which he might be able to remedy? She answered gently, that she was calm and resigned, when her brother could permit her to stay at home; but that when she was brought into society, she experienced such a change as that which the water of the brook that lingers in a crystalline pool of the rock may be supposed to feel, when, gliding from its quiet bed, it becomes involved in the hurry of the cataract.

"But my brother Mowbray," she said, "thinks he is right,—and perhaps he is so. There are things on which we may ponder too long;—and were he mistaken, why should I not constrain myself in order to please him—there are so few left to whom I can now give either pleasure or pain?—I am a gay girl, too, in conversation, Tyrrel—still as gay for a moment, as when you used to chide me for my folly. So, now I have told you all.—I have one question to ask on my part—one question—if I had but breath to ask it—is he still alive?"

"He lives," answered Tyrrel, but in a tone so low, so faint, that the eager attention which Miss Mowbray paid could possibly have caught such feeble sounds.

"Lives!" she exclaimed,—"lives!—he lives, and is bold on your hand is not then indelibly imprinted.—O Tyrrel, did you but know the joy which this assurance gives to me!"

"Joy!" replied Tyrrel—"joy, that the wretch lives who has poisoned our happiness for ever!—lives, perhaps, to claim you for his own?"

"Never, never shall he—dare he do so," replied Clara, wildly, "while water can drown, while cords in strangle, steel pierce—while there is a precipice on the hill, a pool in the river—never—never!"

"Be not thus agitated, my dearest Clara," said Tyrrel; "I spoke I know not what—he lives indeed—but far distant, and, I trust, never again to revisit Scotland."

He would have said more, but that, agitated with ac or passion, she struck her horse impatiently with her riding-whip. The spirited animal, thus stimulated and at the same time restrained, became intractable, and reared so much, that Tyrrel, fearful of the consequences, and trusting to Clara's skill as a horsewoman, thought he best consulted her safety in letting her rein. The animal instantly spring forward on the broken and hilly path at a very rapid pace, and as soon lost to Tyrrel's anxious eyes.

As he stood pondering whether he ought not to follow Miss Mowbray towards Shaws-Castle, in order to be satisfied that no accident had befallen her on the road, he heard the tread of a horse's feet advancing hastily in the same direction, leading from the hotel. Unwilling to be observed at this moment,

he stepped aside under shelter of the underwood, and presently afterwards saw Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, followed by a groom, ride hastily past his lurking-place, and pursue the same road which had been just taken by his sister. The presence of her brother seemed to assure Miss Mowbray's safety, and so removed Tyrrel's chief reason for following her. Involved in deep and melancholy reflection upon what had passed, nearly satisfied that his longer residence in Clara's vicinity could only add to her unhappiness and his own, yet unable to tear himself from that neighbourhood, or to relinquish feelings which had become entwined with his heart-strings, he returned to his lodgings in the Aultoun, in a state of mind very little to be envied.

Tyrrel, on entering his apartment, found that it was not lighted, nor were the Abigails of Mrs. Dods quite so alert as a waiter at Long's might have been, to supply him with candles. Unapt at any time to exact much personal attendance, and desirous to shun at that moment the necessity of speaking to any person whatever, even on the most trifling subject, he walked down into the kitchen to supply himself with what he wanted. He did not at first observe that Mrs. Dods herself was present in this the very centre of her empire, far less that a lofty air of indignation was seated on the worthy matron's brow. At first it only vented itself in broken soliloquy and interjections; as, for example, "Vera bonny wark this!—vera creditable wark, indeed!—a decent house to be disturbed at these hours—Keep a public—as weel keep a bed-lam!"

Finding these murmurs attracted no attention, the dame placed herself betwixt her guest and the door, to which he was now retiring with his lighted candle, and demanded of him what was the meaning of such behaviour.

"Of what behaviour, madam?" said her guest, repeating her question in a tone of sternness and impatience so unusual with him, that perhaps she was sorry at the moment that she had provoked him out of his usual patient indifference; nay, she might even feel intimidated at the altercation she had provoked, for the resentment of a quiet and patient person has always in it something formidable to the professed and habitual grumbler. But her pride was too great to think of a retreat, after having sounded the signal for contest, and so she continued, though in a tone somewhat lowered.

"Maister Tirl, I wad but just ask you, that are a man of sense, whether I hae any right to take your behaviour weel? Here have you been these ten days and mair, eating the best, and drinking the best, and taking up the best room in my house; and now to think of your gaun down and taking up with yon idle harebrained cattle at the Waal—I maun e'en be plain wi' ye—I like name of the fair-fashioned folk that can say My Jo, and think it no; and therefore—"

"Mrs. Dods," said Tyrrel, interrupting her, "I have no time at present for trifles. I am obliged to you for your attention while I have been in your house; but the disposal of my time, here or elsewhere, must be according to my own ideas of pleasure or business.—If you are tired of me as a guest, send in your bill to-morrow."

"My bill!" said Mrs. Dods; "my bill to-morrow! And what for no wait till Saturday, when it may be cleared atween us, plack and bawbee, as it was on Saturday last?"

"Weel—we will talk of it to-morrow, Mrs. Dods—Good night." And he withdrew accordingly.

Luckie Dods stood ruminating for a moment. "The deil's in him," she said, "for he winna bide being thrawn. And I think the deil's in me too for thrawin him, sic a canny lad, and sic made a customer;—and I am judging he has something on his mind—want of siller it canna be—I am sure if I thought that, I wadna care about my small thing.—But want of siller it canna be—he pays ower the shillings as if they were slate stanes, and that's no the way that folk part with their siller when there's but little on't—I ken weel enough how a customer looks that's near the grumd of the purse.—Weel! I hope he winna mind ony thing of this nonsense the morn, and I'll try to

guide my tongue something better.—High, sirs! but, as the minister says, it's an unruly member—troth, I am whiles ashamed o' myself."

CHAPTER X.

RESOURCES.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
Thou art of those, who better help their friends
With sage advice, than usurers with gold,
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee,
For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.
The Devil hath met his Match.

THE day of which we last gave the events chanced to be Monday, and two days therefore intervened betwixt it and that for which the entertainment was fixed, that was to assemble in the halls of the Lord of the Manor the flower of the company now at St. Ronan's Well. The interval was but brief for the preparations necessary on an occasion so unusual; since the house, though delightfully situated, was in very indifferent repair, and for years had never received any visitors, except when some blithe bachelor or fox-hunter shared the hospitality of Mr. Mowbray; an event which became daily more and more uncommon; for, as he himself almost lived at the Well, he generally contrived to receive his companions where it could be done without expense to himself. Besides, the health of his sister afforded an irresistible apology to any of those old-fashioned Scottish gentlemen, who might be too apt (in the rudeness of more primitive days) to consider a friend's house as their own. Mr. Mowbray was now, however, to the great delight of all his companions, nailed down, by invitation given and accepted, and they looked forward to the accomplishment of his promise, with the eagerness which the prospect of some entertaining novelty never fails to produce among idlers.

A good deal of trouble devolved on Mr. Mowbray, and his trusty agent Mr. Meiklewham, before any thing like decent preparation could be made for the ensuing entertainment; and they were left to their unassisted endeavours by Clara, who, during both the Tuesday and Wednesday, obstinately kept herself secluded; nor could her brother, either by threats or flattery, extort from her any light concerning her purpose on the approaching and important Thursday. To do John Mowbray justice, he loved his sister as much as he was capable of loving any thing but himself; and when, in several arguments, he had the mortification to find that she was not to be prevailed on to afford her assistance, he, without complaint, quietly set himself to do the best he could by his own unassisted judgment or opinion with regard to the necessary preparations.

This was not, at present, so easy a task as might be supposed; for Mowbray was ambitious of that character of *ton* and elegance, which masculine faculties alone are seldom capable of attaining on such momentous occasions. The more solid materials of a collation were indeed to be obtained for money from the next market-town, and were purchased accordingly; but he felt it was likely to present the vulgar plenty of a farmer's feast, instead of the elegant entertainment, which might be announced in a corner of the county paper, as given by John Mowbray, Esq. of St. Ronan's, to the gay and fashionable company assembled at that celebrated spring. There was likely to be all sorts of error and irregularity in dishing, and in sending up; for Shawa-Castle boasted neither an accomplished housekeeper, nor a kitchen-maid with a hundred pair of hands to execute her mandates. All the domestic arrangements were on the minutest system of economy consistent with ordinary decency, except in the stables, which were excellent and well kept. But can a groom of the stables perform the labours of a groom of the chambers? or can the gamekeeper arrange in tempting order the carcasses of the birds he has shot, strew them with flowers, and garnish them with piquant sauces? It would be as reasonable to expect a gallant soldier to act as undertaker, and conduct the funeral of the enemy he has slain.

In a word, Mowbray talked, and consulted, and

advised, and squabbled, with the deaf cook, and a little old man whom he called the butler, until he at length perceived so little chance of bringing order out of confusion, or making the least advantageous impression on such obdurate understandings as he had to deal with, that he fairly committed the whole matter of the collation, with two or three hearty curses, to the charge of the officials principally concerned, and proceeded to take the state of the furniture and apartments under his consideration.

Here he found himself almost equally helpless; for what male wit is adequate to the thousand little coquetties practised in such arrangements? how can masculine eyes judge of the degree of *demi-jour* which is to be admitted into a decorated apartment, or discriminate where the broad light should be suffered to fall on a tolerable picture, where it should be excluded, lest the stiff daub of a periwigged grand-sire should become too rigidly prominent? And if men are unfit for weaving such a fairy web of light and darkness as may best suit furniture, ornaments, and complexions, how shall they be adequate to the yet more mysterious office of arrangement, while they disarrange, the various moveables in the apartment? so that while all has the air of negligence and chance, the seats are placed as if they had been transported by a wish to the spot most suitable for accommodation; stiffness and confusion are once avoided, the company are neither limited to a formal circle of chairs, nor exposed to break their noses over wandering stools; but the arrangements seem to correspond to what ought to be the tone of the conversation, easy, without being confused, and regulated, without being constrained or stifled.

Then how can a clumsy male wit attempt the arrangement of all the *chiffonerie*, by which old snuff-boxes, heads of canes, pomander boxes, lamer brats, and all the trash usually found in the pigeon-holes of the bureaux of old-fashioned ladies, may be now brought into play, by throwing them, careless, grouped with other unconsidered trifles, such as are to be seen in the windows of a pawnbroker's shop upon a marble *enognure*, or a mosaic work-table, thereby turning to advantage the trash and trinkets, which all the old maids or magpies, who have inhabited the mansion for a century, have contrived to accumulate. With what admiration of the ingenuity of the fair artist have I sometimes pried into these miscellaneous groups of *pseudo-bijouterie*, and seen the great grand-sire's thumb-ring *couchant* with the coral and bells of the first-born—and the boatswain's whistle of some old naval uncle, or his silver tobacco-box, redolent of Ormonoko, happily grouped with the mother's ivory comb-case, still odorous of musk, and with some virgin aunt's tortoise-shell spectacle-case, and the eagle's talon of ebony, with which, in the days of long and stiff stays, our grandmothers went to alleviate any little irritation in their back or shoulders! Then there was the silver strainer, of which, in more economical times than ours, the lady of the house placed the tea-leaves, after the very last drop had been exhausted, that they might afterwards be hospitably divided among the company, to be eaten with sugar, and with bread and butter. Blessings upon a fashion which has rescued from the claws of abigails, and the melting-pot of the silversmith, those neglected *cimelia*, for the benefit of antiquaries and the decoration of side-tables! But who shall presume to place them there, unless under the direction of female taste? and of that Mr. Mowbray, though possessed of a large stock of such treasures, was for the present entirely deprived.

This digression upon his difficulties is already too long, or I might mention the Laird's inexperience in the art of making the worse appear the better, by the art of hiding a darned carpet with a new floorcloth, and flinging an Indian shawl over a faded and threadbare sofa. But I have said enough, and more than enough, to explain his dilemma to an unassisted bachelor, who, without mother, sister, or cousin, without skilful housekeeper, or experienced clerk of the kitchen, or valet of parts and figure, adventures to give an entertainment, and aspires to make it elegant and *comme il faut*.

The sense of his insufficiency was the more vexatious to Mowbray, as he was aware he would find sharp critics in the ladies, and particularly in his constant rival, Lady Penelope Penfeather. He was, therefore, incessant in his exertions; and for two whole days ordered and disordered, demanded, commanded, countermanded, and reprimanded, without pause or cessation. The companion, for he could not be termed an assistant, of his labours, was his trusty agent, who trotted from room to room after him, flinging him exactly the same degree of sympathy which a dog doth to his master when distressed in mind, by looking in his face from time to time with a piteous gaze, as if to assure him that he partakes of its trouble, though he neither comprehends the cause nor the extent of it, nor has in the slightest degree the power to remove it.

At length when Mowbray had got some matters arranged to his mind, and abandoned a great many which he would willingly have put in better order, he at dawn to dinner upon the Wednesday preceding the appointed day, with his worthy aid-de-camp, Mr. Meiklewham; and after bestowing a few muttered assurances upon the whole concern, and the fantastic old maid who had brought him into the scrape, by begging an invitation, declared that all things might now go to the devil their own way, for so sure as his name was John Mowbray, he would trouble himself no more about them.

Keeping this doughty resolution, he sat down to dinner with his counsel learned in the law; and speedily they despatched the dish of chops which was set before them, and the better part of the bottle of old port, which served for their merriment.

"We are well enough now," said Mowbray, "though we have had none of their d—d kick-shaws."

"A wamefou' is a wamefou'," said the writer, swabbing his greasy chops, "whether it be of the barley-reel or the bran."

"A cart-horse thinks so," said Mowbray; "but we must do as others do, and gentlemen and ladies are of a different opinion."

"The waur for themselves and the country baith, t. Ronan's—it's the jinketing and the jirbling wi' a and wi' trumpery that brings our nobles to nime-mice, and mony a het ha'-house to a hired lodging in the Abbey."

The young gentleman paused for a few minutes—flashed a bumper, and pushed the bottle to the senior—then said abruptly, "Do you believe in luck, Mick?"

"In luck?" answered the attorney; "what do you mean by the question?"

"Why, because I believe in luck myself—in a good bad run of luck at cards."

"You wad have mair luck the day, if you had never weerd them," replied his confidant.

"That is not the question now," said Mowbray; but what I wonder at is the wretched chance, that is attended us miserable lairds of St. Ronan's for more than a hundred years, that we have always been stinging worse in the world, and never better. Never was there been such a backsliding generation, as the moon would say—half the country once belonged to y' ancestors, and now the last furrows of it seem to be flying."

"Fleeing?" said the writer. "they are barking and sing baith.—This Shaws-Castle here, I see warrant flies up the chimney after the rest, were it not weel stened down wi' your grandfather's tailzie."

"Damn the tailzie!" said Mowbray; "if they had sent to keep up their estate, they should have ended it when it was worth keeping: to tie a man down such an insignificant thing as St. Ronan's, is like tethering a horse on six roads of a Highland moor."

"Ye have broke weel in on the mailing by your fesus wi' at the Well," said Meiklewham, "and raxed on the tether maybe a wee bit farther than ye had y' right to do."

"It was by your advice, was it not?" said the laird.

"I see na'er deny it, St. Ronan's," answered the writer; "but I am such a gude-natured gude, that I set about pleasing you as an auld wife pleases a son."

"Ay," said the man of pleasure, "when she reaches it a knife to cut its own fingers with.—These acres would have been safe enough, if it had not been for your d—d advice."

"And yet you were grumbling e'en now," said the man of business, "that you have not the power to gar the whole estate flee like a wild-duck across a bog? Troth, you need care little about it; for if you have incurred an irritancy—and see thinks Mr. Wisebehind, the advocate, upon an A. B. memorial that I laid before him—your sister, or your sister's goodman, if she should take the fancy to marry, might bring a declarator, and evict St. Ronan's frae ye in the course of twa or three sessions."

"My sister will never marry," said John Mowbray.

"That's easily said," replied the writer; "but as broken a ship's come to land. If onybody kend o' the chance she has o' the estate, there's mony a weel-doing man would think little of the bee in her bonnet."

"Hark ye, Mr. Meiklewham," said the laird, "I will be obliged to you if you will speak of Miss Mowbray with the respect due to her father's daughter, and my sister."

"Nae offence, St. Ronan's, nae offence," answered the man of law; "but ilka man maun speak aye as to be understood,—that is, when he speaks about business. Ye ken yourself, that Miss Clara is no just like other folk; and were I you—it's my duty to speak plain—I wad e'en gie in a bit scroll of a petition to the Lords, to be appointed Curator Bonis, in respect of her incapacity to manage her own affairs."

"Meiklewham," said Mowbray, "you are a"—and then stopped short.

"What am I, Mr. Mowbray?" said Meiklewham, somewhat sternly—"What am I? I wad be glad to ken what I am."

"A very good lawyer, I dare say," replied St. Ronan's, who was too much in the power of his agent to give way to his first impulse. "But I must tell you, that rather than take such a measure against poor Clara, as you recommend, I would give her up the estate, and become an ostler or a postilion for the rest of my life."

"Ah, St. Ronan's," said the man of law, "if you had wished to keep up the auld house, you should have taken another trade, than to become an ostler or a postilion. What ailed you, man, but to have been a lawyer as weel as other folk? My auld Maister had a wee bit Latin about *rerum dominos gentemque togatam*, which, signified, he said, that all lairds should be lawyers."

"All lawyers are likely to become lairds, I think," replied Mowbray; "they purchase our acres by the thousand, and pay us, according to the old story, with a multiplepoinding, as your learned friends call it, Mr. Meiklewham."

"Weel—and mightna you have purchased as weel as other folk?"

"Not I," replied the laird; "I have no turn for that service, I should only have wasted bombazine on my shoulders, and flour upon my three-tailed wig—should but have lounged away my mornings in the Outer-House, and my evenings at the play-house, and acquired no more law than what would have made me a wise justice at a Small debt Court."

"If you gained little, you would have lost as little," said Meiklewham; "and albeit ye were nae great gun at the bar, ye might aye have gotten a Sheriffdom, or a Commissionership, among the lave, to keep the banes green; and aye ye might have saved your estate from deteriorating, if ye dinna mend it muckle."

"Yes, but I could not have had the chance of doubling it, as I might have done," answered Mowbray, "had that inconstant jade, Fortune, but stood a moment faithful to me. I tell you, Mick, that I have been, within this twelvemonth, worth a hundred thousand—worth fifty thousand—worth nothing, but the remnant of this wretched estate, which is too little to do one good while it is mine, though, were it sold, I could start again, and mend my hand a little."

"Ay, ay, just fling the halve after the hatchet," said his legal adviser—"that's a' you think of. What

signifies winning a hundred thousand pounds, if you win them to lose them a' again?"

"What signifies it?" replied Mowbray. "Why, it signifies as much to a man of spirit, as having won a battle signifies to a general—no matter that he is beaten afterwards in his turn, he knows there is luck for him as well as others, and so he has spirit to try it again. Here is the young Earl of Ethrington will be amongst us in a day or two—they say he is up to every thing—if I had but five hundred to begin with, I should be soon up to him."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Meiklewham, "I am sorry for ye. I have been your house's man-of-business—I may say, in some measure, your house's servant—and now I am to see an end of it all, and just by the lad that I thought maist likely to set it up again better than ever; for, to do ye justice, you have aye had an ee to your ain interest, sac far as your lights gaed. It brings tears into my auld een."

"Never weep for the matter, Mick," answered Mowbray; "some of it will stick, my old boy, in your pockets, if not in mine—your service will not be altogether gratuitous, my old friend—the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Weel I wot is he," said the writer; "but double fees would hardly carry folk through some work. But if ye will have siller, ye maun have siller—but, I warrant, it goes just where the rest gaed."

"No, by twenty devils!" exclaimed Mowbray, "to fail this time is impossible—Jack Wolverine was too strong for Ethrington at any thing he could name; and I can beat Wolverine from the Land's-End to Johnnie Groat's—but there must be something to go upon—the blunt must be had, Mick."

"Very likely—nae doubt—that is always provided it can be had," answered the legal adviser.

"That's your business, my old cock," said Mowbray. "This youngster will be here perhaps to-morrow, with money in both pockets—he takes up his rents as he comes down, Mick—think of that, my old friend."

"Weel for them that have rents to take up," said Meiklewham; "ours are lying rather over low to be lifted at present.—But are you sure this Earl is a man to mell with?—are you sure ye can win of him, and that if you do, he can pay his losings, Mr. Mowbray?—because I have kend many ane come for wool, and gang hame shorn; and though ye are a clever young gentleman, and I am bound to suppose ye ken as much about life as most folk, and all that; yet some gate or other ye have aye come off at the losing hand, as ye have ower much reason to ken this day—howbeit!"

"O, the devil take your gossip, my dear Mick! If you can give no help, spare drowning me with your pother.—Why, man, I was a fresh hand—had my apprentice-fees to pay—and these are no trifles, Mick.—But what of that?—I am free of the company now, and can trade on my own bottom."

"Aweel, aweel, I wish it may be sac," said Meiklewham.

"It will be so, and it shall be so, my trusty friend," replied Mowbray, cheerily, "so you will but help me to the stock to trade with."

"The stock?—what d'ye ca' the stock? I ken nae stock that ye have left."

"But ye have plenty, my old boy.—Come, sell out a few of your three per cents; I will pay difference—interest—exchange—every thing."

"Ay, ay—every thing or naething," answered Meiklewham; "but as you are sac very pressing, I hae been thinking—When is the siller wanted?"

"This instant—this day—to-morrow at farthest!" exclaimed the proposed borrower.

"Wh—ew!" whistled the lawyer, with a long prolongation of the note; "the thing is impossible."

"If must be, Mick, for all that," answered Mr. Mowbray, who knew by experience that *impossible*, when uttered by his accommodating friend in this tone, meant only, when interpreted, extremely difficult, and very expensive.

"Then it must be by Miss Clara selling her stock, now that ye speak of stock," said Meiklewham; "I wonder ye didna think of this before."

"I wish you had been dumb rather than that you had mentioned it now," said Mowbray, starting, as if stung by an adder—"What, Clara's pittance!—the trifle my aunt left her for her own fanciful expenses—her own little private store, that she puts to so many good purposes—Poor Clara, that has so little!—And why not rather your own, Master Meiklewham, who call yourself the friend and servant of our family?"

"Ay, St. Ronan's," answered Meiklewham, "that is a' very true—but service is nae inheritance; and as for friendship, it begins at home, as wise folk have said lang before our time. And for that matter, I think they that are nearest sib should take maist rak. You are nearer and dearer to your sister, St. Ronan's than you are to poor Saunders Meiklewham, that hasna sac muckle gentle blood as would supper up a hungry flea."

"I will not do this," said St. Ronan's, walking up and down with much agitation; for, selfish as he was, he loved his sister, and loved her the more on account of those peculiarities which rendered his protection indispensable to her comfortable existence—"I will not," he said, "pillage her, come on't what will! I will rather go a volunteer to the continent, and do like a gentleman."

He continued to pace the room in a moody silence, which began to disturb his companion, who had not been hitherto accustomed to see his patron take matters so deeply. At length he made an attempt to attract the attention of the silent and sullen ponderer.

"Mr. Mowbray"—no answer—"I was saying, St. Ronan's"—still no reply. "I have been thinking about this matter—and—"

"And *what*, sir?" said St. Ronan's, stopping short and speaking in a stern tone of voice.

"And, to speak truth, I see little feasibility in the matter any way; for if ye had the siller in your pocket to-day, it would be a' in the Earl of Eberston's the morn."

"Pshaw! you are a fool," answered Mowbray.

"That is not unlikely," said Meiklewham; "but so is Sir Bingo Binks, and yet he's had the better of you, St. Ronan's, this twa or three times."

"It is false!—he has not," answered St. Ronan's fiercely.

"Weel I wot," resumed Meiklewham, "he took part in about the saumon fish, and some other wags ye lost to him this very day."

"I tell you once more, Meiklewham, you are a fool and no more up to my trim than you are to the longitude.—Bingo is got shy—I must give him a little lesson that is all—then I shall strike him to purpose—I am as sure of him as I am of the other—I know the place they will both rise to—this cursed want of five hundred will do me out of ten thousand!"

"If you are so certain of being the bangster in very certain, I mean, of sweeping stakes,—what harm will Miss Clara come to by your having the use of her siller? You can make it up to her for the risk ye times told."

"And so I can, by Heaven!" said St. Ronan's. "Mick, you are right, and I am a scrupulous, chicken-hearted fool. Clara shall have a thousand for her poor five hundred—she shall, by —. And I will carry her to Edinburgh for a season, or perhaps to London, and we will have the best advice for her case, and the best company to divert her. And I will think her a little odd—why, d—me, I am her brother and will bear her through it. Yes—yes—yes—yes—right; there can be no hurt in borrowing five hundred of her for a few days, when such profit may be made on't, both for her and me—Here, fill the glasses, my old boy, and drink success to it, for ye are right."

"Here is success to it, with all my heart," answered Meiklewham, heartily glad to see his patron's sanguine temper arrive at this desirable conclusion, and yet willing to hedge in his own credit; "but it is you are right, and not me, for I advise nothing except on your assurances, that you can make your ain of the English earl, and of this Sir Bingo—and if you can but do that, I am sure it would be unwise and unkind in any one of your friends to stand in your light."

"True, Mick, true," answered Mowbray.—"And

dice and cards are but bones and pasteboard, and the best horse ever started may slip a shoulder before he gets to the winning-post—and so I wish Clara's nature had not been in such a bottom.—But, hang care killed a cat—I can hedge as well as any one, if the odds turn up against me—so let us have the cash, ick."

"Aha! but there go two words to that bargain—the stock stands in my name, and Tam Turnpenny is banker's, as trustees for Miss Clara.—Now, get a letter to us, desiring us to sell out and to pay you the five hundred pounds *instantly*, on the faith of a transaction; for I fancy you would desire a' the stock to be sold out, and it will produce more than six hundred, or seven hundred pounds either—and I reckon you will be selling out the whole—it's needless making two bites of a cherry."

"True," answered Mowbray; "since we must be guinea, or something like it, let us make it worth our while at least; so give me a form of the letter, and Clara shall copy it—that is, if she consents; for you now she can keep her own opinion as well as any other woman in the world."

"And that," said Meiklewham, "is as the wind will keep its way, preach to it as ye like. But if I might advise about Miss Clara—I was say naething air than that I was stressed for the penny money; for I mistake her muckle if she would like to see you trying to pitch and toss wi' this lord and tither sonnet for her aunt's three pence—I ken she has me queer notions—she gives away the feck of the videns on that very stock in downright charity."

"And I am in hazard to rob the poor as well as my sister!" said Mowbray, filling once more his own glass and his friend's. "Come, Mick, no skylights—there is Clara's health—she is an angel—and I am—that I will not call myself, and suffer no other man to call me.—But I shall win this time—I am sure I will, since Clara's fortune depends upon it."

"Now, I think, on the other hand," said Meiklewham, "that if any thing should chance wrong, (and heaven keeps that the best-laid schemes will gang ae.) it will be a great comfort to think that the ultimate losers will only be the poor folk, that have the Irish between them and absolute starvation—if your sister spent her ain siller, it would be a very different cry."

"Hush, Mick—for God's sake, hush, mine honest end," said Mowbray; "it is quite true; thou art a counsellor in time of need, and hast as happy an answer of reconciling a man's conscience with his necessities, as might set up a score of casuists; but beware, my most zealous counsellor and confessor, now you drive the nail too far—I promise you some of the chaffing you are at just now rather abates my neck.—Well—give me your scroll—I will to Clara with it—though I would rather meet the best shot in Britain, with ten paces of green sod betwixt us." So saying, he left the apartment.

CHAPTER XL.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which nature bound at birth.—*Anonymous.*

WHEN Mowbray had left his dangerous adviser, in order to steer the course which his agent had indicated, without offering to recommend it, he went to the parlour which his sister was wont to term her room, and in which she spent great part of her time. It was fitted up with a sort of fanciful neatness; and its perfect arrangement and good order, formed a strong contrast to the other apartments of the old and neglected mansion-house. A number of little tables lay on the work-table, indicating the elegant, and, at the same time, the unsettled turn of the inhabitant's mind. There were unfinished drawings,

blotted music, needle-work of various kinds, and many other little female tasks; all undertaken with zeal, and so far prosecuted with art and elegance, but all flung aside before any one of them was completed.

Clara herself sat upon a little low couch by the window, reading, or at least turning over the leaves of a book, in which she seemed to read. But instantly starting up when she saw her brother, she ran towards him with the most cordial cheerfulness.

"Welcome, welcome, my dear John; this is very kind of you to come to visit your reclusive sister. I have been trying to nail my eyes and my understanding to a stupid book here, because they say too much thought is not quite good for me. But, either the man's dullness, or my want of the power of attending, makes my eyes pass over the page, just as one seems to read in a dream, without being able to comprehend one word of the matter. You shall talk to me, and that will do better. What can I give you to show that you are welcome? I am afraid tea is all I have to offer, and that you set too little store by."

"I shall be glad of a cup at present," said Mowbray, "for I wish to speak with you."

"Then Jessy shall make it ready instantly," said Miss Mowbray, ringing, and giving orders to her waiting-maid—"but you must not be ungrateful, John, and plague me with any of the ceremonial for your fête—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! I will attend, and play my part as prettily as you can desire; but to think of it beforehand, would make both my head and my heart ache; and so I beg you will spare me on the subject."

"Why, you wild kitten," said Mowbray, "you turn every day more shy of human communication—we shall have you take the woods one day, and become as savage as the Princess Caraboo. But I will plague you about nothing if I can help it. If matters go not smooth on the great day, they must e'en blame the dull thick head that had no fair lady to help him in his need. But, Clara, I had something more material to say to you—something indeed of the last importance."

"What is it?" said Clara, in a tone of voice approaching to a scream—"In the name of God, what is it? You know not how you terrify me!"

"Nay you start at a shadow, Clara," answered her brother. "It is no such uncommon matter neither—good faith, it is the most common distress in the world, so far as I know the world—I am sorely pinched for money."

"Is that all?" replied Clara, in a tone which seemed to her brother as much to underrate the difficulty, when it was explained, as her fears had exaggerated it before she heard its nature.

"Is that all? Indeed it is all, and comprehends a great deal of vexation. I shall be hard run unless I can get a certain sum of money—and I must e'en ask you if you can help me?"

"Help you?" replied Clara; "Yes, with all my heart—but you know my purse is a light one—more than half of my last dividend is in it, however, and I am sure, John, I shall be happy if I can serve you—especially as that will at least show that your wants are but small ones."

"Alas, Clara, if you would help me," said her brother, half repentant of his purpose, "you must draw the neck of the goose which lays the golden eggs—you must lend me the whole stock."

"And why not, John," said the simple-hearted girl, "if it will do you a kindness? Are you not my natural guardian? Are you not a kind one? And is not my little fortune entirely at your disposal? You will, I am sure, do all for the best."

"I fear I may not," said Mowbray, starting from her, and more distressed by her sudden and unsuspecting compliance, than he would have been by difficulties, or remonstrance. In the latter case, he would have stifled the pangs of conscience amid the manoeuvres which he must have resorted to for obtaining her acquiescence; as matters stood, there was all the difference that there is between slaughtering a tame and unresisting animal, and pursuing wild game, until the animation of the sportsman's exer-

tion overcomes the internal sense of his own cruelty. The same idea occurred to Mowbray himself.

"By G—," he said, "this is like shooting the bird sitting.—Clara," he added, "I fear this money will scarce be employed as you would wish."

"Employ it as you, yourself please, my dearest brother," she replied, "and I will believe it is all for the best."

"Nay, I am doing for the best," he replied; "at least, I am doing what must be done, for I see no other way through it—so all you have to do is to copy this paper, and bid adieu to bank dividends—for a little while at least. I trust soon to double this little matter for you, if Fortune will but stand my friend."

"Do not trust to Fortune, John," said Clara, smiling, though with an expression of deep melancholy. "Alas! she has never been a friend to our family—not at least for many a day."

"She favours the bold, say my old grammatical exercises," answered her brother; "and I must trust her, were she as changeable as a weathercock.—And yet—if she should jilt me!—What will you do—what will you say, Clara, if I am unable, contrary to my hope, trust, and expectation, to repay you this money within a short time?"

"Do?" replied Clara; "I must do without it, you know; and for saying, I will not say a word."

"True," replied Mowbray, "but your little expenses—your charities—your halt and blind—your round of paupers?"

"Well, I can manage all that too. Look you here, John, how many half-worked trifles there are. The needle or the pencil is the resource of all distressed heroines, you know; and I promise you, though I have been a little idle and unsettled of late, yet, when I do set about it, no Emmeline or Ethelinde of them all ever sent such loads of trumpery to market as I shall, or made such wealth as I will do. I dare say Lady Penelope, and all the gentry at the Well, will purchase, and will raffle, and do all sort of things to encourage the pensive performer. I will send them such lots of landscapes, with sap-green trees, and mazareen-blue rivers, and portraits that will terrify the originals themselves—and handkerchiefs and turbans, with needle-work scalloped exactly like the walks on the Belvidere—Why, I shall become a little fortune in the first season."

"No, Clara," said John, gravely, for a virtuous resolution had gained the upperhand in his bosom, while his sister ran on in this manner.—"We will do something better than all this. If this kind help of yours does not fetch me through, I am determined I will cut the whole concern. It is but standing a laugh or two, and hearing a gay fellow say, D—me, Jack, are you turned clodhopper at last?—that is the worst. Dogs, horses, and all, shall go to the hammer; we will keep nothing but your pony, and I will trust to a pair of excellent legs. There is enough left of the old acres to keep us in the way you like best, and that I will learn to like. I will work in the garden, and work in the forest, mark my own trees, and cut them myself, keep my own accounts, and send Saunders Meiklewham to the devil."

"That last is the best resolution of all, John," said Clara; "and if such a day should come round, I should be the happiest of living creatures—I should not have a grief left in the world—if I had, you should never see or hear of it—it should lie here," she said, pressing her hand on her bosom, "buried as deep as a funeral urn in a cold sepulchre. Oh! could we not begin such a life to-morrow? If it is absolutely necessary that this trifle of money should be got rid of first, throw it into the river, and think you have lost it amongst gamblers and horse-jockeys."

Clara's eyes, which she fondly fixed on her brother's face, glowed through the tears which her enthusiasm called into them, while she thus addressed him. Mowbray, on his part, kept his looks fixed on the ground, with a flush on his cheek, that expressed at once false pride and real shame.

At length he looked up:—"My dear girl," he said, "how foolishly you talk, and how foolishly I, that have twenty things to do, stand here listening to you! All will go smooth on my plan—if it should not, we have

yours in reserve, and I swear to you I will adopt it. The trifle which this letter of yours enables me to command, may have luck in it, and we must not throw up the cards while we have a chance of the game.—Were I to cut from this moment, these few hundreds would make us little better or little worse—so you see we have two strings to our bow. Luck is sometimes against me, that is true—but upon true principle, and playing on the square, I can manage the best of them, or my name is not Mowbray. Adieu, my dearest Clara." So saying, he kissed her cheek with a more than usual degree of affection.

Ere he could raise himself from his stooping posture, she threw her arm kindly over his neck, and said with a tone of the deepest interest, "My dearest brother, your slightest wish has been, and ever shall be, a law to me—Oh! if you would but grant me one request in return!"

"What is it, you silly girl?" said Mowbray, gently disengaging himself from her hold.—"What is it you can have to ask that needs such a solemn preface?—Remember, I hate prefaces; and when I happen to open a book, always skip them."

"Without preface, then, my dearest brother, will you, for my sake, avoid those quarrels in which the people yonder are eternally engaged? I never go down there but I hear of some new brawl; and I never lay my head down to sleep, but I dream that you are the victim of it. Even last night!"

"Nay, Clara, if you begin to tell your dreams, we shall never have done. Sleeping, to be sure, is the most serious employment of your life—for as to eating, you hardly match a sparrow; but I entreat you to sleep without dreaming, or to keep your visions to yourself.—Why do you keep such fast hold of me?—What on earth can you be afraid of?—Surely you do not think the blockhead Binks, or any other of the good folks below yonder, dared to turn on me? Egad, I wish they would pluck up a little mettle, that I might have an excuse for drilling them. Gad, I would soon teach them to follow at heel."

"No, John," replied his sister; "it is not of such men as these that I have any fear—and yet, cowards are sometimes driven to desperation, and become more dangerous than better men—but it is not such as these that I fear. But there are men in the world whose qualities are beyond their seeming—whose spirit and courage lie hidden, like metals in the mine, under an unmarked or a plain exterior.—You may meet with such—you are rash and headlong, and apt to exercise your wit, without always weighing consequences, and thus—"

"On my word, Clara," answered Mowbray, "you are in a most sermonizing humour this morning: the parson himself could not have been more logical: profound. You have only to divide your discourse into heads, and garnish it with conclusions for use, and conclusions for doctrine, and it might be preached before a whole presbytery, with every chance of instruction and edification. But I am a man of the world, my little Clara; and though I wish to go to death's way as late as possible, I must not fear the raw-head and bloody-bones neither.—And who the devil is to put the question to me?—I must know that, Clara, for you have some especial person in your eye when you bid me take care of quarrelling."

Clara could not become paler than was her usual complexion; but her voice faltered as she eagerly assured her brother, that she had no particular person in her thoughts.

"Clara," said her brother, do you remember, when there was a report of a bogie^{*} in the upper orchard, when we were both children?—Do you remember how you were perpetually telling me to take care of the bogie, and keep away from its haunts?—And do you remember my going on purpose to detect the bogie, finding the cow-boy, with a shirt about him, busied in pulling pears, and treating him to a handsome drubbing?—I am the same Jack Mowbray still, as ready to face danger, and unmask imposition; and your fears, Clara, will only make me watch more closely, till I find out the real object of them. If you warn me of quarrelling with some one, it must be le-

* Bogie—in English, Goblin.

came you know some one who is not unlikely to quarrel with me. You are a flighty and fanciful girl, but you have sense enough not to trouble either yourself or me on a point of honour, save when there is some good reason for it."

Clara once more protested, and it was with the deepest anxiety to be believed, that what she had said arose only out of the general consequences which she apprehended from the line of conduct her brother had adopted, and which, in her apprehension, was so likely to engage him in the broils that divided the good company at the Spring. Mowbray listened to her explanation with an air of doubt, or rather incredulity, sipped a cup of tea which had for some time been placed before him, and at length replied, "Well, Clara, whether I am right or wrong in my guess, it would be cruel to torment you any more, remembering what you have just done for me. But do justice to your brother, and believe, that when you have any thing to ask of him, an explicit declaration of your wishes will answer your purpose much better than any ingenious oblique attempts to influence me. Give up all thoughts of such, my dear Clara—you are but a poor manoeuvrer, but were you the very Machiavel of your sex, you should not turn the flank of John Mowbray."

He left the room as he spoke, and did not return, though his sister twice called upon him. It is true that she uttered the word brother so faintly, that perhaps the sound did not reach his ears.—"He is gone," she said, "and I have had no power to speak out! I am like the wretched creatures, who, it is said, lie under a potent charm, that prevents them alike from shedding tears and from confessing their crimes—Yes, there is a spell on this unhappy heart, and either that must be dissolved, or this must break."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHALLENGE.

A slight note I have about me, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office which friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, as I desire nothing but right on both sides.—King and no King.

THE intelligent reader may recollect, that Tyrrel departed from the Fox Hotel on terms not altogether so friendly towards the company as those under which he entered it. Indeed, it occurred to him, that he might probably have heard something farther on the subject, though, amidst matters of deeper and more anxious consideration, the idea only passed hastily through his mind; and two days having gone over without any message from Sir Bingo Binks, the whole affair glided entirely out of his memory.

The truth was, that although never old woman took more trouble to collect and blow up with her bellows the embers of her decayed fire, than Captain MacTurk kindly underwent for the purpose of puffing into a flame the dying sparkles of the Baronet's courage; yet two days were spent in fruitless conferences before he could attain the desired point. He found Sir Bingo on these different occasions in all sorts of different moods of mind, and disposed to view the thing in all shades of light, except what the Captain thought was the true one.—He was in a drunken humour—in a sullen humour—in a thoughtless and vilipending humour—in every humour but a fighting one. And when Captain MacTurk talked of the reputation of the company at the Well, Sir Bingo pretended to take offence, said the company might go to the devil, and hinted that he "did them sufficient honour by gracing them with his countenance, but did not mean to constitute them any judges of his affairs. The fellow was a ruff, and he would have nothing to do with him."

Captain MacTurk would willingly have taken measures against the Baronet himself, as in a state of contumacy, but was opposed by Winterblossom and other members of the committee, who considered Sir Bingo as too important and illustrious a member of their society to be rashly expelled from a place not honoured by the residence of many persons of rank; and finally insisted that nothing should be done in the matter without the advice of Mowbray, whose pre-

parations for his solemn festival on the following Thursday had so much occupied him, that he had not lately appeared at the Well.

In the mean while the gallant Captain seemed to experience as much distress of mind, as if some stain had lain on his own most unblemished of reputations. He went up and down upon the points of his toes, rising up on his instep with a jerk which at once expressed vexation and defiance—He carried his nose turned up in the air, like that of a pig when he snuffs the approaching storm—He spoke in monosyllables when he spoke at all; and—what perhaps illustrated in the strongest manner the depth of his feelings—he refused, in face of the whole company, to pledge Sir Bingo in a glass of the Baronet's peculiar cogniac.

At length, the whole Well was alarmed by the report brought by a smart outrider, that the young Earl of Etherington, reported to be rising on the horizon of fashion as a star of the first magnitude, intended to pass an hour, or a day, or a week, as it might happen, (for his lordship could not be supposed to know his own mind,) at St. Ronan's Well.

This suddenly put all in motion. Almanacks were opened to ascertain his lordship's age, inquiries were made concerning the extent of his fortune, his habits were quoted, his tastes were guessed at; and all that the ingenuity of the Managing Committee could devise was resorted to, in order to recommend their Spa to this favourite of fortune. An express was despatched to Shaws-Castle with the agreeable intelligence, which fired the train of hope that led to Mowbray's appropriation of his sister's capital. He did not, however, think proper to obey the summons to the Spring; for, not being aware in what light the Earl might regard the worthies there assembled, he did not desire to be found by his lordship in any strict connexion with them.

Sir Bingo Binks was in a different situation. The bravery with which he had endured the censure of the place began to give way, when he considered that a person of such distinction as that which public opinion attached to Lord Etherington, should find him bodily indeed at St. Ronan's, but, so far as society was concerned, on the road towards the ancient city of Coventry; and his banishment thither, incurred by that most unpardonable offence in modern morality, a solecism in the code of honour. Though sluggish and inert when called to action, the Baronet was by no means an absolute coward; or, if so, he was of that class which fights when reduced to extremity. He manfully sent for Captain MacTurk, who waited upon him with a grave solemnity of aspect, which instantly was exchanged for a radiant joy, when Sir Bingo, in a few words, empowered him to carry a message to that d—d strolling artist, by whom he had been insulted three days since.

"By Coi," said the Captain, "my exceedingly good and excellent friend, and I am happy to do such a favour for you! And it's well you have thought of it yourself; because, if it had not been for some of our very good and excellent friends, that would be putting their spoon into other folk's dish. I should have been asking you a civil question myself, how you came to dine with us, with all that mud and mire which Mr. Tyrrel's grasp has left upon the collar of your coat—you understand me.—But it is much better as it is, and I will go to the man with all the speed of light; and though, to be sure, it should have been sooner thought of, yet let me alone to make an excuse for that, just in my own civil way—better late thrive than never do well, you know, Sir Bingo; and if you have made him wait a little while for his morning, you must give him the better measure, my darling."

So saying, he awaited no reply, lest peradventure the commission with which he was so hastily and unexpectedly charged, should have been clogged with some condition of compromise. No such proposal, however, was made on the part of the doughty Sir Bingo, who eyed his friend as he hastily snatched up his rattle to depart, with a dogged look of obstinacy, expressive, to use his own phrase, of a determined resolution to come up to the scratch; and when he heard the Captain's parting footsteps, and saw the door shut behind him, he valiantly whistled a few

bars of Jenny Sutton, in token he cared not a farthing how the matter was to end.

With a swifter pace than his half-pay leisure usually encouraged, or than his habitual dignity permitted, Captain MacTurk cleared the ground between the Spring and its vicinity, and the ruins of the Auloom, where reigned our friend Meg Dods, the sole assertor of its ancient dignities. To the door of the Cockburn Inn the Captain addressed himself, as one too much accustomed to war to fear a rough reception; although at the very first aspect of Meg, who presented her person at the half-opened door, his military experience taught him that his entrance into the place would, in all probability, be disputed.

"Is Mr. Tyrrel at home?" was the question; and the answer was conveyed, by the counter-interrogation, "Wha may ye be that speers?"

As the most polite reply to these questions, and an indulgence, at the same time, of his own taciturn disposition, the Captain presented to Luckie Dods the fifth part of an ordinary playing card, much grimed with snuff, which bore on its blank side his name and quality. But Luckie Dods received the information thus tendered, with contemptuous scorn.

"Name of your devil's play-books for me," said she; "it's an ill world, where sic prack-my-dainty doings come in fashion—It's a poor tongue that canna tell its ain name, and I'll hae name of your scarts upon past-board."

"I am Captain MacTurk, of the — regiment," said the Captain, disdainful further answer.

"MacTurk?" repeated Meg, with an emphasis, which induced the owner of the name to reply, "Yes, honest woman—MacTurk—Hector MacTurk—have you any objections to my name, good wife?"

"Nae objections have I," answered Meg; "it's e'en an excellent name for a heathen. — But, Captain MacTurk, since sae it be that ye are a captain, ye may e'en face about and march your ways hame again, to the tune of Dumbarton drums; for ye are ganging to hae nae speech of Maister Tirl, or any lodger of mine."

"And wherefore not?" demanded the veteran; "and is this of your own foolish head, honest woman, or has your lodger left such orders?"

"Maybe he has and maybe no," answered Meg, sturdily; "and I ken nae mair right that ye sould ca' me honest woman, than I hae to ca' you honest man, which is as far frae my thoughts as it wad be from heaven's truth."

"The woman is deil's rit!" said Captain MacTurk; "but coom, coom—a gentleman is not to be misused in this way when he comes on a gentleman's business; so make you a bit room on the door-stane, that I may pass by you, or I will make room for myself, by Cot! to your small pleasure."

And so saying he assumed the air of a man who was about to make good his passage. But Meg, without deigning farther reply, flourished around her head the hearth-broom, which she had been employing to its more legitimate purpose, when disturbed in her housewifery by Captain MacTurk.

"I ken your errand well enough, Captain—and I ken yourself. Ye are one of the folk that gang about yonder setting folk by the heels, as callants set their collies to fight. But ye shall come to nae lodger of mine, let a-bye Maister Tirl, wha' ony sic ungodly errand; for I am one that will keep God's peace and the King's within my dwelling."

So saying, and in explicit token of her peaceable intentions, she again flourished her broom.

The veteran instinctively threw himself under Saint George's guard, and drew two paces back, exclaiming, "That the woman was either mad, or as drunk as whisky could make her," an alternative which afforded Meg so little satisfaction, that she fairly rushed on her retiring adversary, and began to use her weapon to full purpose.

"Me drunk, ye scandalous black-guard!" (a blow with the broom interposed as paranthetical,) "me, that am fasting from all but sin and bobba!" (another whack.)

The Captain, swearing, exclaiming, and parrying, caught the blows as they fell, showing much dex-

terty in single-stick. The people began to gather; and how long his gallantry might have maintained itself against the spirit of self-defence and revenge, must be left uncertain, for the arrival of Tyrrel returned from a short walk, put a period to the combat.

Meg, who had a great respect for her guest, began to feel ashamed of her own violence, and shrank into the house; observing, however, that she too had made her hearth-broom and the auld hostess's powder well acquainted. The tranquility which ensued upon her departure, gave Tyrrel an opportunity to ask the Captain, whom he no longer recognized the meaning of this singular affray, and whether the visit was intended for him; to which the veteran replied very discomposely, that "he should be known that long enough ago, if he had had time to people to open his door, and answer a call; and instead of a flying madwoman, who was wearing an eagle," he said, "or a man-stiff-bird, or a chicken, or any other female least in the creation."

Half suspecting his errand, and desirous to avoid unnecessary notoriety, Tyrrel, as he showed the Captain to the parlour, which he called his own, entreated him to excuse the rudeness of his landlady, and to pass from the topic to that which had procured him the honour of this visit.

"And you are right, my good Master Tyrrel," said the Captain, pulling down the sleeves of his coat, adjusting his handkerchief and breast-ruff, and endeavouring to recover the composure of manner becoming his mission, but still adverting, in despite of the usage he had received—"By Cot! if she had been a man, if it were the King himself—Hae ye, Mr. Tyrrel, I am come on a civil errand—and my civilly I have been treated—the auld brack sack set in the stocks, and be tamed!—My friend Bingle—By Cot! I shall never forget that wanton insolence—if he be a constable or a cat-o'-nail, withen ten miles!"

"I perceive, Captain," said Tyrrel, "that ye are too much disturbed at this moment to enter upon business, which has brought you here—at ye wad set into my bedroom, and make use of some decency and a towel, it will give you the time to compose yourself a little."

"I shall do no such thing, Mr. Tyrrel," answered the Captain, snappishly; "I do not want to be disposed at all, and I do not want to stay in this, a minute longer than to do my errand to you, for your friend's behalf—And as for this tamed word Dods!"

"You will in that case forgive my interruption," said Captain MacTurk, as I presume your errand to me can have no reference to this strange quarrel with a landlady, with which I have nothing to do."

"And if I thought that it had, sir," said the Captain, interrupting Tyrrel in his turn, "ye should have given me satisfaction before you was a quarter of an hour older—Oh, I would give five pounds to the fellow that would say, Captain MacTurk, the wad do right!"

"I certainly will not be that person you wish for, Captain," replied Tyrrel, "because I really do not know who was in the right or wrong; but I am certainly sorry that you should have met with ill usage when your purpose was to visit me."

"Will, sir, if you are concerned," said the man of peace, snappishly, "so am I, and there is an end on't—And touching my errand to you—you cannot have forgotten that you treated my friend, Sir Bingle Bax, with singular civility?"

"I recollect nothing of the kind, Captain," replied Tyrrel. "I remember that the gentleman, so called, took some unkind liberties in laying foolish bets concerning me, and that I treated him, from respect to the rest of the company, and the ladies in particular, with a great degree of moderation and forbearance."

"And you must have very fine ideas of forbearance," replied the Captain, "when you took my friend by the collar of the coat, and lifted him out of your way as if he had been a puppy dog!" My good Mr. Tyrrel, I can assure you he does not think that you have forbore him at all, and he has no purpose to forbear you; and I must either carry back a self-

cient apology, or you must meet in a quiet way, with a good friend on each side.—And this was the errand I came on, when this tanned woman, with the bearrh-broom, who is an enemy to all quiet and peaceable proceedings—

"We will forget Mrs. Dods for the present, if you please, Captain MacTurk," said Tyrrel—"and, to speak to the present subject, you will permit me to say, that I think this summons comes a little of the latest. You know best as a military man, but I have always understood that such differences are usually settled immediately after they occur—not that I intend to baulk Sir Bingo's inclinations upon the score of delay, or any other account."

"I dare say you will not—I dare say you will not," Mr. Tyrrel, answered the Captain—"I am free to think that you know better what belongs to a gentleman.—And as to time—look you, my good sir, there are different sorts of people in this world, as there are different sorts of fire-arms. There are your hair-triggered rifles, that go off just at the right moment, and in the twinkling of an eye, and that, Mr. Tyrrel, is your true man of honour;—and there is a sort of person that takes a thing up too soon, and sometimes backs out of it, like your rubbishy Birmingham pieces, that will at one time go off at half-cock, and at another time burn priming without going off at all;—then again there are pieces that hang fire—or I should rather say, that are like the matchlocks which the black fellows use in the East Indies—there must be some blowing of the match, and so forth, which occasions delay, but the piece carries true enough after all."

"And your friend Sir Bingo's valour is of this last kind, Captain—I presume that is the inference. I should have thought it more like a boy's cannon, which is fired by means of a train, and is but a pop-gun after all."

"I cannot allow of such comparisons, sir," said the Captain; "you will understand that I come here as Sir Bingo's friend, and a reflection on him will be an affront to me."

"I disclaim all intended offence to you, Captain—I have no wish to extend the number of my adversaries, or to add to them the name of a gallant officer like yourself," replied Tyrrel.

"You are too obliging, sir," said the Captain, drawing him up with dignity. "By Cot! and that was said very handsomely!—Well, sir, and shall I not have the pleasure of carrying back an explanation from you to Sir Bingo?—I assure you it would give me pleasure to make this matter handsomely up."

"To Sir Bingo, Captain MacTurk, I have no apology to offer—I think I treated him more gently than his impudence deserved."

"Och, Och!" sighed the Captain, with a strong Highland intonation; "then there is no more to be said, but just to settle time and place; for pistols I suppose must be the weapons."

"All these matters are quite the same to me," said Tyrrel; "only, in respect of time, I should wish it to be as speedy as possible.—What say you to one, afternoon, this very day?—You may name the place."

"At one, afternoon," replied the Captain deliberately, "Sir Bingo will attend you—the place may be the Buck-stance; for as the whole company go to the water-side to-day to catch a little of fish, there will be no risk of interruption.—And who shall I speak to, my good friend, on your side of the quarrel?"

"Really, Captain," replied Tyrrel, "that is a puzzling question—I have no friend here—I suppose you could hardly find one for him."

"It would be truly absolutely, and altogether out of the question, my good friend," replied MacTurk.

"A bottle of fish is a favourite of a particular kind, which is called 'the fish of the day,' and is the property of Brown's and Green's, and other public waters. A large codfish is taken by the use of a net, and contains a quantity of water, and is called 'the fish of the day.' In this the fish is placed when taken, and when by the company of the water. This is accounted the best way of catching salmon, by those who desire to taste the fish in a state of extreme freshness. Other—prefer after being kept a day or two, when the cod fish is out of the water, and the fish becomes richer and more luscious. The more judicious gastronomes eat no other sauce than a spoonful of the water in which the salmon is boiled, together with a little pepper and vinegar."

"But if you will trust to me, I will bring up a friend on your part from the Well, who, though you have hardly seen him before, will settle matters for you as well as if you had been intimate for twenty years—and I will bring up the Doctor too, if I can get him unloosed from the petticoat of that fat widow Blower, that he has strung himself upon."

"I have no doubt you will do every thing with perfect accuracy, Captain. At one o'clock, then, we meet at the Buck-stance—stay, permit me to see you to the door."

"By Cot! and it is not altogether so unnecessary," said the Captain; "for the tanned woman with the besom might have some advantage in that long dark passage, knowing the ground better than I do—tann her, I will have amends on her, if there be whipping-post, or ducking-stool, or a pair of stocks in the parish!" And so saying, the Captain trudged off, his spirits ever and anon excited by recollection of the causeless aggression of Meg Dods, and again composed to a state of happy serenity by the recollection of the agreeable arrangement which he had made between Mr. Tyrrel, and his friend Sir Bingo Binks.

We have heard of men of undoubted benevolence of character and disposition, whose principal delight was to see a miserable criminal, degraded alike by his previous crimes, and the sentence which he had incurred, conclude a vicious and wretched life, by an ignominious and painful death. It was some such inconsistency of character which induced honest Captain MacTurk, who had really been a meritorious officer, and was a good-natured, honourable, and well-intentioned man, to place his chief delight in setting his friends by the ears, and then acting as umpire in the dangerous recanties, which, according to his code of honour, were absolutely necessary to restore peace and cordiality. We leave the explanation of such anomalies to the labours of craniologists, for they seem to defy all the researches of the Ethic philosopher.

CHAPTER XIII.

DISASTROUS MEETING.

Every day you now, good Master Slender a serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Gums?

Slender, Merry, sir, the City-ward, the Park-ward, every way; Old Wives way, and every way.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Sir Bingo Binks received the Captain's communication with the same degree of silliness he had displayed at sending the challenge; a most ungracious manner, as coming as it were from the very bottom of his stomach, through the folds of a Belcher handkerchief, intimating his acute sense, in a tone nearly as gracious as that with which the drowsy traveller acknowledges the intimation of the slipshod ostler, that it is on the table of five, and the horn will sound in a minute. Captain MacTurk by no means considered this intimation as expressing a proper estimate of his own trouble and services. "Humph!" he replied; "nearly has done that mean, Sir Bingo? Have not I already had the trouble to put you just into the next road; and I would you have been able to make a handkerchief out of it at all, after you had let it hang so long in the wind, if I had not taken on myself to make it agreeable to the gentleman, and cooked as next a piece out of it as I have seen a Frenchman do out of a stale sardine?"

Sir Bingo saw it was necessary to utter some intimation of acquiescence, and acknowledged, albeit, however matter-of-factly, was sufficient to satisfy the veteran, to whom the adjustment of a quarrel and affair of this kind was a subject of love, and who now, kindly in proof of his promise to Tyrrel, hurried away as if he had been about the most considerable account of earth, to secure the attendance of some one as a witness on the strange dispute.

Mr. Winterblossom was the person whom MacTurk had at his own disposal, and he was as the fittest person to perform the part of bit volent, and he lost no time in communicating his wish to that worthy gentleman. But Mr. Winterblossom, though a man of the world, and well enough acquainted with such matters, was by no means so passionately addicted

to them as was the man of peace, Captain Hector MacTurk. As a *bon vivant*, he hated trouble of any kind, and the shrewd selfishness of his disposition enabled him to foresee, that a good deal might accrue to all concerned in the course of this business. He, therefore, coolly replied, that he knew nothing of Mr. Tyrrel—not even whether he was a gentleman or not; and besides, he had received no regular application in his behalf—he did not, therefore, feel himself at all inclined to go to the field as his second. This refusal drove the poor Captain to despair. He conjured his friend to be more public-spirited, and entreated him to consider the reputation of the Well, which was to them as a common country, and the honour of the company to which they both belonged, and of which Mr. Winterblossom was in a manner the proper representative, as being, with consent of all, the perpetual president. He reminded him how many quarrels had been nightly undertaken and departed from on the ensuing morning, without any suitable consequences—said, “that people began to talk of the place oddly; and that, for his own part, he found his own honour so nearly touched, that he had begun to think he himself would be obliged to bring somebody or other to account, for the general credit of the Well; and now, just when the most beautiful occasion had arisen to put every thing on a handsome footing, it was hard—it was cruel—it was most unjustifiable—in Mr. Winterblossom, to decline so simple a matter as was requested of him.”

Dry and taciturn as the Captain was on all ordinary occasions, he proved, on the present, eloquent and almost pathetic; for the tears came into his eyes when he recounted the various quarrels which had become added, notwithstanding his best endeavours to hatch them into an honourable meeting; and here was one, at length, just chipping the shell, like to be smothered, for want of the most ordinary concession on the part of Winterblossom. In short, that gentleman could not hold out any longer. “It was,” he said, “a very foolish business, he thought; but to oblige Sir Bingo and Captain MacTurk, he had no objection to walk with them about noon as far as the Buck-stane, although he must observe the day was hazy, and he had felt a prophetic twinge or two, which looked like a visit of his old acquaintance podagra.”

“Never mind that, my excellent friend,” said the Captain, “a sup out of Sir Bingo’s flask is like enough to put that to rights; and by my soul, it is not the thing he is like to leave behind him on this sort of occasion, unless I be far mistaken in my man.”

“But,” said Winterblossom, “although I comply with your wishes thus far, Captain MacTurk, I by no means undertake for certain to back this same Master Tyrrel, of whom I know nothing at all, but only agree to go to the place in hopes of preventing mischief.”

“Never fash your beard about that, Mr. Winterblossom,” replied the Captain; “for a little mischief, as you call it, is become a thing absolutely necessary to the credit of the place; and I am sure, whatever be the consequences, they cannot in the present instance be very fatal to any body; for here is a young fellow that, if he should have a misfortune, nobody will miss, for nobody knows him; then there is Sir Bingo, whom every body knows so well, that they will miss him all the less.”

“And there will be Lady Bingo, a wealthy and handsome young widow,” said Winterblossom, throwing his hat upon his head with the grace and pretension of former days, and sighing to see, as he looked in the mirror, how much time, that had whitened his hair, rounded his stomach, wrinkled his brow, and bent down his shoulders, had disqualified him, as he expressed it, “for entering for such a plate.”

Secure of Winterblossom, the Captain’s next anxiety was to obtain the presence of Dr. Quackleben, who, although he wrote himself M. D., did not by any means decline practice as a surgeon, when any job offered for which he was likely to be well paid, as was warranted in the present instance, the wealthy baronet being a party principally concerned. The Doctor, therefore, like the eagle scented the carnage, seized, at the first word, the huge volume of morocco

leather which formed his case of portable instruments, and uncoiled before the Captain, with ostentatious display, its formidable and glittering contents, upon which he began to lecture as upon a copious and interesting text, until the man of war thought it necessary to give him a word of caution.

“Och,” says he, “I do pray you, Doctor, to carry that packet of yours under the breast of your coat, or in your pocket, or somewhere out of sight, and by no means to produce or open it before the parties. For although scalpels, and tourniquets, and pincers, and the like, are very ingenious implements, and pretty to behold, and are also useful when time and occasion call for them, yet I have known the sight of them take away a man’s fighting stomach, and so lose their owner a job, Dr. Quackleben.”

“By my faith, Captain MacTurk,” said the Doctor, “you speak as if you were graduated—I have known these treacherous articles play their master many a cursed trick. The very sight of my forceps, without the least effort on my part, once cured an inveterate toothache of three days’ duration, prevented the extraction of a carious molendinar, which it was the very end of their formation to achieve, and sent me home minus a guinea.—But hand me that great-coat, Captain, and we will place the instruments in ambush, until they are called into action in due time. I should think something will happen—Sir Bingo is a sure shot at a moorcock.”

“Cannot say,” replied MacTurk; “I have known the pistol shake many a hand that held the fowling-piece fast enough. Yonder Tyrrel looks like a testy, cool customer—I watched him the whole time I was delivering my errand, and I can promise you he is mettle to the backbone.”

“Well—I will have my bandages ready *secundum artem*,” replied the man of medicine. “We must guard against hemorrhage—Sir Bingo is a phlebotomic subject.—One o’clock, you say—at the Buck-stane—I will be punctual.”

“Will you not walk with us?” said Captain MacTurk, who seemed willing to keep his whole convoy together on this occasion, lest, peradventure, any of them had fled from under his patronage.

“No,” replied the Doctor, “I must first make an apology to worthy Mrs. Blower, for I had promised her my arm down to the river-side, where they are all to eat a kettle of fish.”

“By Cot! and I hope we shall make them a prettier kettle of fish than was ever seen at St. Ronan’s,” said the Captain, rubbing his hands.

“Don’t say so, Captain,” replied the cautious Doctor; “I for one have nothing to do with the meeting—wash my hands of it. No, no, I cannot afford to be clapt up as accessory.—You ask me to meet you at the Buck-stane—no purpose assigned—I am willing to oblige my worthy friend, Captain MacTurk—walk that way, thinking of nothing particular—hear the report of pistols—hasten to the spot—fortunately just in time to prevent the most fatal consequences—chance most opportunely to have my case of instruments with me—indeed, generally wait with them about me—*nunquam non paratus*—then give my professional definition of the wound and state of the patient. That is the way to give evidence, Captain, before sheriffs, coroners, and such sort of folk—never commit one’s self—it is a rule of our profession.”

“Well, well, Doctor,” answered the Captain, “you know your own ways best; and so you are but there to give a chance of help in case of accident, all the laws of honour will be fully complied with. But it would be a foul reflection upon me, as a man of honour, if I did not take care that there should be somebody to come in thirdsman between Death and my principal.”

At the awful hour of one, afternoon, there arrived upon the appointed spot Captain MacTurk, leading to the field the valorous Sir Bingo, not exactly straining like a greyhound in the sipe, but rather looking moody like a butcher’s bull-dog, which knows he must fight since his master bids him. Yet the Baronet showed no outward flinching or abatement of courage, excepting, that the tune of Jenny Sutton

which he had whistled without intermission since he left the Hotel, had, during the last half mile of their walk, sunk into silence; although, to look at the muscles of the mouth, projection of the lip, and vacancy of the eye, it seemed as if the notes were still passing through his mind, and that he whistled Jenny Sutton in his imagination. Mr. Winterblossom came two minutes after this happy pair and the Doctor was equally punctual.

"Upon my soul," said the former, "this is a mighty silly affair, Sir Bingo, and might, I think, be easily taken up, at less risk to all parties than a meeting of this kind. You should recollect, Sir Bingo, that you have much depending upon your life—you are a married man, Sir Bingo."

Sir Bingo turned the quid in his mouth and squirted out the juice in a most coachman-like manner.

"Mr. Winterblossom," said the Captain, "Sir Bingo has in this matter put himself in my hands, and unless you think yourself more able to direct his course than I am, I must frankly tell you, that I will be disobliged by your interference. You may speak to your own friend as much as you please; and if you find yourself authorized to make any proposal, I shall be desirous to lend an ear to it on the part of my worthy principal, Sir Bingo. But I will be plain with you, that I do not greatly approve of settlements upon the field, though I hope I am a quiet and peaceable man. But here is our honour to be looked after in the first place; and moreover, I must insist that every proposal for accommodation shall originate with your party or yourself."

"My party?" answered Winterblossom; "why really, though I came hither at your request, Captain MacTurk, yet I must see more of the matter, ere I can fairly pronounce myself second to a man I never saw but once."

"And, perhaps, may never see again," said the Doctor, looking at his watch; "for it is ten minutes past the hour, and here is no Mr. Tyrrel."

"Hey! what's that you say, Doctor?" said the Baronet, awakened from his apathy.

"He speaks tamned nonsense," said the Captain, pulling out a huge old-fashioned, turnip-shaped implement, with a blackened silver dial-plate. "It is not above three minutes after one by the true time, and I will uphold Mr. Tyrrel to be a man of his word—never saw a man take a thing more coolly."

"Not more coolly than he takes his walk this way," said the Doctor; "for the hour is as I tell you—remember I am professional—have pulses to count by the second and half-second—my time-piece must go as true as the sun."

"And I have mounted guard a thousand times by my watch," said the Captain; "and I defy the devil to say that Hector MacTurk did not always discharge his duty to the twentieth part of the fraction of a second—it was my great grandmother, Lady Killbracklin's and I will maintain its reputation against any timepiece that ever went upon wheels."

"Well, then, look at your own watch, Captain," said Winterblossom, for time stands still with no man, and while we speak the hour advances. On my word, I think this Mr. Tyrrel intends to humbug us."

"Hey! what's that you say?" said Sir Bingo, once more starting from his sullen reverie.

"I shall not look at my watch upon no such matter," said the Captain; "nor will I any way be disposed, to doubt your friend's honour, Mr. Winterblossom."

"My friend?" said Mr. Winterblossom; "I must tell you once more, Captain, that this Mr. Tyrrel is no friend of mine—none in the world. He is your friend, Captain MacTurk; and I own, if he keeps us waiting much longer on this occasion, I will be apt to consider his friendship as of very little value."

"And how dare you, then, say that the man is my friend?" said the Captain, knitting his brows in a most formidable manner.

"Pooh! pooh! Captain," answered Winterblossom, coolly, if not contemptuously—"keep all that for silly boys; I have lived in the world too long either

to provoke quarrels, or to care about them. So, reserve your fire; it is all thrown away on such an old cock as I am. But I really wish we knew whether this fellow means to come—twenty minutes past the hour—I think it is odds that you are bilked, Sir Bingo?"

"Bilked! hey!" cried Sir Bingo; "by Gad, I always thought so—I wagered with Mowbray he was a raff—I ain had, by Gad. I'll wait no longer than the half hour, by Gad, were he a field-marshal."

"You will be directed in that matter by your friend, if you please, Sir Bingo," said the Captain.

"D—n me if I will," returned the Baronet—"Friend? a pretty friend, to bring me out here on such a fool's errand! I knew the fellow was a raff—but I never thought you, with all your chaff about honour, such a d—d spoon as to bring a message from a fellow who has fled the pit!"

"If you regret so much having come here to no purpose," said the Captain, in a very lofty tone, "and if you think I have used you like a spoon, as you say, I will have no objection in life to take Mr. Tyrrel's place, and serve your occasion, my boy."

"By—! and if you like it, you may fire away, and welcome," said Sir Bingo; "and I'll spin a crown for first shot, for I do not understand being brought here for nothing, d—n me!"

"And there was never man alive so ready as I am to give you something to stay your stomach," said the irritable Highlander.

"Oh, fie, gentlemen! fie, fie, fie!" exclaimed the pacific Mr. Winterblossom—"For shame, Captain—Out upon you, Sir Bingo, are you mad?—what, principal and second!—the like was never heard of—never."

The parties were in some degree recalled to their more cool recollections by this expostulation, yet continued a short quarter-deck walk to and fro, upon parallel lines, looking at each other sullenly as they passed, and bristling like two dogs who have a mind to quarrel, yet hesitate to commence hostilities. During this promenade, also, the perpendicular and erect carriage of the veteran, rising on his toes at every step, formed a whimsical contrast with the heavy loutish shuffle of the bulky Baronet, who had, by dint of practice, very nearly attained that most enviable of all carriages, the gate of a shambling Yorkshire ostler. His coarse spirit was now thoroughly kindled, and like iron, or any other baser metal, which is slow in receiving heat, it retained long the smouldering and angry spirit of resentment that had originally brought him to the place, and now rendered him willing to wreak his uncomfortable feelings upon the nearest object which occurred, since the first purpose of his coming thither was frustrated. In his own phrase, his pluck was up, and finding himself in a fighting humour, he thought it a pity, like Bob Acres, that so much good courage should be thrown away. As, however, that courage after all consisted chiefly in ill humour; and as in the demeanour of the Captain, he read nothing deferential or deprecatory of his wrath, he began to listen with more attention to the arguments of Mr. Winterblossom, who entreated them not to sully, by private quarrel, the honour they had that day so happily acquired without either blood or risk.

"It was now," he said, "three quarters of an hour past the time appointed for this person, who calls himself Tyrrel, to meet Sir Bingo Binks. Now, instead of standing squabbling here, which serves no purpose, I propose we should reduce to writing the circumstances which attend this affair, for the satisfaction of the company at the Well, and that the memorandum shall be regularly attested by our subscriptions; after which, I shall farther humbly propose that it be subjected to the revision of the Committee of Management."

"I object to any revision of a statement to which my name shall be appended," said the Captain.

"Right—very true, Captain," said the complaisant Mr. Winterblossom; "undoubtedly you know best, and your signature is completely sufficient to authenticate this transaction—however, as it is the most important which has occurred since the Spring was

established, I propose we shall all sign the *procès-verbal*, as I may term it."

"Leave me out, if you please," said the Doctor, not much satisfied that both the original quarrel and the by-battle had passed over without any occasion for the offices of a Machiav; "leave me out, if you please; for it does not become me to be ostensibly concerned in any proceedings, which have had for their object a breach of the peace. And for the importance of waiting here for an hour, in a fine afternoon, it is my opinion there was a more important service done to the Well of St. Ronan's, when I, Quentin Quackleben, M. D., cured Lady Penelope Penfeather of her seventh attack upon the nerves, attended with febrile symptoms."

"No disparagement to your skill at all, Doctor," said Mr. Winterblossom; "but I conceive the lesson which this fellow has received will be a great means to prevent improper persons from appearing at the Spring hereafter; and, for my part, I shall move that no one be invited to dine at the table in future, till his name is regularly entered as a member of the company, in the lists at the public room. And I hope both Sir Bingo and the Captain will receive the thanks of the company, for their spirited conduct in expelling the intruder.—Sir Bingo, will you allow me to apply to your flask—a little twinge I feel, owing to the dampness of the grass."

Sir Bingo, soothed by the consequence he had acquired, readily imparted to the invalid a thimbleful of his cordial, which, we believe, had been prepared by some cunning chymist in the wilds of Glenlivat. He then filled a bumper, and extended it towards the veteran, as an unequivocal symptom of reconciliation. The real turbinacious flavour no sooner reached the nose of the Captain, than the beverage was turned down his throat with symptoms of most unequivocal applause.

"I shall have some hope of the young fellows of this day," he said, "now that they begin to give up their Dutch and French distilled waters, and stick to genuine Highland ware. By Cot, it is the only liquor fit for a gentleman to drink in a morning, if he can have the good fortune to come by it, you see."

"Or after dinner either, Captain," said the Doctor, to whom the glass had passed in rotation; "it is worth all the wines in France for flavour, and more cordial to the system besides."

"And now," said the Captain, "that we may not go off the ground with any thing on our stomachs worse than the whisky, I can afford to say, (as Captain Hector MacTurk's character is tolerably well established,) that I am sorry for the little difference that has occurred betwixt me and my worthy friend, Sir Bingo, here."

"And since you are so civil, Captain," said Sir Bingo, "why, I am sorry too—only it would put the devil out of temper to lose so fine a fishing day—wind south—fine air on the pool—water settled from the flood—just in trim—and I dare say three pairs of boots have passed over my cast before this time!"

He closed this elaborate lamentation with a libation of the same cordial which he had imparted to his companions; and they returned in a body to the Hotel, where the transactions of the morning were soon afterwards announced to the company, by the following program:—

STATEMENT.

"Sir Bingo Binks, baronet, having found himself aggrieved by the uncivil behaviour of an individual calling himself Francis Tyrral, now or lately a resident at the Cleikum Inn, Autoun of St. Ronan's; and having empowered Captain Hector MacTurk to wait upon the said Mr. Tyrral to demand an apology, under the alternative of personal satisfaction, according to the laws of honour and the practice of gentlemen, the said Tyrral voluntarily engaged to meet the said Sir Bingo Binks, baronet, at the Buck-stane near St. Ronan's Burn, upon this present day, being Wednesday—August. In consequence of which appointment, we, the undersigned, did attend at the place named, from one o'clock till two, without seeing or hearing any thing whatever of the said Fran-

cis Tyrral, or any one in his behalf—which fact we make thus publicly known, that all men, and particularly the distinguished company assembled at the Fox Hotel, may be duly apprized of the character and behaviour of the said Francis Tyrral, in case of his again presuming to intrude himself into the society of persons of honour.

"The Fox Inn and Hotel, St. Ronan's Well—August 18—

(Signed)

"BINGO BINKS,
"HECTOR MACTURK,
"PHILIP WINTERBLOSSOM."

A little lower followed this separate attestation:

"I, Quentin Quackleben, M. D., F. R. S., D. E., B. L., X. Z., &c. &c., being called upon to attest what I know in the said matter, do hereby verify, that being by accident at the Buck-stane, near St. Ronan's Burn, on this present day, at the hour of one afternoon, and chancing to remain there for the space of nearly an hour, conversing with Sir Bingo Binks, Captain MacTurk, and Mr. Winterblossom, we did not, during that time, see or hear any thing of or from the person calling himself Francis Tyrral, whose presence at that place seemed to be expected by the gentlemen I have just named." This affidavit was dated like the former, and certified under the august hand of Quentin Quackleben, M. D., &c. &c. &c.

Again, and prefaced by the avowment that an improper person had been lately introduced into the company of St. Ronan's Well, there came forth a legislative enactment, on the part of the Committee, declaring, "that no one shall in future be invited to the dinners, or balls, or other entertainments of the Well, until their names shall be regularly entered in the books kept for the purpose at the rooms." Lastly, there was a vote of thanks to Sir Bingo Binks and Captain MacTurk for their spirited conduct, and the pains which they had taken to exclude an improper person from the company at St. Ronan's Well.

These annunciations speedily became the magnet of the day. All idlers crowded to peruse them; and it would be endless to notice the "God bless me!"—the "Lord have a care of us!"—the "Saw you ever the like a" of goosies, any more than the "Dear me!" and "Oh, laa's" of the titupping miseses, and the oaths of the pantalooned or buck-skin'd beaux. The character of Sir Bingo rose like the stocks at the news of a despatch from the Duke of Wellington, and, what was extraordinary, attained some consequence even in the estimation of his lady. All shook their heads at the recollection of the unlucky Tyrral, and found out much in his manner and address which convinced them that he was but an adventurer and swindler. A few, however, less partial to the Committee of Management, (for whenever there is an administration, there will soon arise an opposition,) whispered among themselves, that, to give the fellow his due, the man, be he what he would, had only come among them, like the devil, when he was called for; and honest Dame Blower blessed herself when she heard of such blood-thirsty doings as had been intended, and "thanked God that honest Doctor Kickherben had come to nae harm amang a' their nonsense."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONSULTATION.

Clown. I hope here be proofs.—*Measure for Measure.*

THE borough of — lies, as all the world knows, about fourteen miles distant from St. Ronan's, being the county town of that shire, which, as described in the Tourist's Guide, numbers among its objects of interest that gay and popular watering-place, whose fame, no doubt, will be greatly enhanced by the present annals of its earlier history. As it is at present unnecessary to be more particular concerning the scene of our story, we will fill up the blank left in the first name with the fictitious appellation of Marchethorn, having often found ourselves embarrassed in the course of a story, by the occurrence of an ugly hiatus, which we

cannot always at first sight fill up, with the proper reference to the rest of the narrative.

Marchthorn, then, was an old-fashioned Scottish town, the street of which, on market-day, showed a reasonable number of stout great-coated yeomen, bartering or dealing for the various commodities of their farms; and on other days of the week, only a few forlorn burghers, crawling about like half-awakened flies, and watching the town steeple till the happy sound of twelve strokes from Time's oracle should tell them it was time to take their meridian drann. The narrow windows of the shops intimated very imperfectly the miscellaneous contents of the interior, where every merchant, as the shopkeepers of Marchthorn were termed, *more Noctio*, sold every thing that could be thought of. As for manufacturers, there were none, except that of the careful Town-Council, who were nightly busied in preparing the warp and woof, which, at the end of every five or six years, the town of Marchthorn contributed, for the purpose of weaving the fourth or fifth part of a member of Parliament.

In such a town, it usually happens, that the Sheriff-clerk, especially supposing him agent for several lairds of the higher order, is possessed of one of the best-looking houses; and such was that of Mr. Bindloose. None of the smartness of the brick-built and brass-hammered mansion of a southern attorney appeared indeed in this mansion, which was a tall, thin, grim-looking building, in the centre of the town, with narrow windows and projecting gables, notched into that sort of descent, called crows-steps, and having the lower casements defended by stanchions of iron; for Mr. Bindloose, as frequently happens, kept a branch of one of the two national banks, which had been lately established in the town of Marchthorn.

Towards the door of this tenement, there advanced slowly up the ancient, but empty streets of this famous borough, a vehicle, which, had it appeared in Piccadilly, would have furnished unremitted laughter for a week, and conversation for a twelve month. It was a two-wheeled vehicle, which claimed none of the modern appellations of tilbury, tandem, dennet, or the like; but aspired only to the humble name of that almost forgotten accommodation, a whiskey; or, according to some authorities, a tin-whiskey. Green was, or had been, its original colour, and it was placed sturdily and safely low upon its little old-fashioned wheels, which bore much less than the usual proportion to the size of the carriage which they sustained. It had a calash head, which had been pulled up, in consideration either to the dampness of the morning air or to the retiring delicacy of the fair form, which, shrouded by leathern curtains, tenanted this venerable specimen of antediluvian coach-building.

But, as this fair and modest dame no way aspired to the skill of a chariotier, the management of a horse, which seemed as old as the carriage he drew, was in the exclusive charge of an old fellow in a postilion's jacket, whose gray hairs escaped on each side of an old-fashioned velvet jockey-cap, and whose left shoulder was so considerably elevated above his head, that it seemed as if, with little effort, his neck might have been tucked under his arm, like that of a roasted grouse-cock. This gallant equerry was mounted on a steed as old as that which toiled betwixt the shafts of the carriage, and which he guided by a leading rein. Guiding one animal with his single spur, and stimulating the other with his whip, he effected a reasonable trot upon the causeway, which only terminated when the whiskey stopped at Mr. Bindloose's door—an event of importance enough to excite the curiosity of the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring houses. Wheels were laid aside, needles left sticking in the half-finished seams, and many a nose, spectacled and unspectacled, was popped out of the adjoining windows, which had the good fortune to command a view of Mr. Bindloose's front door. The faces of two or three giggling clerks were visible at the barred casements of which we have spoken, much amused at the descent of an old lady from this respectable carriage, whose dress and appearance might possibly have been fashionable at the time when her equipage was new. A satin cardinal, lined with gray squirrels'

skin, and a black silk bonnet, trimmed with crane, were garments which did not now excite the respect, which in their fresher days they had doubtless commanded. But there was that in the features of the wearer, which would have commanded Mr. Bindloose's best regard, though it had appeared in far worse attire; for he beheld the face of an ancient customer, who had always paid her law expenses with the ready penny, and whose account with the bank was balanced by a very respectable sum at her credit. It was, indeed, no other than our respected friend, Mrs. Dods of the Clerkum Inn, St. Ronan's, Aultrum.

Now her arrival intimated matter of deep import. Meg was a person of all others most averse to leave her home, where, in her own opinion at least, nothing went on well without her immediate superintendence. Limited, therefore, as was her sphere, she remained fixed in the centre thereof; and few as were her satellites, they were under the necessity of performing their revolutions around her, while she herself continued stationary. Saturn, in fact, would be scarce more surprised at a passing call from the Sun, than Mr. Bindloose at this unexpected visit of his old client. In one breath he rebuked the inquisitive impertinence of his clerks, in another stimulated his housekeeper, old Hannah—for Mr. Bindloose was a bluff bachelor—to get tea ready in the green parlour; and while yet speaking, was at the side of the whiskey, unclasping the curtains, rolling down the apron, and assisting his old friend to dismount.

"The jappaned tea-caddie, Hannah—the best bohea—hid Tib kindle a spark of fire—the morning's damp—Draw in the giggling faces of ye, ye d-d idle scoundrels, or laugh at your ain toom pouches—it will be lang or your weddingdo fill them." This was spoken, as the honest lawyer himself might have said, *in transitu*, the rest by the side of the carriage. "My stars, Mrs. Dods, and is this really your ain self, in *propria persona*?—Wha lookit for you at such a time of day?—Anthony, how's a' wi' ye, Anthony?—so ye hae taen the road again, Anthony—help us down wi' the apron, Anthony—that will do.—Lean on me, Mrs. Dods—help your mistress, Anthony—put the horses in my stable—the lads will give you the key.—Come away, Mrs. Dods—I am blithe to see you straight your legs on the causeway of our auld borough again—come in by, and we'll see to get you some breakfast, for ye hae been asteen early this morning."

"I am a sair trouble to you, Mr. Bindloose," said the old lady, accepting the offer of his arm, and accompanying him into the house; "I am c'en a sair trouble to you, but I could not rest till I had your advice on something of moment."

"Happy will I be to serve you, my gude auld acquaintance," said the Clerk; "but sit you down—sit you down—get you down, Mrs. Dods—meat and mess never hindered wark. Ye are something overcome wi' your travel—the spirit cannot aye bear through the flesh, Mrs. Dods; ye should remember that your life is a precious one, and ye should take care of your health, Mrs. Dods."

"My life precious!" exclaimed Meg Dods; "nane o' your whillywhaing, Mr. Bindloose—Deil an' wad miss the auld ginning alewife, Mr. Bindloose, unless it were here and there a puir body, and maybe the auld house-tyke, that wadna be sae weel guided, puir fellow."

"Fie, fie! Mrs. Dods," said the Clerk, in a tone of friendly rebuke; "it vexes an auld friend to hear ye speak of yourself in that respectless sort of a way; and, as for quitting us, I bless God I have not seen you look better this half score of years. But maybe you will be thinking of setting your house in order, which is the act of a careful and of a Christian woman—O! it's an awfu' thing to die intestate, if we had grace to consider it."

"Awel, I daur say I'll consider that some day soon Mr. Bindloose; but that's no my present errand."

"Be it what it like, Mrs. Dods, ye are right heartily welcome here, and we have a' the day to speak of the business in hand—*festina lente*, that is the true

law language—hooly and fairly, as one may say—ill treating of business with an empty stomach—and here comes your tea, and I hope Hannah has made it to your taste."

Meg sipped her tea—confessed Hannah's skill in the mysteries of the Chinese herb—sipped, again, then tried to eat a bit of bread and butter, with very indifferent success; and notwithstanding the lawyer's compliments to her good looks, seemed, in reality, on the point of becoming ill.

"In the deil's name, what is the matter?" said the lawyer, too well read in a profession where sharp observation is peculiarly necessary, to suffer these symptoms of agitation to escape him. "Ay, dame? ye are taking this business of yours deeper to heart than ever I kend you take ony thing. Ony o' your banded debtors failed, or like to fail? What then! cheer ye up—you can afford a little loss, and it canna be ony great matter, or I would doubtless have heard of it."

"In troth, but it is a loss, Mr. Bindloose; and what say ye to the loss of a friend?"

This was a possibility which had never entered the lawyer's long list of calamities, and he was at some loss to conceive what the old lady could possibly mean by so sentimental a proleusion. But just as he began to come out with his "Ay, ay, we are all mortal, *Vita incerta, mors certissima!*" and two or three more pithy reflections, which he was in the habit of uttering after funerals, when the will of the deceased was about to be opened,—just then Mrs. Dods was pleased to become the expounder of her own oracle.

"I see how it is, Mr. Bindloose," she said; "I maun tell my ain ailment, for you are no likely to guess it; and so, if ye will shut the door, and see that nane of your giggling callants are listening in the passage, I will e'en tell you how things stand with me."

Mr. Bindloose hastily arose to obey her commands, gave a cautionary glance into the Bank-Office, and saw that his idle apprentices were fast at their desks—turned the key upon them, as if it were in a fit of absence, and then returned, not a little curious to know what could be the matter with his old friend: and leaving off all further attempts to put cases, quietly drew his chair near hers, and awaited her own time to make her communication.

"Mr. Bindloose," said she, "I am no sure that you may mind, about six or seven years ago, that there were twa daft English callants, lodgers of mine, that had some trouble from auld St. Ronan's about shooting on the Springwell-head muirs."

"I mind it as weel as yesterday, Mistress," said the Clerk; "by the same token you gave me a note for my trouble, (which wasna worth speaking about,) and bade me no bring in a bill against the pair bairns—ye had aye a kind heart, Mrs. Dods."

"Maybe, and maybe no, Mr. Bindloose—that is just as I find folk.—But concerning these lads, they baith left the country, and, as I think, in some ill blude wi' aye another, and now the auldest and the doucest of the twa came back again about a fortnicht sin' syne, and has been my guest ever since."

"Aweel, and I trust he is not at his auld tricks again, goodwife?" answered the Clerk. "I havna aye muckle to say either wi' the new Sheriff or the Bench of Justices as I used to hae, Mrs. Dods—and the Procurator-fiscal is very severe on poaching, being borne out by the new Association—few of our auld friends of the Killnakely are able to come to the sessions now, Mrs. Dods."

"The waur for the country, Mr. Bindloose," replied the old lady—"they were decent, considerate men, that didna plague a pair heid callant muckle about a moorfool or a mawkin, unless he turned common fowler—Sir Robert Ringhorse used to say the herd lads shot as many gles and pyots as they did game.—But new lords new laws—naething but fine and imprisonment, and the game no a father the plentier. If I had hae a brace or twa of birds in the house, as every body looks for them after the twelfth—I ken what they are like to cost me.—And what for no?—risk maun be paid for.—There is John Pirner himself,

that has kept the muir-side thirty year in spite of a' the lairds in the country, shoots, he tells me, now-a-days, as if he felt a rape about his neck."

"It wasna about ony game business, then, that you wanted advice?" said Bindloose, who, though somewhat of a digresser himself, made little allowance for the excursions of others from the subject in hand.

"Indeed it is no, Mr. Bindloose," said Meg; "but it is e'en about this unhappy callant that I spoke to you about. Ye maun ken I have cleiket a particular fancy to this lad, Francis Tirl—a fancy that whiles surprises me very sell, Mr. Bindloose, only that there is nae sin in it."

"None—none in the world, Mrs. Dods," said the lawyer, thinking at the same time within his mind, "Oho! the mist begins to clear up—the young roacher has hit the mark, I see—winged the old barren gray hen!—ay, ay, a marriage-contract, no doubt—but I maun gie her line. Ye are a wise woman, Mrs. Dods," he continued aloud, "and can doubtless consider the chances and the changes of human affairs."

"But I could never have considered what has befallen this pair lad, Mr. Bindloose," said Mrs. Dods, "through the malice of wicked men.—He lived, then, at the Cleikum, as I tell you, for mair than a fortnicht, as quiet as a lamb on a lea-rig—a decenter lad never came within my door—ate and drank enough for the gude of the house, and nae mair than was for his an gude, whether of body or soul—cleared his bills like Saturday at e'en, as regularly as Saturday came round."

"An admirable customer, no doubt, Mrs. Dods," said the lawyer.

"Never was the like of him for that matter," answered the honest dame. "But to see the malice of men!—Some of thae landloupers and gill-flirts down at the filthy puddle yonder, that they ca' the Waul, had heard of this pair lad, and the bits of picture that he made fashion of drawing, and they maun caide him awa down to the hottle, where mony a bonny story they had cleeked, Mr. Bindloose, baith of Mr. Tirl and of myself."

"A Commissary Court business," said the writer, going off again upon a false scent. "I shall trim their jackets for them, Mrs. Dods, if you can but bring tight evidence of the facts—I will soon bring them to fine and palinode—I will make them repent meddling with your good name."

"My gude name! What the sorrow is the matter wi' my name, Mr. Bindloose?" said the irritable client. "I think ye hae been at the wee cappie this morning, for as early as it is—My gude name!—if ony body touched my gude name, I would neither fish counsel nor commissary—I wad be down among them, like a jer-falcon among a wheen wild-geese, and the best among them that dared to say ony thing of Meg Dods by what was honest and civil, I wad eune see if her cockernonnie was made of her ain hair or other folk's. My gude name, indeed!"

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Dods, I was mista'en; that's a'," said the writer. "I was mista'en; and I dare to say you would haud your ain wi' your neighbours as weel as ony woman in the land.—But let us hear now what the grief is, in one word."

"In one word, then, Clerk Bindloose, it is little short of—murder," said Meg in a low tone, as if the very utterance of the word startled her.

"Murder! murder, Mrs. Dods?—it cannot be there is not a word of it in the Sheriff-office—the Procurator-fiscal kens nothing of it—there could not be murder in the country, and me no hear of it—for God's sake, take heed what you say, woman and dinna get yourself into trouble."

"Mr. Bindloose, I can but speak according to my lights," said Mrs. Dods; "you are in a sense a judge in Israel, at least you are one of the scribes having authority—and I tell you, with a wae and a bitter heart, that this pair callant of mine that was lodging in my house has been murdered or kidnapped awa among thae banditti folk down at the New Waul; and I'll hae the law put in force against them, if it should cost me a hundred pounds."

The Clerk stood much astonished at the nature of

Meg's accusation, and the pertinacity with which she seemed disposed to insist upon it.

"I have this comfort," she continued, "that whatever has happened, it has been by no fault of mine, Mr. Bindloose; for weel I wot, before that blood-thirsty auld half-pay Philistine, MacTurk, got to speech of him, I clawed his cantle to some purpose with my heath-besom.—But the poor simple bairn himself, that had nae mair knowledge of the wickedness of human nature than a calf has of a fletcher's gully, he threatit to see the auld hardened blood-sucker, and trustet wi' him to meet wi' some of the gang at an hour certain that same day, and awa he gaed to keep tryst, but since that hour naeboddy ever has set een on him.—And the mansworn villains now want to put a disgrace on him, and say that he fled the country rather than face them!—a likely story!—fled the country for them!—and leave his bill unsettled—him that was sae regular—and his port-mantle and his fishing-rod, and the pencils and pictures he held sic a wark about!—It's my faithful belief, Mr. Bindloose—and ye may trust me or no as ye like—that he had some foul play between the Cleikum and the Buck-stane. I have thought it, and I have dreamed it, and I will be at the bottom of it, or my name is not Meg Dods, and that I wad have them a' to reckon on.—Ay, ay, that's right Mr. Bindloose, tak out your pen and inkhorn, and let us set about it to purpose."

With considerable difficulty, and at the expense of much cross-examination, Mr. Bindloose extracted from his client a detailed account of the proceedings of the company at the Well towards Tyrrel, so far as they were known to, or suspected by Meg, making notes, as the examination proceeded, of what appeared to be matter of consequence. After a moment's consideration, he asked the dame the very natural question, how she came to be acquainted with the material fact, that a hostile appointment was made between Captain MacTurk and her lodger, when, according to her own account, it was made *infra parietes*, and *motis testibus*?

"Ay, but we victuallers ken weel enough what goes on in our ain houses," said Meg—"And what for no? If ye maun ken a' about it, I e'en listened through e keyhole of the door."

"And do you say you heard them settle an appointment for a duel?" said the Clerk; "and did you no ke any measures to hinder mischief, Mrs. Dods, veng such a respect for this lad as you say you have, ra. Dods?—I really wadna have looked for the like this at your hands."

"In truth, Mr. Bindloose," said Meg, putting her ron to her eyes, "and that's what vexes me mair an a' the rest, and ye needna say muckle to one soe heart is e'en the sairer that she has been aought to blame. But there has been mny a challenge, as they ca' it, passed in my house when thae ft lads of the Wildfire Club and the Helter-skelter re upon their rambles; and they had aye sense ough to make it up without fighting, sae that I illy did not apprehend any thing like mischief.—id ye maun think, moreover, Mr. Bindloose, that it ould have been an unco thing if a guest, in a decent d creditable public like mine, was to have cried ward before any of thae land-louping blackguards at live down at the hottle yonder."

"That is to say, Mrs. Dods, you were desirous your est should fight for the honour of your house," said ndloose.

"What for no, Mr. Bindloose?—Isna that kind fray aye about honour? and what for should the our of a substantial, four-nooked, slated house of ree stories, no be foughten for, as weel as the credit ny of these feckless callants that make such a y about their reputation?—I promise you my house, s Cleikum, stood in the Auld Town of St. Ronan's ore they were born, and it will stand there after y are hanged, as I trust some of them are like to

"Well, but perhaps your lodger had less zeal for the our of the house, and has quietly taken himself it of harm's way," said Mr. Bindloose; "for if I nderstand your story, this meeting never took place."

"Have less zeal?" said Meg, determined to be pleased with no supposition of her lawyer, "Mr. Bindloose, ye little ken him—I wish ye had seen him when he was angry!—I dared hardly face him myself, and there are no many folk that I am feared for—Meeting! there was nae meeting, I trow—they never dared to meet him fairly—but I am sure waur came of it than ever would have come of a meeting; for Anthony heard two shots gang off as he was watering the auld naig down at the burn, and that is not far frae the footpath that leads to the Buck-stane. I was angry at him for no making on to see what the matter was, but he thought it was auld Pirner out with the double barrel, and he wasna keen of making himself a witness, in case he suld have been caa'd on in the Poaching Court."

"Well," said the Sheriff-clerk, "and I dare say he did hear a poacher fire a couple of shots—nothing more likely. Believe me, Mrs. Dods, your guest had no fancy for the party Captain MacTurk invited him to—and being a quiet sort of man, he has just walked away to his own home, if he has one—I am really sorry you have given yourself the trouble of this long journey about so simple a matter."

Mrs. Dods remained with her eyes fixed on the ground in a very sullen and discontented posture, and when she spoke, it was in a tone of corresponding displeasure.

"A weel—a weel—live and learn, they say—I thought I had a friend in you, Mr. Bindloose—I am sure I aye took your part when folk misca'd ye, and said ye were this, that, and the other thing, and little better than an auld sneek-drawing loon, Mr. Bindloose.—And ye have aye kept my penny of money, though, nae doubt, Tam Turnpenny lives nearer me, and they say he allows half a per cent mair than ye do if the siller lies, and mine is but seldom steered."

"But ye have not the Bank's security, madam," said Mr. Bindloose, reddening. "I say harm of nae man's credit—it ill would it besem me—but there is a difference between Tam Turnpenny and the Bank, I trow."

"Weel, weel, Bank here Bank there, I thought I had a friend in you, Mr. Bindloose; and here am I, come from my ain house all the way to yours for sma' comfort, I think."

"My stars, madam," said the perplexed scribe, "what would you have me to do in such a blind story as yours, Mrs. Dods?—Be a thought reasonable—consider that there is no *Corpus delicti*."

"*Corpus delicti*? and what's that?" said Meg; "something to be paid for, nae doubt, for your hard words a' end in that.—And what for suld I no have a *Corpus delicti*, or a Habeas Corpus, or any other Corpus that I like, sae lang as I am willing to lick and lay down the ready siller?"

"Lord help and pardon us, Mrs. Dods," said the distressed agent, "ye mistake the matter a' together! When I say there is no *Corpus delicti*, I mean to say there is no proof that a crime has been committed."

"And does the man say that murder is not a crime, then?" answered Meg, who had taken her own view of the subject far too strongly to be converted to any other—"Weel I wot it's a crime, baith by the law of God and man, and mony a pretty man has been strapped for it."

"I ken all that very weel," answered the writer; "but, my stars, Mrs. Dods, there is nae evidence of murder in this case—nae proof that a man has been slain—nae production of his dead body—and that is what we call the *Corpus delicti*."

"Weel, than, the deil lick it out of ye," said Meg, rising in wrath, "for I will awa hame again; and as for the puir lad's body, I'll hae it fund, if it cost me turning the earth for three miles round wi' pick and shool—if it were but to give the puir bairn Christian burial, and to bring punishment on MacTurk and the murdering crew at the Waal, and to shame an auld doited fule like yourself, John Bindloose."

She rose in wrath to call her vehicle; but it was neither the interest nor the intention of the writer that

* For example, a man cannot be tried for murder merely in the case of the non-appearance of an individual; there must be proof that the party has been murdered.

his customer and he should part on such indifferent terms. He implored her patience, and reminded her that the horses, poor things, had just come off their stage—an argument which sounded irresistible in the ears of the old she-publican, in whose early education due care of the post-cattle mingled with the most sacred duties. She therefore resumed her seat again in a sullen mood, and Mr. Bindloose was cudgeling his brains for some argument which might bring the old lady to reason, when his attention was drawn by a noise in the passage.

CHAPTER XV.

A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.

Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.

King John.

THE noise stated at the conclusion of last chapter to have disturbed Mr. Bindloose, was the rapping of one, as in haste and impatience, at the Bank-office door, which office was an apartment of the Banker's house, on the left hand of his passage, as the parlour in which he had received Mrs. Dods was upon the right.

In general, this office was patent to all having business there; but at present, whatever might be the hurry of the party who knocked, the clerks within the office could not admit him, being themselves made prisoners by the prudent jealousy of Mr. Bindloose, to prevent them from listening to his consultation with Mrs. Dods. They therefore answered the angry and impatient knocking of the stranger only with stifled giggling from within, finding it no doubt an excellent joke, that their master's precaution was thus interfering with their own discharge of duty.

With one or two hearty curses upon them, as the regular plagues of his life, Mr. Bindloose darted into the passage, and admitted the stranger into his official apartment. The doors both of the parlour and office remaining open, the ears of Luckie Dods (experienced, as the reader knows, in collecting intelligence) could partly overhear what passed. The conversation seemed to regard a cash transaction of some importance, as Meg became aware when the stranger raised a voice which was naturally sharp and high, as he did when uttering the following words, towards the close of a conversation which had lasted about five minutes—"Premium?—Not a pice, sir—not a couree—not a farthing—premium for a Bank of England bill?—d'ye take me for a fool, sir?—do not I know that you call forty days par when you give remittances to London?"

Mr. Bindloose was here heard to mutter something indistinctly about the custom of the trade.

"Custom!" retorted the stranger, "no such thing—damn'd bad custom, if it is one—don't tell me of customs—Sbodikins, man, I know the rate of exchange all over the world, and have drawn bills from Timbuctoo—My friends in the Strand filed it along with Bruce's from Gondar—talk to me of premium on a Bank of England post-bill!—What d'ye look at the bill for?—D'ye think it doubtful?—I can change it."

"By no means necessary," answered Bindloose, "the bill is quite right; but it is usual to indorse, sir."

"Certainly—reach me a pen—d'ye think I can write with my ratten?—What sort of ink is this?—yellow as curry sauce—never mind—there is my name—Peregrine Touchwood—I got it from the Willoughbys, my Christian name—Have I my full change here?"

"Your full change, sir," answered Bindloose.

"Why, you should give me a premium, friend, instead of me giving you one."

"It is out of our way, I assure you, sir," said the Banker, "quite out of our way—but if you would step into the parlour and take a cup of tea—"

"Why, ay," said the stranger, his voice sounding more distinctly as (talking all the while, and ushered along by Mr. Bindloose) he left the office and moved towards the parlour, "a cup of tea were no such bad thing, if one could come by it genuine—but as for your premium!"—So saying, he entered the parlour, and made his bow to Mrs. Dods, who, seeing what she called a decent, purpose-like body, and

aware that his pocket was replenished with English and Scottish paper currency, returned the compliment with her best courtesy.

Mr. Touchwood, when surveyed more at leisure, was a short, stout, active man, who, though sixty years of age and upwards, retained in his sinews and frame the elasticity of an earlier period. His countenance expressed self-confidence, and something like a contempt for those who had neither seen nor endured so much as he had himself. His short black hair was mingled with gray, but not entirely whitened by it. His eyes were jet-black, deep-set, small, and sparkling, and contributed, with a short turned-up nose, to express an irritable and choleric habit. His complexion was burnt to a brick-colour by the vicissitudes of climate, to which it had been subjected; and his face, which at the distance of a yard or two seemed hale and smooth, appeared, when closely examined, to be seamed with a million of wrinkles, crossing each other in every direction possible, but as fine as if drawn by the point of a very small needle. His dress was a blue coat and buff waistcoat, half-boots remarkably well blacked, and a silk handkerchief tied with military precision. The only unacquainted part of his dress was a cocked hat of equilateral dimensions, in the button-hole of which he wore a very small cockade. Mrs. Dods, accustomed to judge of persons by their first appearance, said, that in three steps which he made from the door to the tea-table, she recognised, without the possibility of mistake, the gait of a person who was well to pass in the world; "and that," she added with a wink, "is what we victuallers are seldom deceived in. If a gold-laced waistcoat has an empty pouch, the plain swan's down will be the brawler of the twa."

"A drizzling morning, good madam," said Mr. Touchwood, as with a view of sounding what sort of company he had got into.

"A fine soft morning for the crap, sir," answered Mrs. Dods, with equal solemnity.

"Right, my good madam; *soft* is the very word, though it has been sometime since I heard it. I have cast a double hank about the round world since I last heard of a *soft* morning."

"You will be from these parts, then?" said the writer, ingeniously putting a case, which, he hoped, would induce the stranger to explain himself. "Acc yet, sir," he added, after a pause, "I was thinking that Touchwood is not a Scottish name, at least that I ken of."

"Scottish name?—no," replied the traveller; "but a man may have been in these parts before, without being a native—or, being a native, he may have had some reason to change his name—there are many reasons why men change their names."

"Certainly, and some of them very good ones," said the lawyer; "as in the common case of an heir of entail, where deed of provision and tailzie is made ordinarily implemented by taking up name and arms."

"Ay, or in the case of a man having made the country too hot for him under his own proper appellation," said Mr. Touchwood.

"That is a supposition, sir," replied the lawyer, "which it would ill become me to put. But at any rate, if you knew this country formerly, ye cannot but be marvellously pleased with the change we have been making since the American war—hill-sides burning clover instead of heather—rents doubled, tripled, quadrupled—the auld reekie dungeons pulled down, and gentlemen, living in as good houses as you will see any where in England."

"Much good may it do them, for a pack of fools!" replied Mr. Touchwood, hastily.

"You do not seem much delighted with our improvements, sir?" said the banker, astonished to hear a dissentient voice where he conceived all men were unanimous.

"Pleased?" answered the stranger—"Yes, as much pleased as I am with the devil, who I believe at many

* This was a peculiarity in the countenance of the celebrated Cowcock leader, Plato.

† An epithet which expresses, in Scotland, what the honest man calls rainy.

of them agoing. Ye have got an idea that every thing must be changed—Unstable as water, ye shall not stand—I tell ye, there have been more changes in this oor nook of yours within the last forty years, than in the great empires of the East for the space of four thousand years, for what I know."

"And why not," replied Bindloose, "if they be changes for the better?"

"But they are not for the better," replied Mr. Touchwood, eagerly. "I left your peasantry as poor as rats' tails, but honest and industrious, enduring their lot in this world with firmness, and looking forward to be next with hope—Now they are mere eye-servants—looking at their watches, forsooth, every ten minutes, lest they should work for their master half an instant after losing time—And then, instead of studying the Bible on the work days, to kittle the lergymen with doubtful points of controversy on the Sabbath, they glean all their theology from Tom Paine and Voltaire."

"Weel! I wot the gentleman speaks truth," said fra. Dods. "I fand a bundle of their bawbee blasphemies in my ain kitchen—But I trow I made a lean house of the packman loon that brought them!—No content wi' turning the tawpies' heads wi' balants, and driving them daft wi' ribbands, to cheat them out of their precious souls, and gie them the devil's ware, that I suld say sae, in exchange for the iller that suld support their puir father that's aff rark and bedridden!"

"Father! madam," said the stranger: "they think to more of their father than Regan or Goneril!"

"In good troth, ye have skeel of oor sect, sir," replied the dame; "they are gomerils, every one of them—I tell them sae every hour of the day, but catch them profitin' by the doctrine."

"And then the brutes are turned mercenary, madam," said Mr. Touchwood. "I remember when a Scotchman would have scorned to touch a shilling that he had not earned, and yet was as ready to help a stranger as an Arab of the desert. And now, did but drop my cane the other day as I was riding—a fellow who was working at the hedge made three steps to lift it—I thanked him, and my friend threw his hat on his head, and 'damned my thanks, if that were all!'—Saint Giles could not have excelled him."

"Weel, weel," said the banker, "that may be a' as ye say, sir, and nae doubt wealth makes wit waver; but the country's wealthy, that cannot be denied, and wealth, sir, ve ken!"

"I know wealth makes itself wings," answered the cynical stranger; "but I am not quite sure we have it even now. You make a great show, indeed, with building and cultivation; but stock is not capital, any more than the fat of a corpulent man is health or strength."

"Surely, Mr. Touchwood," said Bindloose, who set his own account in the modern improvements, "a set of landlords, living like lairds in good earnest, and tenants with better housekeeping than the lairds used to have, and facing Whitsunday and Martinmas as I would face my breakfast—if these are not signs of wealth, I do not know where to seek for them."

"They are signs of folly, sir," replied Touchwood; "folly that is poor, and renders itself poorer, by deeming to be thought rich; and how they come by the means they are so ostentatious of, you, who are a banker, perhaps can tell me better than I can guess."

"There is maybe an accommodation bill disavowed now and then, Mr. Touchwood; but men must have accommodation, or the world would stand still—accommodation is the grease that makes the wheels go."

"Ay, makes them go down hill to the devil," answered Touchwood. "I left you bothered about one yer bank, but the whole country is an Air bank now, think—And who is to pay the piper?—But it's all as I will see little more of it—it is a perfect Babel, and would turn the head of a man who has spent his life with people who love sitting better than running, hence better than speaking, who never eat but when they are hungry, never drink but when thirsty, never laugh without a jest, and never speak but when they have something to say. But here, it is all run, ride,

and drive—froth, foam, and flippancy—no steadiness—no character."

"I'll lay the burden of my life," said Dame Doda, looking towards her friend Bindloose, "that the gentleman has been at the new Spaw-waal yonder!"

"Spaw do you call it, madam?—If you mean the new establishment that has been spawned down yonder at St. Ronan's, it is the very fountain-head of folly and coxcombry—a Babel for noise, and a Vanity-fair for nonsense—no well in your swamps tainted by such a conceited colony of clamorous frogs."

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed Dame Doda, delighted with the unqualified sentence passed upon her fashionable rivals, and eager to testify her respect for the judicious stranger who had pronounced it—"will you let me have the pleasure of pouring you out a dish of tea?" And so saying, she took bustling possession of the administration which had hitherto remained in the hands of Mr. Bindloose himself. "I hope it is to your taste, sir," she continued, when the traveller had accepted her courtesy with the grateful acknowledgment, which men addicted to speak a great deal usually show to a willing auditor.

"It is as good as we have any right to expect, ma'am," answered Mr. Touchwood; "not quite like what I have drunk at Canton with old Fong Qua—but the Celestial empire does not send its best tea to Leadenhall Street, nor does Leadenhall Street send its best to Marchthorn."

"That may be very true, sir," replied the dame; "but I will venture to say that Mr. Bindloose's tea is muckle better than you had at the Spaw-waal yonder."

"Tea, madam—I saw none—Ash leaves and black-thorn leaves were brought in in painted canisters, and handed about by powder-monkeys in livery, and consumed by those who liked it, amidst the chattering of parrots and the squalling of kittens. I longed for the days of the Spectator, when I might have laid my penny on the bar, and retired without ceremony—But no—this blessed decoction was circulated under the auspices of some half-crazed blue-stocking or other, and we were saddled with all the formality of an entertainment, for this miserable allowance of a cockle-shell full of cat-lap per head."

"Weel, sir," answered Dame Doda, "all I can say is, that if it had been my luck to have served you at the Cleikum Inn, which our folk have kept for these two generations, I canna pretend to say ye should have had such tea as ye have been used to in foreign parts where it grows, but the best I had I had have given it to a gentleman of your appearance, and I never charged more than sixpence in all my time, and my father's before me."

"I wish I had known the Old Inn was still standing, madam," said the traveller; "I should certainly have been your guest, and sent down for the water every morning—the doctors insist I must use Cheltenham, or some substitute for the bile—though, d—n them, I believe it's only to hide their own ignorance. And I thought this Spaw would have been the least evil of the two; but I have been fairly over-reached—one might as well live in the inside of a bell. I think young St. Ronan's must be mad, to have established such a Vanity-fair upon his father's old property."

"Do you ken this St. Ronan's that now is?" inquired the dame.

"By report only," said Mr. Touchwood; "but I have heard of the family, and I think I have read of them, too, in Scottish history. I am sorry to understand they are lower in the world than they have been. This young man does not seem to take the best way to mend matters, spending his time among gamblers and black-legs."

"I should be sorry if it were so," said honest Meg Doda, whose hereditary respect for the family always kept her from joining in any scandal affecting the character of the young Laird—"My forbears, sir, have had kindness frae him; and although maybe he may have forgotten all about it, it wad ill become me to say any thing of him that should not be said of his father's son."

Mr. Bindloose had not the same motive for forbearance; he declaimed against Mowbray as a thoughtless dissipater of his own fortune, and that of others. "I have some reason to speak," he said, "having two of his notes for £100 each, which I discounted out of mere kindness and respect for his ancient family, and which he thinks me mair of retiring, than he does of paying the national debt—And here has he been raking every shop in Marchethorn, to fit out an entertainment for all the fine folk at the Well yonder; and tradesfolk are obliged to take his acceptances for their furnishings. But they may cash his bills that will; I ken ane that will never advance a bawbee on ony paper that has John Mowbray either on the back or front of it. He had mair need to be paying the debts which he has made already, than making new aens, that he may feed siles and flatterers."

"I believe he is likely to lose his preparations, too," said Mr. Touchwood, "for the entertainment has been put off, as I heard, in consequence of Miss Mowbray's illness."

"Ay, ay, puir thing!" said Dame Margaret Dods; "her health has been unsettled for this mony a day."

"Something wrong here, they tell me," said the traveller, pointing to his own forehead significantly.

"God only kens," replied Mrs. Dods; "but I rather suspect the heart than the head—the puir thing is hurried here and there, and down to the Waal, and up again, and nae society or quiet at hame; and a thing ganging this unthrifty gait—nae wonder she is no that weel settled."

"Well," replied Touchwood, "she is worse they say than she has been, and that has occasioned the party at Shaws-Castle having been put off. Besides, now this fine young lord has come down to the Well, undoubtedly they will wait her recovery."

"A lord!" ejaculated the astonished Mrs. Dods; "a lord come down to the Waal—they will be neither to haud nor to bind now—ance wud and aye waur—a lord!—set them up and shute them forward—a lord!—the Lord have a care o' us!—a lord at the hottle!"

Maister Touchwood, it's my mind he will only prove to be a Lord o' Session."

"Nay, not so, my good lady," replied the traveller, "he is an English lord, and, as they say, a lord of Parliament—but some folks pretend to say there is a flaw in the title."

"I'll warrant it is there—a dozen of them!" said Meg, with alacrity—for she could by no means endure to think on the accumulation of dignity likely to accrue to the rival establishment, from its becoming the residence of an actual nobleman. "I'll warrant he'll prove a landlouping lord on their hand, and they will be e'en cheap o' the loss—And he has come down out of order it's like, and nae doubt he'll no be lang there before he will recover his health, for the credit of the Spaw."

"Faith, madam, his present disorder is one which the Spaw will hardly cure—he is shot in the shoulder with a pistol-bullet—a robbery attempted, it seems—that is one of your new accomplishments—no such thing happened in Scotland in my time—men would have sooner expected to meet with the phœnix than with a highwayman."

"And where did this happen, if you please, sir?" asked the man of bills.

"Somewhere near the old village," replied the stranger; "and if I am rightly informed, on Wednesday last."

"This explains your two shots, I am thinking, Mrs. Dods," said Mr. Bindloose; "your groom heard them on the Wednesday—it must have been this attack on the stranger nobleman."

"Maybe it was, and maybe it was not," said Mrs. Dods; "but I'll see gude reason before I give up my ain judgment in that case.—I would like to ken if this gentleman," she added, returning to the subject from which Mr. Touchwood's interesting conversation had for a few minutes diverted her thoughts, "has heard aught of Mr. Tirl?"

"If you mean the person to whom this paper relates, said the stranger, taking a printed handbill

from his pocket, "I heard of little else—the whole place rang of him, till I was almost as sick of Tyrral as William Rufus was. Some idiotical quarrel which he had engaged in, and which he had not fought out, as their wisdom thought he should have done, was the principle cause of censure. That is another folly now, which has gained ground among you. Formerly two old proud lairds, or cadets of good family, perhaps, quarrelled, and had a rencontre, or fought a duel after the fashion of their old Gothic ancestors; but men who had no grandfathers never dreamt of such folly—And here the folk denounce a trimmy dauber of canvass, for such I understand to be this hero's occupation, as if he were a field-officer, who made valour his profession; and who, if you deprived him of his honour, was like to be deprived of his back at the same time.—Ha, ha, ha! it reminds one of Don Quixote, who took his neighbour, Samson Carrasco, for a knight-errant."

The perusal of this paper, which contained the notes formerly laid before the reader, containing the statement of Sir Bingo, and the censure which the company at the Well had thought fit to pass upon his affair with Mr. Tyrral, induced Mr. Bindloose to say to Mrs. Dods, with as little exultation on the superiority of his own judgment as human nature would permit—

"Ye see now that I was right, Mrs. Dods, and that there was nae earthly use in your fashyng yourself with this lang journey.—The lad had just ta'en the bet: rather than face Sir Bingo; and troth, I think he is the wiser of the twa for sae doing.—There ye haep it for it."

Meg answered somewhat sullenly, "Ye may be mista'en, for a' that, your ninsell, for as wise as ye are, Mr. Bindloose; I shall hae that matter mair strictly inquired into."

This led to a renewal of the altercation concerning the probable fate of Tyrral, in the course of which the stranger was induced to take some interest in the subject.

At length Mrs. Dods, receiving no countenance from the experienced lawyer for the hypothesis she had formed, rose, in something like displeasure, to order her whiskey to be prepared. But hostess as she was herself, when in her own dominions, she reckoned without her host in the present instance; for the humpbacked postilion, as absolute in his department as Mrs. Dods herself, declared that the cattle would not be fit for the road these two hours yet. The good lady was therefore obliged to wait his pleasure, uttering lamenting all the while the loss which a house of public entertainment was sure to sustain by the absence of the landlord or landlady, and anticipating a long list of broken dishes, miscalculated reckonings, unarranged chambers, and other disasters, which she was to expect at her return. Mr. Bindloose, zealous to recover the regard of his good friend and client, which he had in some degree forfeited by contradicting her on a favourite subject, did not choose to offer the unpleasant, though obvious topic of consolation that an unfrequented inn is little exposed to the accidents she apprehended. On the contrary, he consoled with her very cordially, and went so far as to hint that if Mr. Touchwood had come to Marchethorn with post-horses, as he supposed from his dress, she could have the advantage of them to return with more despatch to St. Ronan's.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Touchwood, suddenly, "but I may return there myself. In that case I will be glad to set this good lady down, and to stay a few days at her house if she will receive me.—I respect a woman like you, ma'am, who pursue the occupation of your father—I have been in countries, ma'am, where people have followed the same trade, from father to son, for thousands of years.—And I like the fashion—it shows a steadiness and sobriety of character."

Mrs. Dods put on a joyous countenance at this proposal, protesting that all should be done in her power to make things agreeable; and while her good friend Mr. Bindloose, expatiated upon the comfort her new guest would experience at the Cleikum, she silently contemplated with delight the prospect of a speedy and dazzling triumph, by carrying off a creditable

customer from her showy and successful rival at the Well.

"I shall be easily accommodated, ma'am," said the stranger: "I have travelled too much and too far to be troublesome. A Spanish venta, a Persian khan, or a Turkish caravanserai, is all the same to me—only, as I have no servant—indeed, never can be plagued with one of these idle loiterers—I must beg you will send to the Well for a bottle of the water on such mornings as I cannot walk there myself—I find it is really of some service to me."

Mrs. Dods readily promised compliance with this reasonable request; graciously conceding, that there "could be nae ill in the water itself, but may be some gude—it was only the New Inn, and the daft havenils that they caa'd the Company, that she mislikt. Folk had a jest that St. Ronan dookit the Deevil in the Waal, which garr'd it taste aye since of brimstone—but she dared to say that was a' papist nonsense, for she was tell't by him that kend weel, and that was the minister himself, that St. Ronan was pane of your idolatrous Roman saunts, but a Chaldee," (meaning probably a Culdee,) "whilk was doubtless a very different story."

Matters being thus arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, the post-chaise was ordered, and speedily appeared at the door of Mr. Bindloose's mansion. It was not without a private feeling of reluctance, that honest Meg mounted the step of a vehicle, on the door of which was painted, "FOX INN AND HOTEL, ST. RONAN'S WELL;" but it was too late to start such scruples.

"I never thought to have entered ane o' their hurley-hackets," she said, as she seated herself; "and sic a like thing as it is—scarce room for twa folk!—Weel I wot, Mr. Touchwood, when I was in the hiring line, our twa chaises wad hae carried, ilk ane o' them, four grown folk and as many bairns. I trust that doited creature Anthony will come awa back wi' my whiskey and the cattle, as soon as they have had their feed.—Are ye sure ye hae room enough, sir?—I wad fain hotch mysell farther yont."

"O, ma'am," answered the Oriental, "I am accustomed to all sorts of conveyances—a dooly, a litter, a cart, a palanquin, or a post-chaise, are all alike to me—I think I could be an inside with Queen Mab in a nutshell, rather than not get forward.—Begging you many pardons, if you have no particular objections, I will light my sheroot," &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLERGYMAN.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*.

Mrs. Dods's conviction, that her friend Tyrrel had been murdered by the sanguinary Captain MacTurk, remained firm and unshaken; but some researches for the supposed body having been found fruitless, as well as expensive, she began to give up the matter in despair. "She had done her duty"—"she left the matter to them that had a charge anent such things"—and "Providence would bring the mystery to light in his own fitting time"—such were the mollities with which the good dame consoled herself; and, with less obstinacy than Mr. Bindloose had expected, she retained her opinion without changing her banker and man of business.

Perhaps Meg's acquiescent inactivity in a matter which she had threatened to probe so deeply, was partly owing to the place of poor Tyrrel being supplied in her blue chamber, and in her daily thoughts and cares, by her new guest, Mr. Touchwood; in assessing whom, a deserter as he was from the 'ell, she obtained, according to her view of the matter, a decided triumph over her rivals. It sometimes quired, however, the full force of this reflection, to duce Meg, old and crabbed as she was, to submit to the various caprices and exactions of attention which were displayed by her new lodger. Never any man liked so much as Touchwood, of his habitual inference to food, and accommodation in travelling;

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and probably there never was any traveller who gave more trouble in a house of entertainment. He had his own whims about cookery; and when these were contradicted, especially if he felt at the same time a twinge of incipient gout, one would have thought he had taken his lessons in the pastry-shop of Bedreddin Hassan, and was ready to renew the scene of the unhappy cream-tart, which was compounded without pepper. Every now and then he started some new doctrine in culinary matters, which Mrs. Dods deemed a heresy; and then the very house rang with their disputes. Again, his bed must necessarily be made at a certain angle from the pillow to the footposts; and the slightest deviation from this disturbed, he said, his nocturnal rest, and did certainly ruffle his temper. He was equally whimsical about the brushing of his clothes, the arrangement of the furniture of his apartment, and a thousand minutiae, which, in conversation, he seemed totally to contemn.

It may seem singular, but such is the inconsistency of human nature, that a guest of this fanciful and capricious disposition gave much more satisfaction to Mrs. Dods, than her quiet and indifferent friend, Mr. Tyrrel. If her present lodger could blame, he could also applaud; and no artist, conscious of such skill as Mrs. Dods possessed, is indifferent to the praises of such a connoisseur as Mr. Touchwood. The pride of art comforted her for the additional labour; nor was it a matter unworthy of this most honest publican's consideration, that the guests who give most trouble, are usually those who incur the largest bills, and pay them with the best grace. On this point Touchwood was a jewel of a customer. He never denied himself the gratification of the slightest whim, whatever expense he might himself incur, or whatever trouble he might give to those about him; and all was done under protestation, that the matter in question was the most indifferent thing to him in the world. "What the devil did he care for Burgees's sauces, he that had eat his kouscousou, spiced with nothing but the sand of the desert? only it was a shame for Mrs. Dods to be without what every decent house, above the rank of an alehouse, ought to be largely provided with."

In short, he fussed, fretted, commanded, and was obeyed; kept the house in hot water, and yet was so truly good-natured when essential matters were in discussion, that it was impossible to bear him the least ill-will; so that Mrs. Dods, though in a moment of spleen she sometimes wished him at the top of Tintock, always ended by singing forth his praises. She could not, indeed, help suspecting that he was a Nabob, as well from his conversation about foreign parts, as from his freaks of indulgence to himself, and generosity to others,—attributes which she understood to be proper to most "Men of Ind." But although the reader has heard her testify a general dislike to this species of Fortune's favourites, Mrs. Dods had sense enough to know, that a Nabob living in the neighbourhood, who raises the price of eggs and poultry upon the good housewives around, was very different from a Nabob residing within her own gates, drawing all his supplies from her own larder, and paying, without hesitation or question, whatever bills her conscience permitted her to send in. In short, to come back to the point at which we perhaps might have stopped some time since, landlady and guest were very much pleased with each other.

But Ennui finds entrance into every scene, when the gloss of novelty is over; and the fiend began to seize upon Mr. Touchwood just when he had got all matters to his mind in the Cleikum Inn—had instructed Dame Dods in the mysteries of curry and mullegetatwny—drilled the chambermaid into the habit of making his bed at the angle recommended by Sir John Sinclair—and made some progress in instructing the humpbacked postilion in the Arabian mode of grooming. Pamphlets and newspapers, sent from London and Edinburgh by loads, proved inadequate to rout this invader of Mr. Touchwood's comfort; and, at last, he bethought himself of company. The natural resource would have been the Well—but the traveller had a holy shivering of awe, which crossed him at the very recollection of Lady Penelope, who had

worked him rather hard during his former brief residence; and although Lady Binks's beauty might have charmed an Asiatic, by the plump graces of its contour, our senior was past the thoughts of a Sultana and a harem. At length a bright idea crossed his mind, and he suddenly demanded of Mrs. Dods, who was pouring out his tea for breakfast, into a large cup of a very particular species of china, of which he had presented her with a service on condition of her rendering him this personal good office,—

"Pray, Mrs. Dods, what sort of a man is your minister?"

"He's just a man like other men, Maister Touchwood," replied Meg; "what sort of a man should he be?"

"A man like other men?—ay—that is to say, he has the usual complement of legs and arms, eyes and ears—but is he a sensible man?"

"No muckle o' that, sir," answered Dame Dods; "for if he was drinking this very tea that ye gat down from London wi' the mail, he wad mistake it for common bohea."

"Then he has not all his organs—wants a nose, or the use of one at least," said Mr. Touchwood; "the tea is right gunpowder—a perfect nosegay."

"Aweel, that may be," said the landlady; "but I have given the minister a dram frae my ain best bottle of real Coniac brandy, and may I never stir frae the bit, if he didna commend my whiskey when he set down the glass! There is no one o' them in the Presbytery but himself—ay, or in the Synod either—but wad hae kend whiskey frae brandy."

"But what sort of man is he?—Has he learning?" demanded Touchwood.

"Learning?—eneugh o' that," answered Meg; "just dung donnart wi' learning—lets a' things about the Manse gang whilk gae they will, sae they dinna plague him upon the score. An awfu' thing it is to see sic an ill-red-up house!—If I had the twa tawpies that sorn upon the honest man ae week under my drilling, I think I wad show them how to sort a lodging!"

"Does he preach well?" asked the guest.

"Oh, weel enough, weel enough—sometimes he will fling in a lang word or a bit of learning that our farmers and bannet lairds canna sae weel follow—But what of that, as I am aye telling them?—them that pay stipend get aye the mair for their siller."

"Does he attend to his parish?—Is he kind to the poor?"

"Ower muckle o' that, Maister Touchwood—I am sure he makes the Word gude, and turns not away from those that ask o' him—his very pocket is picked by a wheen ne'er-do-weel blackguards, that gae sorrowing through the country."

"Sorrowing through the country, Mrs. Dods?—what would you think if you had seen the Fakirs, the Derwishes, the Bonzes, the Insauns, the monks, and the mendicants, that I have seen?—But go on, never mind—Does this minister of yours come much into company?"

"Company?—gae wa'," replied Meg, "he keeps nae company at a', neither in his ain house or ony gate else. He comes down in the morning in a lang ragged nightgown, like a potato bogzie, and down he sits amang his books; and if they dinna bring him something to eat, the poor demented body has never the heart to cry for nought, and he has been kend to sit for ten hours thegither, black fasting, whilk is a mere papistrie, though he does it just out o' forget."

"Why, landlady, in that case, your parson is any thing but the ordinary kind of man you described him—Forget his dinner!—the man must be mad—he shall dine with me to-day—he shall have such a dinner as I'll be bound he won't forget in a hurry."

"Ye'll maybe find that casier said than dunc," said Mrs. Dods; "the honest man hasna, in a sense, the taste of his mouth—forby, he never dines out of his ain house—that is, when he dines at a'—A drink of milk and a bit of bread serves his turn, or maybe a cauld potato.—It's a heathenish fashion of him, for as good a man as he is, for surely there is nae Christian man but loves his own bowels."

"Why, that may be," answered Touchwood; "but

I have known many who took so much care of their own bowels, my good dame, as to have none for any one else.—But come—bustle to the work—get us as good a dinner for two as you can set out—have it ready at three to an instant—get the old hock I had sent me from Cockburn—a bottle of the particular Indian Sherry—and another of your own old claret—fourth bin, you know, Meg.—And stay, he is a priest, and must have port—have all ready, but don't bring the wine into the sun, as that silly fool Beck did the other day.—I can't go down to the larder myself, but let us have no blunders."

"Nae fear, nae fear," said Meg, with a toss of the head, "I need naebody to look into my larder but myself, I trow—but it's an unco order of wine for twa folk, and ane o' them a minister."

"Why, you foolish person, is there not the woman up the village that has just brought another fowl into the world, and will she not need sack and caudle, if we leave some of our wine?"

"A gude ale-posset wad set her better," said Meg; "however, if it's your will, it shall be my pleasure.—But the like of sic a gentleman as yourself never entered my doors!"

The traveller was gone before she had completed the sentence; and leaving Meg to bustle and mander at her leisure, away he marched, with the haste that characterized all his motions when he had any new project in his head, to form an acquaintance with the minister of St. Ronan's, whom, while he walks down the street to the Manse, we will endeavour to introduce to the reader.

The Rev. Josiah Cargill was the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland; and a weak constitution, joined to the disposition for study which frequently accompanies infirm health, induced his parents, though at the expense of some sacrifice, to educate him for the ministry. They were the rather led to submit to the privations which were necessary to support this expense, because they conceived, from their family traditions, that he had in his veins some portion of the blood of that celebrated Bannerman of the Covenant, Donald Cargill, who was slain by the persecutors at the town of Queensferry, in the melancholy days of Charles II., merely because, in the plenitude of his sacerdotal power, he had cast out of the church, and delivered over to Satan by a formal excommunication, the King and Royal Family, with all the ministers and courtiers thereunto belonging. But if Josiah was really derived from this uncompromising champion, the heat of the family spirit which he might have inherited was qualified by the sweetness of his own disposition, and the quiet temper of the times in which he had the good fortune to live. He was characterized by all who knew him as a mild, gentle, and studious lover of learning, who, in the quiet prosecution of his own sole object, the acquisition of knowledge, and especially of that connected with his profession, had the utmost indulgence for all whose pursuits were different from his own. His sole relaxations were those of a retiring, mild, and pensive temper, and were limited to a ramble, almost always solitary, among the woods and hills, in praise of which he was sometimes guilty of a sonnet; but rather because he could not help the attempt, than as proposing to himself the fame or the rewards which attend the successful poet. Indeed, far from seeking to insinuate his fugitive pieces into magazines and newspapers, he blushed at his poetical attempts even while alone, and, in fact, was rarely so indulgent to his vein as to commit them to paper.

From the same maid-like modesty of disposition, our student suppressed a strong natural turn towards drawing, although he was repeatedly complimented upon the few sketches which he made, by some whose judgment was generally admitted. It was, however, this neglected talent, which, like the swift feet of the stag in the fable, was fated to render him a service which he might in vain have expected from his worth and learning.

My Lord Bidmore, a distinguished connoisseur, chanced to be in search of a private tutor for his son and heir, the Honourable Augustus Bidmore, and for this purpose had consulted the Professor of Theology.

passed before him in review several favourite nts, any of whom he conceived well suited for tuation; but still his answer to the important nlooked-for question, "Did the candidate under-drawing?" was answered in the negative. The aso; indeed, added his opinion, that such an nplishment was neither to be desired nor ex-l in a student of theology; but, pressed hard this condition as a *sine qua non*, he at length member a dreaming lad about the Hall, who m could be got to speak above his breath, even delivering his essays, but was said to have a g turn for drawing. This was enough for my Bidmore, who contrived to obtain a sight of of young Cargill's sketches, and was satisfied under such a tutor, his son could not fail to tain that character for hereditary taste which ther and grandfather had acquired at the ex- of a considerable estate, the representative of which was now the painted canvases in the gallery at Bidmore-House.

on following up the inquiry concerning the young s character, he was found to possess all the ous qualifications of learning and morals, in a er degree than perhaps Lord Bidmore might required; and, to the astonishment of his fellow- nts, but more especially to his own, Josiah ill was promoted to the desired and desirable tion of private tutor to the Honourable Mr. ore.

Cargill did his duty ably and conscientiously, spoiled though good-humoured lad, of weak h and very ordinary parts. He could not, indeed, re into him any portion of the deep and noble ism which characterizes the youth of genius; is pupil made such progress in each branch of studies as his capacity enabled him to attain. nderstood the learned languages, and could be profound on the subject of various readings—he ed science, and could class shells, pack mosses, arrange minerals—he drew without taste, but much accuracy; and although he attained no nding height in any pursuit, he knew enough any studies, literary and scientific, to fill up his and divert from temptation a head, which was of the strongest in point of resistance.

ss Augusta Bidmore, his lordship's only other, received also the instructions of Cargill in such ches of science as her father chose she should re, and her tutor was capable to teach. But her ess was as different from that of her brother, as ire of heaven differs from that of grosser element h the peasant piles upon his smouldering hearth. acquirements in Italian and Spanish literature, story, in drawing, and in all elegant learning, such as to enchant her teacher, while at the time it kept him on the stretch, lest, in her suc- al career, the scholar should outstrip the master. ss! such intercourse, fraught as it is with dan- arising out of the best and kindest, as well as the natural feelings on either side, proved in the nt, as in many other instances, fatal to the peace ie preceptor. Every feeling heart will excuse a cness, which we shall presently find carried with own severe punishment. Cadenus, indeed, be- him who will, has assured us, that, in such a us intercourse, he himself preserved the limits h were unhappily transgressed by the unfortunate ssa, his more impassioned pupil:—

"The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to hear the finest boy."

Josiah Cargill was less fortunate, or less cautious, offered his fair pupil to become inexpressibly dear m, before he discovered the precipice towards h he was moving under the direction of a blind misplaced passion. He was indeed utterly inca- of availing himself of the opportunities afforded s situate on, to involve his pupil in the toils of a al passion. Honour and gratitude alike forbade a line of conduct, even had it been consistent he natural bashfulness, simplicity, and innocence s disposition. To sigh and suffer in secret, to

form resolutions of separating himself from a situa- tion so fraught with danger, and to postpone from day to day the accomplishment of a resolution so prudent, was all to which the tutor found himself equal; and it is not improbable, that the veneration with which he regarded his patron's daughter, with the utter hopelessness of the passion which he nour- ished, tended to render his love yet more pure and disinterested.

At length, the line of conduct which reason had long since recommended, could no longer be the sub- ject of procrastination. Mr. Bidmore was destined to foreign travel for a twelvemonth, and Mr. Cargill received from his patron the alternative of accom- panying his pupil, or retiring upon a suitable provision, the reward of his past instructions. It can hardly be doubted which he preferred; for while he was with young Bidmore, he did not seem entirely sepa- rated from his sister. He was sure to hear of Augusta frequently, and to see some part, at least, of the let- ters which she was to write to her brother; he might also hope to be remembered in these letters as her "good friend and tutor;" and to these consolations his quiet, contemplative, and yet enthusiastic dispo- sition clung as to a secret source of pleasure, the only one which life seemed to open to him.

But fate had a blow in store, which he had not anticipated. The chance of Augusta's changing her maiden condition for that of a wife, probable as her rank, beauty, and fortune rendered such an event, had never once occurred to him; and although he had imposed upon himself the unwavering belief that she could never be his, he was inexpressibly affected by the intelligence that she had become the property of another.

The Honourable Mr. Bidmore's letters to his father soon after announced that poor Mr. Cargill had been seized with a nervous fever, and again, that his recon- valescence was attended with so much debility, it seemed both of mind and body, as entirely to destroy his utility as a travelling companion. Shortly after this the travellers separated, and Cargill returned to his native country alone, indulging upon the road in a melancholy abstraction of mind, which he had suffered to grow upon him since the mental shock which he had sustained, and which in time became the most characteristic feature in his demeanour. His medi- tations were not even disturbed by any anxiety about his future subsistence, although the cessation of his employment seemed to render that precarious. For this, however, Lord Bidmore had made provision; for, though a coxcomb where the fine arts were con- cerned, he was in other particulars a just and honour- able man, who felt a sincere pride in having drawn the talents of Cargill from obscurity, and entertained due gratitude for the manner in which he had achieved the important task intrusted to him in his family.

His lordship had privately purchased from the Mow- bray family the patronage or advowson of the living of St. Ronan's, then held by a very old incumbent, who died shortly afterwards; so that upon arriving in England Cargill found himself named to the vacant living. So indifferent, however, did he feel himself towards this preferment, that he might possibly not have taken the trouble to go through the necessary steps previous to his ordination, had it not been on account of his mother, now a widow, and unprovided for, unless by the support which he afforded her. He visited her in her small retreat in the suburbs of Marchethorn, heard her pour out her gratitude to Heaven, that she should have been granted life long enough to witness her son's promotion to a charge, which in her eyes was more honourable and desirable than an Episcopal see—heard her chalk out the life which they were to lead together in the humble inde- pendence which had thus fallen on him—he heard all this, and had no power to crush her hopes and her triumph by the indulgence of his own romantic feel- ings. He passed almost mechanically through the usual forms, and was inducted into the living of St. Ronan's.

Although fanciful and romantic, it was not in Josiah Cargill's nature to yield to unavailing melan- choly; yet he sought relief, not in society, but in

solitary study. His seclusion was the more complete, that his mother, whose education had been as much confined as her fortunes, felt awkward under her new dignities, and willingly acquiesced in her son's secession from society, and spent her whole time in superintending the little household, and in her way providing for all emergencies, the occurrence of which might call Josiah out of his favourite book-room. As old age rendered her inactive, she began to regret the incapacity of her son to superintend his own household, and talked something of matrimony, and the mysteries of the muckle wheel. To these admonitions Mr. Cargill returned only slight and evasive answers; and when the old lady slept in the village churchyard, at a reverend old age, there was no one to perform the office of superintendent in the minister's family. Neither did Josiah Cargill seek for any, but patiently submitted to all the evils with which a bachelor estate is attended, and which were at least equal to those which beset the renowned Mago-Pico during his state of celibacy.* His butter was ill churned, and declared by all but himself and the queen who made it, altogether uneatable; his milk was burnt in the pan, his fruit and vegetables were stolen, and his black stockings mended with blue and white thread.

For all these things the minister cared not, his mind ever bent upon far different matters. Do not let my fair readers do Josiah more than justice, or suppose that, like Belteuebro in the desert, he remained for years the victim of an unfortunate and misplaced passion. No—to the shame of the male sex be it spoken, that no degree of hopeless love, however desperate and sincere, can ever continue for years to imbitter life. There must be hope—there must be uncertainty—there must be reciprocity, to enable the tyrant of the soul to secure a dominion of very long duration over a manly and well-constituted mind, which is itself desirous to *wield* its freedom. The memory of Augusta had long faded from Josiah's thoughts, or was remembered only as a pleasing, but melancholy and unsubstantial dream, while he was straining forward in pursuit of a yet nobler and coyer mistress, in a word, of Knowledge herself.

Every hour that he could spare from his parochial duties, which he discharged with zeal honourable to his heart and head, was devoted to his studies, and spent among his books. But this chase of wisdom, though in itself interesting and dignified, was indulged to an excess which diminished the respectability, nay, the utility, of the deceived student; and he forgot, amid the luxury of deep and dark investigations, that society has its claims, and that the knowledge which is unimpaired, is necessarily a barren talent, and is lost to society, like the miser's concealed hoard, by the death of the proprietor. His studies were also

* This satire, very popular even in Scotland, at least with one party, was composed at the expense of a reverend presbyterian divine, of whom many stories are preserved, being Mr. Pyet, the Mago Pico of the Tale, minister of Dunbar. The work is now little known in Scotland, and not at all in England, though written with much strong and coarse humour, resembling the style of Arbuthnot. It was composed by Mr. Halliburton, a military chaplain. The distresses attending Mago-Pico's bachelor life, are thus stated:—

"At the same time I desire you will only figure out to yourself his situation during his celibacy in the ministerial charge—a house lying in heaps upon heaps; his bed ill-made, swarming with fleas, and very cold on the winter nights; his sheep's-head not to be eaten for wool and hair, his broth singed, his bread mouldy, his lamb and pig all scoured, his house neither washed nor plastered; his black stockings darned with white worsted above the shoes; his butter made into cat's hams; his cheese one heap of mites and maggots, and full of large avenues for rats and mice to play at hide-and-seek and make their nests in. Frequent were the admonitions he had given his maid-servants on this score, and every now and then he was turning them off; but still the last was the worst, and in the mean while the poor man was the sufferer. At any rate, therefore, matrimony must turn to his account, though his wife should prove to be nothing but a creature of the feminine gender, with a tongue in her head, and ten fingers on her hands, to clear out the papers of the household, and to mention the convenience of a man's having it in his power lawfully to beget sons and daughters in his own house."—*Memoirs of Mago-Pico*. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1761, p. 19.

under the additional disadvantage, that, being pursued for the gratification of a desultory longing after knowledge, and directed to no determined object, they turned on points rather curious than useful, and while they served for the amusement of the student himself, promised little utility to mankind at large.

Bewildered amid abstruse researches, metaphysical and historical, Mr. Cargill, living only for himself and his books, acquired many ludicrous habits, which exposed the secluded student to the ridicule of the world, and which tinged, though they did not altogether obscure, the natural civility of an amiable disposition, as well as the acquired habits of politeness which he had learned in the good society that frequented Lord Bidmore's mansion. He not only indulged in neglect of dress and appearance, and all those ungainly tricks which men are apt to acquire by living very much alone, but besides, and especially, he became probably the most abstracted and absent man of a profession peculiarly liable to cherish such habits. No man fell so regularly into the painful dilemma of mistaking or, in Scottish phrase, *miskening*, the person he spoke to, or more frequently inquired of an old maid for her husband, of a childless wife about her young people, of the distressed widow for the spouse at whose funeral he himself had assisted but a fortnight before; and none was ever more familiar with strangers whom he had never seen, or seemed more estranged from those who had a title to think themselves well known to him. The worthy man perpetually confounded sex, age, and calling; and when a blind beggar extended his hand for charity, he has been known to return the civility by taking off his hat, making a low bow, and hoping his worship was well.

Among his brethren, Mr. Cargill alternately commanded respect by the depth of his erudition, and gave occasion to laughter from his odd peculiarities. On the latter occasions he used abruptly to withdraw from the ridicule he had provoked; for notwithstanding the general mildness of his character, his solitary habits had engendered a teaty impatience of contradiction, and a keener sense of pain arising from the satire of others, than was natural to his unassuming disposition. As for his parishioners, they enjoyed, as may reasonably be supposed, many a hearty laugh at their pastor's expense, and were sometimes, as Mr. Dods hinted, more astonished than edified by his learning; for in pursuing a point of biblical criticism, he did not altogether remember that he was addressing a popular and unlearned assembly, not delivering a *concio ad clerum*—a mistake not arising from any conceit of his learning, or wish to display it, but from the same absence of mind which induced an excellent divine, when preaching before a party of criminals condemned to death, to break off by promising the wretches, who were to suffer next morning, "the rest of the discourse at the first proper opportunity." But all the neighbourhood acknowledged Mr. Cargill's serious and devout discharge of his ministerial duties; and the poorer parishioners forgave his innocent peculiarities, in consideration of his unbounded charity; while the heritors, if they ridiculed the abstractions of Mr. Cargill on some subjects, had the grace to recollect that they had prevented him from suing an augmentation of stipend, according to the fashion of the clergy around him, or from demanding at their hands a new manse, or the repair of the old one. He once, indeed, wished that they would amend the roof of his book-room, which "rained in" in a very pluvius manner; but receiving no direct answer from our friend Meiklewham, who neither relished the proposal nor saw means of eluding it, the minister quietly made the necessary repairs at his own expense, and gave the heritors no farther trouble on the subject.

Such was the worthy divine whom our bon vivants at the Cleikum Inn hoped to conciliate by a good dinner and Cockburn's particular; an excellent menstruum in most cases, but not likely to be very efficacious on the present occasion.

* See also, for "admitted the rain."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ACQUAINTANCE.

'Twixt us thus the difference tims—
Using head instead of limbs,

You have read what I have seen;
Using limbs instead of head,

I have seen what you have read—
Which way does the balance lean?

BUTLER.

Our traveller, rapid in all his resolutions and motions, strode stoutly down the street, and arrived at the Manse, which was, as we have already described it, all but absolutely ruinous. The total desolation and want of order about the door, would have argued the place uninhabited, had it not been for two or three miserable tubs with suds, or such like sluttish contents, which were left there, that those who broke their shins among them might receive a sensible proof, that "here the hand of woman had been." The door being half off its hinges, the entrance was for the time protected by a broken harrow, which must necessarily be removed before entry could be obtained. The little garden, which might have given an air of comfort to the old house had it been kept in any order, was abandoned to a desolation, of which that of the sluggard was only a type; and the minister's man, an attendant always proverbial for doing half work, and who seemed in the present instance to do none, was seen among docks and nettles, solacing himself with the few gooseberries which remained on some moss-grown bushes. To him Mr. Touchwood called loudly, inquiring after his master; but the clown, conscious of being taken in flagrant delict, as the law says, fled from him like a guilty thing, instead of obeying his summons, and was soon heard *hupping and geeing* to the cart, which he had left on the other side of the broken wall.

Disappointed in his application to the man-servant, Mr. Touchwood knocked with his cane, at first gently, then harder, hollowed, bellowed, and shouted, in the hope of calling the attention of some one within doors, but received not a word in reply. At length, thinking that no trespass could be committed upon so forlorn and deserted an establishment, he removed the obstacles to entrance with such a noise as he thought must necessarily have alarmed some one, if there was any live person about the house at all. All was still silent; and, entering a passage where the damp walls and broken flags corresponded to the appearance of things out of doors, he opened a door to the left, which, wonderful to say, still had a latch remaining, and found himself in the parlour, and in the presence of the person whom he came to visit.

Amid a heap of books and other literary lumber, which had accumulated around him, sat, in his well-worn leather elbow chair, the learned minister of St. Ronan's; a thin, spare man, beyond the middle age, of a dark complexion, but with eyes which, though now obscured and vacant, had been once bright, soft, and expressive, and whose features seemed interesting, rather than, notwithstanding the carelessness of his dress, he was, in the habit of performing his ablutions with Eastern precision; for he had forgot neatness, but not cleanliness. His hair might have appeared much more disorderly, had it not been thinned by time, and disposed chiefly around the sides of his countenance and the back part of his head; black stockings, unzartered, marked his professional dress, and his feet were thrust into the old slipshod shoes, which served him instead of slippers. The rest of his garments, as far as visible, consisted in a plain night-gown, wrapt in long folds round his stooping and emaciated length of body, and reaching down to the slippers aforesaid. He was so intently engrossed in studying the book before him, a folio of no ordinary bulk, that he totally disregarded the noise which Mr. Touchwood made in entering the room, as well as the coughs and hems with which he thought it proper to announce his presence.

No notice being taken of these inarticulate signals, Mr. Touchwood, however great an enemy he was to ceremony, saw the necessity of introducing his business, as an apology for his intrusion.

"Hem! sir—Ha, hem!—You see, before you a person in some distress for want of society, who has

taken the liberty to call on you as a good pastor, who may be, in Christian charity, willing to afford him a little of your company, since he is tired of his own."

Of this speech Mr. Cargill only understood the words "distress" and "charity," sounds with which he was well acquainted, and which never failed to produce some effect on him. He looked at his visitor with lack-lustre eye, and, without correcting the first opinion which he had formed, although the stranger's plump and sturdy frame, as well as his nicely-brushed coat, glancing cane, and, above all, his upright and self-satisfied manner, resembled in no respect the dress, form, or bearing of a mendicant, he quietly thrust a shilling into his hand, and relapsed into the studious contemplation which the entrance of Touchwood had interrupted.

"Upon my word, my good sir," said his visitor, surprised at a degree of absence of mind which he could hardly have conceived possible, "you have entirely mistaken my object."

"I am sorry my mite is insufficient, my friend," said the clergyman, without again raising his eyes, it is all I have at present to bestow."

"If you will have the kindness to look up for a moment, my good sir," said the traveller, "you may possibly perceive that you labour under a considerable mistake."

Mr. Cargill raised his head, recalled his attention, and, seeing that he had a well-dressed, respectable looking person before him, he exclaimed in much confusion, "Ha!—yes—on my word, I was so immersed in my book—I believe—I think I have the pleasure to see my worthy friend, Mr. Lavender?"

"No such thing, Mr. Cargill," replied Mr. Touchwood. "I will save you the trouble of trying to recollect me—you never saw me before.—But do not let me disturb your studies—I am in no hurry, and my business can wait your leisure."

"I am much obliged," said Mr. Cargill; "have the goodness to take a chair, if you can find one—I have a train of thought to recover—a slight calculation to finish—and then I am at your command."

The visitor found among the broken furniture, not without difficulty, a seat strong enough to support his weight, and sat down, resting upon his cane, and looking attentively at his host, who very soon became totally insensible of his presence. A long pause of total silence ensued, only disturbed by the rustling leaves of the folio from which Mr. Cargill seemed to be making extracts, and now and then by a little exclamation of surprise and impatience, when he dipped his pen, as happened once or twice, into his snuff-box, instead of the inkstand which stood beside it. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy, "From Acron, Accor, or St. John d'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?"

"Twenty-three miles north north-west," answered his visitor, without hesitation.

Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise at a question which he had put to himself being answered by the voice of another, than if he had found the distance on the map, and indeed, was not probably aware of the medium through which his question had been solved; and it was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply.—"Twenty-three miles—Ingalphus," laying his hand on the volume, "and Jeffrey Wineauf, do not agree in this."

"They may both be d—d, then, for lying block-heads," answered the traveller.

"You might have contradicted their authority, sir, without using such an expression," said the divine, gravely.

"I cry you mercy, Doctor," said Mr. Touchwood; "but would you compare these parchment fellows with me, that have made my legs my compasses over great part of the inhabited world?"

"You have been in Palestine, then?" said Mr. Cargill, drawing himself upright in his chair, and speaking with eagerness and with interest.

"You may swear that, Doctor, and at Acre too. Why, I was there the month after Boney had found it too hard a nut to crack.—I dined with Sir Sydney's

chum, old Djeddar Pacha, and an excellent dinner we had, but for a dessert of noses and ears brought on after the last remove, which spoiled my digestion. Old Djeddar thought it so good a joke, that you hardly saw a man in Acre whose face was not so flat as the palm of my hand—Gad, I respect my olfactory organ, and set off the next morning as fast as the most cursed hard-trotting dromedary that ever fell to poor pilgrim's lot could contrive to tramp."

"If you have really been in the Holy Land, sir," said Mr. Cargill, whom the reckless gaiety of Touchwood's manner rendered somewhat suspicious of a trick, "you will be able materially to enlighten me on the subject of the Crusades."

"They happened before my time, Doctor," replied the traveller.

"You are to understand that my curiosity refers to the geography of the countries, where these events took place," answered Mr. Cargill.

"O! as to that matter, you are lighted on your feet," said Mr. Touchwood; "for the time present I can fit you. Turk, Arab, Copt, and Druse, I know every one of them, and can make you as well acquainted with them as myself. Without stirring a step beyond your threshold, you shall know Syria as well as I do.—But one good turn deserves another—in that case, you must have the goodness to dine with me."

"I go seldom abroad, sir," said the minister, with a good deal of hesitation, for his habits of solitude and seclusion could not be entirely overcome, even by the expectation raised by the traveller's discourse; "yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of waiting on a gentleman possessed of so much experience."

"Well then," said Mr. Touchwood, "there be the hour—I never dine later, and always to a minute—and the place, the Cleikum Inn, up the way; where Mrs. Dods is at this moment busy in making ready such a dinner as your learning has seldom seen. Doctor, for I brought the receipts from the four different quarters of the globe."

Upon this treaty they parted; and Mr. Cargill, after musing for a short while upon the singular chance which had sent a living man to answer those doubts for which he was in vain consulting ancient authorities, at length resumed, by degrees, the train of reflection and investigation which Mr. Touchwood's visit had interrupted, and in a short time lost all recollection of his epistolical visitor, and of the engagement which he had formed.

Not so Mr. Touchwood, who, when not occupied with business of real importance, had the art, as the reader may have observed, to make a prodigious fuss about nothing at all. Upon the present occasion, he bustled in and out of the kitchen, till Mrs. Dods lost patience, and threatened to pin the dishcloth to his tail; a menace which he pardoned, in consideration, that in all the countries which he had visited, which are sufficiently civilized to boast of cooks, these artists, tooting in their fiery element, have a privilege to be testy and impatient. He therefore retreated from the torrid region of Mrs. Dods's microcosm, and employed his time in the usual devices of loiterers, partly by walking for an appetite, partly by observing the progress of his watch towards three o'clock, when he had happily succeeded in getting an employment more serious. His table, in the blue parlour, was displayed with two covers, after the fairest fashion of the Cleikum Inn; yet the landlady, with a look "civil but sly," contrived to insinuate a doubt whether the clergyman would come, "when a' was done."

Mr. Touchwood scorned to listen to such an insinuation until the fated hour arrived, and brought with it no Mr. Cargill. The impatient entertainer allowed five minutes for difference of clocks, and variation of time, and other five for the procrastination of one who went little into society. But no sooner were the last five minutes expended, than he darted off for the Manor, not, indeed, much like a greyhound or a deer, but with the momentum of a corpulent and well-appetized elderly gentleman, who is in haste to secure his dinner. He bounced without ceremony into the parlour, where he found the worthy divine clothed in the same plaid night-gown, and seated in the very

elbow-chair, in which he had left him five hours before. His sudden entrance recalled to Mr. Cargill, not an accurate, but something of a general recollection, of what had passed in the morning, and he hastened to apologize with "Ha!—indeed—already!—upon my word, Mr. A—a—, I mean my dear friend—I am afraid I have used you ill—I forgot to order any dinner—but we will do our best.—Eppie—Eppie."

Not at the first, second, nor third call, but *ex interrallo*, as the lawyers express it, Eppie, a bare-legged, shock-headed, thick-ankled, red-armed wench, entered, and announced her presence by an emphatic "What's your will?"

"Have you got any thing in the house for dinner, Eppie?"

"Naething but bread and milk, plenty o't—what should I have?"

"You see, sir," said Mr. Cargill, you are like to have a Pythagorean entertainment; but you are a traveller, and have doubtless been in your time thankful for bread and milk."

"But never when there was any thing better to be had," said Mr. Touchwood. "Come, Doctor, I beg your pardon, but your wits are fairly gone a way-gathering; it was I invited you to dinner, up at the inn yonder, and not you me."

"On my word, and so it was," said Mr. Cargill; "I knew I was quite right—I knew there was a dinner engagement betwixt us, I was sure of that, and that is the main point.—Come, sir, I wait upon you."

"Will you not first change your dress?" said the visitor, seeing with astonishment that the divine proposed to attend him in his plaid nightgown; "when we shall have all the boys in the village after us—they will look like an owl in sunshine, and they will floor round you like so many hedge-sparrows."

"I will get my clothes instantly," said the worthy clergyman; "I will get ready directly—I am really ashamed to keep you waiting, my dear Mr.—each—your name has this instant escaped me."

"It is Touchwood, sir, at your service; I do not believe you ever heard it before," answered the traveller.

"True—right—no more I have—well, my good Mr. Touchstone, will you sit down an instant! we see what we can do!—strange slaves we make ourselves to these bodies of ours, Mr. Touchstone—the clothing and the sustaining of them costs us much thought and leisure, which might be better employed in catering for the wants of our immortal spirits."

Mr. Touchwood thought in his heart that never had Bramin or Gymnosophist less reason to reproach himself with excess in the indulgence of the table, or of the toilet, than the sage before him; but he assented to the doctrine, as he would have done to any minor heresy, rather than protract matters by farther discussing the point at present. In a short time the minister was dressed in his Sunday's suit, without any farther mistake than turning one of his black stockings inside out; and Mr. Touchwood, happy as was Boswell when he carried off Dr. Johnson in triumph to dine with Strahan and John Wilkes, had the pleasure of escorting him to the Cleikum Inn.

In the course of the afternoon they became more familiar, and the familiarity led to their forming a considerable estimate of each other's powers and acquirements. It is true, the traveller thought the student too pedantic, too much attached to systems, which, formed in solitude, he was unwilling to renounce, even when contradicted by the voice and testimony of experience; and, moreover, considered his utter inattention to the quality of what he eat and drank, as unworthy of a rational, that is, of a cooking creature, or of a being who, as defined by Johnson, holds his dinner as the most important business of the day. Cargill did not act up to this definition, and was, therefore, in the eyes of his new acquaintance, so far ignorant and uncivilized. What then? He was still a sensible, intelligent man, however abstemious and bookish.

On the other hand, the divine could not help regarding his new friend as something of an epicure, or, at best, god, nor could he observe in him either the perfect education, or the polished bearing, which mark the

as a lesson he may be the better of as long as he lives—but I was not, as an honest man, wish you to despair—you should spare the lad, Mr. Mowbray.” “Who spared me, Meiklewham?” said Mowbray, with a look and tone of deep emphasis—“No, no—I must go through the mill—money and money’s worth.—His seat is called Oakendale—think of it, Mick—Oakendale! Oh, name of thrice happy gary!—Speak not of mercy, Mick—the squires of Oakendale must be dismounted, and learn to go foot.—What mercy can the wandering lord of Troy poet among the Greeks?—The Greeks!—I am a ry Salote—the bravest of Greeks.

‘I think not of pity, I think not of fear.
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier.’

“nd necessity, Mick,” he concluded, with a tone something altered, “necessity is as unrelenting a der as any Vizier or Pacha, whom Scanderbeg ever fight with, or Byron has sung.”

Meiklewham echoed his patron’s ejaculation with a sad betwixt a whine, a chuckle, and a groan; the st being designed to express his pretended pity for a destined victim; the second his sympathy with his patron’s prospects of success; and the third being a little admonitory of the dangerous courses through which his object was to be pursued.

Salote as he boasted himself, Mowbray had soon of this conversation, some reason to admit that,

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

A light skirmishing betwixt the parties was ended, the serious battle commenced with some caution either side; each perhaps desirous of being master his opponent’s system of tactics, before exposing own. Piquet, the most beautiful game at which man can make sacrifice of his fortune, was one with which Mowbray had, for his misfortune perhaps, been searated, from an early age, a great proficient, and which the Earl of Etherington, with less experience, proved no novice. They now played for such kees as Mowbray’s state of fortune rendered considerable to him, though his antagonist appeared not to ard the amount. And they played with various ceases; for, though Mowbray at times returned with mile of confidence the inquiring looks of his friend Meiklewham, there were other occasions on which he used to evade them, as if his own had a sad conition to make in reply.

These alterations, though frequent, did not occupy, in all, many days; for Mowbray, a friend of all men, spent much of his time in Lord Etherington’s ritment, and these few days were days of battle. he mean time, as his lordship was now sufficiently voured to join the party at Shaws-Castle, and Miss wbray’s health being announced as restored, that osal was renewed, with the addition of a draic entertainment, the nature of which we shall wards have occasion to explain. Cards were issued to all those who had been formerly includ in the invitation, and of course to Mr. Touchd, as formerly a resident at the Well, and now in neighbourhood; it being previously agreed among ladies, that a Nabob, though sometimes a dingy amaged commodity, was not to be rashly or unnecessarily neglected. As to the parson, he had been d, of course, as an old acquaintance of the Mowhouse, not to be left out when the friends of the ly were invited on a great scale; but his habits, well known, and it was no more expected that ould leave his manse on such an occasion, than the kirk should loosen itself from its foundations. was after these arrangements had been made, the Laird of St. Ronan’s suddenly entered Meiklewham’s private apartment with looks of exion. The worthy scribe turned his spectacled nose rds his patron, and holding in one hand the ha of papers which he had been just perusing, in the other the tape with which he was about to sem up again, suspended that operation to await open eyes and ears the communication of Mow-

“I have done him!” he said, exultingly, yet in a of voice lowered almost to a whisper; “capotted

his lordship for this bout—doubled my capital, Mick, and something more.—Hush, don’t interrupt me—we must think of Clara now—she must share the sunshine, should it prove but a blink before a storm.—You know, Mick, these two—d women, Lady Penelope and the Binks, have settled that they will have something like a *bat paré* on this occasion, a sort of theatrical exhibition, and that those who like it shall be dressed in character.—I know their meaning—they think Clara has no dress fit for such foolery, and so they hope to eclipse her; Lady Pen, with her old-fashioned, ill-set diamonds, and my Lady Binks, with the new-fashioned finery which she swopt her character for. But Clara shan’t be borne down so, by—I got that affected slut, Lady Binks’s maid, to tell me what her mistress had set her mind on, and she is to wear a Grecian habit, forsooth, like one of Will Allan’s Eastern subjects.—But here’s the rub—there is only one shawl for sale in Edinburgh that is worth showing off in, and that is at the Gallery of Fashion.—Now, Mick, my friend, that shawl must be had for Clara, with the other trankums of muslin and lace, and so forth, which you will find marked in the paper there.—Send instantly and secure it, for, as Lady Binks writes by to-morrow’s post your order can go by to-night’s mail—There is a note for L.100.”

From a mechanical habit of never refusing any thing, Meiklewham readily took the note, but having looked at it through his spectacles, he continued to hold it in his hand as he remonstrated with his patron.—“This is a’ very kindly meant, St. Ronan’s—very kindly meant; and I was be the last to say that Miss Clara does not merit respect and kindness at your hand; but I doubt mickle if she wad care a bodle for these braw things. Ye ken yourself, she seldom alters her fashions. Od, she thinks her riding-habit dress enough for any company; and if you were ganging by good looks, so it is—if she had a thought mair colour, poor dear.”

“Well, well,” said Mowbray, impatiently, “let me alone to reconcile a woman and a fine dress.”

“To be sure, ye ken best,” said the writer; “but after a’ now, wad it no be better to lay by this hundred pound in Tam Turnpenny’s, in case the young lady should want it afterhand, just for a sair foot?”

“You are a fool, Mick; what signifies healing a sore foot, when there will be a broken heart in the case?—No, no—get the things as I desire you—we will blaze them down for one day at least; perhaps it will be the beginning of a proper dash.”

“Weel, weel, I wish it may be so,” answered Meiklewham; “but this young Earl—has ye found the weak point?—Can ye get a deernitude against him, with expenses?—that is the question.”

“I wish I could answer it,” said Mowbray, thoughtfully.—“Confound the fellow—he is a cut above me in rank and in society too—belongs to the great clubs, and is in with the Superlatives and Inaccessibles, and all that sort of folk.—My training has been a peg lower—but, hang it, there are better dogs bred in the kennel than in the parlour. I am up to him, I think—at least I will soon know, Mick, whether I am or no, and that is always one comfort. Never mind—do you execute my commission, and take care you name no names—I must save my little Abigail’s reputation.”

They parted, Meiklewham to execute his patron’s commission—his patron to bring to the test those hopes, the uncertainty of which he could not disguise from his own sagacity.

Trusting to the continuance of his run of luck, Mowbray resolved to bring affairs to a crisis that same evening. Every thing seemed in the outset to favour his purpose. They had dined together in Lord Etherington’s apartments—his state of health interfered with the circulation of the bottle, and a drizzly autumnal evening rendered walking disagreeable, even had they gone no farther than the private stable where Lord Etherington’s horses were kept, under the care of a groom of superior skill. Cards were naturally, almost necessarily, resorted to, as the only alternative for helping away the evening, and piquet was, as formerly, chosen for the game.

Lord Etherington seemed at first indolently care-

less and indifferent about his play, suffering advantages to escape him, of which, in a more attentive state of mind, he could not have failed to avail himself. Mowbray upbraided him with his inattention, and proposed a deeper stake, in order to interest him in the game. The young nobleman complied; and in the course of a few hands, the gamblers became both deeply engaged in watching and profiting by the change of fortune. These were so many, so varied, and so unexpected, that the very souls of the players seemed at length centred in the event of the struggle; and, by dint of doubling stakes, the accumulated sum of a thousand pounds and upwards, upon each side, came to be staked in the issue of the game.—So large a risk included all those funds which Mowbray commanded by his sister's kindness, and nearly all his previous winnings, so to him the alternative was victory or ruin. He could not hide his agitation, however desirous to do so. He drank wine to supply himself with courage—he drank water to cool his agitation; and at length bent himself to play with as much care and attention as he felt himself enabled to command.

In the first part of the game their luck appeared tolerably equal, and the play of both befitting gamblers who had dared to place such a sum on the cast. But, as it drew towards a conclusion, fortune altogether deserted him who stood most in need of her favour, and Mowbray, with silent despair, saw his fate depend on a single trick, and that with every odds against him, for Lord Etherington was elder hand. But how can fortune's favour secure any one who is not true to himself?—By an infraction of the laws of the game, which could only have been expected from the veriest bungler that ever touched a card, Lord Etherington called a point without showing it, and, by the ordinary rule, Mowbray was entitled to count his own—and in the course of that and the next hand, gained the game and swept the stakes. Lord Etherington showed chagrin and displeasure, and seemed to think that the rigour of the game had been more insisted upon than in courtesy it ought to have been, when men were playing for so small a stake. Mowbray did not understand this logic. A thousand pounds, he said, were in his eyes no nutshells; the rules of piquet were insisted on by all but boys and women; and for his part, he had rather not play at all than not play the game.

"So it would seem, my dear Mowbray," said the Earl; "for on my soul, I never saw so disconsolate a vengee as thine during that unlucky game—it withdrew all my attention from my hand; and I may safely say, your rueful countenance has stood me in a thousand pounds. If I could transfer thy long venge to canvass, I should have both my revenge and my money; for a correct resemblance would be worth not a penny less than the original has cost me."

"You are welcome to your jest, my lord," said Mowbray; "it has been well paid for; and I will serve you in ten thousand at the same rate. What say you?" he proceeded, taking up and shuffling the cards, "will you do yourself more justice in another game?—Revenge, they say, is sweet."

"I have no appetite for it this evening," said the Earl, gravely; "if I had, Mowbray, you might come by the worse. I do not *always* call a point without showing it."

"Your lordship is out of humour with yourself for a blunder that might happen to any man—it was as much my good luck as a good hand would have been, and so fortune be praised!"

"But what if with this Fortune had naught to do?" replied Lord Etherington.—"What if, sitting down with an honest fellow and a friend like yourself, Mowbray, a man should rather choose to lose his own money, which he could afford, than to win what it might distress his friend to part with?"

"Supposing a case so far out of supposition, my lord," answered Mowbray, who felt the question ticklish—"for, with submission, the allegation is easily made, and is totally incapable of proof—I should say, no one had a right to think for me in such a particular, or to suppose that I played for a higher stake than was convenient."

"And thus your friend, poor devil," replied Lord Etherington, "would lose his money, and run the risk of a quarrel into the boot!—We will try it another way—Suppose this good-humoured and simple-minded gambler had a favour of the deepest import to ask of his friend, and judged it better to prefer his request to a winner than to a loser?"

"If this applies to me, my lord," replied Mowbray, "it is necessary I should learn how I can oblige your lordship."

"That is a word soon spoken, but so difficult to be recalled, that I am almost tempted to pause—but yet it must be said.—Mowbray, you have a sister."

Mowbray started.—"I have indeed a sister, my lord; but I can conceive no case in which her name can enter with propriety into our present discussion."

"Again in the menacing mood!" said Lord Etherington, in his former tone; "now, here is a pretty fellow—he would first cut my throat for having won a thousand pounds from me, and then for offering to make his sister a countess!"

"A countess, my lord?" said Mowbray; "you are but jesting—you have never even seen Clara Mowbray."

"Perhaps not—but what then?—I may have seen her picture, as Puff says in the Critic, or fallen in love with her from rumour—or, to save farther suppositions, as I see they render you impatient, I may be satisfied with knowing that she is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, with a large fortune."

"What fortune do you mean, my lord?" said Mowbray, recollecting with alarm some claims, which according to Mickleham's view of the subject his sister might form upon his property.—"What estate?—there is nothing belongs to our family, save the lands of St. Ronan's, or what is left of them; and these I am, my lord, an undoubted heir of entail in possession."

"Be it so," said the Earl, "for I have no claim on your mountain realms here, which are, doubtless,

—renowned of old
Forknights, and squires, and barons bold;

my views respect a much richer, though less romantic domain—a large manor, height Nettlewood House old, but standing in the midst of such glorious oak—three thousand acres of land, arable, pasture, and woodland, exclusive of the two closes, occupied by Widow Hodge and Goodman Trampelod—manorial rights—mines and minerals—and the devil knows how many good things besides, all lying in the vale of Bever."

"And what has my sister to do with all this?" asked Mowbray, in great surprise.

"Nothing; but that it belongs to her when she becomes Countess of Etherington."

"It is, then, your lordship's property already?"

"No, by Jove! nor can it, unless your sister bestows me with her approbation of my suit," replied the Earl.

"This is a sorer puzzle than one of Lady Penelope's charades, my lord," said Mr. Mowbray; "I must call in the assistance of the Reverend Mr. Chatterly."

"You shall not need," said Lord Etherington; "I will give you the key, but listen to me with patience.—You know that we nobles of England, less jealous of our sixteen quarters than those on the continent, do not take scorn to line our decayed ermines with a little cloth of gold from the city; and my grandfather was lucky enough to get a wealthy wife, with a halting pedigree,—rather a singular circumstance, considering that her father was a countryman of yours. She had a brother, however, still more wealthy than herself, and who increased his fortune by continuing to carry on the trade which had first enriched his family. At length he summed up his books, washed his hands of commerce, and retired to Nettlewood, to become a gentleman; and here my much respected granduncle was seized with the rage of making himself a man of consequence. He tried what marrying a woman of family would do; but he soon found that whatever advantage his family might derive from his doing so, his own condition was but little illustrated. He next resolved to become a man of family himself. His father had left Scotland and

very young, and bore, I blush to say, the vulgar name of Scrogie. This hapless dissyllable my uncle carried in person to the herald office in Scotland; but neither Lyon, nor Marchmont, nor Islay, nor Snadoun, neither herald nor pursuivant, would patronise Scrogie.—Scrogie!—there could nothing be made out of it—so that my worthy relative had recourse to the squire side of the house, and began to found his dignity on his mother's name of Mowbray. In this lie was much more successful, and I believe some sly fellow stole for him a slip from your own family tree, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, which, I daresay, you have never missed. At any rate, for his *argent* and *or*, he got a handsome piece of parchment, blazoned with a white lion for Mowbray, to be borne quarterly, with three stunted or scrog-bushes for Scrogie, and became thenceforth Mr. Scrogie Mowbray, or rather, as he subscribed himself, Reginald (his former Christian name was Ronald) S. Mowbray. He had a son who most undutifully laughed at all this, refused the honours of the high name of Mowbray, and insisted on retaining his father's original appellation of Scrogie, to the great annoyance of his said father's ears, and damage of his temper."

"Why, faith, betwixt the two," said Mowbray, "I own I should have preferred my own name, and I think the old gentleman's taste rather better than the young one's."

"True; but both were wilful, absurd originals, with a happy obstinacy of temper, whether derived from Mowbray or Scrogie I know not, but which led them so often into opposition, that the offended father, Reginald S. Mowbray, turned his recalcitrant son Scrogie fairly out of doors; and the fellow would have paid for his plebeian spirit with a vengeance, had he not found refuge with a surviving partner of the original Scrogie of all, who still carried on the lucrative branch of traffic by which the family had been first enriched. I mention these particulars to account, in so far as I can, for the singular predicament in which I now find myself placed."

"Proceed, my lord," said Mr. Mowbray; "there is no denying the singularity of your story, and I presume you are quite serious in giving me such an extraordinary detail."

"Entirely so, upon my honour—and a most serious matter it is, you will presently find. When my worthy uncle, Mr. S. Mowbray, (for I will not call him Scrogie even in the grave,) paid his debt to nature, every body concluded he would be found to have disinherited his son, the unfilial Scrogie, and so far every body was right.—But it was also generally believed that he would settle the estate on my father, Lord Etherington, the son of his sister, and therein every one was wrong. For my excellent grand-uncle had pondered with himself, that the favoured name of Mowbray would take no advantage, and attain no additional elevation, if his estate of Nettlewood (otherwise called Mowbray-Park) should descend to our family without any condition; and with the assistance of a sharp attorney, he settled it on me, then a schoolboy, on condition that I should, before attaining the age of twenty-five complete, take unto myself in holy wedlock a young lady of good fame, of the name of Mowbray, and, by preference, of the house of St. Ronan's should a damsel of that house exist.—Now my riddle is read."

"And a very extraordinary one it is," replied Mowbray, thoughtfully.

"Confess the truth," said Lord Etherington, laying his hand on his shoulder; "you think the story will bear a grain of a scruple of doubt, if not a whole scruple itself?"

"At least, my lord," answered Mowbray, "your lordship will allow, that, being Miss Mowbray's only near relation, and sole guardian, I may, without offence, pause upon a suit for her hand, made under such odd circumstances."

"If you have the least doubt either respecting my rank or fortune, I can give, of course, the most satisfactory references," said the Earl of Etherington.

"That I can easily believe, my lord," said Mowbray; "nor do I in the least fear deception, where detection would be so easy. Your lordship's proceed-

ings towards me, too," (with a conscious glance at the bills he still held in his hand,) "have, I admit, been such as to intimate some such deep cause of interest as you have been pleased to state. But it seems strange that your lordship should have permitted years to glide away, without so much as inquiring after the young lady, who, I believe, is the only person qualified as your grand-uncle's will requires, with whom you can form an alliance. It appears to me, that long before now, this matter ought to have been investigated; and that, even now, it would have been more natural and more decorous to have at least seen my sister before proposing for her hand."

"On the first point, my dear Mowbray," said Lord Etherington, "I am free to own to you, that, without meaning your sister the least affront, I would have got rid of this clause if I could; for every man would fain choose a wife for himself, and feel I no hurry to marry at all. But the rogue-lawyers, after taking fees, and keeping me in hand for years, have at length roundly told me the clause must be complied with, or Nettlewood must have another master. So I thought it best to come down here in person, in order to address the fair lady; but as accident has hitherto prevented my seeing her, and as I found in her brother a man who understands the world, I hope you will not think the worse of me, that I have endeavoured in the outset to make you my friend. Truth is, I shall be twenty-five in the course of a month; and without your favour, and the opportunities which only you can afford me, that seems a short time to woo and win a lady of Miss Mowbray's merit."

"And what is the alternative if you do not form this proposed alliance, my lord?" said Mowbray.

"The bequest of my grand-uncle lapses," said the Earl, "and fair Nettlewood, with its old house, and older oaks, manorial rights, Hodge Trampelod, and all, devolves on a certain cousin-german of mine, whom Heaven of his mercy confound!"

"You have left yourself little time to prevent such an event, my lord," said Mowbray; "but things being as I now see them, you shall have what interest I can give you in the affair.—We must stand, however, on more equal terms, my lord—I will condescend so far as to allow it would have been inconvenient for me at this moment to have lost that game, but I cannot in the circumstances think of acting as if I had fairly won it. We must draw stakes, my lord."

"Not a word of that, if you really mean me kindly, my dear Mowbray. The blunder was a real one, for I was indeed thinking, as you may suppose, on other things than the showing my point.—All was fairly lost and won.—I hope I shall have opportunities of offering real services, which may perhaps give me some right to your partial regard—at present we are on equal footing on all sides—perfectly so."

"If your lordship think so," said Mowbray,—and then passing rapidly to what he felt he could say with more confidence,—"Indeed, at any rate, no personal obligation to myself could prevent my doing my full duty as guardian to my sister."

"Unquestionably, I desire nothing else," replied the Earl of Etherington.

"I must therefore understand that your lordship is quite serious in your proposal; and that it is not to be withdrawn, even if upon acquaintance with Miss Mowbray, you should not perhaps think her so deserving of your lordship's attentions, as report may have spoken her."

"Mr. Mowbray," replied the Earl, "the treaty between you and me shall be as definite as if I were a sovereign prince, demanding in marriage the sister of a neighbouring monarch, whom, according to royal etiquette, he neither has seen nor could see. I have been quite frank with you, and I have stated to you that my present motives for entering upon negotiation are not personal, but territorial; when I know Miss Mowbray, I have no doubt they will be otherwise. I have heard she is beautiful."

"Something of the palest, my lord," answered Mowbray.

"A fine complexion is the first attraction which is lost in the world of fashion, and that which it is easiest to replace."

"Dispositions, my lord, may differ," said Mowbray, "without faults on either side. I presume your lordship has inquired into my sister's. She is amiable, accomplished, sensible, and high-spirited; but yet—"

"I understand you, Mr. Mowbray, and will spare you the pain of speaking out. I have heard Miss Mowbray is in some respects—particular; to use a broader word—a little whimsical.—No matter. She will have the less to learn when she becomes a countess, and a woman of fashion."

"Are you serious, my lord?" said Mowbray.

"I am—and I will speak my mind still more plainly. I have good temper, and excellent spirits, and can endure a good deal of singularity in those I live with. I have no doubt your sister and I will live happily together—But in case it should prove otherwise, arrangements may be made previously, which will enable us in certain circumstances to live happily apart. My own estate is large, and Nettleswood will share dividing."

"Nay, then," said Mowbray, "I have little more to say—nothing indeed remains for inquiry, so far as your lordship is concerned. But my sister must have free liberty of choice—so far as I am concerned, your lordship's suit has my interest."

"And I trust we may consider it as a done thing?"

"With Clara's approbation—certainly," answered Mowbray.

"I trust there is no chance of personal repugnance on the young lady's part?" said the young peer.

"I anticipate nothing of the kind, my lord," answered Mowbray, "as I presume there is no reason for any; but young ladies will be capricious, and if Clara, after I have done and said all that a brother ought to do, should remain repugnant, there is a point in the exertion of my influence which it would be cruelty to pass."

The Earl of Etherington walked a turn through the apartment, then paused, and said, in a grave and doubtful tone, "In the mean while, I am bound, and the young lady is free, Mowbray. Is this quite fair?"

"It is what happens in every case, my lord, where a gentleman proposes for a lady," answered Mowbray; "he must remain, of course, bound by his offer, until, within a reasonable time, it is accepted or rejected. It is not my fault that your lordship has declared your wishes to me, before ascertaining Clara's inclination. But while as yet the matter is between ourselves—I make you welcome to draw back if you think proper. Clara Mowbray needs not push for a catch-match."

"Nor do I desire," said the young nobleman, "any time to reconsider the resolution which I have confided to you. I am not in the least fearful that I shall change my mind on seeing your sister, and I am ready to stand by the proposal which I have made to you.—If, however, you feel so extremely delicately on my account," he continued, "I can see and even converse with Miss Mowbray at this fête of yours, without the necessity of being at all presented to her.—The character which I have assumed in a manner obliges me to wear a mask."

"Certainly," said the Laird of St. Ronan's, "and I am glad, for both our sakes, your lordship thinks of taking a little law upon this occasion."

"I shall profit nothing by it," said the Earl; "my doom is fixed before I start—but if this mode of managing the matter will save your conscience, I have no objection to it—it cannot consume much time, which is what I have to look to."

They then shook hands and parted, without any farther discourse which could interest the reader.

Mowbray was glad to find himself alone, in order to think over what had happened, and to ascertain the state of his own mind, which at present was puzzling even to himself. He could not but feel that much greater advantages of every kind might accrue to himself and his family from the alliance of the wealthy young Earl, than could have been derived from any share of his spoils which he had proposed to gain by superior address in play, or greater skill on the turf. But his pride was hurt when he recollected that he had placed himself entirely in Lord Etherington's

power; and the escape from absolute ruin which he had made, solely by the sufferance of his opponent, had nothing in it consolatory to his wounded feelings. He was lowered in his own eyes, when he recollected how completely the proposed victim of his ingenuity had seen through his schemes, and only abstained from baffling them entirely, because to do so suited best with his own. There was a shade of suspicion, too, which he could not entirely eradicate from his mind.—What occasion had this young nobleman to preface, by the voluntary loss of a brace of thousands, a proposal which must have been acceptable in itself, without any such sacrifice? And why should he, after all, have been so eager to secure his accession to the proposed alliance, before he had even seen the lady who was the object of it? However hurried for time, he might have waited the event at least of the entertainment at Shaws-Castle, at which Clara was necessarily obliged to make her appearance.—Yet such conduct, however unusual, was equally inconsistent with any sinister intentions; since the sacrifice of a large sum of money, and the declaration of his views upon a portionless young lady of family, could scarcely be the preface to any unfair practice. So that, upon the whole, Mowbray settled, that what was uncommon in the Earl's conduct arose from the hasty and eager disposition of a rich young Englishman, to whom money is of little consequence, and who is too headlong in pursuit of the favourite plan of the moment, to proceed in the most rational or most ordinary manner. If, however, there should prove any thing further in the matter than he could at present discover, Mowbray promised himself that the utmost circumspection on his part could not fail to discover it, and that in full time to prevent any ill consequences to his sister or himself.

Immersed in such cogitations, he avoided the inquisitive presence of Mr. Maiklewham, who, as usual, had been watching for him to learn how matters were going on; and although it was now late, he mounted his horse, and rode hastily to Shaws-Castle. On the way, he deliberated with himself whether to mention to his sister the application which had been made to him, in order to prepare her to receive the young Earl as a suitor, favoured with her brother's approbation. "But no, no, no;" such was the result of his contemplation. "She might take it into her head that his thoughts were bent less upon having her for a countess, than on obtaining possession of his grand-uncle's estate.—We must keep quiet," concluded he, "until her personal appearance and accomplishments may appear at least to have some influence upon his choice.—We must say nothing till this blessed entertainment has been given and received."

CHAPTER XIX.

A LETTER.

"Has he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well—Be it so."

Richard III.

MOWBRAY had no sooner left the Earl's apartment, than the latter commenced an epistle to a friend and associate, which we lay before the reader, as best calculated to illustrate the views and motives of the writer. It was addressed to Captain Jekyl, of the regiment of Guards, at the Green Dragon, Harrogate, and was of the following tenor:—

"DEAR HARRY,

"I have expected you here these ten days past, anxiously as ever man was looked for; and have now to charge your absence as high treason to your sworn allegiance. Surely you do not presume, like one of Napoleon's new-made monarchs, to grumble for independence, as if your greatness were of your own making, or as if I had picked you out of the whole of St. James's coffee-house to hold my back-hand, for your sake, forsooth, not for my own? Wherefore, by aside all your own proper business, be it the pursuit of dowagers, or the plucking of pigeons, and instantly repair to this place, where I may speedily want your assistance.—May want it, said I? Why, most negligent of friends and allies, I have wanted it already.

and that when it might have done me yeoman's service. Know that I have had an affair since I came hither—have got hurt myself, and have nearly shot my friend; and if I had, I might have been hanged for it, for want of Harry Jekyl to bear witness in my favour. I was so far on my road to this place, when, not choosing, for certain reasons, to pass through the old village, I struck by a footpath into the woods which separate it from the new Spa, leaving my carriage and people to go the carriage-way. I had not walked half a mile when I heard the footsteps of someone behind, and, looking round, what should I behold but the face in the world which I most cordially hate and abhor—I mean that which stands on the shoulders of my right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Saint Francis. He seemed as much confounded as I was at our unexpected meeting; and it was a minute ere he found breath to demand what I did in Scotland, contrary to my promise, as he was pleased to express it. I retaliated, and charged him with being here, in contradiction to his. —He justified, and said he had only come down upon the express information that I was upon my road to St. Ronan's. Now, Harry, how the devil should he have known this hadst thou been quite faithful? for I am sure, to no ear but thine own did I breathe a whisper of my purpose. —Next, with the insolent assumption of superiority, which he founds on what he calls the rectitude of his purpose, he proposed we should both withdraw from a neighbourhood into which we could bring nothing but wretchedness. —I have told you how difficult it is to cope with the calm and resolute manner that the devil gifts him with on such occasions; but I was determined he should not carry the day this time. I saw no chance for it, however, but to put myself into a towering passion, which, thank Heaven, I can always do on short notice. —I charged him with having imposed formerly on my youth, and made himself judge of my rights; and I accompanied my defiance with the strongest terms of irony and contempt, as well as with demand of instant satisfaction. I had my travelling pistols with me, (*et pour cause*), and, to my surprise, my gentleman was equally provided. —For fair play's sake, I made him take one of my pistols.—*Eight Kuchennters*—a brace of balls in each, but that circumstance I forgot. —I would fain have argued the matter a little longer; but I thought at the time, and think still, that the best arguments which he and I can exchange, must come from the point of the sword, or the muzzle of the pistol. —We fired nearly together, and I think both dropped.—I am sure I did, but recovered in a minute, with a damaged arm and a scratch on the temple—it was the last which stunned me—so much for double-load-d pistols. —My friend was invisible, and I had nothing for it but to walk to the Spa, bleeding all the way like a calf, and tell a raw-head-and-bloody-bone story about a footpad, which, but for my earldom, and my gory locks, no living soul would have believed.

—Shortly after, when I had been installed in a sick room, I had the mortification to learn, that my own impatience had brought all this mischief upon me, at a moment when I had every chance of getting rid of my friend without trouble, had I but let him go on his own errand; for it seems he had an appointment that morning with a booby Baronet, who is said to be a bullet-slitter, and would perhaps have rid me of Saint Francis without any trouble or risk on my part. Mean time, his non-appearance at this rendezvous has placed Master Francis Tyrel, as he chooses to call himself, in the worst odour possible with the gentry at the Spring, who have denounced him as a coward and no gentleman. —What to think of the business myself, I know not; and I much want your assistance to see what can have become of this fellow, who, like a spectre of ill omen, has so often thwarted and baffled my best plans. My own confinement renders me inactive, though my wound is fast healing. Dead he cannot be; for had he been mortally wounded, we should have heard of him somewhere or other—he could not have vanished from the earth like a bubble of the elements. Well, dead sound he cannot be; for, besides that I am sure I saw him stagger and drop, firing his pistol as he

tell, I know him well enough to swear, that, had he not been severely wounded, he would have first pestered me with his accursed presence and assistance, and then walked forward with his usual composure to settle matters with Sir Bingo Binka. No—no—Saint Francis is none of those who leave such jobs half finished—it is but doing him justice to say, he has the devil's courage to back his own deliberate impertinence. But then, if wounded severely, he must be still in this neighbourhood, and probably in concealment—this is what I must discover, and I want your assistance in my inquiries among the natives. —Haste hither, Harry, as ever you look for good at my hand.

"A good player, Harry, always studies to make the best of bad cards—and so I have endeavoured to turn my wound to some account; and it has given me the opportunity to secure Monsieur le Frere in my interests. You say very truly, that it is of consequence to me to know the character of this new actor on the disordered scene of my adventures.—Know, then, he is that most incongruous of all monsters—a Scotch Buck—how far from being buck of the season you may easily judge. Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, Harry, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will make no conquests in the world of fashion. Excellent bankers the Scots may be, for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principal;—good soldiers, for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline;—lawyers they are born; indeed every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them in other lines, to submit to hardships which other natives could not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly. But assuredly Heaven did not form the Caledonian for the gay world; and his efforts at ease, grace, and gaiety, resemble only the clumsy gambols of the ass in the fable. Yet the Scot has his sphere too, (in his own country only,) where the character which he assumes is allowed to pass current. This Mowbray, now—this brother-in-law of mine—might do pretty well at a Northern Meeting, or the Leith races, where he could give five minutes to the sport of the day, and the next half hour to country politics, or to farming; but it is scarce necessary to tell you, Harry, that this half-fellowship will not pass on the better side of the Tweed.

"Yet, for all I have told you, this trout was not easily tickled; nor should I have made much of him, had he not, in the plenitude of his northern conceit, entertained that notion of my being a good subject of plunder, which you had contrived (blessings on your contriving brain!) to insinuate into him by means of Wolverine. He commenced this hopeful experiment, and, as you must have anticipated, caught a Tartar with a vengeance. Of course, I used my victory only so far as to secure his interest in accomplishing my principal object; and yet, I could see my gentleman's pride was so much injured in the course of the negotiation, that not all the advantages which the match offered to his damned family, were able entirely to subdue the chagrin arising from his defeat. He did gulp it down, though, and we are friends and allies for the present at least;—not so cordially so, however, as to induce me to trust him with the whole of the strained conversation tale. The circumstance of the will was necessary

to communicate, as affording a sufficiently strong reason for urging my suit; and this partial disclosure enabled me for the present to dispense with farther confidence.

"You will observe, that I stand by no means secure; and besides the chance of my cousin's re-appearance—a certain event, unless he is worse than I dare hope for—I have perhaps to expect the fantastic repugnance of Clara herself, or some sulky freak on her brother's part.—In a word—and let it be such a one as conjurers raise the devil with—Harry Jekyl, I want you.

"As well knowing the nature of my friend, I can assure you that his own interest, as well as mine, may be advanced by his coming hither on duty. Here is a blockhead, whom I already mentioned, Sir Bingo Binks, with whom something may be done worth your while, though scarce worth mine. The Baronet is a perfect buzzard, and when I came here he was under Mowbray's training. But the awkward Scot had plucked half-a-dozen penfeathers from his wig with so little precaution, that the Baronet has become frightened and shy, and is now in the act of rebelling against Mowbray, whom he both hates and fears—the least backing from a knowing hand like you, and the bird becomes your own, feathers and all.—Moreover,

— 'by my life,
This Bingo hath a mighty pretty wife.'

A lovely woman, Harry—rather plump, and above the middle size—quite your taste—A Juno in beauty, looking with such scorn on her husband, whom she despises and hates, and seeming, as if she *could* look so differently on any whom she might like better, that, on my faith, 'twere sin not to give her occasion. If you please to venture your luck, either with the knight or the lady, you shall have fair play, and no interference—that is, provided you appear upon this summons; for, otherwise, I may be so placed, that the affairs of the knight and the lady may fall under my own immediate cognizance. And so, Harry, if you wish to profit by these hints, you had best make haste, as well for your own concerns, as to assist me in mine.—Yours, Harry, as you behave yourself,

"ETHERINGTON."

Having finished this eloquent and instructive epistle, the young Earl demanded the attendance of his own valet Solmes, whom he charged to put it into the post-office without delay, and with his own hand.

CHAPTER XX.

THEATRICALS.

— The play's the thing.—*Hamlet.*

THE important day had now arrived, the arrangement for which had for some time occupied all the conversation and thoughts of the good company at the Well of St. Ronan's. To give it, at the same time, a degree of novelty and consequence, Lady Penelope Penfeather had long since suggested to Mr. Mowbray, that she more gifted and accomplished part of the guests might contribute to furnish out entertainment for the rest, by acting a few scenes of some popular drama; an accomplishment in which her self-conceit assured her that she was peculiarly qualified to excel. Mr. Mowbray, who seemed on this occasion to have thrown the reins entirely into her ladyship's hands, made no objection to the plan which she proposed, excepting that the old-fashioned hedges and walks of the garden at Shaws-Castle must necessarily serve for stage and scenery, as there was no time to fit up the old hall for the exhibition of the proposed theatricals.* But upon inquiry among the company, this plan was wrecked upon the ordinary shelves, to wit, the difficulty of finding performers who would

* At Kilraddy, the noble seat of Lord Meath, in the county of Wicklow, there is a situation for private theatrical exhibitions in the open air, planted out with the evergreens which arise there in the most luxuriant magnificence. It has a wild and romantic effect, reminding one of the scene in which Bottom rehearsed his pageant, with a green plot for a stage, and a hawthorn brake for a tiringroom.

consent to assume the lower characters of the drama. For the first parts there were candidates more than enough; but most of these were greatly too high-spirited to play the fool, except they were permitted to top the part. Then amongst the few unambitious underlings, who could be coaxed or cajoled to undertake subordinate characters, there were so many bad memories, and short memories, and treacherous memories, that at length the plan was resigned in despair.

A substitute, proposed by Lady Penelope, was next considered. It was proposed to act what the Italians call a Comedy of Character; that is, not an exact drama, in which the actors deliver what is set down for them by the author; but one, in which the plot having been previously fixed upon, and a few striking scenes adjusted, the actors are expected to supply the dialogue extempore, or, as Petruchio says, from their mother wit. This is an amusement which affords much entertainment in Italy, particularly in the state of Venice, where the characters of their drama have been long since all previously fixed, and are handed down by tradition; and this species of drama, though rather belonging to the mask than the theatre, is distinguished by the name of *Commedia dell'Arte*. But the shame-faced character of Britons is still more alien from a species of display, where there is a constant and extemporaneous demand for wit, or the sort of ready small-talk which supplies its place, than from the regular exhibitions of the drama, where the author, standing responsible for language and sentiment, leaves to the personators of the scenes only the trouble of finding enunciation and action.

But the ardent and active spirit of Lady Penelope, still athirst after novelty, though baffled in her two first projects, brought forward a third, in which she was more successful. This was the proposal to combine a certain number, at least, of the guests, properly dressed for the occasion, as representing some well-known historical or dramatic characters, in a group, having reference to history, or to a scene of the drama. In this representation, which may be called playing a picture, action, even pantomimical action, was not expected; and all that was required of the performers, was to throw themselves into such a group as might express a marked and striking point of an early remembered scene, but where the actors are at a pause, and without either speech or motion. In this species of representation there was no tax, either on the invention or memory of those who might undertake parts; and, what recommended it still farther to the good company, there was no marked difference betwixt the hero and heroine of the group, and the less distinguished characters by whom they were attended on the stage; and every one who had confidence in a handsome shape and a becoming dress, might hope, though standing in not quite so broad and favourable a light as the principal personages, to draw, nevertheless, a considerable portion of attention and applause. This motion, therefore, that the company, or such of them as might choose to appear properly dressed for the occasion, should form themselves into one or more groups, which might be renewed and varied as often as they pleased, was hailed and accepted as a bright idea, which assigned to every one a share of the importance attached to its probable success.

Mowbray, on his side, promised to contrive some arrangement which should separate the actors in the mute drama from the spectators, and enable the former to vary the amusement, by withdrawing themselves from the scene, and again appearing upon it under a different and new combination. This plan of exhibition, where fine clothes and affected attitudes, supplied all draughts upon fancy or talent, was highly agreeable to most of the ladies present; and even Lady Binks, whose discontent seemed proof against every effort that could be proposed to soothe it, acquiesced in the project, with perfect indifference indeed, but with something less of sullenness than usual.

* See Mr. William Stewart Rose's very interesting Letter from the North of Italy, Vol. I. Letter XXX., where the curious subject is treated with the information and precision which distinguish that accomplished author.

It now only remained to rummage the circulating library, for some piece of sufficient celebrity to command attention, and which should be at the same time suited to the execution of their project. Bell's British Theatre, Miller's Modern and Ancient Drama, and about twenty odd volumes, in which stray tragedies and comedies were associated, like the passengers in a mail-coach, without the least attempt at selection or arrangement, were all examined in the course of their researches. But Lady Penelope declared loftily and decidedly for Shakspeare, as the author whose immortal works were fresh in every one's recollection. Shakspeare was therefore chosen, and from his works the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was selected, as the play which afforded the greatest variety of characters, and most scope of course for the intended representation. An active competition presently occurred among the greater part of the company, for such copies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the volume of Shakspeare containing it, as could be got in the neighbourhood; for, notwithstanding Lady Penelope's declaration, that every one who could read but Shakspeare's plays by heart, it appeared that such of his dramas as have not kept possession of the stage were very little known at St. Ronan's, save among those people who are emphatically called readers.

The adjustment of the parts was the first subject of consideration, so soon as those who intended to assume characters had refreshed their recollection on the subject of the piece. Theseus was unanimously assigned to Mowbray, the giver of the entertainment, and therefore justly entitled to represent the Duke of Athens. The costume of an Amazonian crest and plume, a tucked-up vest, and a tight buskin of sky-blue silk, buckled with diamonds, reconciled Lady Binks to the part of Hippolyta. The superior stature of Miss Mowbray to Lady Penelope, made it necessary that the former should perform the part of Helena, and her ladyship rest contented with the shrewish character of Hermia. It was resolved to compliment the young Earl of Eberington with the part of Lysander, which, however, his lordship declined, and, preferring comedy to tragedy, refused to appear in any other character than that of the magnanimous Bottom; and he gave them such a humorous specimen of his quality in that part, that all were delighted at once with his conduct—senior in assuming, and his skill in performing, the presenter of Pyramus.

The part of Egeus was voted to Captain MacTurk, whose obstinacy in refusing to appear in any other than the full Highland garb, had nearly disconcerted the whole affair. At length this obstacle was got over, on the authority of Childe Harold, who remarks the similarity betwixt the Highland and Grecian costume,* and the company, dispensing with the difference of colour, voted the Captain's variegated kilt, of the MacTurk tartan, to be the kirtle of a Grecian mountaineer.—Egeus to be an Arnout, and the Captain to be Egeus. Charitably and the painter, walking gentlemen by profession, agreed to walk through the parts of Demetrius and Lysander, the two Athenian lovers; and Mr. Winterblossom, loath and lazy, after many excuses, was bribed by Lady Penelope with an antique, or supposed antique cameo, to play the part of Philo-tratus, master of the revels, provided his gown would permit him to remain so long upon the turf, which was to be their stage.

Muslin trowsers, adorned with spangles, a voluminous turban of silver gauze, and wings of the same, together with an embroidered slipper, converted at once Miss Digges into Oberon, the King of Shadows, whose sovereign gravity, however, was somewhat indifferently represented by the silly gaiety of Miss in her Teens, and the uncontrolled delight which she felt in her fine clothes. A younger sister represented Titania; and two or three subordinate elves were selected, among families attending the

* "The Arnouts or Albanians," says Lord Byron, "struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountainous Caucasian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white, the square, active form; their dialect Celtic, in the sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven."—Notes to the Second Chapter of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

salutiferous fountain, who were easily persuaded to let their children figure in fine clothes at so juvenile an age, though they shook their head at Miss Digges and her pantaloon, and no less at the liberal display of Lady Binks's right leg, with which the Amazonian garb gratified the public of St. Ronan's.

Dr. Quackleden was applied to to play Wall, by the assistance of such a wooden horse, or screen, as clothes are usually dried upon; the old Attorney stood for Lion; and the other characters of Bottom's drama were easily found among the unnamed frequenters of the Spring. Dressed rehearsals, and so forth, went merrily on—all voted there was a play fitted.

But even the Doctor's eloquence could not press Mrs. Blower into the scheme, although she was particularly wanted to represent Thisbe.

"Truth is," she replied, "I dinna greatly like stag-plays. John Blower, honest man, as sailors are aye for some sport or another, wad take me ance to see one Mrs. Siddons—I thought we should ha' been crushed to death before we gat in—a! my things riven all my back, forby the four lily-white shillings that it cost us—and then in came three frightsome carlines wi' besoms, and they wad bewitch a sailor's wife—I was lang enough there—and out I wad be, and out John Blower gat me, but wi' nae sma' fight and fend."

My Lady Penelope Penfitter, and the great folk, may just take it as they like; but in my mind, Dr. Cacklehen, it's a mere blasphemy for folk to gar themselves look otherwise than their Maker made them; and then the changing the name which was given them at baptism, is, I think, an awful falling away from our vows; and though Thisby, which I take to be Greek for Tibbie, may be a very good name, yet Margaret was I christened, and Margaret will I die."

"You mistake the matter entirely, my dear Mrs. Blower," said the Doctor; "there is nothing serious intended—a mere *placebo*—just a divertisement to cheer the spirits, and assist the effect of the waters—cheerfulness is a great promoter of health."

"Dinna tell me o' health, Dr. Kittlepin!—Can it be for the pair body M'Durk's health to major about in the tartans like a tobaccoist's sign in a frosty morning, wi' his poor wizened houghs as blue as a blawort?—weel I wot he is a humbling spectacle. Or can it gie any body health or pleasure either to see your ainself, Doctor, ganging about wi' a claime screen tied to your back, covered wi' paper, and painted like a stane and lime wa?—I'll gang to see nae o' their vanities, Dr. Kittlehen; and if there is nae other decent body to take care o' me, as I dinna like to sit a haill afternoon by myself, I'll e'en gae down to Mr. Sowerbrowst the maltster's—he is a pleasant, sensible man, and a sponable man in the wauld, and his sister's a very decent woman."

"Confound Sowerbrowst," thought the Doctor; "if I had guessed he was to come across me thus, he should not have got the better of his dyspepsy so early.—My dear Mrs. Blower," he continued, but aloud, "it is a foolish affair enough, I must confess; but every person of style and fashion at the Well has settled to attend this exhibition; there has been nothing else talked of for this month through the whole country, and it will be a year before it is forgot'en. And I would have you consider how ill it will look, my dear Mrs. Blower, to stay away—nobody will believe you had a card—no, not though you were to hang it round your neck like a label round a vial of tincture, Mrs. Blower."

"If ye thought that, Doctor Kickherben," said the widow, alarmed at the idea of losing cast, "I wad e'en gang to the show, like other folk; sinful and shameful if it be, let them that make the sin bear the shame. But then I will put on nae of their Popish disguises—one that has lived in North Leith, bathed and lased, for I shanna say how many years, and has a character to keep re' bath with saint and sinner.—And then, wha's to take care of me, since you are gaun to make a lime-and-stane wa' of yourself, Dr. Kickherben?"

"My dear Mrs. Blower if such is your determination, I will not make a wall of myself. Her ladyship

must consider my profession—she must understand it is my function to look after my patients, in preference to all the stage-plays in this world—and to attend on a case like yours, Mrs. Blower, it is my duty to sacrifice, were it called for, the whole drama from Shakspeare to O'Keefe."

On hearing this magnanimous resolution, the widow's heart was greatly cheered; for, in fact, she might probably have considered the Doctor's perseverance in the plan, of which she had expressed such high disapprobation, as little less than a symptom of absolute defection from his allegiance. By an accommodation, therefore, which suited both parties, it was settled that the Doctor should attend his loving widow to Shaws-Castle, without mask or mantle; and that the painted screen should be transferred from Quackleben's back to the broad shoulders of a briefless barrister, well qualified for the part of Wall, since the composition of his skull might have rivalled in solidity the mortar and stone of the most approved builder.

We must not pause to dilate upon the various labours of body and spirit which preceded the intervening space, betwixt the settlement of this gay scheme, and the time appointed to carry it into execution. We will not attempt to describe how the wealthy, by letter and by commissioners, urged their researches through the stores of the Gallery of Fashion for specimens of Oriental finery—how they that were scant of diamonds supplied their place with paste and Bristol stones—how the country dealers were driven out of patience by the demand for goods of which they had never before heard the name—and, lastly, how the busy fingers of the more economical damask twisted handkerchiefs into turbans, and converted petticoats into pantaloons, shaped and sewed, cut and clipped, and spoiled many a decent gown and petticoat, to produce something like a Grecian habit. Who can describe the wonders wrought by active needles and scissors, aided by thimbles and thread, upon silver gauze, and sprigged muslin? or who can show how, if the fair nymphs of the Spring did not entirely succeed in attaining the desired resemblance to heat-hen Greeks, they at least contrived to get rid of all similitude to sober Christians?

Neither is it necessary to dwell upon the various schemes of conveyance which were resorted to, in order to transfer the beau monde of the Spa to the scene of revelry at Shaws-Castle. These were as various as the fortunes and pretensions of the owners; from the lordly curicle, with its outriders, to the humble taxed cart, nay, untaxed cart, which conveyed the personages of lesser rank. For the latter, indeed, the two post-chaises at the Inn seemed converted into hourly stages, so often did they come and go between the Hotel and the Castle—a glad day for the postillions, and a day of martyrdom for the poor post-horses; so seldom is it that every department of any society, however constituted, can be injured or benefited by the same occurrence.

Such, indeed, was the penury of vehicular conveyance, that applications were made in manner most humble, even to Meg Dods herself, entreating she would permit her old whiskey to *ply* (for such might have been the phrase) at St. Ronan's Well, for that day only, and that upon good cause shown. But not for sordid lucre would the undaunted spirit of Meg compound her feud with her neighbours of the detested Well. "Her carriage," she briefly replied, "was engaged for her ain guest and the minister, and deil anither body's fit should gang intill't. Let every her-ring hing by its ain head." And, accordingly, at the duly appointed hour, creaked forth the leathern convenience, in which, carefully screened by the curtain from the gaze of the fry of the village, sat Nabob Touchwood, in the costume of an Indian merchant, or Shroff, as they are termed. The clergyman would not, perhaps, have been so punctual, had not a set of notes and messages from his friend at the Cleikum, ever following each other as thick as the papers which decorate the tail of a schoolboy's kite, kept him so continually on the alert from daybreak till noon, that Mr. Touchwood found him completely dressed; and the whiskey was only delayed for about ten minutes

before the door of the manse, a space employed by Mr. Cargill in searching for the spectacles, which at last were happily discovered upon his own nose.

At length seated by the side of his new friend, Mr. Cargill arrived safe at Shaws-Castle, the gate of which mansion was surrounded by a screaming group of children, so extravagantly delighted at seeing the strange figures to whom each successive carriage gave birth, that even the stern brow and well-known voice of Johnie Tirlsneck, the beadle, though stationed in the court on express purpose, was not equal to the task of controlling them. These noisy intruders, however, who, it was believed, were somewhat favoured by Clara Mowbray, were excluded from the court, which opened before the house, by a couple of grooms or helpers armed with their whips, and could not only salute, with their shrill and wondering bailing, the various personages, as they passed down a short avenue leading from the exterior gate.

The Cleikum nabob and the minister were greeted with shouts not the least clamorous; which the former merited by the ease with which he wore the white turban, and the latter, by the infrequency of his appearance in public, and both, by the singular association of a decent clergyman of the church of Scotland, in a dress more old-fashioned than could now be produced in the General Assembly, walking arm in arm, and seemingly in the most familiar terms, with a Parsee merchant. They stopped a moment at the gate of the court-yard to admire the front of the old mansion, which had been disturbed with so unusual a scene of gayety.

Shaws-Castle, though so named, presented no appearance of defence; and the present edifice had never been designed for more than the accommodation of a peaceful family, having a low, heavy front, loaded with some of that ineretricious ornament, which unifying, or rather confounding, the Gothic and Grecian architecture, was much used during the reigns of James VI. of Scotland, and his unfortunate son. The court formed a small square, two sides of which were occupied by such buildings as were required for the family, and the third by the stables, the only part in which much attention had been paid, the present Mr. Mowbray having put them into excellent order. The fourth side of the square was shut up by a screen wall, through which a door opened to the avenue; the whole being a kind of structure, which may be still found on those old Scottish properties, where a rage to render their place *Parkish*, as was at one time the prevailing phrase, has not induced the owners to pull down the venerable and sheltering appendages with which their wiser fathers had screened their mansion, and to lay the whole open to the keen north-east: much after the fashion of a spinster of fifty, who chills herself to gratify the public by an exposure of her thin red elbows, and shrivelled neck and bosom.

A double door, thrown hospitably open on the present occasion, admitted the company into a dark and low hall, where Mowbray himself, wearing the undress of Theseus, but not having yet assumed his ducal cap and robes, stood to receive his guests with due courtesy, and to indicate to each the road allotted to him. Those who were to take a share in the representation of the morning, were conducted to an old saloon, destined for a green-room, and which communicated with a series of apartments on the right, hastily fitted with accommodations for arranging and completing their toilet; while others, who took no part in the intended drama, were ushered to the left, into a large, unfurnished, and long dimmed drawing parlour, where a sashed door opened into the garden, crossed with yew and holly hedges, still trimmed and clipped by the old gray-headed gardener, upon those principles which a Dutchman thought worthy of commemorating in a didactic poem upon the *Art Topiaria*.

A little wilderness, surrounding a beautiful piece of the smoothest turf, and itself bounded by such high hedges as we have described, had been selected as the stage most proper for the exhibition of the intended dramatic picture. It afforded many facilities; for a rising bank exactly in front was accommodated with seats for the spectators, who had a complete view of

the silken theatre, the bushes and shrubs having been cleared away, and the place supplied with a temporary screen, which, being withdrawn by the domestics appointed for that purpose, was to serve for the rising of the curtain. A covered trellis, which passed through another part of the garden, and terminated with a private door opening from the right wing of the building, seemed as if it had been planted on purpose for the proposed exhibition, as it served to give the personages of the drama a convenient and secret access from the green-room to the place of representation. Indeed, the dramatis personæ, at least those who adopted the management of the matter, were, induced, by so much convenience, to extend, in some measure, their original plan, and, instead of one group, as had been at first proposed, they now found themselves able to exhibit to the good company a succession of three or four, selected and arranged from different parts of the drama; thus giving some duration, as well as some variety, to the entertainment, besides the advantage of separating and contrasting the tragic and the comic scenes.

After wandering about amongst the gardens, which contained little to interest any one, and endeavouring to recognise comic characters, who, accommodating themselves to the humours of the day, had ventured to appear in the various disguises of ballad-singers, peillars, shepherds, Highlanders, and so forth, the company began to draw together towards the spot where the seats prepared for them, and the screen drawn in front of the bosky stage, induced them to assemble, and excited expectation, especially as a scroll in front of the esplanade set forth, in the words of the play, "This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house, and we will do it in action." A delay of about ten minutes began to excite some suppressed murmurs of impatience among the audience, when the touch of Gow's fiddle suddenly burst from a neighbouring hedge, behind which he had established his little orchestra. All were of course silent,

"As through his dear strathpeys he bore with Highland rage."

And when he changed his strain to an adagio, and suffered his music to die away in the plaintive notes of Roslin Castle, the echoes of the old walls were after a long slumber, awakened by that enthusiastic burst of applause, with which the Scots usually received and rewarded their country's gifted minstrel.

"He is his father's own son," said Touchwood to the clergyman, for both had gotten seats near about the centre of the place of audience. "It is many a long year since I listened to old Ned at Inver, and, to say truth, spent a night with him over pancakes and Athole brose; and I never expected to hear his match again in my lifetime. But stop—the curtain rises."

The screen was indeed withdrawn, and displayed *Hermia*, *Helena*, and their lovers, in attitudes corresponding to the scene of confusion occasioned by the error of Puck.

Messrs. Chatterly and the Painter played their parts neither better nor worse than amateur actors in general; and the best that could be said of them was, that they seemed more than half ashamed of their exotic dresses, and of the public gaze.

But against this untimely weakness Lady Penelope was guarded, by the strong shield of self-conceit. She minced, ambled, and, notwithstanding the slight appearance of her person, and the depredations which time had made on a countenance that had never been very much distinguished for beauty, seemed desirous to top the part of the beautiful daughter of Egeus. The silliness which was proper to the character of *Hermia*, was much augmented by the discovery that *Miss Mowbray* was so much better dressed than herself—a discovery which she had but recently made, as that young lady had not attended on the regular rehearsals at the Well, but once, and then without her stage habit. Her ladyship, however, did not permit this painful sense of inferiority, where she had expected triumph, so far to prevail over her desire of shining, as to interrupt materially the manner in which she had settled to represent her portion of the

scene. The nature of the exhibition precluded much action, but Lady Penelope made amends by such a succession of grimaces, as might rival, in variety at least, the singular display which Garrick used to call "going his rounds." She twisted her poor features into looks of most desperate love towards *Lysander*; into those of wonder and offended pride, when she turned them upon *Demetrius*; and finally settled them on *Helena*, with the happiest possible imitation of an incensed rival, who feels the impossibility of relieving her swollen heart by tears alone, and is just about to have recourse to her nails.

No contrast could be stronger in looks, demeanour, and figure, than that between *Hermia* and *Helena*. In the latter character, the beautiful form and foreign dress of *Miss Mowbray* attracted all eyes. She kept her place on the stage, as a sentinel does that which his charge assigns him; for she had previously told her brother, that though she consented, at his importunity, to make part of the exhibition, it was as a piece of the scene, not as an actor, and accordingly a painted figure could scarce be more immovable. The expression of her countenance seemed to be that of deep sorrow and perplexity, belonging to her part, over which wandered at times an air of irony or ridicule, as if she were secretly scorning the whole exhibition, and even herself for condescending to become part of it. Above all, a sense of bashfulness had cast upon her cheek a colour, which, though sufficiently slight, was more than her countenance was used to display; and when the spectators beheld, in the splendour and grace of a rich Oriental dress, her whom they had hitherto been accustomed to see attired only in the most careless manner, they felt the additional charms of surprise and contrast; so that the bursts of applause which were vollied towards the stage, might be said to be addressed to her alone, and to vie in sincerity with those which have been forced from an audience by the most accomplished performer.

"Oh, that pair Lady Penelope!" said honest Mrs. Blower, who, when her scruples against the exhibition were once got over, began to look upon it with particular interest. "I am really sorry for her pair face, for she gets it work like the sails of John Blower's vessel in a stiff breeze.—Oh, Doctor Cacklen, dinna ye think she wd need, if it were possible, to rin ower her face wi' a gusing iron, just to take the wrinkles out o't?"

"Hush, hush! my good dear Mrs. Blower," said the Doctor. "Lady Penelope is a woman of quality, and my patient, and such people always act charmingly—you must understand there is no hissing at a private theatre.—Hem!"

"Ye may say what ye like, Doctor, but there is nae fule like an auld fule.—To be sure, if she was as young and beautiful as *Miss Mowbray*—heh me, and I didna use to think her sae bonny neither—but dress—dress makes an unco difference.—That shawl o' hers—I daur say the like o't was ne'er seen in braid Scotland—it will be real Indian, I see warrant."

"Real Indian!" said Mr. Touchwood, in an accent of disdain, which rather disturbed Mrs. Blower's equanimity.—"why, what do you suppose it should be, madam?"

"I didna ken, sir," said she, edging somewhat nearer the Doctor, not being altogether pleased, as she afterwards allowed, with the outlandish appearance and sharp tone of the traveller; then pulling her own drapery round her shoulders, she added, courageously. "There are braw shawls made at Paisley, that ye will scarce ken frae foreign."

"Not know Paisley shawls from Indian, madam?" said Touchwood; "why, a blind man could tell by the slightest touch of his little finger. Yon shawl, now, is the handsomest I have seen in Britain—and at this distance I can tell it to be a real *Tozie*."

"Cozie may she weel be that wears it," said Mrs. Blower. "I declare, now I look on't again, it's a perfect beauty."

"It is called *Tozie*, ma'am, not *cozie*," continued the traveller; "the *Shroffa* at Surat told me in 1801, that it is made out of the inner coat of a goat."

"Of a sheep, sir, I am thinking you mean, for goats has nae woo."

"Not much of it, indeed, madam; but you are to understand they use only the inmost coat; and then their dyes—that Tozie now will keep its colour while there is a rag of it left—men bequeth them in legacies to their grandchildren."

"And a very bonny colour it is," said the dame; "something like a mouse's back, only a thought redder—I wonder what they ca' that colour."

"The colour is much admired, madam," said Touchwood, who was now on a favourite topic; "the Mussulmans say the colour is betwixt that of an elephant and the breast of the *faughta*."

"In troth, I am as wise as I was," said Mrs. Blower.

"The *faughta*, madam, so called by the Moors, (for the Hindhus call it *hollah*), is a sort of pigeon, held sacred among the Moslem of India, because they think it dyed its breast in the blood of Ali.—But I see they are closing the scene.—Mr. Cargill, are you composing your sermon, my good friend, or what can you be thinking of?"

Mr. Cargill had, during the whole scene, remained with his eyes fixed, in intent and anxious, although almost unconscious gaze, upon Clara Mowbray; and when the voice of his companion startled him out of his reverie, he exclaimed, "Most lovely—most unhappy—yes—I must and will see her!"

"See her?" replied Touchwood, too much accustomed to his friend's singularities to look for much reason or connexion in any thing he said or did; "Why, you shall see her and talk to her too, if that will give you pleasure.—They say now," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that this Mowbray is ruined. I see nothing like it, since he can dress out his sister like a Begum. Did you ever see such a splendid shawl?"

"Dearly purchased splendour," said Mr. Cargill, with a deep sigh; "I wish that the price be yet fully paid."

"Very likely not," said the traveller; "very likely it's gone to the book; and for the price, I have known a thousand ruples given for such a shawl in the country.—But hush, hush, we are to have another tune from Nathaniel—faith, and they are withdrawing the screen—well, they have some mercy—they do not let us wait long between the acts of their follies at least—I love a quick and rattling fire in these vanities—Folly walking a funeral pace, and clinking her bells to the time of a passing knell, makes sad work indeed."

A strain of music, beginning slowly, and terminating in a light and wild allegro, introduced on the stage those delightful creatures of the richest imagination that ever teemed with wonders, the Oberon and Titania of Shakspeare. The pigmy majesty of the captain of the fairy band had no unapt representative in Miss Digges, whose modesty was not so great an intruder as to prevent her desire to present him in all his dignity, and she moved, conscious of the graceful turn of a pretty ankle, which, encircled with a string of pearls, and clothed in flesh-coloured silk, of the most cobweb texture, rose above the crimson sandal. Her jewelled tiara, too, gave dignity to the frown with which the offended King of Shadows greeted his consort, as each entered upon the scene at the head of their several attendants.

The restlessness of the children had been duly considered; and, therefore, their part of the exhibition had been contrived to represent dumb show, rather than a stationary picture. The little Queen of Elves was not inferior in action to her moody lord, and repaid, with a look of female impatience and scorn, the haughty air which seemed to express his sullen greeting.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania."

The other children were, as usual, some clever and forward, some loutish and awkward enough; but the gambols of childhood are sure to receive applause, paid, perhaps, with a mixture of pity and envy, by those in advanced life; and besides, there were in the company several fond papas and mamas, whose clamorous approbation, though given apparently

to the whole performers, was especially dedicated in their hearts to their own little Jackies and Marias,—for *Mary*, though the prettiest and most classical of Scottish names, is now unknown in the land. The elves, therefore, played their frolics, danced a measure, and vanished with good approbation.

The anti-mask, as it may be called, of Bottom, and his company of actors, next appeared on the stage, and a thunder of applause received the young Earl, who had, with infinite taste and dexterity, transformed himself into the similitude of an Athenian clown; observing the Grecian costume, yet so judiciously discriminated from the dress of the higher characters, as at once to fix the character of a thick-skinned mechanic on the wearer. Touchwood, in particular, was loud in his approbation, from which the correctness of the costume must be inferred; for that honest gentleman, like many other critics, was indeed not very much distinguished for good taste, but had a capital memory for petty matters of fact; and, while the most impressive look or gesture of an actor might have failed to interest him, would have censured most severely the fashion of a sleeve, or the colour of a shoe-tie.

But the Earl of Etherington's merits were not confined to his external appearance; for, had his better fortunes failed him, his deserts, like those of Hamlet, might have got him a fellowship in a cry of players. He presented, though in dumb show, the pragmatic conceit of Bottom, to the infinite amusement of all present, especially of those who were well acquainted with the original; and when he was "translated" by Puck, he bore the ass's head, his newly-acquired dignity, with an appearance of conscious greatness, which made the metamorphosis, though in itself sufficiently farcical, irresistibly comic. He afterwards displayed the same humour in his frolics with the fairies, and the intercourse which he held with *Megara* Cobweb, Mustard-seed, Pease-blossom, and the rest of Titania's cavaliers, who lost all command of their countenances at the gravity with which he invited them to afford him the luxury of scratching his bary snout. Mowbray had also found a fitting representative for Puck in a queer-looking, small-eyed boy of the Altoun of St. Ronan's, with large ears projecting from his head like turrets from a Gothic building. This exotic animal personified the merry and mocking spirit of Hobgoblin with considerable power, so that the group bore some resemblance to the well-known and exquisite delineation of Puck by Sir Joshua, in the select collection of the Bard of Memory. It was, however, the ruin of the St. Ronan's Robin Goodfellow, who did no good afterwards—"gned an ill gate," as Meg Dods said, and "took on" with a party of strolling players.

The entertainment closed with a grand parade of all the characters that had appeared, during which Mowbray concluded that the young lord himself, unremarked, might have time enough to examine the outward form, at least, of his sister Clara, whom, in the pride of his heart, he could not help considering superior in beauty, dressed as she now was, with every advantage of art, even to the brilliant Amazon Lady Binks. It is true, Mowbray was not a man to give preference to the intellectual expression of *fox* Clara's features over the Sultana-like beauty of the haughty dame, which promised to an admirer all the vicissitudes that can be expressed by a countenance lovely in every change, and changing as often as an ardent and impetuous disposition, unused to constraint, and despising admonition, should please to dictate. Yet, to do him justice, though his preference was perhaps dictated more by fraternal partiality than by purity of taste, he certainly, on the present occasion, felt the full extent of Clara's superiority; and there was a proud smile on his lip, as, at the conclusion of the divertimento, he asked the Earl how he had been pleased. The rest of the performers had separated, and the young lord remained on the stage, employed in disembarassing himself of his awkward visor, when Mowbray put this question, to which, though general in terms, he naturally gave a particular meaning.

"old wear my ass's head for ever," he said, "idiot my eyes were to be so delightfully empty they have been during the last scene.—Ay, your sister is an angel!" "I care that that headpiece of yours has not done your taste, my lord," said Mowbray. "But I wear that disguise on your last appearance. You should, I think, have been uncovered." "I am ashamed to answer you," said the Earl; "it is, first impressions are of consequence, I might do as wisely, not to appear before my sister, for the first time, in the character of a clown." "Will you change your dress, my lord, for dinner, will you luncheon by that name?" said Mow-

bray, going to my room this instant for that very purpose," replied the Earl. "I," said Mowbray, "must step in front, and address the audience; for I see they are sitting gaping, waiting for another scene." "I parted upon this; and Mowbray, as Duke of Argyll, stepped before the screen, and announcing the conclusion of the dramatic pictures which they had the honour to present before the worshipful audience, thanked the spectators for the very favour which they had afforded; and intimated that if they could amuse themselves by strolling for an hour among the gardens, a bell would sound to the house at the expiry of that time, when some refreshments would wait their acceptance. This announcement was received with the applause to the *Amphitryon ou l'on dine*; and the arising from before the temporary theatre, disengaged the gardens, which were of some extent, and for the purpose of creating amusement to themselves. Music greatly aided them in this last purpose, and not long ere a dozen of couples and upwards, tripping it on the light fantastic toe," (I love a that is not hackneyed,) to the tune of Mon-

signy, strolled through the grounds, meeting some in disguise at the end of every verdant alley, and announcing to others the surprise and amusement they themselves were receiving. The scene, the variety of dresses, the freedom which it gave to the display of humour amongst such as poetry, and the general disposition to give and receive pleasure, rendered the little masquerade more interesting than others of the kind for which more and magnificent preparations have been made. It was also a singular and pleasing contrast to the fantastic figures who wandered through the woods, and the quiet scene itself, to which the old ladies, and the formal distribution of the ground, the antiquated appearance of one or two fountains, artificial cascades, in which the naiads had been the nonce compelled to resume their ancient guise, gave an appearance of unusual simplicity and grace, and which seemed rather to belong to the times of the present generation.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERPLEXITIES.

veils, dances, masks, and merry hours,
—run fair Love, strewing his way with flowers.
Love's Labour's Lost.
thies, away—the scene begins to cloud.
Ibidem.

TOUCHWOOD, and his inseparable friend, Mr. Bingley, wandered on amidst the gay groups we have seen, the former consoling with great scorn the attempts which he observed towards an imitation of the costume of the East, and appealing with complacency to his own superior representation, executed, in Moorish and in Persian, the several figures who passed his way; while the clergyman, whose mind seemed to labour with some great and important project, looked in every direction for the fair representative of Helena, but in vain. At length he caught a glimpse of the memorable girl which had drawn forth so learned a discussion from his companion; and, starting from Touchwood's

side with a degree of anxious alertness totally foreign to his usual habits, he endeavoured to join the person by whom it was worn.

"By the Lord," said his companion, "the Doctor is beside himself!—the parson is mad!—the divine is out of his senses, that is clear; and how the devil can he, who scarce can find his road from the Clerkum to his own manse, venture himself unprotected into such a scene of confusion?—he might as well pretend to cross the Atlantic without a pilot—I must push off in chase of him, lest worse come of it."

But the traveller was prevented from executing his friendly purpose by a sort of crowd which came rushing down the alley, the centre of which was occupied by Captain MacTurk, in the very act of bullying two pseudo Highlanders, for having presumed to lay aside their breeches before they had acquired the Gaelic language. The sounds of contempt and insult with which the genuine Celt was overwhelmed the unfortunate impostors, were not, indeed, intelligible otherwise than from the tone and manner of the speaker; but these intimated so much displeasure, that the plaided forms whose unadvised choice of a disguise had provoked it—two raw lads from a certain great manufacturing town—heartily repented their temerity, and were in the act of seeking for the speediest exit from the gardens; rather choosing to resign their share of the dinner, than to abide the farther consequences that might follow from the displeasure of this highland Termagant.

Touchwood had scarcely extricated himself from this impediment, and again commenced his researches after the clergyman, when his course was once more interrupted by a sort of pressgang, headed by Sir Bingo Binks, who, in order to play his character of a drunken boatswain to the life, seemed certainly drunk enough, however little of a seaman. His cheer sounded more like a wail-halloo than a hail, when, with a volley of such oaths as would have blown a whole fleet of the Bethel union out of the water, he ordered Touchwood "to come under his lee, and be d—d; for, smash his old timbers, he must go to sea again, for as weatherbeaten a hulk as he was."

Touchwood answered instantly, "To sea with all my heart, but not with a land-lubber for commander." "Harkye, brother, do you know how much of a horse's furniture belongs to a ship?"

"Come, none of your quizzing, my old buck," said Sir Bingo—"What the devil has a ship to do with horse's furniture?—Do you think we belong to the horse-marines?—ha! ha! I think you're matched, brother."

"Why, you son of a fresh-water gudgeon," replied the traveller, "that never in your life sailed farther than the Isle of Dogs, do you pretend to play a sailor, and not know the bridle of the bowline, and the saddle of the boltsprit, and the bit for the cable, and the girth to hoist the rigging, and the whip to serve for small tackle?—There is a trick for you to find out an Abram-man, and save sixpence when he begs of you as a disbanded seaman.—Get along with you! or the constable shall be charged with the whole pressgang to man the workhouse."

A general laugh arose at the detection of the swaggering boatswain; and all that the Baronet had for it was to sneak off, saying, "D—n the old quiz, who the devil thought to have heard so much slang from an old muslin nightcap!"

Touchwood being now an object of some attention, was followed by two or three stragglers, whom he endeavoured to rid himself of the best way he could, testifying an impatience a little inconsistent with the decorum of his Oriental demeanour, but which arose from his desire to rejoin his companion, and some apprehension of inconvenience which he feared Cargill might sustain during his absence. For, being in fact as good-natured a man as any in the world, Mr. Touchwood was at the same time one of the most conceited, and was very apt to suppose, that his presence, advice, and assistance, were of the most indispensable consequence to those with whom he lived; and that not only on great emergencies, but even in the most ordinary occurrences of life.

Mean time, Mr. Cargill, whom he sought in vain, was, on his part, anxiously keeping in sight of the beautiful Indian shawl, which served as a flag to announce to him the vessel which he held in chase. At length he approached so close as to say, in an anxious whisper, "Miss Mowbray—Miss Mowbray—I must speak with you."

"And what would you have with Miss Mowbray?" said the fair wearer of the beautiful shawl, but without turning round her head.

"I have a secret—an important secret, of which to make you aware; but it is not for this place.—Do not turn from me!—Your happiness in this, and perhaps in the next life, depends on your listening to me."

The lady led the way, as if to give him an opportunity of speaking with her more privately, to one of those old-fashioned and deeply-embowered recesses, which are commonly found in such gardens as that of Shaws-Castle; and, with her shawl wrapped around her head, so as in some degree to conceal her features, she stood before Mr. Cargill in the doubtful light and shadow of a huge platanus tree, which formed the canopy of the arbour, and seemed to await the communication he had promised.

"Report says," said the clergyman, speaking in an eager and hurried manner, yet with a low voice, and like one desirous of being heard by her whom he addressed, and by no one else,—*"Report says that you are about to be married."*

"And is report kind enough to say to whom?" answered the lady, with a tone of indifference which seemed to astound her interrogator.

"Young lady," he answered, with a solemn voice, "had this levity been sworn to me, I could never have believed it! Have you forgot the circumstances in which you stand?—Have you forgotten that my promise of secrecy, sinful perhaps even in that degree, was but a conditional promise?—or did you think that a being so sequestered as I am was already dead to the world, even while he was walking upon its surface?—Know, young lady, that I am indeed dead to the pleasures and the ordinary business of life, but I am even therefore the more alive to its duties."

"Upon my honour, sir, unless you are pleased to be more explicit, it is impossible for me either to answer or understand you," said the lady; "you speak too seriously for a masquerade pleasantry, and yet not clearly enough to make your earnest comprehensible."

"Is this sullenness, Miss Mowbray?" said the clergyman, with increased animation; "Is it levity?—Or is it alienation of mind?—Even after a fever of the brain, we retain a recollection of the causes of our illness.—Come, you must and do understand me, when I say, that I will not consent to your committing a great crime to attain temporal wealth and rank, no, not to make you an empress. My path is a clear one; and should I hear a whisper breathed of your alliance with this Earl, or whatever he may be, rely upon it, that I will withdraw the veil, and make your brother, your bridegroom, and the whole world, acquainted with the situation in which you stand, and the impossibility of your forming the alliance which you propose to yourself. I am compelled to say, against the laws of God and man."

"But, sir—sir," answered the lady, rather eagerly than anxiously, "you have not yet told me what business you have with my marriage, or what arguments you can bring against it."

"Madam," replied Mr. Cargill, "in your present state of mind, and in such a scene as this, I cannot enter upon a topic for which the season is unfit, and you, I am sorry to say, are totally unprepared. It is enough that you know the grounds on which you stand. At a fitter opportunity, I will, as it is my duty, lay before you the enormity of what you are said to have meditated, with the freedom which becomes one, who, however humble, is appointed to explain to his fellow-creatures the laws of his Maker. In the mean time, I am not afraid that you will take any hasty step, after such a warning as this."

So saying, he turned from the lady with that dignity which a conscious discharge of duty confers, yet, at the same time, with a sense of deep pain, induced by the careless levity of her whom he addressed. She did not any longer attempt to detain him, but made her escape from the arbour by one alley, as she heard voices which seemed to approach it from another.

The clergyman, who took the opposite direction, met in full encounter a whispering and tittering pair, who seemed, at his sudden appearance, to check their tone of familiarity, and assume an appearance of greater distance towards each other. The lady was no other than the fair Queen of the Amazons, who seemed to have adopted the recent partiality of Titania towards Bully Bottom, being in conference such and so close as we have described, with the late representative of the Athenian weaver, whom his recent visit to his chamber had metamorphosed into the more gallant disguise of an ancient Spanish cavalier. He now appeared with cloak and drooping plume, sword, poniard, and guitar, richly dressed at all points, as for a scene beneath his mistress's window; a silk mask at the breast of his embroidered doublet being ready to be assumed in case of intrusion, as an appropriate part of the national dress.

It sometimes happened to Mr. Cargill, as we believe it may chance to other men much subject to absence of mind, that, contrary to their wont, and much after the manner of a sunbeam suddenly piercing a deep mist, and illuminating one particular object in the landscape, some sudden recollection rushes upon them, and seems to compel them to act under it, as under the influence of complete certainty and conviction. Mr. Cargill had no sooner set eyes on the Spanish cavalier, in whom he neither knew the Earl of Etherington, nor recognised Bully Bottom, than with hasty emotion he seized on his reluctant hand, and exclaimed, with a mixture of eagerness and solemnity, "I rejoice to see you!—Heaven has sent you here in its own good time."

"I thank you, sir," replied Lord Etherington, very coldly, "I believe you have the joy of the meeting entirely on your side, as I cannot remember having seen you before."

"Is not your name Bulmer?" said the clergyman. "I know—I am sometimes apt to make mistakes—But I am sure your name is Bulmer?"

"Not that ever I or my godfathers heard of my name was Bottom half an hour ago—perhaps that makes the confusion," answered the Earl, with very cold and distant politeness;—"Permit me to pass, sir, that I may attend the lady."

"Quite unnecessary," answered Lady Binks; "I leave you to adjust your mutual recollections with your new old friend, my lord—he seems to have something to say." So saying, the lady walked on, not perhaps sorry of an opportunity to show apparent indifference for his lordship's society in the presence of one who had surprised them in what might seem a moment of exuberant intimacy.

"You detain me, sir," said the Earl of Etherington to Mr. Cargill, who, bewildered and uncertain, still kept himself placed so directly before the young nobleman, as to make it impossible for him to pass without absolutely pushing him to one side. "I must really attend the lady," he added, making another effort to walk on.

"Young man," said Mr. Cargill, you cannot disguise yourself from me. I am sure—my mind assures me, that you are that very Bulmer whom Heaven hath sent here to prevent crime."

"And you," said Lord Etherington, "whom my mind assures me I never saw in my life, are sent hither by the devil, I think, to create confusion."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the clergyman, staggered by the calm and pertinacious denial of the Earl—"I beg pardon if I am in a mistake—that is, if I am really in a mistake—but I am not—I am sure I am not!—That look—that smile—I am not mistaken. You are Valentine Bulmer—the very Valentine Bulmer whom I—but I will not make your private affairs any part of this exposition—enough, you are Valentine Bulmer."

"Valentine?—Valentine?" answered Lord Ether-

ington, impatiently.—"I am neither Valentine nor Oron.—I wish you good-morning, sir."

"Stay, sir, stay, I charge you," said the clergyman; "if you are unwilling to be known yourself, it may be because you have forgotten who I am.—Let me name myself as the Reverend Josiah Cargill, minister of St. Ronan's."

"If you bear a character so venerable, sir," replied the young nobleman,—"in which, however, I am not in the least interested,—I think when you make your morning draught a little too potent, it might be as well for you to stay at home and sleep it off, before coming into company."

"In the name of Heaven, young gentleman," said Mr. Cargill, "lay aside this untimely and unseasonable jesting; and tell me if you be not—as I cannot but still believe you to be—that same youth, who, seven years since, left in my deposit a solemn secret, which, if I should unfold to the wrong person, would be my own heart, and evil the consequences which might ensue!"

"You are very pressing with me, sir," said the Earl; and, in exchange, I will be equally frank with you.—I am not the man whom you mistake me for, and you may go seek him where you will.—It will be still more lucky for you if you chance to find your own orts in the course of your researches; for I must tell you plainly, I think they are gone some what astray." So saying, with a sture expressive of a determined purpose to pass on, Mr. Cargill had no alternative but to make way, and suffer him to proceed.

The worthy clergyman stood as if rooted to the ground, and, with his usual habit of thinking aloud, exclaimed to himself, "My fancy has played me many bewildering tricks, but this is the most extraordinary of them all!—What can this young man think of me? must have been my conversation with that unhappy young lady that has made such an impression upon me as to deceive my very eye-sight, and causes me to connect with her history the face of the next person at I met—What must the stranger think of me?"

"Why, what every one thinks of thee that knows thee, prophet," said the friendly voice of Touchwood, accompanying his speech with an awakening slap on the clergyman's shoulder; "and that is, that thou art an unfortunate philosopher of Laputa, who has lost his flapper in the throng.—Come along—having done once more by your side, you need fear nothing. Why, now I look at you closer, you look as if you had on a basilisk—not that there is any such thing, however; I must have seen it myself, in the course of my travels—but you seem pale and frightened—that the devil is the matter!"

"Nothing," answered the clergyman, "except that have even this very moment made an egregious fool of myself."

"Pooh, pooh, that is nothing to sigh over, prophet. Every man does so at least twice in the four-and-twenty hours," said Touchwood.

"But I had nearly betrayed to a stranger, a secret concerning the honour of an ancient family."

"That was wrong, Doctor," said Touchwood; "take care of that in future; and, indeed, I would advise you not to speak even to your beadle, Johnnie Renswick, until you have assured yourself by at least three pertinent questions and answers, that you have said Johnnie corporeally and substantially in presence before you, and that your fancy has not invested the stranger with honest Johnnie's singular periwig and threadbare brown Joseph.—Come along—come on."

So saying, he hurried forward the perplexed clergyman, who in vain made all the excuses he could think in order to effect his escape from the scene of gayety, which he was so unexpectedly involved. He pleaded headache; and his friend assured him that a mouthful of food, and a glass of wine, would mend it. He stated he had business; and Touchwood replied that he could have none but composing his next sermon, and reminded him that it was two days till Sunday. At length, Mr. Cargill confessed that he had some reluctance again to see the stranger, on whom he had deavoured with such pertinacity to fix an acquaintance, which he was now well assured existed only in

his own imagination. The traveller treated his scruples with scorn, and said, that guests meeting in this general manner, had no more to do with each other than if they were assembled in a caravansary.

"So that you need not say a word to him in the way of apology or otherwise—or what will be still better, I, who have seen so much of the world, will make the pretty speech for you." As they spoke, he dragged the divine towards the house, where they were now summoned by the appointed signal, and where the company were assembling in the old saloon already noticed, previous to passing into the dining-room, where the refreshments were prepared. "Now, Doctor," continued the busy friend of Mr. Cargill, "let us see which of all these people has been the subject of your blunder. Is it you animal of a Highlandman?—or the impertinent brute that wants to be thought a boatswain?—or which of them all is it?—Ay, here they come, two and two. Newgate fashion—the young Lord of the Manor with old Lady Penelope—does he set up for Ulysses, I wonder?—The Earl of Etherington with Lady Bingo—methinks it should have been with Miss Mowbray."

"The Earl of what, did you say?" quoth the clergyman, anxiously. "How is it you titled that young man in the Spanish dress?"

"Oh!" said the traveller; "what, I have discovered the goblin that has scared you?—Come along—come along—I will make you acquainted with him." So saying, he dragged him towards Lord Etherington; and before the divine could make his negative intelligible, the ceremony of introduction had taken place.

"My Lord Etherington, allow me to present Mr. Cargill, minister of this parish—a learned gentleman, whose head is often in the Holy Land, when his person seems present among his friends. He suffers extremely, my lord, under the sense of mistaking your lordship for the Lord knows who; but when you are acquainted with him, you will find that he can make a hundred stranger mistakes than that, so we hope that your lordship will take no prejudice or offence."

"There can be no offence taken where no offence is intended," said Lord Etherington, with much urbanity. "It is I who ought to beg the reverend gentleman's pardon, for hurrying from him without allowing him to make a complete eclatissement. I beg his pardon for an abruptness which the place and the time—for I was immediately engaged in a lady's service—rendered unavoidable."

Mr. Cargill gazed on the young nobleman as he pronounced these words, with the easy indifference of one who apologizes to an inferior in order to maintain his own character for politeness, but with perfect indiffence whether his excuses are or are not held satisfactory. And as the clergyman gazed, the belief which had so strongly clung to him that the Earl of Etherington and young Valentine Bulmer were the same individual person, melted away like frostwork before the morning sun, and that so completely, that he marvelled at himself for having ever entertained it. Some strong resemblance of features there must have been to have led him into such a delusion; but the person, the tone the manner of expression, were absolutely different; and his attention being now especially directed towards these particulars, Mr. Cargill was inclined to think the two personages almost totally dissimilar.

The clergyman had now only to make his apology, and fall back from the head of the table to some lower seat, which his modesty would have preferred, when he was suddenly seized upon by the Lady Penelope Penfeather, who, detaining him in the most elegant and persuasive manner possible, insisted that they should be introduced to each other by Mr. Mowbray, and that Mr. Cargill should sit beside her at table.—She had heard so much of his learning—so much of his excellent character—desired so much to make his acquaintance, that she could not think of losing an opportunity, which Mr. Cargill's learned selection rendered so very rare, in a word, catching the Black Lion was the order of the day; and her ladyship having trapped her prey, soon sat triumphant with him by her side.

A second separation was thus effected between

Touchwood and his friend; for the former, not being included in the invitation, or, indeed, at all noticed by Lady Penelope, was obliged to find room at a lower part of the table, where he excited much surprise by the dexterity with which he despatched boiled rice with chop-sticks.

Mr. Cargill, being thus exposed, without a consort, to the fire of Lady Penelope, speedily found it so brisk and incessant, as to drive his complaisance, little tried as it had been for many years by small talk, almost to extremity. She began by begging him to draw his chair close, for an instinctive terror of fine ladies had made him keep his distance. At the same time, she hoped "he was not afraid of her as an Episcopalian; his father had belonged to that communion; for," she added, with what was intended for an arch smile, "we were somewhat naughty in the forty-five, as you may have heard; but all that was over, and she was sure Mr. Cargill was too liberal to entertain any dislike or shyness on that score.—She could assure him she was far from disliking the Presbyterian form—indeed she had often wished to hear it, where she was sure to be both delighted and edified" (here a gracious smile) "in the church of St. Ronan's—and hoped to do so whenever Mr. Mowbray had got a stove, which he had ordered from Edinburgh, on purpose to air his pew for her accommodation."

All this, which was spoken with wreathed smiles and nods, and so much civility as to remind the clergyman of a cup of tea over-sweetened to conceal its want of strength and flavour, required and received no farther answer than an accommodating look and acquiescent bow.

"Ah, Mr. Cargill," continued the inexhaustible Lady Penelope, "your profession has so many demands on the heart as well as the understanding—is so much connected with the kindnesses and charities of our nature—with our best and purest feelings, Mr. Cargill! You know what Goldsmith says:—

—to his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, and felt, and pray'd for all."

And then Dryden has such a picture of a parish priest, so inimitable, one would think, did we not hear now and then of some living mortal presuming to emulate its features," (here another insinuating nod and expressive smile.)

"Refined himself to soul to curb the sense,
And almost made a sin of abstinence,
Yet had his aspect nothing of averse,
But such a face as promised him sincere;
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regard and pleasing sanctity."

While her ladyship declaimed, the clergyman's wandering eye confessed his absent mind; his thoughts travelling, perhaps, to accomplish a truce betwixt Saladin and Conrade of Mountserratt, unless they chanced to be occupied with some occurrences of that very day, so that the lady was obliged to recall her indocile auditor with the leading question, "You are well acquainted with Dryden, of course, Mr. Cargill?"

"I have not the honour, madam," said Mr. Cargill, starting from his reverie, and but half understanding the question he replied to.

"Sir!" said the lady in surprise.

"Madam!—my lady!" answered Mr. Cargill, in embarrassment.

"I asked you if you admired Dryden; but you learned men are so absent—perhaps you thought I said Leyden."

"A lamp too early quenched, madam," said Mr. Cargill; "I knew him well."

"And so did I," eagerly replied the lady of the cerulean buskin; "he spoke ten languages—how mortifying to poor me, Mr. Cargill, who could only boast of five—but I have studied a little since that time—I must have you to help me in my studies, Mr. Cargill—it will be charitable—but perhaps you are afraid of a female pupil?"

A thrill, arising from former recollections, passed through poor Cargill's mind, with as much acuteness as the pass of a rapier might have done through his body; and we cannot help remarking, that a forward prater in society, like a busy hustler in a crowd, besides

all other general points of annoyance, is eternally rubbing upon some tender point, and galling men's feelings, without knowing or regarding it.

"You must assist me, besides, in my little charities, Mr. Cargill, now that you and I are become so well acquainted.—There is that Anne Heggie—I sent her a trifle yesterday, but I am told—I should not mention it, but only one would not have the little they have to bestow lavished on an improper object—I am told she is not quite proper—an unwedded mother, in short, Mr. Cargill—and it would be especially unbecoming in me to encourage profligacy."

"I believe, madam," said the clergyman, gravely, "the poor woman's distress may justify your ladyship's bounty, even if her conduct has been faulty."

"O, I am no prude, neither, I assure you, Mr. Cargill," answered the Lady Penelope. "I never withdraw my countenance from any one but on the most irrefragable grounds. I could tell you of an intimate friend of my own, whom I have supported against the whole clamour of the people at the Well, because I believe, from the bottom of my soul, she is only thoughtless—nothing in the world but thoughtless—O Mr. Cargill, how can you look across the table so intently?—who would have thought it of you?"

"Oh fie, to make such personal applications!"

"Upon my word, madam, I am quite at a loss to comprehend—"

"Oh fie, fie, Mr. Cargill," throwing in as much censure and surprise as a confidential whisper can convey—"you looked at my Lady Binks—I know what you think, but you are quite wrong, I assure you; you are entirely wrong.—I wish she would not flirt quite so much with that young Lord Etherington though, Mr. Cargill—her situation is particular—indeed, I believe she wears out his patience; for see he is leaving the room before we sit down—how singular!—And then, do you not think it very odd, too, that Miss Mowbray has not come down to us?"

"Miss Mowbray!—what of Miss Mowbray—is she not here?" said Mr. Cargill, starting, and with an expression of interest which he had not yet bestowed on any of her ladyship's liberal communications.

"Ay, poor Miss Mowbray," said Lady Penelope, lowering her voice, and shaking her head; "she has not appeared—her brother went up stairs a few minutes since, I believe, to bring her down, and so we are all left here to look at each other.—How very awkward!—But you know Clara Mowbray."

"I, madam?" said Mr. Cargill, who was now sufficiently attentive; "I really—I know Miss Mowbray—that is, I knew her some years since—but your ladyship knows she has been long in bad health—uncertain health, at least, and I have seen nothing of the young lady for a very long time."

"I know it, my dear Mr. Cargill—I know it," continued the Lady Penelope, in the same tone of deep sympathy, "I know it; and most unhappy surely have been the circumstances that have separated her from your advice and friendly counsel.—All this I am aware of—and to say truth, it has been chiefly on poor Clara's account that I have been giving you the trouble of fixing an acquaintance upon you.—You and I together, Mr. Cargill, might do wonders to cure her unhappy state of mind—I am sure we might—that if you could bring your mind to repose absolute confidence in me."

"Has Miss Mowbray desired your ladyship to converse with me upon any subject which interests her?" said the clergyman, with more cautious shrewdness than Lady Penelope had suspected him of possessing. "I will in that case be happy to bear the nature of her communication; and whatever my poor services can perform, your ladyship may command them."

"I—I—I cannot just assert," said her ladyship with hesitation, "that I have Miss Mowbray's direct instructions to speak to you, Mr. Cargill, upon the present subject. But my affection for the dear girl is very great—and then, you know, the inconveniences which may arise from this match."

"From which match, Lady Penelope?" said Mr. Cargill.

"Nay, now, Mr. Cargill, you really carry the pri-

of Scotland too far—I have not put a single question to you, but what you have answered by another at us converse intelligibly for five minutes, if you but condescend so far."

"For any length of time which your ladyship may see to command," said Mr. Cargill, "provided the subject regard your ladyship's own affairs or mine,—I suppose these last for a moment likely to interest you."

"Out upon you," said the lady, laughing affectingly; "you should really have been a Catholic priest instead of a Presbyterian. What an invaluable father-confessor have the fair sex lost in you, Mr. Cargill, and w dexterously you would have evaded any cross-examinations which might have committed your pen to paper?"

"Your ladyship's railillery is far too severe for me to withstand or reply to," said Mr. Cargill, bowing with ease than her ladyship expected; and, retreating slyly backward, he extricated himself from a conversation which he began to find somewhat embarrassing.

At that moment a murmur of surprise took place in the apartment, which was just entered by Miss Mowbray, leaning on her brother's arm. The cause of this murmur will be best understood, by narrating what had passed betwixt the brother and sister.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPOSITION.

Seek not the feast in these irreverent robes;
Go to my chamber—put on clothes of mine.

The Taming of the Shrew.

It was with a mixture of anxiety, vexation, and excitement, that Mowbray, just when he had handed Lady Penelope into the apartment where the tables were covered, observed that his sister was absent, and that Lady Binks was hanging on the arm of Lord Etherington, to whose rank it would properly have fallen to escort the lady of the house. An anxious and hasty glance cast through the room, ascertained that she was absent, nor could the ladies predict give any account of her after she had quitted the scene, except that Lady Penelope had spoken a few words with her in her own apartment, immediately after the scenic entertainment was concluded.

Further Mowbray hurried, complaining aloud of his sister's laziness in dressina, but internally hoping that the delay was occasioned by nothing of a more important character.

He hastened up stairs, entered her sitting-room without ceremony, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, begged her to make haste.

"Here is the whole company impatient," he said, summing a tone of peasantrv; "and Sir Bingo Binks claiming for your presence, that he may be let loose of the cold meat."

"Paddock calls," said Clara from within; "anon—on?"

"Nay, it is no jest, Clara," continued her brother; "here is Lady Penelope miauling like a starved cat!"

"I come—I come, greymalkin," answered Clara, the same vein as before, and entered the parlour she spoke, her finery entirely thrown aside, and dressed in the riding-habit which was her usual and favorite attire.

"Her brother was both surprised and offended. In my soul," he said, "Clara, this is behaving very ill. I indulge you in every freak upon ordinary occasions, but you might surely on this day, of all others, have condescended to appear something like my sister, in a gentleman receiving company in her own name."

"Why, dearest John," said Clara, "so that the guests have enough to eat and drink, I cannot conceive why I should concern myself about their finery, they trouble themselves about my plain clothes."

"Come, come, Clara, this will not do," answered Mowbray; "you must positively go back into your dressing-room, and huddle your things on as fast as you can. You cannot go down to the company dressed as you are."

"I certainly can, and I certainly will, John—I have made a fool of myself once this morning to oblige you, and for the rest of the day I am determined to appear in my own dress; that is, in one which shows I neither belong to the world, nor wish to have anything to do with its fashions."

"By my soul, Clara, I will make you repent this!" said Mowbray, with more violence than he usually exhibited where his sister was concerned.

"You cannot, dear John," she coolly replied, "unless by beating me; and that I think you would repent of yourself."

"I do not know but what it were the best way of managing you," said Mowbray, muttering between his teeth; but commanding his violence, he only said aloud, "I am sure, from long experience, Clara, that your obstinacy will at the long run beat my anger. Do let us compound the point for once—keep your old habit, since you are so fond of making a sight of yourself, and only throw the shawl round your shoulders—it has been exceedingly admired, and every woman in the house longs to see it closer—they can hardly believe it genuine."

"Do be a man, Mowbray," answered his sister; "meddle with your horse-sheets, and leave shawls alone."

"Do you be a woman, Clara, and think a little on them, when custom and decency render it necessary.—Nay, is it possible!—Will you not stir—not oblige me in such a trifle as this?"

"I would indeed if I could," said Clara; "but since you must know the truth—do not be angry—I have not the shawl. I have given it away—given it up, perhaps I should say, to the rightful owner.—She has promised me something or other in exchange for it, however. I have given it to Lady Penelope."

"Yes," answered Mowbray, "some of the work of her own fair hands, I suppose, or a couple of her ladyship's drawings, made up into fire-screens.—On my word—on my soul, this is too bad!—It is using me too ill, Clara—far too ill. If the thing had been of no value, my giving it to you should have fixed some upon it.—Good-even to you; we will do as well as we can without you."

"Nay, but, my dear John—stay but a moment," said Clara, taking his arm as he sullenly turned towards the door; "there are but two of us on the earth—do not let us quarrel about a trumpery shawl."

"Trumpery!" said Mowbray; "It cost fifty guineas, by G—, which I can but ill spare—trumpery!"

"O, never think of the cost," said Clara; "it was your gift, and that should, I own, have been enough to have made me keep to my death's day the poorest rag of it. But really Lady Penelope looked so very miserable, and twisted her poor face into so many odd expressions of anger and chagrin, that I resigned it to her, and agreed to say she had lent it to me for the performance. I believe she was afraid that I would change my mind, or that you would resume it as a seigniorial waif; for, after she had walked a few turns with it wrapped around her, merely by way of taking possession, she despatched it by a special messenger to her apartment at the Well."

"She may go to the devil," said Mowbray, "for a greedily unconscionable jade, who has varnished over a selfish, spiteful heart, that is as hard as a flint, with a fine glossing of taste and sensibility!"

"Nay, but, John," replied his sister, "she really had something to complain of in the present case. The shawl had been bespoken on her account, or very nearly so—she showed me the tradesman's letter—only some agent of yours had come in between with the ready money, which no tradesman can resist.—Ah, John! I suspect half of your anger is owing to the failure of a plan to mortify poor Lady Pen, and that she has more to complain of than you have.—Come, come, you have had the advantage of her in the first display of this fatal piece of finery, if wearing it on my poor shoulders can be called a display—c'en make her welcome to the rest for peace's sake, and let us go down to these good folks, and you shall see how pretty and civil I shall behave."

Mowbray, a spoiled child, and with all the petted habits of indulgence, was exceedingly fretted at the

issue of the scheme which he had formed for mortifying Lady Penelope; but he saw at once the necessity of saying nothing more to his sister on the subject. Vengeance he privately muttered against Lady Pen, whom he termed an absolute harpy in blue-stockings; unjustly forgetting, that in the very important affair at issue, he himself had been the first to interfere with and defeat her ladyship's designs on the garment in question.

"But I will blow her," he said, "I will blow her ladyship's conduct in the business! She shall not outwit a poor whimsical girl like Clara, without hearing it on more sales than one."

With this Christian and gentlemanlike feeling towards Lady Penelope, he escorted his sister into the eating-room, and led her to her proper place at the head of the table. It was the negligence displayed in her dress, which occasioned the murmurs of surprise that greeted Clara on her entrance. Mowbray, as he placed his sister in her chair, made her general apology for her late appearance, and her riding-habit. "Some times," he supposed, "Puck, or such like treacherous goblin, had been in her wardrobe, and carried off whatever was fit for wearing."

There were answers from every quarter—that it would have been too much to expect Miss Mowbray to dress for their amusement a second time—that nothing she chose to wear could misbecome Miss Mowbray—that she had so like the sun, in her splendid scenic dress, and now rose like the full moon in her ordinary attire, thus thought was by the Reverend Mr. Chatterly,—and that "Miss Mowbray being at home, had an unco guide right to please herself," which last piece of politeness, being at least as much to the purpose as any that had preceded it, was the contribution of honest Mrs. Blower; and was replied to by Miss Mowbray with a particular and most gracious bow.

Mrs. Blower ought to have noted her colloquial fun, as Dr. Johnson would have said, upon a compliment so evidently acceptable, but no one knows where to stop. She thrust her broad, good-natured, delighted countenance forward, and sending her voice from the bottom to the top of the table, like her unquelling husband when calling to his mate during a breeze, wondered "why Miss Clara Moubrie did not wear that grand shawl she had on at the play-making, and her just strutting upon the wind of a door. No doubt it was for fear of the soup, and the butter-buns, and the like;—but she had three shawls, which she might find was an over-much, if Miss Moubrie was like to wear any of them; it was but misanthropy, to be sure,—but it was keep her shoulders as warm as if it were real Indian, and if it were dirtied it was the less matter."

"Much obliged, Mrs. Blower," said Mowbray unable to resist the temptation which this speech offered; "but my sister is not yet of quality sufficient, to entitle her to rob her friends of their shawls."

Lady Penelope coloured to the eyes, and bitter was the retort that arose to her tongue; but she suppressed it, and nodding to Miss Mowbray in the most friendly way in the world, yet with a very peculiar expression, she only said, "So you have told your brother of the little transaction, which we have had this morning?—*Tu me le parles*." "I give you my warning, take care none of your sisters come into my kitchen—that's all."

Upon what men-tricks do the important events of human life sometimes depend! If Lady Penelope had given way to her first movements of resentment, the probable issue would have been some such half-serious skirmish, as her ladyship and Mr. Mowbray had often amused the company withal. But revenge which is suppressed and deferred, is always more to be dreaded; and to the effects of the deliberate sentiment which Lady Penelope cherished upon this trifling occasion, must be traced the event which our history has to record. Secretly did she determine to win the shawl, which she had interchanged hopes of making her own upon very reasonable terms; and as secretly did she resolve to be revenged both upon brother and sister, conceiving herself already possessed, to a certain degree, of a clew to some part

of their family history, which might serve for a foundation on which to raise her projected battery. The ancient offences and emulation of importance of the Laird of St. Ronan's, and the superiority which had been given to Clara in the exhibition of the day, combined with the immediate cause of resentment; and it only remained for her to consider how her revenge could be most signally accomplished.

Whilst such thoughts were passing through Lady Penelope's mind, Mowbray was searching with his eyes for the Earl of Etherington, judging that it might be proper, in the course of the entertainment, or before the guests had separated, to make him formally acquainted with his sister, as a preface to the more intimate connexion which must, in execution of the plan agreed upon, take place between them. Greatly to his surprise, the young Earl was now invisible, and the place which he had occupied on the side of Lady Binks had been quietly appropriated by Winterblossom, as the best and softest chair in the room, and nearest to the head of the table, where the choicest of the entertainment is usually arranged. This honest gentleman, after a few insipid compliments to her ladyship upon her performance as Queen of the Amazons, had betaken himself to the more interesting occupation of gazing the dinner through the glass which hung suspended at his back by a gold chain of Maltese workmanship. After waiting and wondering for a few seconds, Mowbray dressed himself to the old *beau-garçon*, and asked him what had become of Etherington.

"Retreated," said Winterblossom, "and left his compliments to you behind him—a comical little thing, in his wounded arm. Upon my word, I suppose has a most appalling favour!—Lady Penelope—shall I have the honour to help you?—no!—never!—Lady Binks?—you are too cruel!—I must comfort myself, like a heathen priest of old, by eating and drinking, which the deities have scorned to accept of." Here he helped himself to the plate of soup, which he had in vain offered to the ladies, and thanking the further duty of dispensing it to Mr. Chatterly, resumed his profession, sir, to propitiate the deities—*ahem!*

"I did not think Lord Etherington would have left us so soon," said Mowbray; "but we must get the best we can without his countenance."

So saying, he assumed his place at the top of the table, and did his best to support the character of a hospitable and jovial landlord, while conversing with much natural grace, and delicacy of address, calculated to satisfy every body at their ease. Lady Penelope presided at the upper end of the board. But the shining of Lord Etherington in a manner so graceful and unaccountable—the obvious ill-measure of Lady Penelope—and the steady, though passive, smiles of Lady Binks, spread among the company a gloom like that produced by an autumnal mist upon a dreary landscape. The women were low-spirited, nay, pensive, they did not well know why; the men could not be joyous, though the ready presence of old hoc and champagne made some of them laxative. Lady Penelope broke up the party by a well-learned apprehension of the difficulties, nay, danger of returning by so rough a road. Lady Binks took a seat with her ladyship, as Sir Erney, she was judging from his devotion to the green flask, was likely to end their carriage home. From the moment of their departure, it became bad news to the main behind; and all, as in a retreating army, were eager to be foremost, excepting MacTurk and the staunch toppers, who, unused to meet with such adversity every day of their lives, prudently determined to make the most of the opportunity.

We will not dwell on the difficulties attending the transportation of a large company by few carriages, though the delay and disputes thereby occasioned were of course more intolerable than in the morning for the party had no longer the hopes of a happy before than, as a bribe to submit to temporary inconvenience. The impatience of many was so great that, though the evening was raw, they chose to go on foot rather than await the dull journey of the turning carriages; and as they retired they agreed

ment, to throw the blame of whatever they might sustain on their host and had invited so large a party before getting better road made between the jaws-Castle.

have been so easy to repair the path by me!"

was all the thanks which Mr. Mowbray an entertainment which had cost him so much money and expense, and had been looked for by the good society at the Well with such expectation.

in unco pleasant show," said the good-lady Blower, "only it was a pity it was so late and there was surely an awful waste of money."

He had Dr. Quackleben improved his opportunities, that the good lady was much of affairs in general, by the prospect of unattractive and other maladies acquired occasion, which were likely to afford that gentleman, in whose prosperity she much interested, a very profitable harvest.

somewhat addicted to the service of I not find himself freed, by the secession a proportion of the company, from the jolly god, although, upon the present could well have dispensed with his orgies, song, nor the pun, nor the jest, had any idle his heavy spirit, mortified as he was of his party being so different from the summation which he had anticipated. stanch boon companions, suffered not, their party to flag for want of the land-lordship, but continued to drink bottle with as little regard for Mr. Mowbray's, as if they had been carousing at any Arms, instead of the Mowbray use. Midnight at length released him, an unsteady step, he sought his own cursing himself and his companions, to own person with all despatch to his bed, leaving those of the company to as many quagmires, as could be found betwixt the Earl and St. Ronan's Well.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PROPOSAL.

He is a veal maid, I warrant, heaven-Comer—we may shake your purpose: a hand a jolly witor.

rees in the seven sciences
re best—He is young and noble,
valiant, gay, and rich, and liberal.—*The Nem.*

ing after a debauch is usually one of reason to the most determined boon comers, in the retrospect of the preceding day, the Earl of St. Ronan's saw nothing very unusual, unless that the excess was not, in the eyes of his own seeking, but had arisen out of his duties of a landlord, or what were such by his companions.

not so much his dizzy recollections of those which haunted him on awakening, solicability which seemed to shroud the conduct of his new ally, the Earl of

ing nobleman had seen Miss Mowbray, and his high satisfaction, had warmly renewed the proposal which he had made yet known to him—and yet, far from opportunity to be introduced to her, he left the party abruptly, in order to avoid the intercourse which must there have taken place. His lordship's flirtation with her had not escaped the attention of the ladyship—her ladyship also had been in the Shaws-Castle; and Mowbray promised to discover the nature of this connexion. Gingham, her ladyship's attendant, on vowing deeply at the same time, that no realm should make an affectation of address Mowbray a cloak for another and more. But his doubts on this subject were

in great measure removed by the arrival of one of Lord Etherington's grooms with the following letter:

"MY DEAR MOWBRAY,

"You would naturally be surprised at my escape from the table yesterday before you returned to it, or your lovely sister had graced it with her presence. I must confess my folly; and I may do so the more boldly, for, as the footing on which I first opened this treaty was not a very romantic one, you will scarce suspect me of wishing to render it such. But I did in reality feel, during the whole of yesterday, a reluctance which I cannot express, to be presented to the lady on whose favour the happiness of my future life is to depend, upon such a public occasion, and in the presence of so promiscuous a company. I had my mask, indeed, to wear while in the promenade, but, of course, that was to be laid aside at table, and, consequently, I must have gone through the ceremony of introduction; a most interesting moment, which I was desirous to defer till a fitter season. I trust you will permit me to call upon you at Shaws-Castle this morning, in the hope—the anxious hope—of being allowed to pay my duty to Miss Mowbray, and apologize for not waiting upon her yesterday. I expect your answer with the utmost impatience, being always yours, &c. &c. &c.

"ETHERINGTON."

"This," said St. Ronan's to himself, as he folded up the letter deliberately, after having twice read it over, "seems all fair and above board; I could not wish any thing more explicit; and, moreover, it puts into black and white, as old Mick would say, what only rested before on our private conversation. An especial cure for the headache, such a billet as this in a morning."

So saying, he sat him down and wrote an answer, expressing the pleasure he should have in seeing his lordship as soon as he thought proper. He watched even the departure of the groom, and beheld him gallop off, with the speed of one who knows that his quick return was expected by an impatient master.

Mowbray remained for a few minutes by himself, and reflected with delight upon the probable consequences of this match;—the advancement of his sister—and, above all, the various advantages which must necessarily accrue to himself, by so close an alliance with one whom he had good reason to think deep in the secret, and capable of rendering him the most material assistance in his speculations on the turf and in the sporting world. He then sent a servant to let Miss Mowbray know that he intended to breakfast with her.

"I suppose, John," said Clara, as her brother entered the apartment, "you are glad of a weaker cup this morning than those you were drinking last night—you were carousing till after the first cock."

"Yes," said Mowbray, "that sandbed, old Mac-Turk, upon whom whole hogheads make no impression, did make a bad boy of me—but the day is over, and they will scarce catch me in such another scrape.—What did you think of the masks?"

"Supported as well," said Clara, "as such folk support the disguise of gentlemen and ladies during life; and that is, with a great deal of bustle, and very little propriety."

"I saw only one good mask there, and that was a Spaniard," said her brother.

"O, I saw him too," answered Clara; "but he wore his visor on. An old Indian merchant, or some such thing seemed to me a better character—the Spaniard did nothing but stalk about and twangle his guitar, for the amusement of my Lady Binks, as I think."

"He is a very clever fellow, though, that same Spaniard," rejoined Mowbray—"Can you guess who he is?"

"No, indeed; nor shall I take the trouble of trying. To set to guessing about it, were as bad as seeing the whole mummery over again."

"Well," replied her brother, "you will allow one thing at least—Bottom was well acted—you cannot deny that."

"Yes," replied Clara, "that worthy really deserved to wear his ass's head to the end of the chapter—but what of him?"

"Only conceive that he should be the very same person with that handsome Spaniard," replied Mowbray.

"Then there is one fool fewer than I thought there was," replied Clara, with the greatest indifference.

Her brother bit his lip.

"Clara," he said, "I believe you are an excellent good girl, and clever to boot, but pray do not set up for wit and oddity; there is nothing in life so intolerable as pretending to think differently from other people. That gentleman was the Earl of Etherington."

This announcement, though made in what was meant to be an imposing tone, had no impression on Clara.

"I hope he plays the peer better than the Fidalgo," she replied carelessly.

"Yes," answered Mowbray, "he is one of the handsomest men of the time, and decidedly fashionable—you will like him much when you see him in private."

"It is of little consequence whether I do or no," answered Clara.

"You mistake the matter," said Mowbray, gravely; "it may be of considerable consequence."

"Indeed!" said Clara, with a smile; "I must suppose myself, then, too important a person not to make my approbation necessary to one of your first-rates? He cannot pretend to pass muster at St. Ronan's without it?—Well, I will depute my authority to Lady Binks, and she shall pass your new recruits instead of me."

"This is all nonsense, Clara," said Mowbray. "Lord Etherington calls here this very morning, and wishes to be made known to you. I expect you will receive him as a particular friend of mine."

"With all my heart—so you will engage, after this visit, to keep him down with your other particular friends at the Well—you know it is a bargain that you bring neither buck nor pointer into my parlour—the one worries my cat, and the other my temper."

"You mistake me entirely, Clara—this is a very different visiter from any I have ever introduced to you—I expect to see him often here, and I hope you and he will be better friends than you think of. I have more reasons for wishing this, than I have now time to tell you."

Clara remained silent for an instant, then looked at her brother with an anxious and scrutinizing glance, as if she wished to penetrate into his inmost purpose.

"If I thought,"—she said, after a minute's consideration, and with an altered and disturbed tone; "but no—I will not think that Heaven intends me such a blow—least of all, that it should come from your hands." She walked hastily to the window, and threw it open—then shut it again, and returned to her seat, saying, with a constrained smile, "May Heaven forgive you, brother, but you frightened me heartily."

"I did not mean to do so, Clara," said Mowbray, who saw the necessity of soothing her; "I only alluded in joke to those chances that are never out of other girls' heads, though you never seem to calculate on them."

"I wish you, my dear John," said Clara, struggling to regain entire composure, "I wish you would profit by my example, and give up the science of chance also—it will not avail you."

"How d'ye know that?—I'll show you the contrary, you silly wench," answered Mowbray—"Here is a banker's bill, payable to your own order, for the cash you lent me, and something over—don't let old Mick have the fingering, but let Bindloose manage it for you—he is the honestest man between two d-d knaves."

"Will not you, brother, send it to the man Bindloose yourself?"

"No,—no," replied Mowbray—"he might confuse it with some of my transactions, and so you forfeit your stake."

"Well, I am glad you are able to pay me, for I want to buy Campbell's new work."

"I wish you joy of your purchase—but don't scratch me for not caring about it—I know as little of books as you of the long odds. And come now, be serious, and tell me if you will be a good girl—lay aside your whims, and receive this English young nobleman like a lady as you are?"

"That were easy," said Clara—"but—but—Pray, ask no more of me than just to see him.—Say to him at once, I am a poor creature in body, in mind, in spirits, in temper, in understanding—above all, say that I can receive him only once."

"I shall say no such thing," said Mowbray, blandly; "it is good to be plain with you at once—I thought of putting off this discussion—but since it must come, the sooner it is over the better.—You are to understand, Clara Mowbray, that Lord Etherington has a particular view in this visit, and that his view has my full sanction and approbation."

"I thought so," said Clara, in the same altered tone of voice in which she had before spoken; "my mind foreboded this last of misfortunes!—But, Mowbray, you have no child before you—I neither will nor can see this nobleman."

"How!" exclaimed Mowbray, fiercely; "do you dare return me so peremptory an answer?—Think better of it, for, if we differ, you will find you will have the worst of the game."

"Rely upon it," she continued, with more vehemence, "I will see him nor no man upon the footing you mention—my resolution is taken, and threats and entreaties will prove equally unavailing."

"Upon my word, madam," said Mowbray, "you have, for a modest and retired young lady, picked up a goodly spirit of your own!—But you shall find me equals it. If you do not agree to see my friend Lord Etherington, ay, and to receive him with the politeness due to the consideration I entertain for him, &c. Heaven! Clara, I will no longer regard you as my father's daughter. Think what you are giving up—the affection and protection of a brother—and for what?—merely for an idle point of etiquette.—You cannot, I suppose, even in the workings of your romantic brain, imagine that the days of *Gianessa Harlowe* and *Harriet Byron* are come back again, when women were married by main force! and it is monstrous vanity in you to suppose that Lord Etherington, since he has honoured you with any attention at all, will not be satisfied with a proper and evasive sal—You are no such prize, methinks, that the days of romance are to come back for you."

"I care not what days they are," said Clara—"I tell you I will not see Lord Etherington, or any one else, upon such preliminaries as you have stated—I cannot—I will not—and I ought not.—Had you meant me to receive him, which can be a matter of no consequence whatever, you should have left him on the footing of an ordinary visiter—as it is, I will not see him."

"You shall see and hear him both," said Mowbray; "you shall find me as obstinate as you are—as willing to forget I am a brother, as you to forget that you have one."

"It is time, then," replied Clara, "that this house once our father's, should no longer hold us both. I can provide for myself, and may God bless you!"

"You take it coolly, madam," said her brother, walking through the apartment with much anxiety both of look and gesture.

"I do," she answered, "for it is what I have often foreseen.—Yes, brother, I have often foreseen that you would make your sister the subject of your plots and schemes, so soon as other stakes failed you. That hour is come, and I am, as you see, prepared to meet it."

"And where may you propose to retire to?" said Mowbray. "I think that I, your only relation and natural guardian, have a right to know that—my honour and that of my family is concerned."

"Your honour!" she retorted, with a keen glance at him; "your interest, I suppose you mean, is somehow connected with the place of my abode.—But keep yourself patient—the den of the rock, the La of the brook, should be my choice, rather than a palace without my freedom."

"You are mistaken, however," said Mowbray, sternly, "if you hope to enjoy more freedom than I think you capable of making a good use of. The law authorizes, and reason, and even affection, require, that you should be put under restraint for your own safety, and that of your character. You ruined the woods a little too much in my father's time, if all stories be true."

"I did—I did indeed, Mowbray," said Clara, weeping; "God pity me, and forgive you for upbraiding me with my state of mind—I know I cannot sometimes trust my own judgment; but is it for you to remind me of this?"

Mowbray was at once softened and embarrassed.

"What folly is this?" he said; "you say the most cutting things to me—are ready to fly from my house—and when I am provoked to make an angry answer, you burst into tears?"

"Say you did not mean what you said, my dearest brother!" exclaimed Clara; "O say you did not mean it!—Do not take my liberty from me—it is all I have left, and, God knows, it is a poor comfort in the sorrows I undergo. I will put a fair face on every thing—will go down to the Well—will wear what you please, and say what you please—but O! leave me the liberty of my solitude here—let me weep alone in the house of my father—and do not force a broken-hearted sister to lay her death at your door.—My span must be a brief one, but let not your hand shake the sand-glass!—Disturb me not—let me pass quietly—I do not ask this so much for my sake as for your own. I would have you think of me, sometimes, Mowbray, after I am gone, and without the bitter reflections which the recollection of harsh usage will assuredly bring with it. Pity me, were it but for your own sake.—I have deserved nothing but compassion at your hand—There are but two of us on earth, why should we make each other miserable?"

She accompanied these entreaties with a flood of tears, and the most heart-bursting sobs. Mowbray knew not what to determine. On the one hand, he was bound by his promise to the Earl; on the other, his sister was in no condition to receive such a visitor; nay, it was most probable, that if he adopted the strong measure of compelling her to receive him, her behaviour would probably be such as totally to break off the projected match, on the success of which he had founded so many castles in the air. In this dilemma, he had again recourse to argument.

"Clara," he said, "I am, as I have repeatedly said, your only relation and guardian—if there be any real reason why you ought not to receive, and, at least, make a civil reply to such a negotiation as the Earl of Etherington has thought fit to open, surely I ought to be intrusted with it. You enjoyed far too much of that liberty which you seem to prize so highly during my father's lifetime—in the last years of it at least—have you formed any foolish attachment during that time, which now prevents you from receiving such a visit as Lord Etherington has threatened?"

"Threatened!—the expression is well chosen," said Miss Mowbray; "and nothing can be more dreadful than such a threat, excepting its accomplishment."

"I am glad your spirits are reviving," replied her brother; "but that is no answer to my question."

"Is it necessary," said Clara, "that one must have actually some engagement or entanglement, to make them unwilling to be given in marriage, or even to be entered upon such a subject?—Many young men desire they intend to die bachelors, why may not I be permitted to commence old maid at three-and-twenty?—Let me do so, like a kind brother, and there never nephew and niece so petted and so spoiled, so nursed and so coddled by a maiden aunt, as children, when you have them, shall be by aunt Clara."

"And why not say all this to Lord Etherington?" said Mowbray; "wait until he propose such a terrible bugbear as matrimony, before you refuse to receive him. Who knows, the whim that he hinted at may have passed away—he was, as you say, flirting with Lady Binks, and her ladyship has a good deal of address, as well as beauty."

"Heaven improve both, (in an honest way,) if she will but keep his lordship to herself!" said Clara.

"Well, then," continued her brother, "things standing thus, I do not think you will have much trouble with his lordship—no more, perhaps, than just to give him a civil denial. After having spoken on such a subject to a man of my condition, he cannot well break off without you give him an apology."

"If that is all," said Clara, "he shall, as soon as he gives me an opportunity, receive such an answer as will leave him at liberty to woo any one whatsoever of Eve's daughters, excepting Clara Mowbray. Methinks I am so eager to set the captive free, that I now wish as much for his lordship's appearance as I feared it a little while since."

"Nay, nay, but let us go fair and softly," said her brother. "You are not to refuse him before he asks the question."

"Certainly," said Clara; "but I well know how to manage that—he shall never ask the question at all. I will restore Lady Binks's admirer, without accepting so much as a civility in ransom."

"Worse and worse, Clara," answered Mowbray; "you are to remember he is my friend and guest, and he must not be affronted in my house. Leave things to themselves.—Besides, consider an instant, Clara—had you not better take a little time for reflection in this case? The offer is a splendid one—title—fortune—and, what is more, a fortune which you will be well entitled to share largely in."

"This is beyond our implied treaty," said Clara. "I have yielded more than ever I thought I should have done, when I agreed that this Earl should be introduced to me on the footing of a common visitor; and now you talk favourably of his pretensions. This is an encroachment, Mowbray, and now I shall relapse into my obstinacy, and refuse to see him at all."

"Do as you will," replied Mowbray, sensible that it was only by working on her affections that he had any chance of carrying a point against her inclination.—"Do as you will, my dear Clara; but, for Heaven's sake, wipe your eyes."

"And behave myself," said she, trying to smile as she obeyed him.—"behave myself, you would say, like folks of this world; but the quotation is lost on you, who never read either Prior or Shakspeare."

"I thank Heaven for that," said Mowbray. "I have enough to burden my brain, without carrying such a lumber of rhymes in it as you and Lady Pen do.—Come, that is right; go to the mirror, and make yourself decent."

A woman must be much borne down indeed by pain and suffering, when she loses all respect for her external appearance. The madwoman in Bedlam wears her garland of straw with a certain air of pretensions; and we have seen a widow whom we know to be most sincerely affected by a recent deprivation, whose weeds, nevertheless, were arranged with a dolorous degree of grace, which amounted almost to coquetry. Clara Mowbray had also, negligent as she seemed to be of appearances, her own art of the toilet, although of the most rapid and most simple character. She took off her little riding-hat, and, unbinding a lace of Indian gold which retained her locks, shook them in dark and glossy profusion over her very handsome form, which they overshadowed down to her slender waist; and while her brother stood looking on her with a mixture of pride, affection, and compassion, she arranged them with a large comb, and, without the assistance of any *femme d'honneur*, wove them, in the course of a few minutes, into such a natural head-dress as we see on the statues of the Grecian nymphs.

"Now let me but find my best muff," she said "come prince and peer, I shall be ready to receive them."

"Pshaw! your muff—who has heard of such a thing these twenty years? Muffs were out of fashion before you were born."

"No matter, John," replied his sister; "when a woman wears a muff, especially a determined old maid like myself, it is a sign she has no intentions to scratch; and therefore the muff serves all the pur-

poses of a white flag, and prevents the necessity of drawing on a glove, so prudentially recommended by the motto of our cousins, the McIntoshes."

"Be it as you will, then," said Mowbray; "for other than you do will it, you will not suffer it to be. —But how is this?—another billet?—We are in request this mornin'."

"Now, Heaven send his lordship may have judiciously considered all the risks which he is sure to encounter on this charmed ground, and resolved to leave his adventure unattempted," said Miss Mowbray.

Her brother glanced a look of displeasure at her, as he broke the seal of the letter, which was addressed to him with the words, "Haste and secrecy," written on the envelope. The contents, which greatly surprised him, we remit to the commencement of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRIVATE INFORMATION.

—Ope this letter;
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there.—

King Lear.

The billet which Mowbray received, and read in his sister's presence, contained these words:

"SIR,

"CLARA MOWBRAY has few friends—none, perhaps, excepting yourself in right of blood, and the writer of this letter, by right of the fondest, truest, and most disinterested attachment, that ever man bore to woman. I am thus explicit with you, because though it is unlikely that I should ever again see or speak to your sister, I am desirous that you should be clearly acquainted with the cause of that interest, which I must always, even to my dying breath, take in her affairs.

"The person, calling himself Lord Etherington, is, I am aware, in the neighbourhood of Shaws-Castle, with the intention of paying his addresses to Miss Mowbray; and it is easy for me to fore-see, arguing according to the ordinary views of mankind, that he may place his proposals in such a light as may make them seem highly desirable. But ere you give this person the encouragement which his offers may seem to deserve, please to inquire whether his fortune is certain, or his rank indisputable; and be not satisfied with light evidence on either point. A man may be in possession of an estate and title, to which he has no better right than his own rapacity and forwardness of assumption; and supposing Mr. Mowbray jealous, as he must be, of the honour of his family, the alliance of such a one cannot but bring disgrace. This comes from one who will make good what he has written."

On the first perusal of a billet so extraordinary, Mowbray was inclined to set it down to the malice of some of the people at the Well, anonymous letters being no uncommon resource of the small wits who frequent such places of general resort, as a species of deception safely and easily executed, and well calculated to produce much mischief and confusion. But upon closer consideration, he was shaken in this opinion, and, starting suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen, asked for the messenger who had brought the letter. "He was in the hall," the servant thought, and Mowbray ran to the hall. No—the messenger was not there, but Mowbray might see his back as he walked up the avenue. He hollod—no answer was returned—he ran after the fellow, whose appearance was that of a countryman. The man quickened his pace as he saw himself pursued, and when he got out of the avenue, threw himself into one of the numerous bypaths which wanderers, who strayed in quest of nuts, or for the sake of exercise, had made in various directions—through the ex-

* The well known crest of this ancient race, is a cat rampant, with a motto bearing the caution—"Touch not the cat, but (i. e. be out, or without) the glove."

tensive copse which surrounded the Castle, and were doubtless the reason of its acquiring the name of Shaws, which signifies, in the Scottish dialect, a wood of this description.

Irritated by the man's obvious desire to avoid him, and naturally obstinate in all his resolutions, Mowbray pursued for a considerable way, until he fairly lost breath; and the fier having been long out of sight, he recollected at length that his engagement with the Earl of Etherington required his attendance at the Castle.

The young lord, indeed, had arrived at Shaws-Castle, so few minutes after Mowbray's departure, that it was wonderful they had not met in the avenue. The servant to whom he applied, conceiving that his master must return instantly, as he had gone out without his hat, ushered the Earl, without further ceremony, into the breakfast-room, where Clara was seated upon one of the window-seats, so busily employed with a book, or perhaps with her own thoughts while she held a book in her hands, that she scarce raised her head, until Lord Etherington, advancing, pronounced the words, "Miss Mowbray." A start and a loud scream, announced her deadly alarm, and these were repeated as he made one pace nearer, and in a firmer accent said, "Clara."

"No nearer—no nearer," she exclaimed, "if you would have me look upon you and live!" Lord Etherington remained standing, as if uncertain whether to advance or retreat, while with incredible rapidity he poured out her hurried entreaties that he would begone, sometimes addressing him as a real personage sometimes, and more frequently, as a delusive phantom, the offspring of her own excited imagination. "I knew it," she muttered, "I knew what would happen, if my thoughts were forced into that fearful chance. Speak to me, brother! speak to me while I have reason left, and tell me that what stands before me is but an empty shadow! But it is no shadow—it remains before me in all the lineaments of mortal substance!"

"Clara," said the Earl, with a firm, yet softened voice, "collect and compose yourself. I am, indeed, no shadow—I am a much-injured man, come to demand rights which have been unjustly withheld from me. I am now armed with power as well as justice, and my claims shall be heard."

"Never—never!" replied Clara Mowbray; "extremity is my portion, let extremity give me comfort. You have no rights—none—I know you not, and I defy you."

"Defy me not, Clara Mowbray," answered the Earl, in a tone, and with a manner—how different from those which delighted society! for now he was solemn, tragic, and almost stern, like the judge when he passes sentence upon a criminal. "Defy me not," he repeated. "I am your Fate, and it rests with you to make me a kind or severe one."

"Dare you speak thus?" said Clara, her eyes flashing with anger, while her lips grew white, and quivered for fear—"Dare you speak thus, and remember that the same heaven is above our heads, to which you so solemnly vowed you would never see me meet without my own consent?"

"That vow was conditional—Francis Tyrrel, as he calls himself, swore the same—hath he not seen you? He fixed a piercing look on her; "He has—you dare not disown it!—And shall on oath, which to him is but a cobweb, be to me a shackle of iron?"

"Alas! it was but for a moment," said Miss Mowbray, sinking in courage, and drooping her head as she spoke.

"Were it but the twentieth part of an instant—the least conceivable space of subdivided time—such we did meet—he saw you—you spoke to him. And he also you must see—he also you must hear! Or I will first claim you for my own in the face of the world, and, having vindicated my rights, I will seek out and extinguish the wretched rival who has dared to interfere with them."

"Can you speak thus?" said Clara—"can you so burst through the ties of nature?—Have you a heart?"

"I have; and it shall be moulded like wax to the slightest wishes, if you agree to do me justice; but

not granite, nor aught else that nature has of hardest, will be more inflexible if you continue a useless opposition!—Clara Mowbray, I am your Fate.”

“Not so, proud man,” said Clara, rising, “God gave not one potsherd the power to break another, save by his divine permission—my fate is in the will of Him, without whose will not even a sparrow falls not to the ground.—Begone—I am strong in faith of heavenly protection.”

“Do you speak thus in sincerity?” said the Earl of Etherington; “consider first what is the prospect before you. I stand here in no doubtful or ambiguous character—I offer not the mere name of a husband—propose to you not a humble lot of obscurity and hardship, with fears for the past and doubts for the future; yet there *was* a time when to a suit like this you could listen favourably.—I stand high among the nobles of the country, and offer you, as my bride, your share in my honours, and in the wealth which becomes them.—Your brother is my friend, and favours my suit. I will raise from the ground, and once more render illustrious, your ancient house—your motions shall be regulated by your wishes, even by your caprices—I will even carry my self-denial so far, that you shall, should you insist on so severe a measure, have your own residence, your own establishment, and without intrusion on my part, until the most devoted love, the most unceasing attentions, shall make way on your inflexible disposition.—All this I will consent to for the future—all that is past shall be concealed from the public.—But mine, Clara Mowbray, you must be.”

“Never—never!” she said with increasing vehemence. “I can but repeat a negative, but it shall have all the force of an oath.—Your rank is nothing to me—your fortune I scorn—my brother has no right, by the law of Scotland, or of nature, to compel my inclinations.—I detest your treachery, and I scorn the advantage you propose to attain by it.—Should the law give you my hand, it would but award you that of a corpse.”

“Alas! Clara,” said the Earl, “you do but flutter in the net; but I will urge you no farther now—there is another encounter before me.”

He was turning away, when Clara, springing forward, caught him by the arm, and repeated, in a low and impressive voice the commandment,—“Thou shalt do no murder!”

“Fear not any violence,” he said, softening his voice, and attempting to take her hand, “but what may flow from your own severity.—Francis is safe from me, unless you are altogether unreasonable.—Allow me but what you cannot deny to any friend of your brother, the power of seeing you at times—suspend at least the impetuosity of your dislike to me, and I will, on my part, modify the current of my just and otherwise uncontrollable resentment.”

Clara, extricating herself, and retreating from him, only replied, “There is a Heaven above us, and THERE shall be judged our actions towards each other! You abuse a power most treacherously obtained—you break a heart that never did you wrong—you seek an alliance with a wretch who only wishes to be wedded to her grave.—If my brother brings you hither, I cannot help it—and if your coming prevents bloody and unnatural violence, it is so far well.—But by my consent you come not; and, were the choice mine, I would rather be struck with life-long blindness, than that my eyes should again open on your person—rather that my ears were stifled with the earth of the grave than that they should again hear your voice!”

The Earl of Etherington smiled proudly, and replied, “Even this, madam, I can hear without resentment. Anxious and careful as you are to deprive your compliance of every grace and of every kindness, I receive the permission to wait on you, as I interpret your words.”

“Do not so interpret them,” she replied; “I do but submit to your presence as an unavoidable evil. Heaven be my witness, that, were it not to prevent greater and more desperate evil, I would not even so far acquiesce.”

“Let acquiescence, then, be the word,” he said; “and so thankful will I be, even for your acquiescence,

Miss Mowbray, that all shall remain private, which I conceive you do not wish to be disclosed; and, unless absolutely compelled to it in self-defence, you may rely, no violence will be resorted to by me in any quarter.—I relieve you from my presence.”

So saying, he withdrew from the apartment.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPLANATORY.

— By your leave, gentle wax.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the hall of Shaw-Castle the Earl of Etherington met Mowbray, returned from his fruitless chase after the bearer of the anonymous epistle before recited; and who had but just learned, on his return, that the Earl of Etherington was with his sister. There was a degree of mutual confusion when they met; for Mowbray had the contents of the anonymous letter fresh in his mind, and Lord Etherington, notwithstanding all the coolness which he had endeavoured to maintain, had not gone through the scene with Clara without discomposure. Mowbray asked the Earl whether he had seen his sister, and invited him, at the same time, to return to the parlour; and his lordship replied, in a tone as indifferent as he could assume, that he had enjoyed the honour of the lady's company for several minutes, and would not now intrude further upon Miss Mowbray's patience.

“You have had such a reception as was agreeable, my lord, I trust,” said Mowbray. “I hope Clara did the honours of the house with propriety during my absence?”

“Miss Mowbray seemed a little fluttered with my sudden appearance,” said the Earl; “the servant showed me in rather abruptly; and, circumstanced as we were, there is always awkwardness in a first meeting, where there is no third party to act as master of the ceremonies.—I suspect, from the lady's looks, that you have not quite kept my secret, my good friend. I myself, too, felt a little consciousness in approaching Miss Mowbray—but it is over now; and, the ice being fairly broken, I hope to have other and more convenient opportunities to improve the advantage I have just gained in acquiring your lovely sister's personal acquaintance.”

“So be it,” said Mowbray; “but, as you declare for leaving the castle just now, I must first speak a single word with your lordship, for which this place is not altogether convenient.”

“I can have no objections, my dear Jack,” said Etherington, following him with a thrill of conscious feeling, somewhat perhaps like that of the spider when he perceives his deceitful web is threatened with injury, and sits balanced in the centre, watching every point, and uncertain which he may be called upon first to defend. Such is one part, and not the slightest part, of the penance which never fails to wait on those who, abandoning the “fair play of the world,” endeavour to work out their purposes by a process of deception and intrigue.

“My lord,” said Mowbray, when they had entered a little apartment, in which the latter kept his guns, fishing-tackle, and other implements of sport, “you have played on the square with me; nay, more—I am bound to allow you have given me great odds. I am therefore not entitled to hear any reports to the prejudice of your lordship's character, without instantly communicating them. There is an anonymous letter which I have just received. Perhaps your lordship may know the hand, and thus be enabled to detect the writer.”

“I do know the hand,” said the Earl, as he received the note from Mowbray; “and, allow me to say, it is the only one which could have dared to frame any calumny to my prejudice. I hope, Mr. Mowbray, it is impossible for you to consider this infamous charge as any thing but a falsehood?”

“My placing it in your lordship's hands, without farther inquiry, is a sufficient proof that I hold it such, my lord; at the same time that I cannot doubt for a moment that your lordship has it in your

power to overthrow so frail a calumny by the most satisfactory evidence."

"Unquestionably I can, Mr. Mowbray," said the Earl; "for, besides my being in full possession of the estate and title of my father, the late Earl of Etherington, I have my father's contract of marriage, my own certificate of baptism, and the evidence of the whole country, to establish my right. All these shall be produced with the least delay possible. You will not think it surprising that one does not travel with this sort of documents in one's post-chaise."

"Certainly not, my lord," said Mowbray; "it is sufficient they are forthcoming when called for. But, may I inquire, my lord, who the writer of this letter is, and whether he has any particular spleen to gratify by this very impudent assertion, which is so easily capable of being disproved?"

"He is," said Etherington, "or, at least, has the reputation of being, I am sorry to say, a near—very near relation of my own—in fact, a brother by the father's side, but illegitimate.—My father was fond of him—I loved him also, for he has uncommonly fine parts, and is accounted highly accomplished. But there is a strain of something irregular in his mind—a vein, in short, of madness, which breaks out in the usual manner, rendering the poor young man a dupe to vain imaginations of his own dignity and grandeur, which is perhaps the most ordinary effect of insanity, and inspiring the deepest aversion against his nearest relatives, and against myself in particular. He is a man extremely plausible, both in speech and manners; so much so, that many of my friends think there is more vice than insanity in the irregularities which he commits; but I may, I hope, be forgiven, if I have formed a milder judgment of one supposed to be my father's son. Indeed, I cannot help being sorry for poor Frank, who might have made a very distinguished figure in the world."

"May I ask the gentleman's name, my lord?" said Mowbray.

"My father's indulgence gave him our family name of Tyrrel, with his own Christian name Francis; but his proper name, to which alone he has a right, is Martigny."

"Francis Tyrrel!" exclaimed Mowbray; "why, that is the name of the very person who made some disturbance at the well just before your lordship arrived.—You may have seen an advertisement—a sort of placard."

"I have, Mr. Mowbray," said the Earl. "Spare me on that subject, if you please—it has formed a strong reason why I did not mention my connexion with this unhappy man before; but it is no unusual thing for persons, whose imaginations are excited, to rush into causeless quarrels, and then to make discreditably retreats from them."

"Or," said Mr. Mowbray, "he may have, after all, been prevented from reaching the place of rendezvous—it was that very day on which your lordship, I think, received your wound; and, if I mistake not, you hit the man from whom you got the hurt."

"Mowbray," said Lord Etherington, lowering his voice, and taking him by the arm, "it is true that I did so—and truly glad I am to observe, that, whatever might have been the consequences of such an accident, they cannot have been serious.—It struck me afterwards, that the man by whom I was so strangely assaulted, had some resemblance to the unfortunate Tyrrel—but I had not seen him for years.—At any rate, he cannot have been much hurt, since he is now able to resume his intrigues to the prejudice of my character."

"Your lordship views the thing with a firm eye," said Mowbray; "firmer than I think most people would be able to command, who had so narrow a chance of a scrape so uncomfortable."

"Why, I am, in the first place, by no means sure that the risk existed," said the Earl of Etherington; "for, as I have often told you, I had but a very transient glimpse of the ruffian; and, in the second place, I am sure that no permanent bad consequences have ensued. I am too old a fox-hunter to be afraid of a

leap after it is cleared, as they tell of the fellow who fainted in the morning at the sight of the precipice he had clambered over when he was drunk on the night before. The man who wrote that letter," touching it with his finger, "is alive, and able to threaten me; and if he did come to any hurt from my hand, it was in the act of attempting my life, of which I shall carry the mark to my grave."

"Nay, I am far from blaming your lordship," said Mowbray, "for what you did in self-defence, but the circumstance might have turned out very unpleasant.—May I ask what you intend to do with this unfortunate gentleman, who is in all probability in the neighbourhood?"

"I must first discover the place of his retreat," said Lord Etherington, "and then consider what is to be done both for his safety, poor fellow, and my own. It is probable, too, that he may find sharpeners to prey upon what fortune he still possesses, which, I assure you, is sufficient to attract a set of folk, who may ruin while they humour him.—May I beg that you, too, will be on the outlook, and let me know if you hear or see more of him?"

"I shall, most certainly, my lord," answered Mowbray; "but the only one of his haunts which I know, is the old Cleikum Inn, where he chose to take up his residence. He has now left it, but perhaps the old crab-fish of a landlady may know something of him."

"I will not fail to inquire," said Lord Etherington; and, with these words, he took a kind farewell of Mowbray, mounted his horse, and rode up the avenue.

"A cool fellow," said Mowbray, as he looked after him, "a d—d cool fellow, this brother-in-law of mine, that is to be—takes a shot at his father's son with as little remorse as at a blackcock—what would he do with me, were we to quarrel?—Well, I can snuff a candle, and strike out the ace of hearts; and so should things go wrong, he has no Jack Raw to deal with, but Jack Mowbray."

Mean while the Earl of Etherington hastened home to his own apartments at the Hotel; and, not entirely pleased with the events of the day, commenced a letter to his correspondent, agent, and confidant, Captain Jekyl, which we have fortunately the means of presenting to our readers.—

"FRIEND HARRY,

"THEY say a falling house is best known by the rats leaving it—a falling state, by the desertion of confederates and allies—and a falling man, by the desertion of his friends. If this be true augury, your last letter may be considered as ominous of my breaking down. Methinks you have gone far enough, and shared deep enough with me, to have some confidence in my *savoir faire*—some little faith both in my means and management. What cross-grained fiend has at once inspired you with what I suppose you wish me to call politic doubts and scruples of conscience, but which I can only regard as symptoms of fear and disaffection? You can have no idea of 'duels between relations so nearly connected'—and 'the affair seems very delicate and intricate'—and again, 'the matter has never been fully explained to you'—and, moreover, 'if you are expected to take an active part in the business, it must be when you are honoured with my full and unreserved confidence, otherwise how could you be of the use to me which I might require?' Such are your expressions.

"Now, as to scruples of conscience about near relations, and so forth, all that has blown by without much mischief, and certainly is not likely to occur again—besides, did you never hear of friends quarrelling before? And are they not to exercise the usual privileges of gentlemen when they do? Moreover, how am I to know that this plaguy fellow is actually related to me?—They say it is a wise child knows its own father; and I cannot be expected wise enough to know to a certainty my father's son.—So much for relationship.—Then, as to full and unreserved confidence—why, Harry, this is just as if I were to ask you to look at a watch, and tell what it was o'clock, and you were to reply, that truly you could not inform me, because you had not examined the springs, the counter-balances, the wheels, and the whole internal

machinery of the little timepiece.—But the upshot of the whole is this. Harry Jekyl, who is as sharp a fellow as any other, thinks he has his friend Lord Etherington at a dead lock, and that he knows already so much of the said noble lord's history as to oblige his lordship to tell him the whole. And perhaps he not unreasonably concludes, that the custody of a whole secret is more creditable, and probably more lucrative, than that of a half one; and, in short,—he is resolved to make the most of the cards in his hand.—Another, mine honest Harry, would take the trouble to recall to your mind past times and circumstances, and conclude with expressing an humble opinion, that if Harry Jekyl were asked *now* to do any service for the noble lord aforesaid, Harry had got his reward in his pocket aforehand. But I do not argue thus, because I would rather be leagued with a friend who assists me with a view to future profit, than from respect to benefits already received. The first lies like the fox's scent when on his last legs, increasing every moment; the other is a back-scent, growing colder the longer you follow it, until at last it becomes impossible to puzzle it out. I will therefore, submit to circumstances, and tell you the whole story, though somewhat tedious, in hopes that I can conclude with such a trail as you will open upon breast-high.

"Thus then it was,—Francis, fifth Earl of Etherington, and my much-honoured father, was what is called a very eccentric man—that is, he was neither a wise man nor a fool—had too much sense to walk into a well, and yet in some of the furious fits which he was visited with, I have seen him quite mad enough to throw any one else into it.—Men said there was a lurking insanity—but it is an ill bird, &c., and I will say no more about it. This shattered-brained peer was, on other respects, a handsome accomplished man, with an expression somewhat haughty, yet singularly pleasing when he chose it—a man, in short, who might push his fortune with the fair sex.

"Lord Etherington, such as I have described him, being upon his travels in France, formed an attachment of the heart—say, and some have pretended, of the hand also, with a certain beautiful orphan, Marie de Martigny. Of this union is said to have sprung for I am determined not to be certain on that point) an most incommensurable person, Francis Tyrrel, as he calls himself, but as I would rather call him, Francis Martigny; the latter suiting my views, as perhaps the former name agrees better with his pretensions. Now, am too good a son to subscribe to the alleged regnity of the marriage between my right honourable and very good lord father, because my said right honourable and very good lord did, on his return to England, become wedded in the face of the church, to my very affectionate and well-endowed mother, an Bulmer of Bulmer-hall, from which happy union sprung I, Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, lawful inheritor of my father and mother's joint estates, as I was the proud possessor of their ancient names. But so noble and wealthy pair, though blessed with such pledge of love as myself, lived mightily ill together, and the rather, when my right honourable father, sending for this other Sosia, this unlucky Francis Tyrrel, senior, from France, insisted, in the face of propriety, that he should reside in his house, and care, in all respects, in the opportunities of education, of which the real Sosia, Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, then commonly called Lord Oakendale, hath rosted in such an uncommon degree.

"Various were the matrimonial quarrels which rose between the honoured lord and lady, in consequence of this unseasonable conjunction of the legitimate and illegitimate; and to these, we, the subjects of the dispute, were sometimes very properly, as well as decorously, made the witnesses. On one occasion, my right honourable mother, who was a free-spoken lady, and the language of her own rank quite inadequate to express the strength of her generous feelings, and crowding from the vulgar two emphatic words, applied them to Marie de Martigny, and her son Francis Tyrrel. Never did Earl that ever wore coronet fly into a pitch of more uncontrollable rage, than did my right honourable father: and in the ardour of his

reply, he adopted my mother's phraseology, to inform her, that if there was a whore and bastard connected with his house, it was herself and her brat.

"I was even then a sharp little fellow, and was incredibly struck with the communication, which, in this hour of ungovernable irritation, had escaped my right honourable father. It is true, he instantly gathered himself up again; and, he perhaps recollecting such a word as *bigamy*, and my mother, on her side, considering the consequences of such a thing as a descent from the Countess of Etherington into Mrs. Bulmer, neither wife, maid, nor widow, there was an apparent reconciliation between them, which lasted for some time. But the speech remained deeply imprinted on my remembrance; the more so, that once, when I was exerting over my friend Francis Tyrrel, the authority of a legitimate brother, and Lord Oakendale, old Cecil, my father's confidential valet, was so much scandalized, as to intimate a possibility that we might one day change conditions. These two accidental communications seemed to me a key to certain long lectures, with which my father used to regale us boys, but me in particular, upon the extreme mutability of human affairs,—the disappointment of the best-grounded hopes and expectations,—and the necessity of being so accomplished in all useful branches of knowledge, as might, in case of accidents, supply any defalcation in our rank and fortune;—as if any art or science could make amends for the loss of an Earldom, and twelve thousand a-year! All this prosing seemed to my anxious mind designed to prepare me for some unfortunate change; and when I was old enough to make such private inquiries as lay in my power, I became still more persuaded that my right honourable father nourished some thoughts of making an honest woman of Marie de Martigny, and a legitimate elder brother of Francis, after his death at least, if not during his life. I was the more convinced of this, when a little affair, which I chanced to have with the daughter of my Tu—, drew down my father's wrath upon me in great abundance, and occasioned my being banished to Scotland, along with my brother, under a very poor allowance, without introductions, except to one steady, or call it rusty, old Professor, and with the charge that I should not assume the title of Lord Oakendale, but content myself with my maternal grandfather's name of Valentine Bulmer, that of Francis Tyrrel being pre-occupied.

"Upon this occasion, notwithstanding the fear which I entertained of my father's passionate temper, I did venture to say, that since I was to resign my title, I thought I had a right to keep my family name, and that my brother might take his mother's. I wish you had seen the look of rage with which my father regarded me when I gave him this spirited hint. 'Thou art,' he said, and paused, as if to find out the bitterest epithet to supply the blank—'thou art thy mother's child, and her perfect picture'—(this seemed the severest reproach that occurred to him.)—'Bear her name then, and bear it with patience and in secrecy; or, I here give you my word, you shall never hear another the whole days of your life.' This sealed my mouth with a witness; and then, in allusion to my flirtation with the daughter of my Tu— aforesaid, he enlarged on the folly and iniquity of private marriages, warned me that in the country I was going to, the matrimonial noose often lies hid under flowers, and that folks find it twined round the neck when they least expect such a cravat; assured me, that he had very particular views for settling Francis and me in life, and that he would forgive neither of us who should, by any such rash engagements, render them unavailing.

"The last minatory admonition was the more tolerable, that my rival had his share of it; and so we were bundled off to Scotland, coupled up like two pointers in a dog-cart, and I can speak for one at least—with much the same uncordial feelings towards each other. I often, indeed, detected Francis looking at me with a singular expression, as of pity and anxiety, and once or twice he seemed disposed to enter on something respecting the situation in which we stood towards each other; but I felt no desire to encourage his confidence. Mean time, as we were

called, by our father's directions, not brother's but cousins, so we came to bear towards each other the habits of companionship, though scarcely of friendship. What Francis thought, I know not; for my part, I must confess, that I lay by on the watch for some opportunity when I might mend my own situation with my father, though at the prejudice of my rival. And Fortune, while she seemed to prevent such an opportunity, involved us both in one of the strangest and most entangled mazes that her capricious divinityship ever wove, and out of which I am even now struggling, by sleight or force, to extricate myself. I can hardly help wondering, even yet, at the odd conjunction, which has produced such an intricacy of complicated incidents.

"My father was a great sportsman, and Francis and I had both inherited his taste for field-sports; but I in a keener and more ecstatic degree. Edinburgh, which is a tolerable residence in winter and spring, becomes disagreeable in summer, and in autumn is the most melancholy *sejour* that ever poor mortals were condemned to. No public places are open, no inhabitant of any consideration remains in the town; those who cannot get away, hide themselves in obscure corners, as if ashamed to be seen in the streets.—The gentry go to their country-houses—the citizens to their sea-bathing quarters—the lawyers to their circuits—the writers to visit their country clients—and all the world to the moors to shoot grouse. We, who felt the indignity of remaining in town during this deserted season, obtained, with some difficulty, permission from the Earl to betake ourselves to any obscure corner, and shoot grouse, if we could get leave to do so on our general character of English students at the University of Edinburgh, without quoting any thing more.

"The first year of our banishment we went to the neighbourhood of the Highlands; but finding our sport interrupted by game-keepers and their gillies, on the second occasion we established ourselves at this little village of St. Ronan's, where there were then no Spa, no fine people, no card tables, no quizzes, excepting the old quiz of a landlady with whom we lodged. We found the place much to our mind; the old landlady had interest with some old fellow, agent of a non-residing nobleman, who gave us permission to sport over his moors, of which I availed myself keenly, and Francis with more moderation. He was, indeed, of a grave musing sort of habit, and often preferred solitary walks, in the wild and beautiful scenery with which the village is surrounded, to the use of the gun. He was attached to fishing, moreover, that dullest of human amusements, and this also tended to keep us considerably apart. This gave me rather pleasure than concern;—not that I hated Francis at that time; nay, not that I greatly disliked his society; but merely because it was unpleasant to be always with one, whose fortunes I looked upon as standing in direct opposition to my own. I also rather despised the indifference about sport, which indeed seemed to grow upon him; but my gentleman had better taste than I was aware of. If he sought no grouse on the hill, he had flushed a pheasant in the wood.

"Clara Mowbray, daughter of the Lord of the more picturesque than wealthy domain of St. Ronan's, was at that time scarce sixteen years old, and as wild and beautiful a woodland nymph as the imagination can fancy—simple as a child in all that concerned the world and its ways, acute as a needle in every point of knowledge which she had found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with; fearing harm from no one, and with a lively and natural strain of wit, which brought amusement and gaiety wherever she came. Her notions were under no restraint, save that of her own inclination; for her father, though a cross, peevish, old man, was confined to his chair with the gout, and her only companion, a girl of somewhat inferior caste, bred up in the utmost deference to Miss Mowbray's fancies, served for company indeed in her strolls through the wild country on foot and horseback, but never thought of interfering with her will and pleasure.

"The extreme loneliness of the country, (at that

time,) and the simplicity of its inhabitants, seemed to render these excursions perfectly safe. Francis, happy dog, became the companion of the damselfs on most occasions through the following accident. Miss Mowbray had dressed herself and her companion like country wenches, with a view to surprise the family of one of their better sort of farmers. They had accomplished their purpose greatly to their satisfaction, and were lying home after sunset, when they were encountered by a country fellow—a sort of Harry Jekyl in his way—who, being equipped with a glass or two of whisky, saw not the nobility of blood through her disguise, and accosted the daughter of a hundred sires as he would have done a ewe-mare. Miss Mowbray remonstrated—her companion, unseemingly—up came cousin Francis with a frowning face to his shoulder, and soon put the silvan to flight.

"This was the beginning of an acquaintance, which had gone great lengths before I found it out. That Clara, it seems, found it safer to roam in the woods with an escort than alone, and my studious and sentimental relative was almost her constant companion. At their age, it was likely that some time might pass ere they came to understand each other; but their confidence and intimacy was established between them ere I heard of their amour.

"And here, Harry, I must pause till next morning, and send you the conclusion under a separate head. The rap which I had over the elbow the other day, still tingling at the end of my fingers, and you must not be critical with my manuscript."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LETTER CONTINUED.

—Must I then ravel out
My weaved up follies?—SILKSPINER

"I RESUME my pen, Harry, to mention what, attempting to describe my surprise, that Francis, compelled by circumstances, made me the confidant of his love-intrigue. My grave cousin in view, was very much in the mind of approaching the period, verge of clandestine marriage—he who used to now and then, not much to the improvement of our cordial regard, to lecture me upon filial duty, and on the point of slipping the bridle himself! I took not for my life tell whether surprise, or a feeling of mischievous satisfaction, was predominant. I used to talk to him as he used to talk to me; but I had the gift of persuasion, or he the power of understanding the words of wisdom. He insisted our situation was different—that his unhappy birth, as he termed it, freed him at least from dependence on his father's absolute will—that he had, by bequest from some relative of his mother, a moderate competence, which Miss Mowbray had consented to share with him; a fine, that he desired not my counsel but my assistance. A moment's consideration convinced me that I should be unkind, not to him only, but to myself unless I gave him all the backing I could in the most dutiful scheme. I recollected our right honorable father's denunciations against Scottish marriages, and secret marriages of all sorts—denunciations perhaps not the less vehement, that he might feel some secret prick of conscience on the subject himself. I remembered that my grave brother had always been a favourite, and I forgot not—how was it possible I could forget—those ominous expressions which intimated a possibility of the hereditary estate and honours being transferred to the elder, instead of the younger son. Now, it required no conjuring to foresee, that should Francis commit this inexpiable crime of secretly allying himself with a Scottish beauty, our sire would lose all wish to accomplish such a transference in his favour; and what my father's merits were altogether obscured by such an unpardonable act of disobedience, my own, no longer overshadowed by prejudice or partiality, would show forth in all their natural brilliancy. These considerations, which flashed on me with the rapidity of lightning, induced me to consent to hold Frank's back during the perilous game he proposed to play. I had only to take care that my own share in the

matter should not be so prominent as to attract my father's attention; and this I was little afraid of, for his wrath was usually of that vehement and forcible character, which, like lightning, is attracted to one single point, there bursting with violence as undivided as it was uncontrollable.

"I soon found the lovers needed my assistance more than I could have supposed; for they were absolute novices in any sort of intrigue, which to me seemed as easy and natural as lying. Francis had been detected by some tattling spy in his walks with Clara, and the news had been carried to old Mowbray, who was greatly incensed at his daughter, though little knowing that her crime was greater than admitting an unknown English student to form a personal acquaintance with her. He prohibited farther intercourse—resolved, in justice-of-peace phrase, to rid the country of us; and, prudently sinking all mention of his daughter's delinquency, commenced an action against Francis, under pretext of punishing him as an encroacher upon his gains, but in reality to scare him from the neighbourhood. His person was particularly described to all the keepers and satellites about Shaws-Castle, and any personal intercourse between him and Clara became impossible, except under the most desperate risks. Nay, such was their alarm, that Master Francis thought it prudent, for Miss Mowbray's sake, to withdraw as far as a town called Marchethorn, and there to conceal himself, maintaining his intercourse with Clara only by letter.

"It was then I became the sheet-anchor of the hope of the lovers; it was then my early dexterity and powers of contrivance were first put to the test; and it would be too long to tell you in how many shapes, and by how many contrivances, I acted as agent, letter-carrier, and go-between, to maintain the intercourse of these separated turtles. I have had a good deal of trouble in that way on my own account, but never half so much as I took on account of this pair of lovers. I scaled walls and swam rivers, set bloodhounds, quarterstaves, and blunderbusses at defiance; and, excepting the distant prospect of self-interest which I have hinted at, I was neither to have honour nor reward for my pains. I will own to you, that Clara Mowbray was so very beautiful—so absolutely confiding in her lover's friend—and thrown into such close intercourse with me, that there were times when I thought that, in conscience, she ought not to have scrupled to have contributed a mite toward the faithful labourer. But then, she looked like purity itself; and I was such a novice at that time of day, that I did not know how it might have been possible for me to retreat, if I had made too bold in advance—and, in short, I thought it best to content myself with assisting true love to run smooth, in the hope that its course would assure me, in the long run, an Earl's title, and an Earl's fortune.

"Nothing was, therefore, ventured on my part which could raise suspicion, and, as the confidential friend of the lovers, I prepared every thing for their secret marriage. The pastor of the parish agreed to perform the ceremony, prevailed upon by an argument which I used to him, and which Clara, had she guessed would have little thanked me for. I led the honest man to believe, that in declining to do his office, he might prevent a too successful lover from doing justice to a betrayed maiden; and the parson, who, I understood, had a spice of romance in his disposition, relented, under such pressing circumstances, to do them the kind office of binding them together, although the consequence might be a charge of irregularity against himself. Old Mowbray was much confined to his room, his daughter less watched since Frank had removed from the neighbourhood—the brother (which, by the by, I should have said before) not then in the country—and it was settled that the lovers should meet at the Old Kirk of Saint Ronan's when the twilight became deep, and go off in a chaise for England as soon as the ceremony was performed.

"When all this was arranged, save the actual appointment of the day, you cannot conceive the happiness and the gratitude of my sage brother. He looked upon himself as approaching to the seventh heaven,

instead of losing his chance of a good fortune, and encumbering himself at nineteen with a wife, and all the probabilities of narrow circumstances, and an increasing family. Though so much younger myself, I could not help wondering at his extreme want of knowledge of the world, and feeling ashamed that I had ever allowed him to take the airs of a tutor with me; and this conscious superiority supported me against the thrill of jealousy which always seized me when I thought of his carrying off the beautiful prize, which, without my address, he could never have made his own.—But at this important crisis, I had a letter from my father, which, by some accident, had long lain at our lodgings in Edinburgh; and then visited our former quarters in the Highlands; again returned to Edinburgh, and at length reached me at Marchethorn in a most critical time.

"It was in reply to a letter of mine, in which, among other matters, such as good boys send to their papas, descriptions of the country, accounts of studies, exercises, and so forth, I had, to fill up the sheet to a dutiful length, thrown in something about the family of St. Ronan's, in the neighbourhood of which I was writing. I had no idea what an effect the name would produce on the mind of my right honourable father, but his letter sufficiently expressed it. He charged me to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Mowbray as fast and as intimately as possible; and, if need were, to inform him candidly of our real character and situation in life. Wisely considering, at the same time, that his filial admonition might be neglected if not backed by some sufficient motive, his lordship frankly let me into the secret of my granduncle by the mother's side, Mr. S. Mowbray of Nettlewood's last will and testament, by which I saw, to my astonishment and alarm, that a large and fair estate was bequeathed to the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Eberington, on condition of his forming a matrimonial alliance with a lady of the house of Mowbray, of St. Ronan's.—Mercy of Heaven! how I started! Here had I been making every preparation for wedding Francis to the very girl, whose hand would insure to myself wealth and independence!—And even the first loss, though great, was not likely to be the last. My father spoke of the marriage like a land-surveyor, but of the estate of Nettlewood like an impassioned lover. He seemed to dote on every acre of it, and dwelt on its contiguity to his own domains as a circumstance which rendered the union of the estates not desirable merely, but constituted an arrangement, pointed out by the hand of nature. And although he observed, that, on account of the youth of the parties, a treaty of marriage could not be immediately undertaken, it was yet clear he would approve at heart of any bold stroke which would abolish the interval of time that might otherwise intervene, ere Oakendale and Nettlewood became one property.

"Here, then, were shipwrecked my fair hopes. It was clear as sunshine, that a private marriage, unpardonable in the abstract, would become venial, nay, highly laudable, in my father's eyes, if it united his heir with Clara Mowbray; and if he really had, as my fears suggested, the means of establishing legitimacy on my brother's part, nothing was so likely to tempt him to use them, as the certainty that, by his doing so, Nettlewood and Oakendale would be united into one. The very catastrophe which I had prepared, as sure to exclude my rival from his father's favour, was thus likely, unless it could be prevented, to become a strong motive and argument for the Earl placing his rights above mine.

"I shut myself up in my bedroom; locked the door; read, and again read my father's letter; and, instead of giving way to idle passion, (beware of that, Harry, even in the most desperate circumstances,) I considered, with keen investigation, whether some remedy could not yet be found. To break off the match for the time, would have been easy—a little private information to Mr. Mowbray would have done that with a vengeance.—But then the treaty might be renewed under my father's auspices;—at all events, the share which I had taken in the intrigue between Clara and my brother, rendered it almost impossible for me to become a suitor in my own person.—Amid these per-

plexities, it suddenly occurred to my adventurous heart and contriving brain—what if I should personate the bridegroom?—This strange thought, you will recollect, occurred to a very youthful brain—it was banished—it returned—returned again and again—was viewed under every different shape—became familiar—was adopted.—It was easy to fix the appointment with Clara and the clergyman, for I managed the whole correspondence—the resemblance between Francis and me in stature and in proportion—the disguise which we were to assume—the darkness of the church—the hurry of the moment—might, I trusted, prevent Clara from recognising me. To the minister I had only to say, that, though I had hitherto talked of a friend, I myself was the happy man. My first name was Francis as well as his; and I had found Clara so gentle, so confiding, so flatteringly cordial in her intercourse with me, that, once within my power, and prevented from receding by shame, and a thousand contradictory feelings, I had, with the vanity of an *amoureux de seize ans*, the confidence to believe I could reconcile the fair lady to the exchange.

"There certainly never came such a thought into a madcap's brain; and what is more extraordinary—but that you already know—it was so far successful, that the marriage ceremony was performed between us in the presence of a servant of mine, Clara's accommodating companion, and the priest.—We got into the carriage, and were a mile from the church, when my unlucky or lucky brother stopped the chaise by force—through what means he had obtained knowledge of my little trick, I never have been able to learn. Solmes has been faithful to me in too many instances, that I should suspect him in this important crisis. I jumped out of the carriage, pitched fraternity to the devil, and, betwixt desperation and something very like shame, began to cut away with a *couteau de chasse*, which I had provided in case of necessity.—All was in vain—I was hustled down under the wheel of the carriage, and, the horses taking fright, it went over my body.

"Here ends my narrative; for I neither heard nor saw more until I found myself stretched on a sick-bed many miles from the scene of action, and Solmes engaged in attending on me. In answer to my passionate inquiries, he briefly informed me, that Master Francis had sent back the young lady to her own dwelling, and that she appeared to be extremely ill in consequence of the alarm she had sustained. My own health, he assured me, was considered as very precarious, and added, that Tyrrel, who was in the same house, was in the utmost perturbation on my account. The very mention of his name brought on a crisis in which I brought up much blood; and it is singular that the physician who attended me—a grave gentleman, with a wig—considered that this was of service to me. I know it frightened me heartily, and prepared me for a visit from Master Frank, which I endured with a tameness he would not have experienced, had the usual current of blood flowed in my veins. But sickness and the lancet make one very tolerant of sermonizing.—At last, in consideration of being relieved from his accursed presence, and the sound of his infernally calm voice, I slowly and reluctantly acquiesced in an arrangement, by which he proposed that we should for ever bid adieu to each other, and to Clara Mowbray. I would have hesitated to this last stipulation. 'She was,' I said, 'my wife, and I was entitled to claim her as such.'

"This drew down a shower of most moral reproaches, and an assurance that Clara disowned and detested my alliance, and that where there had been an essential error in the person, the mere ceremony could never be accounted binding by the law of any Christian country. I wonder this had not occurred to me; but my ideas of marriage were much founded on plays and novels, where such devices as I had practised are often resorted to for winding up the plot, without any hint of their illegality; besides, I had confided, as I mentioned before, a little too rashly perhaps, in my own powers of persuading so young a bride as Clara to be contented with one handsome fellow instead of another.

"Solmes took up the argument, when Francis re-

leased me by leaving the room. He spoke of my father's resentment, should this enterprise reach his ears—of the revenge of Mowbray of St. Ronan's, whose nature was both haughty and rugged—of risk from the laws of the country, and God knows what bugbears besides, which, at a more advanced age I would have laughed at. In a word, I sealed the capitulation, vowed perpetual absence, and banished myself, as they say in this country, forth of Scotland.

"And here, Harry, observe and respect my genius. Every circumstance was against me in this negotiation. I had been the aggressor in the war; I was wounded, and, it might be said, a prisoner in my antagonist's hands; yet I could so far avail myself of Monsieur Martigny's greater eagerness for peace, that I clogged the treaty with a condition highly advantageous to myself, and equally unfavourable to him.—Said Mr. Francis Martigny was to take upon himself the burden of my right honourable father's displeasure; and our separation, which was certain to give immense offence, was to be represented as his work, not as mine. I insisted, tender-hearted, dutiful soul, as I was, that I would consent to no measure which was to bring down papa's displeasure. This was *sine qua non* in our negotiation.

'Voilà ce que c'est d'avoir des talens!'

"Monsieur Francis would, I suppose, have taken the world on his shoulders, to have placed an eternal separation betwixt his turtle dove and the falcon who had made so bold a pounce at her.—What he wrote to my father, I know not; as for myself, in all day, I represented the bad state of my health from an accident, and that my brother and companion having been suddenly called from me by some cause which he had not explained, I had thought it necessary to get to London for the best advice, and only waited his lordship's permission to return to the paternal mansion. This I soon received, and found, as I expected, that he was in towering wrath against my brother, for his disobedience; and, after some time, I even had reason to think, (as how could it be otherwise, Harry?) that, on becoming better acquainted with the merits and amiable manners of his apparent heir, he lost any desire which he might formerly have entertained, of accomplishing any change in my circumstances in relation to the world. Perhaps the old peer turned a little ashamed of his own conduct, and dared not aver to the congregation of the righteous (for he became saintly in his latter days,) the very pretty frolics which he seems to have been guilty of in his youth. Perhaps, also, the death of my right honourable mother operated in my favour, since, while she lived, my chance was the worse—there is no saying what a man will do to spite his wife. Enough, he died—slept with his right honourable father; and I became, without opposition, Right Honourable in his stead.

"How I have borne my new honours, thou, Harry, and our merry set, know full well. Newmarket and Tattersal's may tell the rest. I think I have been as lucky as most men where luck is most prized, and so I shall say no more on that subject.

"And now, Harry, I will suppose thee in a moralizing mood; that is, I will fancy the dice have run wrong—or your double-barrel has hung fire—or a certain lady has looked cross—or any such wretched cause of gravity has occurred, and you give me the benefit of your seriousness.—'My dear Ethernug, say you pithily, 'you are a precious fool!—Here you are, stirring up a business rather scandalous in itself, and fraught with mischief to all concerned—a business which might sleep for ever, if you let it alone, but which is sure, like a sea-coal fire, to burst into a flame if you go on poking it.' I would like to ask your lordship only two questions,—say you, with your usual graceful attitude of adjusting your peculiar shirt collar, and passing your hand over the knot of your cravat, which deserves a peculiar place in the *Tietania*—only two questions—that is, whether you do not repent the past, and whether you do not fear the future? Very comprehensive queries, these of yours, Harry; for they respect both the time past and the time to come—one's whole life, in short.

never, I shall endeavour to answer them as well as I may.

Repent the past, said you?—Yes, Harry, I think repent the past—that is, not quite in the parson's sense of repentance, which resembles yours when you have the headache, but as I would repent a hand at cards which I had played on false principles. I should be begun with the young lady—availed myself in a different manner of Monsieur Martigny's advice, and my own intimacy with her, and thus seduced him, if possible, in the damsel's affections. I adopted, though there was, I think, boldness and dexterity in it, was that of a no-of premature genius, who could not calculate necessity. So much for repentance.—Do I not fear the future?—Harry, I will not cut your throat for supping you to have put the question, but calmly assure that I never feared any thing in my life. I was without the sensation, I believe; at least, it is entirely unknown to me. When I felt that cursed el pass across my breast, when I felt the pistol-benumb my arm, I felt no more agitation than the bounce of a champagne-cork. But I would have you think that I am fool enough to risk life, trouble, and danger, (all of which, besides considerable expense, I am now prepared to encounter without some adequate motive,—and here it is.

From various quarters, hints, rumours, and surmises have reached me, that an attack will be made on my rank and status in society, which can only be half of this fellow Martigny, (for I will not call by his stolen name of Tyrrel.) Now, this I hold to be a breach of the pacton betwixt us, by which—

is, by that which I am determined to esteem its meaning and purport—he was to leave my right durable father and me to settle our own matters out his interference, which amounted to a virtual violation of his rights, if the scoundrel ever had

Can he expect I am to resign my wife, and that is a better thing, old Scrogie Mowbray's estate

entitled wood, to gratify the humour of a fellow who up claims to my title and whole property? No. —! If he assails me in a point so important, I retaliate upon him in one where he will feel as acutely; and that he may depend upon.—And now, hunka, you come upon me with a second edition of grave remonstrances, about family feuds, unaltruistic rencounters, offence to all the feelings of all world, et cetera, et cetera, which you might usher in as delectably with the old stave about brethren dining together in unity. I will not stop to inquire, either all these delicate apprehensions are on account of the Earl of Etherington, his safety, and his situation; or whether my friend Harry Jekyl be not meddlesome how far his own interference with such a right business will be well taken at Head-quarters; I do, without pausing on that question. I shall have and briefly say, that you cannot be more sensible in I am of the madness of bringing matters to such extremity—I have no such intention. I assure you, it is with no such purpose that I invite you here. Were I to challenge Martigny, he would refuse me meeting; and all less ceremonious ways of arranging such an affair are quite old-fashioned.

It is true, at our first meeting, I was betrayed into saying I did you of—just as you may have shot at for I thank you are no downright hitter! a pleasant, when finished within distance, by a lot of insinuating argument, without reflecting on enormity you are about to commit. The truth is, there is an ignominious influence, which seems to turn our house into a place of wildfire through my her veins—now transferred to me in full vigour. I every now and then feel the impulse of attraction. I was my wife and her name was Tyrrel. But I will have time to think about her name. But I will, in my guard of honour, the name never to I cannot have any provocation from him or the contrary must confess the truth, though I was waiting to hit a little of the first account of the matter in the Gazette, which respecting a lady. I am certain would never have been first at me, and that pistol went off as we bel. But know me well enough to be assured, that I will never be again in

the scrape of attacking an unresisting antagonist, were he ten times my brother.

"Then, as to this long tirade about hating my brother—Harry, I do not hate him more than the first-born of Egypt are in general hated by those whom they exclude from entailed estates, and so forth—not one landed man in twenty of us that is not hated by his younger brothers, to the extent of wishing him quiet in his grave, as an abominable stumbling-block in their path of life and so far only do I hate Monsieur Martigny. But for the rest, I rather like him as otherwise; and would he but die, would give my frank consent to his being canonized; and while he lives, I am not desirous that he should be exposed to any temptation from rank and riches, those main obstacles to the self-denying course of life, by which the odour of sanctity is attained.

"Here again you break in with your impertinent queries—If I have no purpose of quarrelling personally with Martigny, why do I come into collision with him at all?—why not abide by the treaty of March-thorn, and remain in England, without again approaching St. Ronan's or claiming my maiden bride?

"Have I not told you, I want him to cease all threatened attempts upon my fortune and dignity? Have I not told you, that I want to claim my wife, Clara Mowbray, and my estate of Nettlewood, fairly won by marrying her?—And, to let you into the whole secret, though Clara is a very pretty woman, yet she goes for so little in the transaction with me, her unimpassioned bridegroom, that I hope to make some relaxation of my rights over her the means of obtaining the concessions which I think most important.

"I will not deny, that an aversion to awakening bustle, and encountering reproach, has made me so slow in looking after my interest, that the period will shortly expire, within which I ought, by old Scrog Mowbray's will, to qualify myself for becoming his heir, by being the accepted husband of Miss Mowbray of St. Ronan's. Time was—time is—and, if I catch it not by the forelock as it passes, time will be no more—Nettlewood will be forfeited—and if I have in addition a lawsuit for my title, and for Oakendale, I run a risk of being altogether capotted. I must, therefore, act at all risks, and act with vigour—and this is the general plan of my campaign, subject always to be altered according to circumstances. I have obtained—I may say purchased—Mowbray's consent to address his sister. I have this advantage, that if she agrees to take me, she will for ever put a stop to all disagreeable reports and recollections, founded on her former conduct. In that case I secure the Nettlewood property, and am ready to wage war for my paternal estate. Indeed, I firmly believe, that should this happy consummation take place, Monsieur Martigny will be too much heart-broken to make further fight, but will even throw helve after hatchet, and run to hide himself, after the fashion of a true lover, in some desert beyond seas.

"But supposing the lady has the bad taste to be obstinate, and will none of me. I still think that her happiness, or her peace of mind, will be as dear to Martigny, as Gibraltar is to the Spaniards, and that he will sacrifice a great deal to induce me to give up my pretensions. Now, I shall want some one to act as my agent in communicating with this fellow: for I will not deny that my old appetite for cutting his throat may awaken suddenly, were I to hold personal intercourse with him. Come thou, therefore, without delay, and hold my back-hand—Come, for you know me, and that I never left a kindness unrequited. The expense you shall have means to raise off a certain inconvenient mortgage, without troubling the conscience of a leecher, if you will be so good to me in this matter—Come, therefore, without further apologies or further delay. There shall I give you my word, neither to risk or offence in the part of the drama which I intend to commit to your charge.

"Talking of the drama, we had a miserable attempt at a sort of bastard theatrical at Mr. Mowbray's rag-gnawed mansion. There were some things worth noticing—One, that I lost all the corners of my shirt, and picked myself, and fairly fled from the scene, and presented myself before Miss Clara Mowbray, who

came to the push. And upon this I pray you to remark, that I am a person of singular delicacy and modesty, instead of being the Drawcansir and Daredevil that you would make of me. The other memorable is of a more delicate nature, respecting the conduct of a certain fair lady, who seemed determined to fling herself at my head. There is a wonderful degree of freemasonry among us folk of spirit; and it is astonishing how soon we can place ourselves on a footing with neglected wives and discontented daughters. If you come not soon, one of the rewards held out to you in my former letter, will certainly not be forthcoming. No schoolboy keeps gingerbread for his comrade, without feeling a desire to nibble at it; so, if you appear not to look after your own interest, say you had fair warning. For my own part, I am rather embarrassed than gratified by the prospect of such an affair, when I have on the tapis another of a different nature. This enigma I will explain at meeting.

"Thus finishes my long communication. If my motives of action do not appear explicit, think in what a maze fortune has involved me, and how much must necessarily depend on the chapter of accidents.

"Yesterday I may be said to have opened my siege, for I presented myself before Clara. I had no very flattering reception—that was of little consequence, for I did not expect one. By alarming her fears, I made an impression thus far, that she acquiesces in my appearing before her as her brother's guest, and this is no small point gained. She will become accustomed to look on me, and will remember with less bitterness the trick which I played her formerly; while I, on the other hand, by a similar force of habit, will get over certain awkward feelings with which I have been conspicuously visited whenever I look upon her.—Adieu! Health and brotherhood.

"Thine,
"ETHERINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE REPLY.

Thou bearest a precious burden, gentle post,
Nitre and sulphur—See that it explode not!—*Old Play.*

"I HAVE received your two long letters, my dear Etherington, with equal surprise and interest; for what I knew of your Scottish adventures before, was by no means sufficient to prepare me for a statement so perversely complicated. The Ignis Fatuus which, you say, governed your father, seems to have ruled the fortunes of your whole house, there is so much eccentricity in all that you have told me. But *n'importe*, Etherington, you were my friend—you held me up when I was completely broken down; and, whatever you may think, my services are at your command much more from reflections on the past, than hopes for the future. I am no speech-maker, but this you may rely on while I continue to be Harry Jekyl. You have deserved some love at my hands, Etherington, and you have it.

"Perhaps I love you the better since your perplexities have become known to me; for, my dear Etherington, you were before too much an object of envy to be entirely an object of affection. What a happy fellow! was the song of all who named you. Rank, and a fortune to maintain it—luck sufficient to repair all the waste that you could make in your income, and skill to back that luck, or supply it, should it for a moment fail you.—The cards turning up as if to your wish—the dice rolling, it almost seemed at your wink—it was rather your look than the touch of your cue that sent the ball into the pocket. You seemed to have fortune in chains, and a man of less honour would have been almost suspected of helping his luck by a little art.—You won every bet; and the instant that you were interested, one might have named the winning horse—it was always that which you were to gain most by.—You never held out your piece but the game went down—and then the women!—with face, manners, person, and, above all, your

tongue—what wild work have you made among them!—Good heaven! and have you had the old sword hanging over your head by a horsehair all this while?—Has your rank been doubtful?—Your fortune unsettled?—And your luck, so constant in every thing else, has that, as well as your predominant influence with the women failed you, when you wished to form a connexion for life, and when the care of your fortune required you to do so?—Etherington, I am astonished!—The Mowbray scrape I always thought an inconvenient one, as well as the quarrel with this same Tyrrel, or Martigny; but I was far from guessing the complicated nature of your perplexities.

"But I must not run on in a manner, which though it relieves my own marvelling mind, cannot be very pleasant to you. Enough, I look on my obligations to you as more light to be borne, now I have some chance of repaying them to a certain extent; but, even were the full debt paid, I would remain as much attached to you as ever. It is your friend who speaks, Etherington; and, if he offers his advice in somewhat plain language, do not, I entreat you, suppose that your confidence has encouraged an offensive familiarity, but consider me as one who, in a weighty matter, writes plainly, to avoid the least chance of misconstruction.

"Etherington, your conduct hitherto has resembled any thing rather than the coolness and judgment which are so peculiarly your own when you choose to display them. I pass over the masquerade of your marriage—it was a boy's trick, which could hardly have availed you much, even if successful; for what sort of a wife would you have acquired, had this same Clara Mowbray proved willing to have accepted the change which you had put upon her, and transferred herself, without repugnance, from one bridegroom to another?—Poor as I am, I know that neither Nettlewood nor Oskendale should have bribed me to marry such a — I cannot decorously fill up the blank.

"Neither, my dear Etherington, can I forgive you the trick you put on the clergyman, in whose eyes you destroyed the poor girl's character to induce him to consent to perform the ceremony, and have thereby perhaps fixed an indelible stain on her for life—this was not a fair *ruse de guerre*.—As it is, you have taken little by your stratagem—unless, indeed, it should be difficult for the young lady to prove the imposition put upon her—for that being admitted, the marriage certainly goes for nothing. At least, the only use you can make of it, would be to drive her into a more formal union, for fear of having this whole unpleasant discussion brought into a court of law; and in this, with all the advantages you possess, joined to your own arts of persuasion, and her brother's influence, I should think you very likely to succeed. All women are necessarily the slaves of their reputation. I have known some to have given up their virtue to preserve their character, which is, after all, only the shadow of it. I therefore would not conceive it difficult for Clara Mowbray to persuade herself to become a countess, rather than be the topic of conversation for all Britain, while a lawsuit betwixt you is in dependence; and that may be for the greater part of both your lives.

"But, in Miss Mowbray's state of mind, it may require time to bring her to such a conclusion; and I fear you will be thwarted in your operations by your rival—I will not offend you by calling him your brother. Now, it is here that I think with pleasure I may be of some use to you,—under this special condition, that there shall be no thoughts of farther violence taking place between you. However you may have smoothed over your rencontre to yourself, there is no doubt that the public would have regarded any accident which might have befallen on that occasion, as a crime of the deepest dye, and that the law would have followed it with the most severe punishment. And for all that I have said of my servicable disposition, I would fain stop short on this side of the partition—my neck is too long already. Without a *post*, Etherington, you must be ruled by counsel in this matter. I detect your hatred to this man in every line of your letter, even when you write with the

soon quarrel with his landlady, Mrs. Dods, and become impatient of his residence at St. Ronan's. A man so kind to himself, and so inquisitive about the affairs of others, could have, it was supposed, a limited sphere for gratification either of his tastes or of his curiosity, in the Aultoun of St. Ronan's; and many a time the precise day and hour of his departure were fixed by the idlers at the Spa. But still old Touchwood appeared amongst them when the weather permitted, with his nut-brown visage, his throat carefully wrapped up in an immense Indian kerchief, and his gold-headed cane, which he never failed to carry over his shoulder; his short, but stout limbs, and his active step, showing plainly that he bore it rather as a badge of dignity than a means of support. There he stood, answering shortly and gruffly to all questions proposed to him, and making his remarks aloud upon the company, with great indifference as to the offence which might be taken; and as soon as the ancient priestess had handed him his glass of the salutiferous water, turned on his heel with a brief good-morning, and either marched back to hide himself in the Manse, with his cronny Mr. Cargill, or to engage in some hobby-horsical pursuit connected with his neighbours in the Aultoun.

The truth was, that the honest gentleman having, so far as Mrs. Dods would permit, put matters to rights within her residence, wisely abstained from pushing his innovations any farther, aware that it is not every stone which is capable of receiving the last degree of polish. He next set himself about putting Mr. Cargill's house into order; and without leave asked or given by that reverend gentleman, he actually accomplished as wonderful a reformation in the Manse, as could have been effected by a benevolent Brownie. The floors were sometimes swept—the carpets were sometimes shaken—the plates and dishes were cleaner—there was tea and sugar in the tea-chest, and a joint of mutton at proper times was to be found in the larder. The elder maid-servant wore a good stuff gown—the younger snooded up her hair, and now went about the house a damsel so trig and neat, that some said she was too handsome for the service of a bachelor divine; and others, that they saw no business so old a fool as the Nabob had to be meddling with a lassie's basking. But for such evil bruits Mr. Touchwood cared not, even if he happened to hear of them, which was very doubtful. Add to all these changes, that the garden was weeded, and the glebe was regularly laboured.

The talisman by which all this desirable alteration was wrought, consisted partly in small presents, partly in constant attention. The liberality of the singular old gentleman gave him a perfect right to scold when he saw things wrong; the domestics, who had fallen into total sloth and indifference, began to exert themselves under Mr. Touchwood's new system of rewards and surveillance; and the minister, half unconscious of the cause, reaped the advantage of the exertions of his busy friend. Sometimes he lifted his head, when he heard workmen thumping and bouncing in the neighbourhood of his study, and demanded the meaning of the clatter which annoyed him; but on receiving for answer that it was by order of Mr. Touchwood, he resumed his labours, under the persuasion that all was well.

But even, the Augan task of putting the Manse in order, did not satisfy the gigantic activity of Mr. Touchwood. He aspired to universal dominion in the Aultoun of St. Ronan's; and, like most men of an ardent temper, he contrived, in a great measure, to possess himself of the authority which he longed after. Then was there war waged by him with all the petty, but perpetual nuisances, which infest a Scottish town of the old stamp—then was the hereditary dunghill, which had reeked before the window of the cottage for fourscore years, transported behind the house—then was the broken wheelbarrow, or unserviceable cart, removed out of the footpath—the old hat, or blue petticoat, taken from the window into which it had been stuffed, to “expel the winter's flaw,” was consigned to the gutter, and its place supplied by good perspicuous glass. The means by which such reformation was effected, were the same as re-

sorted to in the Manse—money and admonition. The latter given alone would have met little attention—perhaps would have provoked opposition—but softened and sweetened by a little present to assist the reform recommended, it sunk into the hearts of the sinners, and in general overcame their objections. Besides, an opinion of the Nabob's wealth was high among the villagers; and an idea prevailed amongst them, that, notwithstanding his keeping no servants or equipage, he was able to purchase, if he pleased, the land in the country. It was not grand carriages and fine liveries that made heavy purses, they rather helped to lighten them; and they said, who pretended to know what they were talking about, that old Tom penny, and Mr. Bindloose to boot, would tell down more money on Mr. Touchwood's mere word, than upon the joint bond of half the fine folk at the Well. Such an opinion smoothed every thing before the path of one, who showed himself neither averse to give nor to lend; and it by no means diminished the reputation of his wealth, that in transactions of business he was not carelessly negligent of his interest, but plainly showed he understood the value of what he was parting with. Few, therefore, cared to withstand the humours of a whimsical old gentleman who had both the will and the means of obliging those disposed to comply with his fancies; and thus the singular stranger contrived, in the course of a brief space of days or weeks, to place the villagers more absolutely at his devotion, than they had been at the pleasure of any individual since their ancient lord had left the Aultoun. The power of the baron-bach himself, though the office was vested in the person of old Meiklewham, was a subordinate jurisdiction, compared to the voluntary allegiance which the inhabitants paid to Mr. Touchwood.

There were, however, recusants, who declined the authority thus set up amongst them, and with the characteristic obstinacy of their countrymen, refused to hearken to the words of the stranger, whether they were for good or for evil. These men's dunghills were not removed, nor the stumbling-blocks taken from the footpath, where it passed the front of their houses. And it befell, that while Mr. Touchwood was most eager in abating the nuisances of the village, he was very nearly experienced a frequent fate of great reformers—that of losing his life by means of one of those enormities which as yet had subsisted in spite of all his efforts.

The Nabob finding his time after dinner had somewhat heavy on his hand, and the moon being tolerably bright, had, one harvest evening, sought his usual remedy for dispelling ennui by a walk to the Manse, where he was sure, that, if he could not succeed in engaging the minister himself in some disputation, he would at least find something in the establishment to animadvert upon and to restore to order.

Accordingly, he had taken the opportunity to lecture the younger of the minister's lasses upon the duty of wearing shoes and stockings; and, as his advice came fortified by a present of six pair of white cotton hose and two pair of stout leathern shoes, it was received, not with respect only, but with gratitude, and the chuck under the chin that rounded up the orator, while she opened the outer door for his honour, was acknowledged with a blush and a giggle. Nay, so far did Grizzly carry her sense of Mr. Touchwood's kindness, that, observing the moon was behind a cloud, she very carefully offered to escort him to the Cleikum Inn with a lantern, in case he should come to some harm by the gate. This the traveller's independent spirit scorned to listen to; and, having briefly assured her that he had walked the streets of Paris and of Madrid whole nights without such an accommodation, he stoutly strode off on his return to his lodgings.

An accident, however, befell him, which, unless the police of Madrid and Paris be belied, might have happened in either of those two splendid capitals, as well as in the miserable Aultoun of St. Ronan's. Before the door of Saunders Jaup, a feaver of some importance, “who held his land free, and caredna a bodle for any one,” yawned that odorous snuff

releped, in Scottish phrase, the jaw-hole; in other words, an uncovered common sewer. The local situation of this receptacle of filth was well known to Mr. Touchwood; for Saunders Jaup was at the very head of those who held out for the practices of their fathers, and still maintained those ancient and unsavoury customs which our traveller had in so many instances succeeded in abating. Guided, therefore, by his nose, the Nabob made a considerable circuit to avoid the displeasure and danger of passing his filthy puddle at the nearest, and by that means all upon Seylla as he sought to avoid Charybdis. In plain language, he approached so near the bank of little rivulet, which in that place passed betwixt the outpath and the horseroad, that he lost his footing, and fell into the channel of the streamlet from a height of three or four feet. It was thought that the noise of his fall, or at least his call for assistance, must have been heard in the house of Saunders Jaup; but that honest person was, according to his own account, at that time engaged in the exercise of the evening; an excuse which passed current, although Saunders as privately heard to allege, that the town would have been the quieter, "if the auld, meddling busy-body had bidden still in the burn for gude and a'."

But Fortune had provided better for poor Touchwood, whose foibles, as they arose out of the most excellent motives, would have ill deserved so severe fate. A passenger, who heard him shout for help, ventured cautiously to the side of the bank, down which he had fallen; and, after ascertaining the nature of the ground as carefully as the darkness permitted, was at length, and not without some fort, enabled to assist him out of the channel of the rivulet.

"Are you hurt materially?" said this good Samaritan to the object of his care.

"No—no—d—n it—no," said Touchwood, extremely angry at his disaster, and the cause of it. "Do you think I, who have been at the summit of Mount Thos, where the precipice sinks a thousand feet on the sea, care a farthing about such a fall as this is?"

But, as he spoke, he recoiled, and his kind assistant caught him by the arm to prevent his falling.

"I fear you are more hurt than you suppose, sir," said the stranger: "permit me to go home along with you."

"With all my heart," said Touchwood; "for though it is impossible I can need help in such a foolish matter, yet I am equally obliged to you, friend; and if the Cleikum Inn be not out of your road, I will take your way so far, and thank you to the boot."

"It is much at your service, sir," said the stranger; "indeed, I was thinking to lodge there for the night."

"I am glad to hear it," resumed Touchwood; "you will be my guest, and I will make them look after you in proper fashion—You seem to be a very civil sort of fellow, and I do not find your arm inconvenient—is the rheumatism makes me walk so ill—the pest all that have been in hot climates when they settle among these d—d fogs."

"Lean as hard as I can walk as slow as you will, sir," said the benevolent assistant—"this is a rough street."

"Yes, sir—and why is it rough?" answered Touchwood. "Why, because the old pig-headed fool, Saunders Jaup, will not allow it to be made smooth. Here he sits, sir, and obstructs all rational improvement; and, if a man would not fall into his infernal stratagem, and so become an abomination to himself and odious to others, for his whole life to come, runs the risk of breaking his neck, as I have done to-night."

"I am afraid, sir," said his companion, "you have fallen on the most dangerous side.—You remember your wife's proverb, 'The more dirt, the less hurt.'"

"But why should there be either dirt or hurt in a well-regulated place?" answered Touchwood—"Why would not men be able to go about their affairs at night, in such a hamlet as this, without either endangering necks or noses? Our Scottish magistrates are worth nothing, sir—nothing at all. Oh for a Turkish Jedd, now, to trounce the scoundrel—or the Mayor of Calcutta to bring him into his court—or were it but an English Justice of the Peace that is newly

included in the commission, they would abate the villain's nuisance with a vengeance on him!—But here we are—this is the Cleikum Inn.—Hallo—halloo—house!—Eppie Anderson!—Beenie Chambermaid!—boy Boots!—Mrs. Dods!—are you all of you asleep and dead?—Here have I been half murdered, and you let me stand bawling at the door!"

Eppie Anderson came with a light, and so did Beenie Chambermaid with another; but no sooner did they look upon the pair who stood in the porch under the huge sign that swung to and fro with heavy creaking, than Beenie screamed, flung away her candle, although a four in the pound, and in a newly japanned candlestick, and fled one way, while Eppie Anderson, catching the yell, brandished her light round her head like a Bacchante flourishing her torch, and ran off in another direction.

"Ay—I must be a bloody spectacle," said Mr. Touchwood, letting himself fall heavily upon his assistant's shoulder, and wiping his face, which trickled with wet—"I did not think I had been so seriously hurt; but I find my weakness now—I must have lost much blood."

"I hope you are still mistaken," said the stranger; "but here lies the way to the kitchen—we shall find light there, since no one chooses to bring it to us."

He assisted the old gentleman into the kitchen, where a lamp, as well as a bright fire, was burning by the light of which he could easily discern that the supposed blood was only water of the rivulet, and, indeed, none of the cleanest, although much more so than the sufferer would have found it a little lower, where the stream is joined by the superfluities of Saunders Jaup's palladium. Relieved by his new friend's repeated assurances that such was the case, the Senior began to bustle up a little, and his companion, desirous to render him every assistance, went to the door of the kitchen to call for a basin and water. Just as he was about to open the door, the voice of Mrs. Dods was heard as she descended the stairs in a tone of indignation by no means unusual to her, yet mingled at the same time with a few notes that sounded like unto the quaverings of consternation.

"Idle limmers—silly sluts! I'll warrant nane o' ye will ever see any thing waur than yourself, ye silly tapwits—Ghaist, indeed!—I'll warrant it's some idle dub-skepper frae the Waal, coming after some o' your sells on nae honest errand!—Ghaist, indeed!—Haud up the candle, John Ostler—I see warrant it's a two-handed ghaist, and the door left on the sneck. There's somebody in the kitchen—gang forward wi' the lantern, John Ostler."

At this critical moment the stranger opened the door of the kitchen, and beheld the Dame advancing at the head of her household troops. The ostler and humpbacked postilion, one bearing a stable-lantern and a hay-fork, the other a rushlight and a broom, constituted the advanced guard; Mrs. Dods herself formed the centre, talking loud and brandishing a pair of tongs; while the two maids, like troops not to be much trusted after their recent defeat, followed, cowering in the rear. But notwithstanding this admirable disposition, no sooner had the stranger shown his face, and pronounced the words, "Mrs. Dods!" than a panic seized the whole array. The advanced guard recoiled in consternation, the ostler, beholding Mrs. Dods in the confusion of her retreat, was seized, grappling with him in her turn, and secured round by the ears and hair, and the humpbacked postilion, by hideous choros. The two maids, alarmed at the commotion, and taking refuge in the parlour, which they had just entered, while the humpbacked postilion fled like the wind into the stable, the stranger, by a natural instinct, began, in the confusion, to saddle a horse.

Mean while, the guests, who were seated at this combustion, placed themselves in a row above Mrs. Dods, and, in a voice of authority, and hearty slap on the back, encouraged her to encourage the fugitive. "What!—What!—all this senseless noise!"

"And what?" said the stranger, who had answered the master's call.

and still shrewish in her expostulation, though in the very extremity of terror, "what is the reason that you should come and frighten a decent house, where you met naething, when ye was in the body, but the height of civility?"

"And why should I frighten you, Mrs. Dods? or, in one word, what is the meaning of all this nonsensical terror?"

"Are not ye," said Mrs. Dods, opening her eyes a little as she spoke, "the ghaist of Francis Tirl?"

"I am Francis Tyrrel, unquestionably, my old friend."

"I kend it! I kend it!" answered the honest woman, relapsing into her agony; "and I think ye might be ashamed of yourself, that are a ghaist, and have nae better to do than to frighten a pur auld alewife."

"On my word, I am no ghost, but a living man," answered Tyrrel.

"Were ye no murdered than?" demanded Mrs. Dods, still in an uncertain voice, and only partially opening her eyes—"Are ye very sure ye werena murdered?"

"Why, not that ever I heard of, certainly, dame," replied Tyrrel.

"But I shall be murdered presently," said old Touchwood from the kitchen, where he had hitherto remained a mute auditor of this extraordinary scene—"I shall be murdered, unless you fetch me some water without delay."

"Coming, air, coming," answered Dame Dods, her professional reply being as familiar to her as that of poor Francis's "Anon, anon, air." "As I live by honest reckonings," said she, fully collecting herself, and giving a glance of more composed temper at Tyrrel, "I believe it is yourself, Maister Frank, in blood and body after a"—and see if I dinna gie a proper sorting to you twa silly jauds that gaird me mak a bogie of you, and a fule of myself—Ghaists! my certie, I sall ghaist them!—If they had their heads as muckle on their wark as on their dafting, they wad play nae sic plikiess—it's the wanton steed that scours at the windle-strae—Ghaists! wha e'er heard of ghaists in an honest house? Naebody need fear bogies that has a conscience void of offence.—But I am blithe that MacTurk hasna murdered ye when a' is done, Maister Francie."

"Come this way, Mother Dods, if you would not have me do a mischief!" exclaimed Touchwood, grasping a plate which stood on the dresser, as if he were about to heave it at the landlady, by way of recalling her attention.

"For the love of Heaven, dinna break it!" exclaimed the alarmed landlady, knowing that Touchwood's effervescence of impatience sometimes expended itself at the expense of her crockery, though it was afterwards liberally atoned for. "Lord, sir, are ye out of your wits!—it breaks a set ye ken—God-sake, put down the cheeny plate, and try your hand on the delf-ware!—it will just make as good a jingle—But, Lord haud a grip o' us! now I look at ye, what can hae come ower ye, and what sort of a plight are ye in!—Wait till I fetch water and a towel."

In fact, the miserable guise of her new lodger now overcame the dame's curiosity to inquire after the fate of her earlier acquaintance, and she gave her instant and exclusive attention to Mr. Touchwood, with many exclamations, while aiding him to perform the task of ablution and abstersion. Her two fugitive hand-maidens had by this time returned to the kitchen, and endeavoured to suppress a smuggled laugh at the recollection of their mistress's panic, by acting very officiously in Mr. Touchwood's service. By dint of washing and drying, the token of the sable stains was at length removed, and the veteran became, with some difficulty, satisfied that he had been more dirtied and frightened than hurt.

Tyrrel, in the mean time, stood looking on with wonder, imagining that he beheld in the features which emerged from a mask of mud, the countenance of an old friend. After the operation was ended, he could not help addressing himself to Mr. Touchwood, to demand whether he had not the pleasure to see a friend, to whom he had been obliged when at Smyrna, for some kindness respecting his money matters?

"Not worth speaking of—not worth speaking of," said Touchwood, hastily. "Glad to see you though—glad to see you.—Yea, here I am; you will find me the same good-natured old fool that I was at Smyrna—never look how I am to get in money again—always laying it out. Never mind—it was written in my forehead, as the Turk says.—I will go up now and change my dress—you will sup with me when I come back—Mrs. Dods will toss us up something—a brandered fowl will be best, Mrs. Dods, with some mushrooms, and get us a jug of mulled wine—plotties, as you call it—to put the recollection of the old Presbyterian's common sewer out of my head."

So saying, up stairs marched the traveller to his own apartment, while Tyrrel, seizing upon a candle was about to do the same.

"Mr. Touchwood is in the blue room, Mrs. Dods; I suppose I may take possession of the yellow one?"

"Suppose naething about the matter, Maister Francis Tirl, till ye tell me downright where ye have been this time, and whether ye have been murdered or no?"

"I think you may be pretty well satisfied of that, Mrs. Dods?"

"Truth! and so I am in a sense; and yet it gaird me grue to look upon ye, see many days and weeks it has been since I thought ye were rotten in the moulds. And now to see ye standing before me hale and let, and crying for a bedroom like ither folk!"

"One would almost suppose," said good friend, "said Tyrrel, "that you were sorry at my having come alive again."

"It's no for that," replied Mrs. Dods, who was peculiarly ingenious in the mode of framing and stating what she conceived to be her grievance: "but it is no a queer thing for a decent man like yourself, Maister Tirl, to be leaving your lodgings without a word spoken, and me put to a tress charges in seeking for your dead body, and very near taking my business out of honest Maister Bindcock's hands, because he kend the cantrips of the like of ye better than I did?—And than they hae putten up an advertisement down at the Waal yonder, wi' a' their names at it, setting ye forth, Maister Francie, as one of the greatest black-guards unchanged; and wha, de ye think, is to keep ye in a creditable house, if that's the character ye get?"

"You may leave that to me, Mrs. Dods—I assure you that matter shall be put to rights to your satisfaction; and I think, so long as we have known each other, you may take my word that I am not undeserving the shelter of your roof for a single night, I shall ask it no longer; until my character is sufficiently cleared. It was for that purpose chiefly I came back again."

"Come back again!" said Mrs. Dods.—"I profess ye made me start, Maister Tirl, and you looking so pale, too.—But I think," she added, straining after a joke, "if ye were a ghaist, seeing we are such an acquaintance, ye wadna wish to spoil my content, but would just walk decently up and down the auld castle wa's, or maybe down at the kirk yard—there have been awfu' things done in that kirk and kirkyard—I whiles dinna like to look that way Maister Francie."

"I am much of your mind, mistress," said Tyrrel with a sigh; "and, indeed, I do in one sense resemble the apparitions you talk of; for, like them, and to as little purpose, I stalk about scenes where my happiness departed.—But I speak riddles to you, Mrs. Dods—the plain truth is, that I met with an accident on the day I last left your house, the effects of which detained me at some distance from St. Ronan's till this very day."

"Heh, sir, and ye were sparing of your trouble that wadna write a bit line, or send a bit message!—Ye might hae thought folk wad hae been vexed enough about ye, forby undertaking journeys, and hiring folk to seek for your dead body."

"I shall willingly pay all reasonable charges which my disappearance may have occasioned," answered her guest; "and I assure you, once for all, that my remaining for some time quiet at Marchmont, was partly from illness, and partly from business of a very pressing and particular nature."

"At Marchthorn!" exclaimed Dame Dods, "heard ever man the like o' that!—And where did ye put up in Marchthorn, an ane may mak' bauld to speer?"

"At the Black Bull," replied Tyrrel.

"Ay, that's auld Tam Lowrie's—a very decent man, Thomas—and a dounce creditable house—name of your flisk-ma-hoys—I am glad ye made choice of sic gude quarters, neighbour; for I am beginning to think ye are but a queer ane—ye look as if butter wadna melt in your mouth, but I sall warrant cheese no choke ye.—But I'll thank ye to gang your ways into the parlour, for I am no like to get muckle mair out o' ye, it's like; and ye are standing here just in the gate, when we hae the supper to dish."

Tyrrel, glad to be released from the examination to which his landlady's curiosity had without ceremony subjected him, walked into the parlour, where he was presently joined by Mr. Touchwood, newly attired, and in high spirits.

"Here comes our supper!" he exclaimed.—"Sit ye down, and let us see what Mrs. Dods has done for us.—I profess, mistress, your plottie is excellent, ever since I taught ye to mix the spices in the right proportion."

"I am glad the plottie pleases ye, sir—but I think I kend gay weel how to make it before I saw your honour.—Maister Tirl can tell that, for mony a browst of it I hae brewed lang syne for him and the callant Valentine Bulmer."

This ill-timed observation extorted a groan from Tyrrel; but the traveller, running on with his own recollections, did not appear to notice his emotion.

"You are a conceited old woman," said Mr. Touchwood; "how the devil should any one know how to mix spices so well as he who has been where they grow?—I have seen the sun ripening nutmegs and cloves, and here, it can hardly fill a pease-cood, by Jupiter. Ah, Tyrrel, the merry nights we have had at Smyrna!—Gad, I think the gammon and the good wine taste all the better in a land where folks hold them to be sinful indulgences.—Gad, I believe many a good Moslem is of the same opinion—that same prohibition of their prophet's gives a flavour to the ham, and a relish to the Cyprus.—Do you remember old Cogia Hassan, with his great turban?—I once played him a trick, and put a pint of brandy into his sherbet. Egad, the old fellow took care never to discover the cheat until he had got to the bottom of the flagon, and then he stroked his long white beard, and says, 'Ullah Kerim,'—that is, 'Heaven is merciful.' Mrs. Dods, Mr. Tyrrel knows the meaning of it.—Ullah Kerim, says he, after he had drunk about a gallon of brandy-punch!—Ullah Kerim, says the hypocritical old rogue, as if he had done the finest thing in the world!"

"And what for no? What for shouldna the honest man say a blessing after his drap punch?" demanded Mrs. Dods; "it was better, I ween, than blasting, and blawing, and swearing, as if folks shouldna be thankful for the creature comforts."

"Well said, old Dame Dods," said the traveller; "that is a right hostess's maxim, and worthy of Mrs. Quickly herself. Here is to thee, and I pray ye to pledge me before ye leave the room."

"Troth, I'll pledge naeboddy the night, Maister Touchwood; for, what wi' the upcast and terror that I got a wee while syne, and what wi' the bit taste that I behoved to take of the plottie while I was making it, my head is sair enugh distressed the night already.—Maister Tirl, the yellow room is ready for ye when ye like; and, gentlemen, as the morn is the Sabbath, I canna be keeping the servant queans out of their beds to wait on ye any langer, for they will mak it an excuse for lying till aught o'clock on the Lord's day. So, when your plottie is done, I'll be muckle obliged to ye to light the bedroom candles, and put out the double moulds, and e'en show yourselves to your beds; for dounce folks, sic as the like of ye, should set an example by ordinary.—And so, gude-night to ye bath."

"By my faith," said Touchwood, as she withdrew, "our dame turns as obstinate as a Pacha with three tails!—We have her gracious permission to finish our mug, however; so here is to your health once more,

Mr. Tyrrel, wishing you a hearty welcome to your own country."

"I thank you, Mr. Touchwood," answered Tyrrel; "and I return you the same good wishes, with, as I sincerely hope, a much greater chance of their being realized.—You relieved me, sir, at a time when the villany of an agent, prompted, as I have reason to think, by an active and powerful enemy, occasioned my being, for a time, pressed for funds.—I made remittances to the *Ragion* you dealt with, to acquit myself at least of the pecuniary part of my obligation; but the bills were returned, because, it was stated, you had left Smyrna."

"Very true—very true—left Smyrna, and here I am in Scotland—as for the bills, we will speak of them another time—something due for picking me out of the gutter."

"I shall make no deduction on that account," said Tyrrel, smiling, though in no jocose mood; and I beg you not to mistake me. The circumstances of embarrassment under which you found me at Smyrna, were merely temporary—I am most able and willing to pay my debt; and, let me add, I am most desirous to do so."

"Another time—another time," said Mr. Touchwood—"time enough before us, Mr. Tyrrel—besides, at Smyrna, you talked of a lawsuit—law is a lick-penny, Mr. Tyrrel—no counsellor like the pound in purse."

"For my lawsuit," said Tyrrel, "I am fully provided."

"But have you good advice?—Have you good advice?" said Touchwood; "answer me that."

"I have advised with my lawyers," answered Tyrrel, internally vexed to find that his friend was much disposed to make his generosity upon the former occasion a pretext for prying farther into his affairs now than he thought polite or convenient.

"With your counsel learned in the law—eh, my dear boy! But the advice you should take is of some travelled friend, well acquainted with mankind and the world—some one that has lived double your years, and is maybe looking out for some bare young fellow that he may do a little good to—one that might be willing to help you farther than I can pretend to guess—for, as to your lawyer, you get just your guinea's worth from him—not even so much as the baker's bargain, thirteen to the dozen."

"I think I should not trouble myself to go far in search of a friend such as you describe," said Tyrrel, who could not affect to misunderstand the senior's drift, "when I was near Mr. Peregrine Touchwood; but the truth is, my affairs are at present so much complicated with those of others, whose secrets I have no right to communicate, that I cannot have the advantage of consulting you, or any other friend. It is possible I may be soon obliged to lay aside this reserve, and vindicate myself before the whole public. I will not fail, when that time shall arrive, to take an early opportunity of confidential communication with you."

"That is right—confidential is the word—No person ever made a confidant of me who repented it.—Think what the Pacha might have made of it, had he taken my advice, and cut through the Isthmus of Suez.—Turk and Christian, men of all tongues and countries, used to consult old Touchwood, from the building of a mosque down to the settling of an *agio*.—But come—Good-night—good-night."

So saying, he took up his bedroom light, and extinguished one of those which stood on the table, nodded to Tyrrel to dis-charge his share of the duty imposed by Mrs. Dods with the same punctuality, and they withdrew to their several apartments, entertaining very different sentiments of each other.

"A troublesome, inquisitive old gentleman," said Tyrrel to himself; "I remember him narrowly escaping the bastinado at Smyrna, for thrusting his advice on the Turkish eadi—and then I lie under a considerable obligation to him, giving him a sort of right to annoy me.—Well, I must parry his impertinence as I can."

"A shy cock this Frank Tyrrel," thought the traveller; "a very complete dodger!—But no matter—I

shall wind him, were he to double like a fox—I am resolved to make his matters my own, and if I cannot carry him through, I know not who can."

Having formed this philanthropic resolution, Mr. Touchwood threw himself into bed, which luckily declined exactly at the right angle, and, full of self-complacency, consigned himself to slumber.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEDIATION.

—So begone!
We'll not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

King Henry IV., Part I.

It had been the purpose of Tyrrel, by rising and breakfasting early, to avoid again meeting Mr. Touchwood, having upon his hands a matter in which that officious gentleman's interference was likely to prove troublesome. His character, he was aware, had been assailed at the Spa in the most public manner, and in the most public manner he was resolved to demand redress, conscious that whatever other important concerns had brought him to Scotland, must necessarily be postponed to the vindication of his honour. He was determined, for this purpose, to go down to the rooms when the company was assembled at the breakfast hour, and had just taken his hat to set out, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Dods, who, announcing "a gentleman that was speering for him," ushered into the chamber a very fashionable young man in a military surcoat, covered with silk lace and fur, and wearing a foraging-cap; a dress now too familiar to be distinguished, but which at that time was used only by geniuses of a superior order. The stranger was neither handsome nor plain, but had in his appearance a good deal of pretension, and the cool easy superiority which belongs to high breeding. On his part, he surveyed Tyrrel; and, as his appearance differed, perhaps, from that for which the exterior of the Cleikum Inn had prepared him, he abated something of the air with which he had entered the room, and politely announced himself as Captain Jekyl, of the — Guards, (presenting at the same time, his ticket.)

"He presumed he spoke to Mr. Martigny?"

"To Mr. Francis Tyrrel, sir," replied Tyrrel, drawing himself up—"Martigny was my mother's name—I have never borne it."

"I am not here for the purpose of disputing that point, Mr. Tyrrel, though I am not entitled to admit what my principal's information leads him to doubt."

"Your principal, I presume, is Sir Bingo Binks?" said Tyrrel. "I have not forgotten that there is an unfortunate affair between us."

"I have not the honour to know Sir Bingo Binks," said Captain Jekyl. "I come on the part of the Earl of Etherington."

Tyrrel stood silent for a moment, and then said, "I am at a loss to know what the gentleman who calls himself Earl of Etherington can have to say to me, through the medium of such a messenger as yourself, Captain Jekyl. I should have supposed that, considering our unhappy relationship, and the terms on which we stand towards each other, the lawyers were the fittest negotiators between us."

"Sir," said Captain Jekyl, "you are misunderstanding my errand. I am come on no message of hostile import from Lord Etherington—I am aware of the connexion betwixt you, which would render such an office altogether contradictory to common sense and the laws of nature; and I assure you, I would lay down my life rather than be concerned in an affair so unnatural. I would act, if possible, as a mediator betwixt you."

They had hitherto remained standing. Mr. Tyrrel now offered his guest a seat; and, having assumed one himself, he broke the awkward pause which ensued by observing, "I should be happy, after experiencing such a long course of injustice and persecution from your friend, to learn, even at this late period, Captain Jekyl, any thing which can make me think better, either of him, or of his purpose towards me and towards others."

"Mr. Tyrrel," said Captain Jekyl, "you must allow me to speak with candour. There is too great a stake betwixt your brother and you to permit you to be friends; but I do not see it necessary that you should therefore be mortal enemies."

"I am not my brother's enemy, Captain Jekyl," said Tyrrel—"I have never been so—His friend I cannot be, and he knows but too well the insurmountable barrier which his own conduct has placed between us."

"I am aware," said Captain Jekyl, slowly and expressively, "generally, at least, of the particulars of your unfortunate disagreement."

"If so," said Tyrrel, colouring, "you must be also aware with what extreme pain I feel myself compelled to enter on such a subject with a total stranger—a stranger, too, the friend and confidant of one who — But I will not hurt your feelings, Captain Jekyl, but rather endeavour to suppress my own. In one word, I beg to be favoured with the import of your communication, as I am obliged to go down to the Spa this morning, in order to put to rights some matters there which concern me nearly."

"If you mean the cause of your absence from an appointment with Sir Bingo Binks," said Captain Jekyl, "the matter has been already completely explained. I pulled down the offensive placard with my own hand, and rendered myself responsible for your honour to any one who should presume to hold it in future doubt."

"Sir," said Tyrrel, very much surprised, "I am obliged to you for your intention, the more so as I am ignorant how I have merited such interference. It is not, however, quite satisfactory to me, because I am accustomed to be the guardian of my own honour."

"An easy task, I presume in all cases, Mr. Tyrrel, answered Jekyl, "but peculiarly so in the present, when you will find no one so hardy as to assail it.—My interference, indeed, would have been unjustifiably officious, had I not been at the moment undertaking a commission implying confidential intercourse with you. For the sake of my own character, it became necessary to establish yours. I know the truth of the whole affair from my friend the Earl of Etherington, who ought to thank Heaven so long as he lives, that saved him on that occasion from the commission of a very great crime."

"Your friend, sir, has had, in the course of his life, much to thank Heaven for, but more for which to ask God's forgiveness."

"I am no divine, sir," replied Captain Jekyl with spirit; "but I have been told that the same may be said of most men alive."

"I, at least, cannot dispute it," said Tyrrel; "but, to proceed.—Have you found yourself at liberty, Captain Jekyl, to deliver to the public the whole particulars of a rencontre so singular as that which took place between your friend and me?"

"I have not, sir," said Jekyl—"I judged it a matter of great delicacy, and which each of you had the like interest to preserve secret."

"May I beg to know, then," said Tyrrel, "how it was possible for you to vindicate my character from Sir Bingo's rendezvous otherwise?"

"It was only necessary, sir, to pledge my word as a gentleman and a man of honour, character in which I am pretty well known to the world, that to my certain personal knowledge, you were not in an affair with a friend of mine, the further particulars of which prudence required should be sent into oblivion. I think no one will venture to dispute my word, or to require more than my assurance.—If there should be any one very hardy as to faith on the occasion, I shall find a way to satisfy him. In the mean while, your outlawry has been rescinded in the most honourable manner; and Sir Bingo, in consideration of his share in giving you to reports so injurious to you, is desirous to drop all further proceedings in his original quarrel, and hopes the whole matter will be forgot and forgotten on all sides."

"Upon my word, Captain Jekyl," answered Ty-

se under the necessity of acknowledging to you. You have cut a knot which found it very difficult to unloose; for I, that, while I was determined not to let the stigma put upon me, I should have culled in clearing myself, without menaces, which, were it only for the other's memory, should be buried in me. I hope your friend feels no conscience from his hurt?"

ip is nearly quite recovered," said

he did me the justice to own, that, still was concerned, I am totally guiltless of hurting him?"

ou full justice in that and every thing sky; "regrets the impetuosity of his id is determined to be on his guard ture."

l Tyrrel, "is so far well; and now, more, what communication you have on the part of your friend?—Were

but him, whom I have found so unid treacherous, your own fairness and induce me to hope that this unnatural be in some sort ended by your medi-

eed, sir, under more favourable auspices," said Captain Jekyl, "to enter sion.—You are about to commence a rrel, if fame does not wrong you, for depriving your brother of his estate and

not fairly stated, Captain Jekyl," re- commence a lawsuit, when I do com- sake of ascertaining my own just

the same thing eventually," said the m not called upon, to decide upon the claims, but they are, you will allow,

The late Countess of Etherington on—open and undoubted possession—ociety."

to real claim to it, sir," replied Tyrrel, than justice who enjoyed it so long; lady whose claims were postponed, ch less.—But this is no point for you iss between us—it must be tried else-

of the strongest kind, will be necessary right so well established in public of the present possessor of the title of

paper from his pocketbook, and, hand- ing Jekyl, only answered, "I have no ing you to give up the cause of your links the documents of which I give shake your opinion of it."

I read, muttering to himself, "*Cer- tificate, by the Rev. Zadock Kemp, chap- sh Embassy at Paris, between Marie mpledse de Martigny, and the Right hn Lord Oakendale—Letters between Etherington and his lady, under the de Martigny—Certificate of baptism of the Earl of Etherington on his* this is very well—but may I ask you, s really your purpose to go to extremity er?"

got that he is one—he has lifted his y life."

shed his blood—twice shed it," said ord will not ask which brother gave, which received, which inflicted, the

l has inflicted one on me, sir," said ill bleed while I have the power of

d you, sir," said Captain Jekyl; "you of Miss Mowbray?"

on that subject, sir!" said Tyrrel. ve disputed my most important rights involved my rank in society, my for- of my mother—with something like

composure; but do not say more on the topic you have touched upon, unless you would have before you a madman!—Is it possible for you, sir, to have heard even the outline of this story, and to imagine that I can ever reflect on the coldblooded and most inhu- man stratagem, which this friend of yours prepared for two unfortunates, without?—He started up, and walked impetuously to and fro. "Since the friend himself interrupted the happiness of perfect innocence, there was never such an act of treachery—never such schemes of happiness destroyed—never such inevita- ble misery prepared for two wretches who had the idiocy to repose perfect confidence in him!—Had there been passion in his conduct, it had been the act of a man—a wicked man, indeed, but still a human crea- ture, acting under the influence of human feelings— but his was the deed of a calm, cold, calculating demon, actuated by the basest and most sordid motives of self-interest, joined, as I firmly believe, to an early and inveterate hatred of one whose claims he considered as at variance with his own."

"I am sorry to see you in such a temper," said Captain Jekyl, calmly; "Lord Etherington, I trust, acted on very different motives than those you impute to him; and if you will but listen to me, perhaps something may be struck out which may accommo- date these unhappy disputers."

"Sir," said Tyrrel, sitting down again, "I will listen to you with calmness, as I would remain calm under the probe of a surgeon tending a festered wound. But when you touch me to the quick, when you prick the very nerve, you cannot expect me to endure without wincing."

"I will endeavour, then, to be as brief in the opera- tion as I can," replied Captain Jekyl, who possessed the advantage of the most admirable composure dur- ing the whole conference. "I conclude, Mr. Tyrrel, that the peace, happiness, and honour of Miss Mow- bray, are dear to you?"

"Who dare impeach her honour!" said Tyrrel, fiercely; then checking himself, added, in a more moderate tone, but one of deep feeling, "They are dear to me, sir, as my eyesight."

"My friend holds them in equal regard," said the Captain; "and has come to the resolution of doing her the most ample justice."

"He can do her justice no otherwise, than by ceas- ing to haunt this neighbourhood, to think, to speak, even to dream of her."

"Lord Etherington thinks otherwise," said Captain Jekyl; "he believes that if Miss Mowbray has sus- tained any wrong at his hands, which, of course, I am not called upon to admit, it will be best repaired by the offer to share with her his title, his rank, and his fortune."

"His title, rank, and fortune, sir, are as much a falsehood as he is himself," said Tyrrel, with vio- lence—"Marry Clara Mowbray? never!"

"My friend's fortune, you will observe," replied Jekyl, "does not rest entirely upon the event of the lawsuit with which you, Mr. Tyrrel, now threaten him.—Deprive him, if you can, of the Oakendale estate, he has still a large patrimony by his mother; and besides, as to his marriage with Clara Mowbray, he conceives, that unless it should be the lady's wish to have the ceremony repeated, to which he is most desirous to defer his own opinion, they have only to declare that it has already passed between them."

"A trick, sir!" said Tyrrel, "a vile infamous trick! of which the lowest wretch in Newgate would be ashamed—the imposition of one person for another."

"Of that, Mr. Tyrrel, I have seen no evidence whatever. The clergyman's certificate is clear—Francis Tyrrel is united to Clara Mowbray in the holy bands of wedlock—such is the tenor—there is a copy—nay, stop one instant, if you please, sir. You say there was an imposition in the case—I have no doubt but you speak what you believe, and what Miss Mowbray told you. She was surprised—forced in some measure from the husband she had just married—ashamed to meet her former lover, to whom, doubt- less, she had made many a vow of love, and ne'er a true one—what wonder that, unsupported by her bride- groom, she should have changed her tone, and thrown

all the blame of her own inconstancy on the absent swain?—A woman, at a pinch so critical, will make the most improbable excuse, rather than be found guilty on her own confession."

"There must be no jesting in this case," said Tyrrel, his cheek becoming pale, and his voice altered with passion.

"I am quite serious, sir," replied Jekyl; "and there is no law court in Britain that would take the lady's word—all she has to offer, and that in her own cause—against a whole body of evidence, direct and circumstantial, showing that she was by her own free consent married to the gentleman who now claims her hand.—Forgive me, sir—I see you are much agitated—I do not mean to dispute your right of believing what you think is most credible—I only use the freedom of pointing out to you the impression which the evidence is likely to make on the minds of indifferent persons."

"Your friend," answered Tyrrel, affecting a composure, which, however, he was far from possessing, "may think by such arguments to screen his villany; but it cannot avail him—the truth is known to Heaven—it is known to me—and there is, besides, one indifferent witness upon earth, who can testify that the most abominable imposition was practised on Miss Mowbray."

"You mean her cousin,—Hannah Irwin, I think, is her name," answered Jekyl; "you see I am fully acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. But where is Hannah Irwin to be found?"

"She will appear, doubtless, in Heaven's good time, and to the confusion of him who now imagines the only witness of his treachery—the only one who could tell the truth of this complicated mystery—either no longer lives, or, at least, cannot be brought forward against him, to the ruin of his schemes. Yes, sir, that slight observation of yours has more than explained to me why your friend, or, to call him by his true name, Mr. Valentine Bulmer, has not commenced his machinations sooner, and also why he has commenced them now. He thinks himself certain that Hannah Irwin is not now in Britain, or to be produced in a court of justice—he may find himself mistaken."

"My friend seems perfectly confident of the issue of his cause," answered Jekyl; "but for the lady's sake, he is most unwilling to prosecute a suit which must be attended with so many circumstances of painful exposure."

"Exposure, indeed!" answered Tyrrel; "thanks to the traitor who laid a mine so fearful, and who now affects to be reluctant to fire it.—Oh! how I am bound to curse that affinity that restrains my hands! I would be content to be the meanest and vilest of society, for one hour of vengeance on this unexampled hypocrite!—One thing is certain, sir—your friend will have no living victim. His persecution will kill Clara Mowbray, and fill up the cup of his crimes, with the murder of one of the sweetest—I shall grow a woman, if I say more on the subject!"

"My friend," said Jekyl, "since you like best to have him so defined, is as desirous as you can be to spare the lady's feelings; and with that view, not reverting to former passages, he has laid before her brother a proposal of alliance, with which Mr. Mowbray is highly pleased."

"Ha!" said Tyrrel, starting—"And the lady?"—"And the lady so far proved favourable, as to consent that Lord Etherington shall visit Shaws-Castle."

"Her consent must have been extorted!" exclaimed Tyrrel.

"It was given voluntarily," said Jekyl, "as I am led to understand; unless, perhaps, in so far as the desire to veil these very unpleasant transactions may have operated, I think naturally enough, to induce her to sink them in eternal secrecy, by accepting Lord Etherington's hand.—I see, sir, I give you pain, and am sorry for it—I have no title to call upon you for any exertion of generosity; but, should such be Miss Mowbray's sentiments, is it too much to expect of you, that you will not compromise the lady's honour by insisting upon former claims, and opening up disreputable transactions so long past?"

"Captain Jekyl," said Tyrrel, solemnly, "I have no claims. Whatever I might have had, were cancelled by the act of treachery through which your friend endeavoured too successfully to supplant me. Were Clara Mowbray as free from her pretended marriage as law could pronounce her, still with me—at least, of all men in the world—the obstacle must ever remain, that the nuptial benediction has been pronounced over her, and the man whom I must for once call brother."

He stopped at that word, as if it had cost him agony to pronounce it, and then resumed:—"No, sir, I have no views of personal advantage in this matter—they have been long annihilated.—But I will not permit Clara Mowbray to become the wife of a villain—I will watch over her with thoughts as spotless as those of her guardian angel. I have been the cause of all the evil she has sustained—I first persuaded her to quit the path of duty—I, of all men who live, am bound to protect her from the misery—from the guilt—which must attach to her as this man's wife. I will never believe that she wishes it—I will never believe that in calm mind and sober reason, she can be brought to listen to such a guilty proposal.—But her mind—alas!—is not of the firm texture it once could boast; and your friend knows well how to press on the spring of every passion that can agitate and alarm her. Threats of exposure may extort her consent to this most unfitting match, if they do not indeed drive her to suicide, which I think the most likely termination. I will, therefore, be strong where she is weak.—Your friend, sir, must at least strip his proposals of their fine gilding. I will satisfy Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's of his false pretences, both to rank and fortune; and I rather think he will protect his sister against the claim of a needy profligate, though he might be dazzled with the alliance of a wealthy peer."

"Your cause, sir, is not yet won," answered Jekyl; "and when it is, your brother will retain property enough to entitle him to marry a greater match than Miss Mowbray, besides the large estate of Nettleswood, to which that alliance must give him right. But I would wish to make some accommodation between you if it were possible. You profess, Mr. Tyrrel, to lay aside all selfish wishes and views in this matter, and to look entirely to Miss Mowbray's safety and happiness?"

"Such, upon my honour, is the exclusive purpose of my interference—I would give all I am worth to procure her an hour of quiet—for happiness she will never know again."

"Your anticipations of Miss Mowbray's distress," said Jekyl, "are, I understand, founded upon the character of my friend. You think him a man of light principle, and because he overreached you in a juvenile intrigue, you conclude that now, in his more steady and advanced years, the happiness of the lady in whom you are so much interested ought not to be trusted to him."

"There may be other grounds," said Tyrrel, hastily; "but you may argue upon those you have named, as sufficient to warrant my interference."

"How, then, if I should propose some accommodation of this nature? Lord Etherington does not pretend to the ardour of a passionate lover. He has much in the world, and has no desire to quit it. Miss Mowbray's health is delicate—her spirits variable—and retirement would most probably be her choice.—Suppose—I am barely putting a supposition—suppose that a marriage between two persons so circumstanced were rendered necessary or advantageous to both—suppose that such a marriage were to secure to one party a large estate—were to insure the other against all the consequences of an unpleasant exposure—and both ends might be obtained by the mere ceremony of marriage passing between them. There might be a previous contract of separation, with suitable provisions for the lady, and stipulations, by which the husband should renounce all claim to her society. Such things happen every season, if not on the very marriage day, yet before the honeymoon is over.—Wealth and freedom would be the lady's, and as much rank as you, sir, supposing your claims just, may think proper to leave them."

There was a long pause, during which Tyrrel under went many changes of countenance, which Jekyl watched carefully, without pressing him for an answer. At length he replied, "There is much in your proposal, Captain Jekyl, which I might be tempted to accede to, as one manner of unloosing this Gordian knot, and a compromise by which Miss Mowbray's future tranquility would be in some degree provided for. But I would rather trust a finger adder than your friend, unless I saw him fettered by the strongest ties of interest. Besides, I am certain the unhappy lady could never survive the being connected with him in this manner, though but for the single moment when they should appear together at the altar. There are other objections."

He checked himself, paused, and then proceeded in a calm and self-possessed tone. "You think, perhaps, even yet, that I have some selfish and interested views in this business; and probably you may feel yourself entitled to entertain the same suspicion towards me, which I avowedly harbour respecting every proposition which originates with your friend. I cannot help it—I can but meet these disadvantageous impressions with plain dealing and honesty; and it is in the spirit of both that I make a proposition to you.—Your friend is attached to rank, fortune, and worldly advantages, in the usual proportion, at least, in which they are pursued by men of the world—this you must admit, and I will not offend you by supposing more."

"I know few people who do not desire such advantages," answered Captain Jekyl; "and I frankly own that he affects no particular degree of philosophic indifference respecting them."

"Be it so," answered Tyrrel. "Indeed, the proposal you have just made indicates that his pretended claim on this young lady's hand is entirely, or almost entirely, dictated by motives of interest, since you are of opinion that he would be contented to separate from her society on the very marriage day, provided that, in doing so, he was assured of the Nettlewood property."

"My proposition was unauthorized by my principal," answered Jekyl; "but it is needless to deny, that its very tenor implies an idea, on my part, that Lord Etherington is no passionate lover."

"Well then," answered Tyrrel. "Consider, sir, and let him consider well, that the estate and rank he now assumes, depend upon my will and pleasure—that, if I prosecute the claims of which that scroll makes you aware, he must descend from the rank of an earl into that of a commoner, stripped of by much the better half of his fortune—a diminution which would be far from compensated by the estate of Nettlewood, even if he could obtain it, which could only be by means of a lawsuit, precarious in the issue, and most dishonourable in its very essence."

"Well, sir," replied Jekyl, "I perceive your argument.—What is your proposal?"

"That I will abstain from prosecuting my claim on those honours and that property—that I will leave Valentine Bulmer in possession of his usurped title and ill-deserved wealth—that I will bind myself under the strongest penalties never to disturb his possession of the Earldom of Etherington and estates belonging to it—on condition that he allows the woman, whose peace of mind he has ruined for ever, to walk through her world in her wretchedness, undisturbed either by his marriage-suit, or by any claim founded upon his own most treacherous conduct—in short, that he forbear to molest Clara Mowbray, either by his presence, word, letter, or through the intervention of a third party, and be to her in future as if he did not exist."

"This is a singular offer," said the Captain; "may I ask if you are serious in making it?"

"I am neither surprised nor offended at the question," said Tyrrel. "I am a man, sir, like others, and affect no superiority to that which all men desire: the possession of—a certain consideration and station in society. I am no romantic fool to undervalue the sacrifice I am about to make. I renounce a rank which is and ought to be the more valuable to me, because it involves (he blushed as he spoke) the fame of an honoured mother—because, in failing to claim it, I

disobey the commands of a dying father, who wished that by doing so I should declare to the world the penitence which hurried him perhaps to the grave, and the making which public he considered might be some atonement for his errors. From an honoured place in the land, I descend voluntarily to become a nameless exile; for, once certain that Clara Mowbray's place is assured, Britain no longer holds me. All this I do, sir, not in any idle strain of overheated feeling, but seeing, and knowing, and dearly valuing, every advantage which I renounce—yet I do it, and do it willingly, rather than be the cause of farther evil to one, on whom I have already brought too—too much."

His voice, in spite of his exertions, faltered as he concluded the sentence, and a big drop which rose to his eye, required him for the moment to turn towards the window.

"I am ashamed of this childishness," he said, turning again to Captain Jekyl; "if it excites your ridicule, sir, let it be at least a proof of my sincerity."

"I am far from entertaining such sentiments," said Jekyl, respectfully—for, in a long train of fashionable follies, his heart had not been utterly hardened—"very far, indeed. To a proposal so singular as yours, I cannot be expected to answer—except thus far—the character of the peerage is, I believe, indelible, and cannot be resigned or assumed at pleasure. If you are really Earl of Etherington, I cannot see how your resigning the right may avail my friend."

"You, sir, it might not avail," said Tyrrel, gravely, "because you, perhaps, might scorn to exercise a right, or hold a title that was not legally yours. But your friend will have no such compunctious visitings. If he can act the Earl to the eye of the world, he has already shown that his honour and conscience will be easily satisfied."

"May I take a copy of the memorandum containing this list of documents," said Captain Jekyl, "for the information of my constituent?"

"The paper is at your pleasure, sir," replied Tyrrel; "it is itself but a copy.—But Captain Jekyl," he added, with a sarcastic expression, "is it would seem, but imperfectly let into his friend's confidence—he may be assured his principal is completely acquainted with the contents of this paper, and has accurate copies of the deeds to which it refers."

"I think it scarce possible," said Jekyl, angrily.

"Possible and certain!" answered Tyrrel. "My father, shortly preceding his death, sent me—with a most affecting confession of his errors—this list of papers, and acquainted me that he had made a similar communication to your friend. That he did so I have no doubt, however Mr. Bulmer may have thought proper to disguise the circumstance in communication with you. One circumstance, among others, stamps at once his character, and confirms me of the danger he apprehended by my return to Britain. He found means, through a scoundrelly agent, who had made me the usual remittances from my father while alive, to withhold those which were necessary for my return from the Levant, and I was obliged to borrow from a friend."

"Indeed?" replied Jekyl. "It is the first time I have heard of these papers—May I inquire where the originals are, and in whose custody?"

"I was in the East," answered Tyrrel, "during my father's last illness, and these papers were by him deposited with a respectable commercial house, with which he was connected. They were enclosed in a cover directed to me, and that again in an envelope, addressed to the principal person in their firm."

"You must be sensible," said Captain Jekyl, "that I can scarcely decide on the extraordinary offer which you have been pleased to make, of resigning the claim founded on these documents, unless I had a previous opportunity of examining them."

"You shall have that opportunity—I will write to have them sent down by the post—they lie but in small compass."

"This, then," said the Captain, "sums up all that can be said at present.—Supposing these proofs to be of unexceptionable authenticity, I certainly would advise my friend Etherington to put to sleep a claim so

important as yours, even at the expense of resigning his matrimonial speculation—I presume you design to abide by your offer?”

“I am not in the habit of altering my mind—still less of retracting my word,” said Tyrrel, somewhat haughtily.

“We part friends, I hope?” said Jekyl, rising, and taking his leave.

“Not enemies, certainly, Captain Jekyl. I will own to you I owe you my thanks for extricating me from that foolish affair at the Well—nothing could have put me to more inconvenience than the necessity of following to extremity a frivolous quarrel at the present moment.”

“You will come down among us, then?” said Jekyl. “I certainly shall not wish to appear to hide myself,” answered Tyrrel; “it is a circumstance might be turned against me—there is a party who will avail himself of every advantage. I have but one path, Captain Jekyl—that of truth and honour.”

Captain Jekyl bowed, and took his leave. So soon as he was gone, Tyrrel locked the door of the apartment, and drawing from his bosom a portrait, gazed on it with a mixture of sorrow and tenderness, until the tears dropped from his eye.

It was the picture of Clara Mowbray, such as he had known her in the days of their youthful love, and taken by himself, whose early turn for painting had already developed itself. The features of the blooming girl might be yet traced in the fine countenance of the more matured original. But what was now become of the glow which had shaded her cheek?—what of the arch, yet subdued pleasantries, which lurked in the eye?—what of the joyous content, which composed every feature to the expression of a Euphrosyne?—Alas! these were long fled!—Sorrow had laid his hand upon her—the purple light of youth was quenched—the glance of innocent gaiety was exchanged for looks now moody with ill-concealed care, now animated by a spirit of reckless and satirical observation.

“What a wreck! what a wreck!” exclaimed Tyrrel; “and all of one wretch’s making.—Can I put the last hand to the work, and be her murderer outright? I cannot—I cannot!—I will be strong in the resolve I have formed—I will sacrifice all—rank—station—fortune—and fame. Revenge!—Revenge itself, the last good left me—revenge itself I will sacrifice, to obtain for her such tranquillity as she may be yet capable to enjoy.”

In this resolution he sat down, and wrote a letter to the commercial house with whom the documents of his birth, and other relative papers were deposited, requesting that the packet containing them should be forwarded to him through the post-office.

Tyrrel was neither unambitious, nor without those sentiments respecting personal consideration, which are usually united with deep feeling and an ardent mind. It was with a trembling hand, and an ardent eye, but with a heart firmly resolved, that he sealed and despatched the letter; a step towards the resignation, in favour of his mortal enemy, of that rank and condition in life, which was his own by right of inheritance, but had so long hung in doubt betwixt them.

CHAPTER XXX.

INTRUSION.

By my troth, I will go with thee to the lane’s-end!—I am a kind of burn—I shall stick.—*Measure for Measure.*

It was now far advanced in autumn. The dew lay thick on the long grass, where it was touched by the sun; but where the sward lay in shadow, it was covered with hoar frost, and crisped under Jekyl’s foot, as he returned through the woods of St. Ronan’s. The leaves of the ash-trees detached themselves from the branches, and, without an air of wind, fell spontaneously on the path. The mists still lay lazily upon the heights, and the huge old tower of St. Ronan’s was entirely shrouded with vapour, except where a sunbeam, struggling with the mist, penetrated into its wreath so far as to show a projecting turret upon one

of the angles of the old fortress, which, long a favourite haunt of the raven, was popularly called the Corbie’s Tower. Beneath, the scene was open and lightsome, and the robin redbreast was chirping his best, to atone for the absence of all other chorists. The fine foliage of autumn was seen in many a glade, running up the sides of each little ravine, russet-headed and golden-speckled, and tinged frequently with the red hues of the mountain-ash; while here and there a huge old fir, the native growth of the soil, flung his broad shadow over the rest of the trees, and seemed to exult in the permanence of his dusky livery over the more showy, but transitory brilliance by which he was surrounded.

Such is the scene, which, so often described in prose and in poetry, yet seldom loses its effect upon the ear or upon the eye, and through which we wander with a strain of mind congenial to the decline of the year. There are few who do not feel the impression; and even Jekyl, though bred to far different pursuits than those most favourable to such contemplation, relaxed his pace to admire the uncommon beauty of the landscape.

Perhaps, also, he was in no hurry to rejoin the Earl of Etherington, towards whose service he felt himself more disinclined since his interview with Tyrrel. It was clear that that nobleman had not fully reposed in his friend the confidence promised; he had not made him aware of the existence of those important documents of proof, on which the whole fate of his negotiation appeared now to hinge, and in so far had deceived him. Yet, when he pulled from his pocket and re-read Lord Etherington’s explanatory letter, Jekyl could not help being more sensible than he had been on the first perusal, how much the present possessor of that title felt alarmed at his brother’s claims; and he had some compassion for the natural feeling that must have rendered him shy of communicating at once the very worst view of his case, even to his most confidential friend. Upon the whole, he remembered that Lord Etherington had been his benefactor to an unusual extent; that, in return, he had promised the young nobleman his active and devoted assistance, in extricating him from the difficulties with which he seemed at present surrounded; that, in quality of his confidant, he had become acquainted with the most secret transactions of his life; and that it could only be some very strong cause indeed which could justify breaking off from him at this moment. Yet he could not help wishing either that his own obligations had been less, his friend’s cause better, or, at least, the friend himself more worthy of assistance.

“A beautiful morning, sir, for such a foggy, d-d climate as this,” said a voice close by Jekyl’s ear, which made him at once start out of his contemplation. He turned half round, and beside him stood our honest friend Touchwood, his throat muffled in his large Indian handkerchief, huge gouty shoes thrust upon his feet, his bobwig well powdered, and the gold-headed cane in his hand, carried upright as a sergeant’s halberd. One glance of contemptuous survey entitled Jekyl, according to his modish ideas, to rank the old gentleman as a regular-built quizz, and to treat him as the young gentlemen of his Majesty’s Guards think themselves entitled to use every unfashionable variety of the human species. A slight inclination of a bow, and a very cold “You have the advantage of me, sir,” dropped as it were unconsciously from his tongue, were meant to repress the old gentleman’s advances, and moderate his ambition to be hail fellow well met with his betters. But Mr. Touchwood was callous to the intended rebuke; he had lived too much at large upon the world, and was far too confident of his own merits, to take a repulse easily, or to permit his modesty to interfere with any purpose which he had formed.

“Advantage of you, sir?” he replied; “I have found too long in the world not to keep all the advantages I have, and get all I can—and I reckon it one that I have overtaken you, and shall have the pleasure of your company to the Well.”

“I should but interrupt your worthier meditations, sir,” said the other; “beaides, I am a modest young

man, and think myself fit for no better company than my own—moreover, I walk slow—very slow.—Good morning to you, Mr. A—A—I believe my treacherous memory has let slip your name, sir."

"My name!—Why, your memory must have been like Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go before he caught it. You never heard my name in your life. Touchwood is my name. What d'ye think of it, now you know it?"

"I am really no connoisseur in surnames," answered Jekyl; "and it is quite the same to me whether you call yourself Touchwood or Touchstone. Don't let me keep you from walking on, sir. You will find breakfast far advanced at the Well, sir, and your walk has probably given you an appetite."

"Which will serve me to luncheon-time, I promise you," said Touchwood; "I always drink my coffee as soon as my feet are in my pabouches—it's the way all over the East. Never trust my breakfast to their scalding milk-and-water at the Well, I assure you; and for walking slow, I have had a touch of the gout."

"Have you?" said Jekyl; "I am sorry for that; because, if you have no mind to breakfast, I have—and so, Mr. Touchstone, good-morrow to you."

But, although the young soldier went off at double quick time, his pertinacious attendant kept close by his side, displaying an activity which seemed inconsistent with his make and his years, and talking away the whole time, so as to show that his lungs were not in the least degree incommoded by the unusual rapidity of motion.

"Nay, young gentleman, if you are for a good smart walk, I am for you, and the gout may be d-d. You are a lucky fellow to have youth on your side; but yet, so far as between the Autlout and the Well, I think I could walk you for your sum, barring running—all heel and toe—equal weight, and I would match Barclay himself for a mile."

"Upon my word, you are a gay old gentleman!" said Jekyl, relaxing his pace; "and if we must be fellow-travellers, though I can see no great occasion for it, I must even shorten sail for you."

So saying, and as if another means of deliverance had occurred to him, he slackened his pace, took out a morocco case of cigars, and, lighting one with his *briquet*, said, while he walked on, and bestowed as much of its fragrance as he could upon the face of his intrusive companion, "Vergeben sie, mein herr—ich bin erzogen in kaiserlicher dienst—muss rauchen ein kleine wenig."

"Rauchen sie immer fort," said Touchwood, producing a huge incense-chamber, which, suspended by a chain from his neck, lurked in the bosom of his coat, "habe auch mien pfeichen—Sehen sie den lieben teufel!" and he began to return the smoke, if not the life, of his companion, in full volumes, and with intention.

"The devil take the twaddle," said Jekyl to himself, "he is too old and too fat to be treated after the manner of Professor Jackson; and, on my life, I cannot tell what to make of him.—He is a residenter too—I must tip him the cold shoulder, or he will be pattering me eternally."

Accordingly, he walked on, sucking his cigar, and apparently in as abstracted a mood as Mr. Cargill himself, without paying the least attention to Touchwood, who, nevertheless, continued talking, as if he had been addressing the most attentive listener in Scotland, whether it were the favourite nephew of a cross, old, rich bachelor, or the aid-de-camp of some old rusty firelock of a general, who tells stories of the American war.

"And so, sir, I can put up with any companion at a pinch, for I have travelled in all sorts of ways, from a caravan down to a carrier's cart; but the best society is the best every where; and I am happy I have fallen in with a gentleman who suits me so well as you.—That grave, steady attention of yours reminds me of Elfi Bey—you might talk to him in English, or

any thing he understood least of—you might have read Aristotle to Elfi, and not a muscle would he stir—give him his pipe, and he would sit on his cushion with a listening air as if he took in every word of what you said."

Captain Jekyl threw away the remnant of his cigar, with a little movement of pettishness, and began to whistle an opera air.

"There again, now!—That is just so like the Marquis of Rocombole, another dear friend of mine, that whistles all the time you talk to him.—He says he learned it in the Reign of Terror, when a man was glad to whistle to show his throat was whole. And, talking of great folk, what do you think of this affair between Lord Etherington and his brother, or cousin, as some folk call him?"

Jekyl absolutely started at the question; a degree of emotion, which, had it been witnessed by any of his fashionable friends, would for ever have ruined his pretensions to rank in the first order.

"What affair?" he asked, so soon as he could command a certain degree of composure.

"Why, you know the news surely? Francis Tyrrel, whom all the company voted a coward the other day, turns out as brave a fellow as any of us; for, instead of having run away to avoid having his own throat cut by Sir Bingo Binks, he was at the very moment engaged in a gallant attempt to murder his elder brother, or his more lawful brother, or his cousin, or some such near relation."

"I believe you are misinformed, sir," said Jekyl dryly, and then resumed, as deftly as he could, his proper character of a pocomurante.

"I am told," continued Touchwood, "one Jekyl acted as a second to them both on the occasion—a proper fellow, sir—one of those fine gentlemen whom we pay for polishing the pavement in Bond Street, and looking at a thick shoe and a pair of worsted stockings, as if the wearer were none of their paymasters. However, I believe the Commander-in-Chief is like to discard him when he hears what has happened."

"Sir!" said Jekyl, fiercely—then, recollecting the folly of being angry with an original of his companion's description, he proceeded more coolly, "You are misinformed—Captain Jekyl knew nothing of any such matter as you refer to—you talk of a person you know nothing of—Captain Jekyl is!" (Here he stopped a little, scandalized, perhaps, at the very idea of vindicting himself to such a personage from such a charge.)

"Ay, ay," said the traveller, filling up the chasm in his own way, "he is not worth our talking of certainly—but I believe he knew as much of the matter as either you or I do, for all that."

"Sir, this is either a very great mistake, or wilful impertinence," answered the officer. "However absurd or intrusive you may be, I cannot allow you, either in ignorance or incivility, to use the name of Captain Jekyl with disrespect.—I am Captain Jekyl, sir."

"Very like, very like," said Touchwood, with the most provoking indifference; "I guessed as much before."

"Then, sir, you may guess what is likely to follow, when a gentleman hears himself unwarrantably and unjustly slandered," replied Captain Jekyl, surprised and provoked that his annunciation of name and rank seemed to be treated so lightly. "I advise you, sir, not to proceed too far upon the immunities of your age and insignificance."

"I never presume farther than I have good reason to think necessary, Captain Jekyl," answered Touchwood, with great composure. "I am too old, as you say, for any such idiotical business as a duel, which no nation I know of practices but our silly fools of Europe—and then, as for your switch, which you are grasping with so much dignity, that is totally out of the question. Look you, young gentleman; four-fifths of my life have been spent among men who do not set a man's life at the value of a button on his collar—every person learns, in such cases, to protect himself as he can; and whoever strikes me must stand to the consequences. I have always a brace of bull-dogs

* Forgive me, sir, I was bred in the Imperial service, and must smoke a little.

† Smoke as much as you please; I have got my pipe too.—See what a beautiful head!

about me which put age and youth on a level. So suppose me horse-whipped, and pray, at the same time, suppose yourself shot through the body. The same exertion of imagination will serve for both purposes."

So saying, he exhibited a very handsome, highly finished, and richly-mounted pair of pistols.

"Catch me without my tools," said he, significantly buttoning his coat over the arms, which were concealed in a side-pocket, ingeniously contrived for that purpose. "I see you do not know what to make of me," he continued, in a familiar and confidential tone; "but, to tell you the truth, every body that has meddled in this St. Ronan's business is a little off the hooks—something of a *l'ite exallée*, in plain words, a little crazy, or so; and I do not affect to be much wiser than other people."

"Sir," said Jekyl, "your manners and discourse are so unprecedented, that I must ask your meaning plainly and decidedly—Do you mean to insult me or no?"

"No insult at all, young gentleman—all fair meaning, and above board—I only wished to let you know what the world may say, that is all."

"Sir," said Jekyl, hastily, "the world may tell what lies it pleases; but I was not present at the rencontre between Etherington and Mr. Tyrrel—I was some hundred miles off."

"There now," said Touchwood, "there *was* a rencontre between them—the very thing I wanted to know."

"Sir," said Jekyl, aware too late that, in his haste to vindicate himself, he had committed his friend, "I desire you will found nothing on an expression hastily used to vindicate myself from a false aspersion—I only meant to say, if there was an affair such as you talk of, I knew nothing of it."

"Never mind—never mind—I shall make no bad use of what I have learned," said Touchwood. "Were you to eat your words with the best fish-sauce, (and that is Burgess's,) I have got all the information from them I wanted."

"You are strangely pertinacious, sir," replied Jekyl.

"O, a rock, a piece of flint for that—What I have learned, I have learned, but I will make no bad use of it—Hark ye, Captain, I have no malice against your friend—perhaps the contrary—but he is in a bad course, sir—has kept a false reckoning, for as deep as he thinks himself; and I tell you so, because I hold you (your finery out of the question) to be, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest; but, if you were not, why necessity is necessity; and a man will take a Bedouin for his guide in the desert, whom he would not trust with an aspar in the cultivated field; so I think of reposing some confidence in you—have not made up my mind, yet though."

"On my word, sir, I am greatly flattered both by your intentions and your hesitation," said Captain Jekyl. "You were pleased to say just now, that every one concerned with these matters was something particular."

"Ay, ay—something crazy—a little mad, or so. That was what I said, and I can prove it."

"I should be glad to hear the proof," said Jekyl—"I hope you do not except yourself?"

"Oh! by no means," answered Touchwood; "I am one of the maddest old boys ever slept out of straw, or went loose. But you can put fishing questions in your turn, Captain, I see that—you would fain know how much, or how little, I am in all these secrets. Well, that is as hereafter may be. In the mean time, here are my proofs.—Old Scrogie Mowbray was mad, to like the sound of Mowbray better than that of Scrogie; young Scrogie was mad, not to like it as well. The old Earl of Etherington was not sane when he married a French wife in secret, and devilish mad indeed when he married an English one in public. Then for the good folk here, Mowbray of St. Ronan's is cracked, when he wishes to give his sister to he knows not precisely whom: She is a fool not to take him, because she *does* know who he is, and what has been between them; and your friend is maddest of all, who seeks her under so heavy

a penalty—and you and I, Captain, go mad again for company's sake, when we mix ourselves with such a mess of folly and frenzy."

"Really, sir, all that you have said is an absolute riddle to me," replied the embarrassed Jekyl.

"Riddles may be read," said Touchwood, nodding: "if you have any desire to read mine, pray, take notice, that this being our first interview, I have exerted myself *faire les frais du conversation*, as Jack Frenchmen says; if you want another, you may come to Mrs. Dod's, at the Cleikum Inn, any day before Saturday, at four precisely, when you will find none of your half-starved, long-limbed bundles of bones which you call poultry at the *table-d'hôte* but a right Chitty-gong fowl!—I got Mrs. Dod's the breed from old Ben Vandewash, the Dutch broker—stewed to a minute, with rice and mushrooms.—If you can eat without a silver fork, and your appetite serves you you shall be welcome—that's all.—So, good morning to you, good master lieutenant, for a captain of the Guards is but a lieutenant after all."

So saying, and ere Jekyl could make any answer the old gentleman turned short off into a path which led to the healing fountain, branching away from that which conducted to the Hotel.

Uncertain with whom he had been holding a conversation so strange, Jekyl remained looking after him, until his attention was roused by a little boy who crept out from an adjoining thicket, with a switch in his hand, which he had been just cutting—probably against regulations to the contrary effect: made and provided, for he held himself ready to take cover in the copse again, in case any one were to sight who might be interested in chastising his delinquency. Captain Jekyl easily recognised in him one of that hopeful class of imps, who pick up a precarious livelihood about places of public resort, by going errands, brushing shoes, doing the groom's or coachman's work in the stables, driving donkeys, opening gates, and so forth, for about one tenth part of their time, spending the rest in gambling, sleeping in the sun, and otherwise qualifying themselves to exercise the profession of thieves and pickpockets, either separately, or in conjunction with those of waiters, grooms, and postillions. The little urchin had an indifferent pair of pantaloons, and about him a jacket, for, like Pentapolin with the naked arm, he went on action with his right shoulder bare; a third part of what had once been a hat covered his bleached white with the sun, and his face, as brown as a berry, was illuminated by a pair of eyes, which for spying out either peril or profit, might have rivaled those of the hawk.—In a word, it was the original Puck of the Shaws dramaticale.

"Come hither, ye unbanished whelp," said Jekyl, "and tell me if ye know the old gentleman that passed down the walk just now—yonder he is, in a sight."

"It is the Nabob," said the boy; "I could swear to his back among all the backs at the Waal, ye honour."

"What do you call a Nabob, you varlet?"

"A Nabob—a Nabob?" answered the scout. "odd, I believe it is ane comes frae foreign parts with mair siller than his pouches can haud, and spils it a' through the country—they are as yellow as oranges, and maun hae a' thinge they aim gate."

"And what is this Nabob's name, as you call him?" demanded Jekyl.

"His name is Touchwood," said his informant: "ye may see him at the Waal every morning."

"I have not seen him at the ordinary."

"Na, na," answered the boy; "he is a queer sic cull, he diana frequent wi' other folk, but lives up at the Cleikum.—He gave me half-a-crown yince and forbade me to play it awa' at pitch and tows."

"And you disobeyed him, of course?"

"Na, I didna dis-obey him—I played it awa' neevie-neevie-nick-nack."

"Well, there is sixpence for thee; lose it to the devil in any way thou think it proper."

So saying, he gave the little galopin his duns, and a slight rap on the pate at the same time, which sent him scouring from his presence. He himself

happened to Lord Etherington's apartments, and, as luck would have it, found the Earl alone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DISCUSSION.

I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unreflective boys—none are for me
That look into me with suspicious eyes.

Richard III.

"How now, Jekyl!" said Lord Etherington, eagerly; "what news from the enemy?—Have you seen him?"

"I have," replied Jekyl.
"And in what humour did you find him?—in none but was very favourable, I dare say, for you have a settled and perplexed look, that confesses a losing game—I have often warned you how your hang-dog look betrays you at brag—And then, when you would aim brush up your courage, and put a good face on a sad game, your bold looks always remind me of a standard hoisted only half-mast high, and betraying melancholy and dejection, instead of triumph and defiance."

"I am only holding the cards for your lordship at present," answered Jekyl; "and I wish to Heaven here may be no one looking over the hand."

"How do you mean by that?"

"Why, I was beset, on returning through the wood, by an old bore, a Nabob, as they call him, and Touchwood by name."

"I have seen such a quiz about," said Etherington— "What of him?"

"Nothing," answered Jekyl, "except that he seemed to know much more of your affairs than you would wish or be aware of. He smoked the truth of the contretemps between Tyrrel and you, and what is worse—must needs confess the truth—he contrived to wring out of me a sort of confirmation of his suspicions."

"Slife! wert thou mad?" said Lord Etherington, turning pale; "His is the very tongue to send the story through the whole country—Hal, you have undone me."

"I hope not," said Jekyl; "I trust in Heaven I have not!—His knowledge is quite general—only that there was some scuffle between you—Do not look so dismayed about it, or I will even go back and cut his throat, to secure his secrecy."

"Cursed indiscretion!" answered the Earl—"how could you let him fix on you at all?"

"I cannot tell," said Jekyl—"he has powers of oring beyond ten of the dullest of all possible doctors—stuck like a limpet to a rock—a perfect double of the Old Man of the Sea, who I take to have been the greatest bore on record."

"Could you not have turned him on his back like a turtle, and left him there?" said Lord Etherington.

"And had an ounce of lead in my body for my pains?—no—we have already had footpad work enough—promise you the old buck was armed, as if he meant to bring folks on the low toby."

"Well—well—But Martigny, or Tyrrel, as you call him—what says he?"

"Why, Tyrrel, or Martigny, as your lordship calls him," answered Jekyl, "will by no means listen to our lordship's proposition. He will not consent that Miss Mowbray's happiness shall be placed in your lordship's keeping; nay, it did not meet his approbation a bit the more, when I hinted at the acknowledgment of the marriage, or the repetition of the ceremony, attended by an immediate separation, which I thought I might venture to propose."

"And on what grounds does he refuse so reasonable an accommodation?" said Lord Etherington—"Does he still seek to marry the girl himself?"

"I believe he thinks the circumstances of the case under that impossible," replied his confidant.

"What? then he would play the dog in the manger—neither eat nor let eat?—He shall find himself mistaken. She has used me like a dog, Jekyl, since I saw you; and, by Jove! I will have her, that I may break her pride, and cut him to the liver with the agony of seeing it."

"Rob as a footpad."

3 S

"Nay, but hold—hold!" said Jekyl; "perhaps I have something to say on his part, that may be a better compromise than all you could have by teasing him. He is willing to purchase what he calls Miss Mowbray's tranquillity, at the expense of his resignation of his claims to your father's honours and estate; and he surprised me very much, my lord, by showing me this list of documents, which, I am afraid, makes his success more than probable, if there really are such proofs in existence." Lord Etherington took the paper and seemed to read with much attention, while Jekyl proceeded—"He has written to procure these evidences from the person with whom they are deposited."

"We shall see what like they are when they arrive," said Lord Etherington—"They come by post, I suppose?"

"Yes; and may be immediately expected," answered Jekyl.

"Well—he is my brother on one side of the house, at least," said Lord Etherington; "and I should not much like to have him lagged for forgery, which I suppose will be the end of his bolstering up an unsubstantial plea by fabricated documents—I should like to see these same papers he talks of."

"But, my lord," replied Jekyl, "Tyrrel's allegation is, that you have seen them; and that copies, at least, were made out for you, and are in your possession—such is his averment."

"He lies," answered Lord Etherington, "so far as he pretends I know of such papers. I consider the whole story as froth—foam—fudge, or whatever is most unsubstantial. It will prove such when the papers appear, if indeed they ever will appear. The whole is a bully from beginning to end; and I wonder at thee, Jekyl, for being so thirsty after syllabub, that you can swallow such whipt cream as that stuff amounts to. No, no—I know my advantage, and shall use it so as to make all their hearts bleed. As for these papers, I recollect now that my agent talked of copies of some manuscripts having been sent him, but the originals were not then forthcoming; and I'll bet the long odds that they never are—mere fabrications—if I thought otherwise, would I not tell you?"

"Certainly, I hope you would, my lord," said Jekyl; "for I see no chance of my being useful to you, unless I have the honour to enjoy your confidence."

"You do—you do, my friend," said Etherington, shaking him by the hand; "and since I must consider your present negotiation as failed, I must devise some other mode of settling with this mad and troublesome fellow."

"No violence, my lord," said Jekyl, once more, and with much emphasis.

"None—none—none, by Heaven!—Why, thou suspicious wretch, must I swear, to quell your scruples?—On the contrary, it shall not be my fault, if we are not on decent terms."

"It would be infinitely to the advantage of both your characters if you could bring that to pass," answered Jekyl; "and if you are serious in wishing it, I will endeavour to prepare Tyrrel. He comes to the Well or to the ordinary to-day, and it would be highly ridiculous to make a scene."

"True, true; find him out, my dear Jekyl, and persuade him how foolish it will be to bring our family quarrels out before strangers, and for their amusement. They shall see the two bears can meet without biting.—Go—go—I will follow you instantly—go, and remember you have my full and exclusive confidence.—Go, half-bred, starting fool!" he continued, the instant Jekyl had left the room, "with just spirits enough to ensure your own ruin, by hurrying you into what you are not up to.—But he has character in the world—is brave—and one of those whose countenance gives a fair face to a doubtful business. He is my creature, too—I have bought and paid for him, and it would be ill extravagance not to make use of him.—But as to confidence—no confidence, honest Hal, beyond that which cannot be avoided. If I wanted a confidant, here comes a better than thou by half—Solmes has no scruples—he will always give me money's worth of zeal and secrecy for money."

His lordship's valet at this moment entered the apartment, a grave, civil-looking man, past the middle age, with a sallow complexion, a dark thoughtful eye, slow, and sparing of speech, and sedulously attentive to all the duties of his situation.

"Solmes,"—said Lord Etherington, and then stopped short.

"My lord!"—There was a pause; and when Lord Etherington had again said, "Solmes!" and his valet had answered, "Your lordship," there was a second pause; until the Earl, as if recollecting himself "Oh! I remember what I wished to say—it was about the course of post here. It is not very regular, I believe?"

"Regular enough, my lord, so far as concerns this place—the people in the Aultoun do not get their letters in course."

"And why not, Solmes?" said his lordship.

"The old woman who keeps the little inn there, my lord, is on bad terms with the post-mistress—the one will not send for the letters, and the other will not despatch them to the village; so, betwixt them, they are sometimes lost or mislaid, or returned to the General Post-office."

"I wish that may not be the case of a packet which I expect in a few days—it should have been here already, or, perhaps, it may arrive in the beginning of the week—it is from that formal ass, Trueman the Quaker, who addresses me by my Christian and family name, Francis Tyrrel. He is like enough to mistake the inn, too, and I should be sorry it fell into Monsieur Martigny's hands—I suppose you know he is in that neighbourhood?—Look after its safety, Solmes—quietly, you understand; because people might put odd constructions, as if I were wanting a letter which was not my own."

"I understand perfectly, my lord," said Solmes, without exhibiting the slightest change in his sallow countenance, though entirely comprehending the nature of the service required.

"And here is a note will pay for postage," said the Earl, putting into his valet's hand a bank-bill of considerable value; "and you may keep the balance for occasional expenses."

This was also fully understood; and Solmes, too politic and cautious even to look intelligence, or acknowledge gratitude, made only a bow of acquiescence, put the note into his pocket-book, and assured his lordship that his commands should be punctually attended to.

"There goes the agent for my money, and for my purpose," said Lord Etherington, exultingly; "no extorting of confidence, no demanding of explanations, no tearing off the veil with which a delicate manoeuvre is gaze—all excuses are received as *argent comptant*, provided only, that the best excuse of all, the *argent comptant* itself, come to recommend them. Yet I will trust no one—I will out, like a skilful general, and reconnoitre in person."

With this resolution, Lord Etherington put on his surtout and cap, and sallying from his apartments, took the way to the bookseller's shop, which also served as post-office and circulating library; and being in the very centre of the parade, (for so is termed the broad terrace walk which leads from the inn to the Well,) it formed a convenient lounging-place for news-mongers and idlers of every description.

The Earl's appearance created, as usual, a sensation upon the public promenade; but whether it was the suggestion of his own alarmed conscience, or that there was some real cause for the remark, he could not help thinking his reception was of a more doubtful character than usual. His fine figure and easy manners produced their usual effect, and all whom he spoke to received his attention as an honour; but none offered, as usual, to unite themselves to him, or to induce him to join their party. He seemed to be looked on rather as an object of observation and attention, than as making one of the company; and to escape from a distant gaze, which became rather embarrassing, he turned into the little emporium of news and literature.

He entered unobserved, just as Lady Penelope had finished reading some verses, and was commenting upon them with all the alacrity of a *femina savante*,

in possession of something which no one is to hear repeated oftener than once.

"Copy—no indeed!"—these were the snatches which reached Lord Etherington's ear, from the group of which her ladyship formed the centre—"honour bright—I must not betray poor Chatterly—besides, his lordship is my friend, and a person of rank, you know—so one would not—You have not got the book, Mr. Pott?—you have not got Statius!—you never have any thing one longs to see."

"Very sorry, my lady—quite out of copies at present—I expect some in my next monthly parcel."

"Good luck, Mr. Pott, that is your never-failing answer," said Lady Penelope; "I believe if I were to ask you for the last new edition of the *Alkaron*, you would tell me it was coming down in your next monthly parcel."

"Can't say, my lady, really," answered Mr. Pott; "have not seen the work advertised yet; but I have no doubt, if it is likely to take, there will be copies in my next monthly parcel."

"Mr. Pott's supplies are always in the *pouille* and *futurum* tense," said Mr. Chatterly, who was just entering the shop.

"Ah! Mr. Chatterly, are you there?" said Lady Penelope; "I lay my death at your door—I can't find this Thebaid, where Polynices and his brother—"

"Hush, my lady!—hush, for Heaven's sake!" said the poetical divine, and looked towards Lord Etherington. Lady Penelope took the hint, and was silent; but she had said enough to call up the traveller Touchwood, who raised his head from the newspaper which he was studying, and, without addressing his excuse to any one in particular, ejaculated, as if in scorn of Lady Penelope's geography—

"Polynices?—Polly Peachum.—There is no such place in the Thebais—the Thebais is in Egypt—the mummies come from the Thebais—I have been to the catacombs—caves very curious indeed—we were lapidated by the natives—pebbled to some purpose—I give you my word. My janizary thrashed a whole village by way of retaliation."

While he was thus proceeding, Lord Etherington, as if in a listless mood, was looking at the knots which stood ranged on the chimney-piece, and listening on a languid dialogue with Mrs. Pott, whose reason and manners were not ill adapted to her situation for she was good-looking, and vastly fine and affected.

"Number of letters here which don't seem to find owners, Mrs. Pott?"

"Great number, indeed, my lord—it is a great vexation, for we are obliged to return them to the post-office, and the postage is charged against us if they are lost; and how can one keep sight of them all?"

"Any love-letters among them, Mrs. Pott?" said his lordship, lowering his tone.

"Oh, fie! my lord, how should I know?" answered Mrs. Pott, dropping her voice to the same cadence.

"Oh! every one can tell a love-letter—that has ever received one, that is—one knows them without opening—they are always folded hurriedly and sealed carefully—and the direction manifests a kind of tremulous agitation, that marks the state of the writer's nerves—that now,"—pointing with his switch to a letter upon the chimney-piece, "that *must* be a love-letter."

"He, he, he!" giggled Mrs. Pott, "I beg pardon for laughing, my lord—but—he, he, he!—that is a letter from one Bindloose, the banker body, to the old woman Luckie Dods, as they call her, at the change-house in the Aultoun."

"Depend upon it then, Mrs. Pott, that your neighbour, Mrs. Dods, has got a lover in Mr. Bindloose—unless the banker has been shaking hands with the palsy. Why do you not forward her letter?—you are very cruel to keep it in durance here."

"Me forward!" answered Mrs. Pott; "the caparotity, old, girning alewife, may wait long enough of I forward it—She'll not loose the letters that come to her by the King's post, and she must go on taking w' the old carrier, as if there was no post-house in the neighbourhood. But the solicitor will be about w' her one of these days."

"Oh! you are too cruel—you really should send the love-letter; consider, the older she is, the poor soul as the less time to lose."

But this was a topic on which Mrs. Pott understood no jesting. She was well aware of our nation's inveteracy against her and her establishment, and she resented it as a placeman resents the efforts of a radical. She answered something sulkily, "That say that loosed letters should have letters; and neither Luckie Dods, nor any of her lodgers, should ever see the scrape of a pen from the St. Ronan's office, but they did not call for and pay for."

It is probable that this declaration contained the essence of the information which Lord Etherington had designed to extract by his momentary flirtation with Mrs. Pott; for when, retreating as it were from this sore subject, she asked him, in a pretty mincing tone, to try his skill in pointing out another love-letter, he only answered carelessly, "that in order to do that I must write her one;" and leaving his confidential station by her little throne, he lounged through the arrow shop, bowed slightly to Lady Penelope as he passed, and issued forth upon the parade, where he was a spectacle which might well have appalled an man of less self-possession than himself.

Just as he left the shop, little Miss Digges entered most breathless, with the emotion of impatience and of curiosity. "Oh la! my lady, what do you say here for?—Mr. Tyrrel has just entered the other side of the parade this moment, and Lord Etherington is walking that way—they must meet each other. O lord! come, come away, and see them meet!—I wonder if they'll speak—I hope they won't fight—Oh! do come, my lady!"

"I must go with you, I find," said Lady Penelope; it is the strangest thing, my love, that curiosity of ours about other folk's matters—I wonder what your mamma will say to it."

"Oh! never mind mamma—nobody minds her—poor, nor nobody—Do come, dearest Lady Pen, or I will run away by myself.—Mr. Chatterly, do make me come!"

"I must come, it seems," said Lady Penelope, "or I shall have a pretty account of you."

But notwithstanding this rebuke, and forgetting, at the same time, that people of quality ought never to be in a hurry, Lady Penelope, with such of her tell-tales as she could hastily collect around her, paced along the parade with unusual haste, in sympathy, doubtless, with Miss Digges's curiosity, as her dyspnoea declared she had none of her own.

Our friend the traveller, had also caught up Miss Digges's information; and, breaking off abruptly an account of the Great Pyramid, which had been naturally introduced by the mention of the Thebais, and heaving the fair alarmist's words, "hope they won't fight," he rushed upon the parade, and bustled along as hard as his sturdy supporters could carry him. If the gravity of the traveller, and the delicacy of Lady Penelope, were surprised into unwonted haste from their eagerness to witness the meeting of Tyrrel and Lord Etherington, it may be well supposed that the decorum of the rest of the company was a slender restraint on their curiosity, and that they hurried to be present at the expected scene, with the alacrity of gentlemen of the fancy hastening to a set-to.

In truth, though the meeting afforded little sport to those who expected dire conclusions, it was, nevertheless, sufficiently interesting to those spectators who were accustomed to read the language of suppressed passion betraying itself at the moment when the parties are most desirous to conceal it.

Tyrrel had been followed by several loiterers soon as he entered the public walk; and their number was now so much reinforced, that he saw himself with pain and displeasure the centre of a sort of crowd who watched his motions. Sir Bingo and Captain MacTurk were the first to bustle through it, and to address him with as much politeness as they could command.

"Servant, sir," mumbled Sir Bingo, extending the right hand of fellowship and reconciliation, unglad.

Servant—sorry that any thing should have happened between us—very sorry, on my word."

"No more need be said, sir," replied Tyrrel; "the whole is forgotten."

"Very handsome, indeed—quite the civil thing—hope to meet you often, sir."—And here the knight was silent.

Mean while, the more verbose Captain proceeded, "Och, py Cot, and it was an awful mistake, and I could draw the penknife across my finger for having written the word.—By my sowl, and I scratched it till I scratched a hole in the paper.—Och! that I should live to do an uncivil thing by a gentleman that had got himself hit in an honourable affair! But you should have written, my dear; for how the devil could we guess that you were so well provided in quarrels, that you had to settle two in one day!"

"I was hurt in an unexpected—an accidental manner, Captain MacTurk. I did not write because there was something in my circumstances at the moment which required secrecy; but I was resolved, the instant I recovered, to put myself to rights in your good opinion."

"Och! and you have done that," said the Captain, nodding sagaciously; "for Captain Jekyl, who is a fine child, has put us all up to your honourable conduct. They are pretty boys, these guardsmen, though they may play a little fine sometimes, and think more of themselves than peradventure they need for to do, in comparison with us of the line.—But he let us know all about it—and, though he said not a word of a certain fine lord, with his footpad, and his hurt, and what not, yet we all knew how to lay that and that together.—And if the law would not right you, and there were bad words between you, why should not two gentlemen right themselves? And as to your being kinsmen, why should not kinsmen behave to each other like men of honour? Only, some say you are father's sons, and that is something too near.—I had once thoughts of calling out my uncle Dougal myself, for there is no saying where the line should be drawn; but I thought, on the whole, there should be no fighting, as there is no marriage, within the forbidden degrees. As for first cousins—Wehugh!—that's all fair—fire away, Flanigan!—But here is my lord, just upon us, like a stag of the first head, and the whole herd behind him."

Tyrrel stepped forward a little before his officious companions, his complexion rapidly changing into various shades, like that of one who forces himself to approach and touch some animal or reptile for which he entertains that deep disgust and abhorrence which was anciently ascribed to constitutional antipathy. This appearance of constraint put upon himself, with the changes which it produced on his face, was calculated to prejudice him somewhat in the opinion of the spectators, when compared with the steady, stately, yet, at the same time, easy demeanour of the Earl of Etherington, who was equal to any man in England in the difficult art of putting a good countenance on a bad cause. He met Tyrrel with an air as unembarrassed, as it was cold; and, while he paid the courtesy of a formal and distant salutation, he said aloud, "I presume, Mr. Tyrrel de Martigny, that, since you have not thought fit to avoid this awkward meeting, you are disposed to remember our family connexion so far as to avoid making sport for the good company?"

"You have nothing to apprehend from my passion, Mr. Bulmer," replied Tyrrel, "if you can assure yourself against the consequences of your own."

"I am glad of that," said the Earl, with the same composure, but sinking his voice so as only to be heard by Tyrrel; "and as we may not again in a hurry hold any communication together, I take the freedom to remind you, that I sent you a proposal of accommodation by my friend, Mr. Jekyl."

"It was inadmissible," said Tyrrel—"altogether inadmissible—both from reasons which you may guess, and others which it is needless to detail.—I sent you a proposition, think of it well."

"I will," replied Lord Etherington, "when I shall see it supported by those alleged proofs, which I do not believe ever had existence."

"Your conscience holds another language from your tongue," said Tyrrel; "but I disclaim reproaches,

and decline alteration. I will let Captain Jekyl know when I have received the papers, which, you say, are essential to your forming an opinion on my proposal.—In the mean while, do not think to deceive me. I am here for the very purpose of watching and defeating your machinations; and, while I live, be assured they shall never succeed.—And now, sir—or my lord—for the titles are in your choice—fare you well.

"Hold a little," said Lord Etherington. "Since we are condemned to shock each other's eyes, it is fit the good company should know what they are to think of us. You are a philosopher, and do not value the opinion of the public—a poor worldling like me is desirous to stand fair with it.—Gentlemen," he continued, raising his voice, "Mr. Winterblossom, Captain Mac-Turk, Mr.—what is his name, Jekyl?—Ay, Micklehen. You have, I believe, all some notion, that this gentleman, my near relation, and I, have some undecided claims on each other, which prevent our living upon good terms. We do not mean, however, to disturb you with our family quarrels; and, for my own part, while this gentleman, Mr. Tyrrel, or whatever he may please to call himself, remains a member of this company, my behaviour to him will be the same as to any stranger who may have that advantage.—Good morrow to you, sir—Good morning, gentlemen—we all meet at dinner, as usual.—Come, Jekyl."

So saying, he took Jekyl by the arm, and, gently extricating himself from the sort of crowd, walked off, leaving most of the company prepossessed in his favour, by the ease and apparent reasonableness of his demeanour. Sounds of depreciation, forming themselves indistinctly into something like the words, "my eye, and Betty Martin," did issue from the neck-cloth of Sir Bingo, but they were not much attended to; for it had not escaped the observation of the quick-sighted gentry at the Well, that the Baronet's feelings towards the noble Earl were in the inverse ratio of those displayed by Lady Binks, and that, though ashamed to testify, or perhaps incapable of feeling, any anxious degree of jealousy, his temper had been for some time considerably upon the fret; a circumstance concerning which his fair moiety did not think it necessary to give herself any concern.

Mean while, the Earl of Etherington walked onward with his confidant, in the full triumph of successful genius.

"You see," he said, "Jekyl, that I can turn a corner with any man in England. It was a proper blunder of yours, that you must extricate the fellow from the mist which accident had flung around him—you might as well have published the story of our recon- cile at once, for every one can guess it, by laying time, place, and circumstance together; but never trouble your brains for a justification. You marked how I assumed my natural superiority over him—towered up in the full pride of legitimacy—silenced him even where the good company most do congregate. This will go to Mowbray through his agent, and will put him still madder on my alliance. I know he looks jealously on my flirtation with a certain lady—the dasher vander—nothing makes a man sensible of the value of an opportunity, but the chance of losing it."

"I wish to Heaven you would give up thoughts of Miss Mowbray!" said Jekyl; "and take Tyrrel's offer, if he has the means of making it good."

"Ay, if—if. But I am quite sure he has no such rights as he pretends to, and that his papers are all a deception.—Why do you put your eye upon me as fixed as if you were searching out some wonderful secret?"

"I wish I knew what to think of your real *bona fide*, belief respecting these documents," said Jekyl, not a little puzzled by the steady and unembarrassed air of his friend.

"Why, though most suspicious of coxcombs," said Etherington, "what the devil would you have me say to you?—Can I, as the lawyers say, prove a negative? or, is it not very possible, that such things may exist, though I have never seen or heard of them? All I can say is, that of all men I am the most interested to deny the existence of such docu-

ments; and, therefore, certainly will not admit of it, unless I am compelled to do so by their being produced; nor then either, unless I am at the same time well assured of their authenticity."

"I cannot blame you for your being hard of faith, my lord," said Jekyl; "but still I think if you can cut out with your earlism, and your noble hereditary estate, I would, in your case, pitch Nettlewood to the devil."

"Yes, as you pitched your own patrimony, Jekyl; but you took care to have the expending of it first.—What would you give for such an opportunity of getting your fortunes by marriage?—Confess the truth."

"I might be tempted, perhaps," said Jekyl, "in my present circumstances; but if they were what they have been, I should despise an estate that was to be held by precarious tenure, especially when the lady of the manor was a sickly fantastic girl, that hated me, as this Miss Mowbray has the bad taste to hate you."

"Umph—sickly?—no, no, she is not sickly—she is as healthy as any one in constitution—and, on my word, I think her paleness only renders her more interesting. The last time I saw her, I thought she might have rivalled one of Canova's finest statues."

"Yes; but she is indifferent to you—you do not love her," said Jekyl.

"She is any thing but indifferent to me," said the Earl; "she becomes daily more interesting—for her dislike piques me; and besides, she has the insolence openly to defy and contemn me before her brother, and in the eyes of all the world. I have a kind of loving hatred—a sort of hating love for her; in short, thinking upon her is like trying to read a riddle, and makes one make quite as many blunders, and has just as much nonsense. If ever I have the opportunity, I will make her pay for all her airs."

"What airs?" said Jekyl.

"Nay, the devil may describe them, for I cannot; but, for example—Since her brother has insisted on her receiving me, or I should rather say on her appearing when I visit Shaws-Castle, one would think her invention has toiled in discovering different ways of showing want of respect to me, and dislike to my presence. Instead of dressing herself as a lady should, especially on such occasions, she chooses some fantastic, or old-fashioned, or negligent bedizemings, which makes her at least look odd, if it cannot make her ridiculous—such triple tiaras of various-coloured gauze on her head—such pieces of old tapestry, I think, instead of shawls and pelisses—such thick-soled shoes—such tan-leather gloves—mercy upon us, Hal, the very sight of her equipment would drive mad a whole conclave of milliners! Then her postures are so strange—she does so stoop and lollop, as the women call it, so cross her legs and square her arms—were the goddess of grace to look down on her, it would put her to flight for ever!"

"And you are willing to make this awkward, bedizened, unmannured dowdy, your Countess Etherington; you, for whose critical eye half the town dress themselves?" said Jekyl.

"It is all a trick, Hal—all an assumed character to get rid of me, to disgust me, to baffle me; but I am not to be had so easily. The brother is driven to despair—he bites his nails, winks, coughs, makes signs, which she always takes up at cross-purposes.—I hope he beats her after I go away; there would be a touch of consolation, were one but certain of that."

"A very charitable hope, truly, and your present feelings might lead the lady to judge what she may expect after wedlock. But," added Jekyl, "cannot you, so skilful in fathoming every mood of the female mind, divine some mode of engaging her in conversation?"

"Conversation!" replied the Earl; "why, ever since the shock of my first appearance was surmounted, she has contrived to vote me a nonentity; and that she may annihilate me completely, she has chosen, of all occupations, that of working a stocking! From what cursed old antediluvian, who lived before the invention of spinning-jennies, she learned this craft, Heaven only knows; but there she sits with her work pinned to her knee—not the pretty taper silken fabric, with which Jeannette of Amiens

coquetted, while Tristram Shandy was observing her progress; but a huge worsted bag, designed for some fat-footed old pauper, with heels like an elephant—and there she squats, counting all the stitches as she works, and refusing to speak, or listen, or look up, under pretence that it disturbs her calculation!"

"An elegant occupation, truly, and I wonder it does not work a cure upon her noble admirer," said Jekyl. "Confound her—no—she shall not trick me. And then amid this affectation of vulgar stolidity, there break out such sparkles of exultation, when she thinks she has succeeded in baffling her brother, and plaguing me, that, by my faith, Hal, I could not tell, were it at my option, whether to kiss or to cuff her."

"You are determined to go on with this strange affair, then?" said Jekyl.

"On—on—on, my boy!—Clara and Nettlewood for ever!" answered the Earl. "Besides this brother of hers provokes me too—he does not do for me half what he might—what he ought to do. He stands on points of honour, forsooth, this broken-down horse-ockey, who swallowed my two thousand pounds as a pointer would a pat of butter.—I can see he wishes to play fast and loose—has some suspicions, like you, Hal, upon the strength of my right to my father's title and estate; as if, with the title of the Nettlewood property alone, I would not be too good a match for one of his beggarly family. He must scheme, forsooth, this half-baked Scotch cake!—He must hold off and on, and be cautious, and wait the result, and try conclusions with me, this lump of oatmeal dough!—I am much tempted to make an example of him in the course of my proceedings."

"Why, this is vengeance horrible and dire," said Jekyl; "yet I give up the brother to you; he is a conceited coxcomb, and deserves a lesson. But I would fain intercede for the sister."

"We shall see"—replied the Earl; and then suddenly, "I tell you what it is, Hal; her caprices are so livering, that I sometimes think out of mere contradiction, I almost love her; at least, if she would not clear old scores, and forget one unlucky prank of mine, it should be her own fault if I did not make her a happy woman."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DEATH-BED.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre!

Old Play.

THE general expectation of the company had been disappointed by the pacific termination of the meeting between the Earl of Etherington and Tyrrel, the anticipation of which had created so deep a sensation. It had been expected that some appalling scene would have taken place; instead of which, each party seemed to acquiesce in a sullen neutrality, and leave the war to be carried on by their lawyers. It was generally understood that the cause was removed out of the courts of Bellona into that of Themis; and although the litigants continued to inhabit the same neighbourhood, and once or twice met at the public walks or public table, they took no notice of each other, farther than by exchanging on such occasions a grave and distant bow.

In the course of two or three days, people ceased to take interest in a feud so coldly conducted; and if they thought of it at all, it was but to wonder that both the parties should persevere in residing near the lake, and in chilling, with their unsocial behaviour, a party met together for the purposes of health and amusement.

But the brothers, as the reader is aware, however painful their occasional meetings might be, and the strongest reasons to remain in each other's neighbourhood—Lord Etherington to conduct his lawsuit upon Miss Mowbray, Tyrrel to disconcert the plan, if possible, and both to await the answer which should be returned by the house in London, who were depositaries of the papers left by the late Earl.

Jekyl, anxious to assist his friend as much as possible made in the mean time a visit to old Touchwood at the Aultoun, expecting to find him as communicative as he had formerly been on the subject of the quarrel between the brothers, and trusting to discover, by dint of address, whence he had derived his information concerning the affairs of the noble house of Etherington. But the confidence which he had been induced to expect on the part of the old traveller was not reposed. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, as the Earl called him, had changed his mind or was not in the vein of communication. The only proof of his confidence worth mentioning, was his imparting to the young officer a valuable receipt for concocting curra-powder.

Jekyl was therefore reduced to believe that Touchwood, who appeared all his life to have been a great intermeddler in other people's matters, had puzzled out the information which he appeared to possess of Lord Etherington's affairs, through some of those obscure sources whence very important secrets do frequently, to the astonishment and confusion of those whom they concern, escape to the public. He thought this the more likely, as Touchwood was by no means critically nice in his society, but was observed to converse as readily with a gentleman's gentleman, as with the gentleman to whom he belonged, and with a lady's attendant, as with the lady herself. He that will stoop to this sort of society, who is fond of tattle, being at the same time disposed to pay some consideration for gratification of his curiosity, and not over scrupulous respecting its accuracy, may always command a great quantity of private anecdote. Captain Jekyl naturally enough concluded, that this busy old man became in some degree master of other people's affairs by such correspondence as these; and he could himself bear witness to his success in cross-examination, as he had been surprised into an avowal of the rencontre between the brothers, by an insidious observation of the said Touchwood. He reported, therefore, to the Earl, after this interview, that, on the whole, he thought he had no reason to fear much on the subject of the traveller, who, though he had become acquainted, by some means or other, with some leading facts of his remarkable history, only possessed them in a broken, confused, and desultory manner, inasmuch that he seemed to doubt whether the parties in the expected lawsuit were brothers or cousins, and appeared totally ignorant of the facts on which it was to be founded.

It was the next day after this *éclaircissement* on the subject of Touchwood, that Lord Etherington dropped as usual into the bookseller's shop, got his papers, and skimming his eye over the shelf on which lay, till called for, the postponed letters destined for the Aultoun, saw with a beating heart the smart post-mistress toss amongst them with an air of sovereign contempt, a pretty large packet, addressed to Francis Tyrrel, Esq. &c. He withdrew his eyes, as if conscious that even to have looked on this important parcel might engender some suspicion of his purpose, or intimated the deep interest which he took in the contents of the missive which was so slightly treated by his friend Mrs. Pott. At this moment the door of the shop opened, and Lady Penelope Penfether entered, with her eternal *pendante*, the little Miss Dugges.

"Have you seen Mr. Mowbray?—Has Mr. Mowbray been down this morning?—Do you know any thing of Mr. Mowbray, Mrs. Pott?" were questions which the lettered lady eagerly hurried on the back of each other, scarcely giving time to the lady of letters to return a decided negative to all and each of them.

"Mr. Mowbray was not about—was not coming there this morning—his servant had just called for letters and papers, and announced as much."

"Good Heaven! how unfortunate!" said Lady Penelope, with a deep sigh, and sinking down on one of the little sofas in an attitude of shocking desolation, which called the instant attention of Mr. Pott and his good woman, the first uncorking a small phial of salts, for he was a pharmacopoliast as well as vander

of literature and transmitter of letters, and the other hastening for a glass of water. A strong temptation thrilled from Lord Etherington's eyes to his finger-ends. Two steps might have brought him within arm's-length of the unwatched packet, on the contents of which, in all probability, rested the hope and claims of his rival in honour and fortune; and, in the general confusion, was it impossible to possess himself of it unobserved? But no—no—no—the attempt was too dreadfully dangerous to be risked; and, passing from one extreme to another, he felt as if he was incurring suspicion by suffering Lady Penelope to play off her airs of affected distress and anxiety, without seeming to take that interest in them which her rank at least might be supposed to demand. Stung with this apprehension, he hastened to express himself so anxiously on the subject, and to demonstrate so busily his wish to assist her ladyship, that he presently stood committed a great deal farther than he had intended. Lady Penelope was infinitely obliged to his lordship—indeed, it was her character in general not to permit herself to be overcome by circumstances; but something had happened, so strange, so embarrassing, so melancholy, that she owned it had quite overcome her—nevertheless, she had at all times piqued herself on supporting her own distresses, better than she was able to suppress her emotions in viewing those of others.

"Could he be of any use?" Lord Etherington asked. "She had inquired after Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's—his servant was at her ladyship's service, if she chose to send to command his attendance."

"Oh! no, no!" said Lady Penelope; "I dare say, my dear lord, you will answer the purpose a great deal better than Mr. Mowbray—that is, provided you are a Justice of Peace."

"A Justice of Peace!" said Lord Etherington, much surprised; "I am in the commission unquestionably, but not for any Scotch county."

"O, that does not signify," said Lady Penelope; "and if you will trust yourself with me a little way, I will explain to you how you can do one of the most charitable, and kind, and generous things in the world."

Lord Etherington's delight in the exercise of charity, kindness, and generosity, was not so exuberant as to prevent his devising some means for evading Lady Penelope's request, when, looking through the sash-door, he had a distant glance of his servant Solmes approaching the Post-office.

"I have heard of a sheep-stealer who had rendered his dog so skilful an accomplice in his nefarious traffic, that he used to send him out to commit acts of felony by himself, and had even contrived to impress on the poor cur the caution that he should not, on such occasions, seem even to recognise his master, if they met accidentally.* Apparently, Lord Etherington

* There were several instances of this dexterity, but especially those which occurred in the celebrated case of Murdison and Millar in 1772. These persons, a sheep-farmer and his shepherd, settled in the vale of Tweed, commenced and carried on for some time an extensive system of devastation on the flocks of their neighbours. A dog belonging to Millar was so well trained, that he had only to show him during the day the parcel of sheep which he desired to have; and when dismissed at sight for the purpose, Yarrow went right to the pasture where the flock had fed, and carried off the quantity shown him. He then drove them before him by the most secret paths to Murdison's farm, where the dishonest master and servant were in readiness to receive the booty. Two things were remarkable. In the first place, that if the dog, when thus dishonestly employed, actually met his master, he observed great caution in recognising him, as if he had been afraid of bringing him under suspicion; secondly, that he showed a distinct sense that the illegal transactions in which he was engaged were not of a nature to endure daylight. The sheep which he was directed to drive, were often reluctant to leave their own pastures, and sometimes the intervention of rivers or other obstacles made their progress peculiarly difficult. On such occasions, Yarrow continued his efforts to drive his plunder forward, until the day began to dawn, a signal which, he conceived, rendered it necessary for him to desert his spoil, and slink homeward by a circuitous road. It is generally said this accomplished dog was hanged along with his master; but the truth is, he survived him long, in the service of a man in Leithen; yet was said afterwards to have shown little of the wonderful instinct exhibited in the employment of Millar.

Another instance of similar sagacity, a friend of mine discovered in a beautiful little spaniel, which he had purchased from a dealer in the canine race. When he entered a shop, he

conducted himself upon a similar principle; had no sooner a glimpse of his agent, than he felt the necessity of leaving the stage free for machinations.

"My servant," he said, with as much indifference as he could assume, "will call for my letters—attend Lady Penelope;" and, instantly proffering services as Justice of the Peace, or in whatever quality she chose to employ them, he hastily put his arm, and scarce gave her ladyship time to form her state of languor to the necessary degree of activity ere he hurried her from the shop; and her thin hatchet-face chattering close to his ear, yellow and scarlet feathers crossing his nose, his right honourable arm hooking his elbow, he suppressed titters and sneers of all the women whom he met as they traversed the street. One glance of intelligence, though shot at a distance, betwixt his lordship and Solmes as the left the public walk under the guidance of Lady Penelope, his limbs indeed obeying her pleasure, ears dinning with her attempts to explain the business in question, but his mind totally indifferent what was going, or ignorant on what purpose, and actively occupied with the packet in Mrs. Pott's postponed letters, and its probable fate.

At length an effort of recollection made Lord Etherington sensible that his abstraction must seem strange, and, as his conscience told him, even suspicious eyes of his companion; putting therefore the necessary degree of constraint upon himself, he expostulated for the first time, curiosity to know where this was to terminate. It chanced, that this was precisely the question which he needed not to have asked had paid but the slightest attention to the very plain communications of her ladyship, which he turned upon this subject.

"Now, my dear lord," she said, "I must let you lords of the creation think us poor simpletons the vainest fools alive. I have told you how painful it costs me to speak about my little child, and yet you come to make me tell you the whole over again. But I hope, after all, your lordship surprised at what I have thought it my duty to this sad affair—perhaps I have listened too much to the dictates of my own heart, which are apt to be deceitful."

On the watch to get at something explanatory, and, by demanding it directly, to show that the previous tide of narrative and pathos had been lost in inattentive ear, Lord Etherington could only say, Lady Penelope could not err in acting according to the dictates of her own judgment.

Still the compliment had not sauce enough for lady's sated palate; so, like a true glutton of life, she began to help herself with the soup-ladle.

"Ah! judgment?—how is it you men know little, that you think we can pause to weigh sentiment in the balance of judgment?—that is expecting too much from us poor victims of our feelings that you must really hold me excused if I forget errors of this guilty and unhappy creature, who looked upon her wretchedness—Not that I have my little friend, Miss Digges, or your lordship suppose that I am capable of palliating the fault, I pity the poor, miserable sinner. Oh, no—We verities express beautifully what one ought to say on such occasions—

'For never was the gentle breast
Insensible to human woe;
Feeling, though firm, it melts distress
For weaknesses it never knows.'"

"Most accursed of all *précieuses*," thought his ship, "when wilt thou, amidst all thy chattering, one word sounding like sense or information?"

But Lady Penelope went on—"If you kne-

was not long in observing that his little companion as a rule to follow at some interval, and to estrange itself from master so much as to appear totally unconnected with him. And when he left the shop, it was the dog's custom to behind him till it could find an opportunity of seizing a glove, or silk stockings, or some similar property, and bringing it to its master. The poor fellow probably saved by falling into the hands of an honest man.

secret as mine to a man of whom I know nothing, and a woman of whom I only know that she wants discretion."

"I—I want discretion!" said Lady Penelope; but at a signal from Lord Etherington she seemed to restrain herself; nor did the sick woman, whose powers of observation were greatly impaired, seem to be aware of the interruption. She spoke, notwithstanding her situation, with an intelligible and even emphatic voice; her manner in a great measure betraying the influence of the fever, and her tone and language seeming much superior to her most miserable condition.

"I am not the abject creature which I seem," she said; "at least, I was not born to be so. I wish I were that utter object! I wish I were a wretched pauper of the lowest class—a starving vagabond—a wifeless mother—ignorance and insensibility would make me bear my lot like the outcast animal that dies patiently on the side of the common, where it has been half-starved during its life. But I—but I—born and bred to better things, have not lost the memory of them, and they make my present condition—my shame—my poverty—my infamy—the sight of my dying babes—the sense that my own death is coming fast on—they make these things a foretaste of hell!"

Lady Penelope's self-conceit and affliction were broken down by this fearful exordium. She sobbed, shuddered, and, for once perhaps in her life, felt the real, not the assumed necessity, of putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Lord Etherington also was moved.

"Good woman," he said, "as far as relieving your personal wants can mitigate your distress, I will see that that is fully performed, and that your poor children are attended to."

"May God bless you!" said the poor woman, with a glance at the wretched forms beside her; "and may you," she added, after a momentary pause, "deserve the blessing of God, for it is bestowed in vain on those who are unworthy of it!"

Lord Etherington felt, perhaps, a twinge of conscience; for he said, something hastily, "Pray, go on, good woman, if you really have any thing to communicate to me as a magistrate—it is time your condition was somewhat mended, and I will cause you to be cared for directly."

"Stop yet a moment," she said; "let me unload my conscience before I go hence, for no earthly relief will long allow to prolong my time here.—I was well born, the more my present shame! well educated, the greater my present guilt!—I was always, indeed, poor, but I felt not of the ills of poverty. I only thought of it when my vanity demanded idle and expensive gratifications, for real wants I knew none. I was companion of a young lady of higher rank than my own, my relative however, and one of such exquisite kindness of disposition, that she treated me as a sister, and would have shared with me all that she had on earth—I scarce think I can go farther with my story!—something rises to my throat when I recollect how I rewarded her sisterly love!—I was elder than Clara—I should have directed her reading, and confirmed her understanding; but my own bent led me to peruse only works, which, though they burlesque nature are seductive to the imagination. We read these follies together, until we had fashioned out for ourselves a little world of romance, and prepared ourselves for a maze of adventures. Clara's imaginations were as pure as those of angels; mine were—but it is unnecessary to tell them. The fiend, always watchful, presented a tempter at the moment when it was most dangerous."

She paused here, as if she found difficulty in expressing herself; and Lord Etherington, turning, with great appearance of interest, to Lady Penelope, began to inquire, "Whether it were quite agreeable to her ladyship to remain any longer an ear-witness of this unfortunate confession?—it seems to be verging on some things—things that it might be unpleasant for your ladyship to hear."

"I was just forming the same opinion, my lord; and, to say truth, was about to propose to your lordship to withdraw, and leave me alone with the poor

woman. My sex will make her necessary communications more frank in your lordship's absence."

"True, madam; but then I am called here in my capacity of a magistrate."

"Hush!" said Lady Penelope; "she speaks."

"They say every woman that yields, makes herself a slave to her seducer; but I sold my liberty not to a man, but a demon! He made me serve him in his vile schemes against my friend and patroness—and oh! he found in me an agent too willing, from mere envy, to destroy the virtue which I had lost myself. Do not listen to me any more—Go, and leave me to my fate! I am the most detestable wretch that ever lived—detestable to myself worst of all, because even in my penitence there is a secret whisper that tells me, that were I as I have been, I would again at over all the wickedness I have done, and much worse. Oh! for Heaven's assistance, to crush the wicked thought!"

She closed her eyes, folded her emaciated hands, and held them upwards in the attitude of one who prays internally; presently the hands separated, and fell gently down on the miserable couch; but her eyes did not open, nor was there the slightest sign of motion in the features. Lady Penelope shrank faintly, hid her eyes, and hurried back from the bed, while Lord Etherington, his looks darkening with a complication of feelings, remained gazing on the poor woman, as if eager to discern whether the spark of life was totally extinct. Her grim old assistant hurried to the bedside, with some spirits in a broken glass.

"Have ye no had pennyworths for your charity?" she said, in spiteful scorn. "Ye buy the very life of us wi' your shillings and sixpences, your groats and your boddles—ye hae gar'd the poor wretch speak till she swaurs, and now ye stand as if ye never saw a woman in a dwan before! Let me till her wi' dram—mony words mickle drought, ye ken—Stand out o' my gate, my leddy, if sae be that ye are a leddy; there is little use of the like of you when there is death in the pot."

Lady Penelope, half affronted, but still more frightened by the manners of the old hag, now gladly embraced Lord Etherington's renewed offer to escort her from the hut. He left it not, however, without bestowing an additional gratuity on the old woman, who received it with a whining benediction.

"The Almighty guide your course through the troubles of this wicked world—and the muckle deil blow wind in your sails," she added, in her natural tone, as the guests vanished from her miserable threshold—"A wheen cork-headed, barmy-brained gowks! that wunna let pur folk sae muckle as be in quiet, wi' their sossings and their swoopings."

"This poor creature's declaration," said Lord Etherington to Lady Penelope, "seems to refer to matters which the law has nothing to do with, and which, perhaps, as they seem to implicate the peace of

The author has made an attempt in this character to draw a picture of what is too often seen, a wretched being whose heart becomes hardened and spited at the world, in which she is doomed to experience much misery and little sympathy. The system of compulsory charity by poor's rates, of which the absolute necessity can hardly be questioned, has connected with it on both sides some of the most odious and malevolent feelings that can agitate humanity. The quality of true charity is not strained. Like that of mercy, of which, in a large sense, it may be accounted a sister virtue, it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It awakens kindly feelings both in the mind of the donor and in that of the relieved object. The giver and receiver are recommended to each other by mutual feelings of good-will, and the pleasurable emotions connected with the consciousness of a good action fix the deed in recollection of the one, while a sense of gratitude renders it holy to the other. In the legal and compulsory assessment for the proclaimed parish pauper, there is nothing of all this. The aim is extracted from an unwilling hand, and a heart which deems the annihilation, rather than the relief, of the distressed object. The object of charity, sensible of the ill-will with which its assistance is bestowed, scorns on it as his right, not as a favor. The manner of conferring it being directly calculated to hurt and disgust his feelings, he revenges himself by becoming impudent and clamorous. A more odious picture, or more likely to deprave the feelings of those exposed to its influence, can hardly be imagined; and yet to such a point have we been brought by an artificial system of society, that we must either deny altogether the right of the poor to their just proportion of the fruits of the earth, or afford them some means of subsistence out of them by the institution of positive law.

a family of respectability, and the character of a young lady, we ought to inquire no farther after."

"I differ from your lordship," said Lady Penelope; "I differ extremely—I suppose you guess whom her discourse touched upon?"

"Indeed, your ladyship does my acuteness too much honour."

"Did she not mention a Christian name?" said Lady Penelope; "your lordship is strangely dull this morning!"

"A Christian name?—No, none that I heard—yes, she said something about—a Catherine, I think it was."

"Catherine?" answered the lady; "No, my lord, it was Clara—rather a rare name in this country, and belonging, I think, to a young lady of whom your lordship should know something, unless your evening flirtations with Lady Binks have blotted entirely out of your memory your morning visits to Shaws-Castle. You are a bold man, my lord. I would advise you to include Mrs. Blower among the objects of your attention, and then you will have maid, wife, and widow upon your list."

"Upon my honour, your ladyship is too severe," said Lord Etherington; "you surround yourself every evening with all that is clever and accomplished among the people here, and then you ridicule a poor secluded monster, who dare not approach your charmed circle, because he seeks for some amusement elsewhere. This is to tyrannize, and not to reign—it is Turkish despotism!"

"Ah! my lord, I know you well, my lord," said Lady Penelope—"Sorry would your lordship be, had you not power to render yourself welcome to any circle which you may please to approach."

"That is to say," answered the lord, "you will pardon me if I intrude on your ladyship's coterie this evening?"

"There is no society which Lord Etherington can think of frequenting, where he will not be a welcome guest."

"I will plead then at once my pardon and privilege this evening—And now," (speaking as if he had succeeded in establishing some confidence with her ladyship,) "what do you really think of this blind story?"

"O, I must believe it concerns Miss Mowbray. She was always an odd girl—something about her I could never endure—a sort of effrontery—that is, perhaps, a harsh word, but a kind of assurance—an air of confidence—so that though I kept on a footing with her, because she was an orphan girl of good family, and because I really knew nothing positively bad of her, yet she sometimes absolutely shocked me."

"Your ladyship, perhaps, would not think it right to give publicity to the story? at least, till you know exactly what it is," said the Earl, in a tone of suggestion.

"Depend upon it, that it is quite the worst, the very worst—You heard the woman say that she had exposed Clara to ruin—and you know she must have meant Clara Mowbray, because she was so anxious to tell the story to her brother, St. Ronan's."

"Very true—I did not think of that," answered Lord Etherington; "still it would be hard on the poor girl if it should get abroad."

"O, it will never get abroad for me," said Lady Penelope; "I would not tell the very wind of it. But then I cannot meet Miss Mowbray as formerly—I have a station in life to maintain, my lord—and I am under the necessity of being select in my society—it is a duty I owe the public, if it were even not my own inclination."

"Certainly, my lady Penelope," said Lord Etherington; "but then consider, that, in a place where all eyes are necessarily observant of your ladyship's behaviour, the least coldness on your part to Miss Mowbray—and, after all, we have nothing like assurance of any thing being wrong there—would ruin her with the company here, and with the world at large."

"Oh! my lord," answered Lady Penelope, "as for the truth of the story, I have some private reasons of my own for holding the strange tale devoutly

true; for I had a mysterious hint from a very worthy, but a very singular man, (your lordship knows how I adore originality,) the clergyman of the parish, who made me aware there was something wrong about Miss Clara—something that—your lordship will excuse my speaking more plainly,—Oh, no!—I fear—I fear it is all too true—You know Mr. Cargill, I suppose, my lord?"

"Yes—no—I—I think I have seen him," said Lord Etherington. "But how came the lady to make the parson her father-confessor?—they have no auricular confession in the Kirk—it must have been with the purpose of marriage, I presume—let us hope that it took place—perhaps it really was so—did he, Cargill—the minister, I mean—say any thing of such a matter?"

"Not a word—not a word—I see where you are, my lord; you would put a good face on't—"

"They call'd it marriage, by that specious name To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame."

Queen Dido for that. How the clergyman came into the secret I cannot tell—he is a very close man. But I know he will not hear of Miss Mowbray being married to any one, unquestionably because he knows that, in doing so, she would introduce disgrace into some honest family—and, truly, I am much of his mind, my lord."

"Perhaps Mr. Cargill may know the lady is privately married already," said the Earl; "I think that is the more natural inference, begging your ladyship's pardon for presuming to differ in opinion."

Lady Penelope seemed determined not to take this view of the case.

"No, no—no, I tell you," she replied; "she cannot be married, for if she were married, how could the poor wretch say that she was ruined?—You know there is a difference betwixt ruin and marriage."

"Some people are said to have found them synonymous, Lady Penelope," answered the Earl.

"You are smart on me, my lord; but still, in common parlance, when we say a woman is ruined, we mean quite the contrary of her being married—it is impossible for me to be more explicit upon such a topic, my lord."

"I defer to your ladyship's better judgment," said Lord Etherington. "I only entreat you to observe a little caution in this business—I will make the strictest inquiries of this woman, and acquaint you with the result; and I hope, out of regard to the respectable family of St. Ronan's, your ladyship will be in no hurry to intimate any thing to Miss Mowbray's prejudice."

"I certainly am no person to spread scandal, my lord," answered the lady, drawing herself up; "at the same time, I must say, the Mowbrays have little claim on me for forbearance. I am sure I was the first person to bring this Spa into fashion, which has been a matter of such consequence to their estate; and yet Mr. Mowbray set himself against me, my lord, in every possible sort of way, and encouraged the underbred people about him to behave very strangely.—There was the business of building the Belvidere, which he would not permit to be done out of the stock-purse of the company, because I had given the workmen the plan and the orders—and then, about the tea-room—and the hour for beginning dancing—and about the subscription for Mr. Rymour's new Tale of Chivalry—in short, I owe no consideration to Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's."

"But the poor young lady?" said Lord Etherington.

"Oh! the poor young lady!—the poor young lady can be as snuffy as a rich young lady, I promise you.—There was a business in which she used me scandalously, Lord Etherington—it was about a very trifling matter—a shawl. Nobody minds dress less than I do, my lord; I thank Heaven my thoughts turn upon very different topics—but it is in trifles that disrespect and unkindness are shown; and I have had a full share of both from Miss Clara, besides a good deal of impertinence from her brother upon the same subject."

"There is but one way remains," thought the Earl as they approached the Spa, "and that is to work on the fears of this d-d vindictive blue-stocking'd wild-

cat.—Your ladyship," he said aloud, "is aware what severe damages have been awarded in late cases where something approaching to scandal has been traced to ladies of consideration—the privileges of the tea-table have been found insufficient to protect some fair critics against the consequences of too frank and liberal animadversion upon the characters of their friends. So pray, remember, that as yet we know very little on this subject."

Lady Penelope loved money, and feared the law; and this hint, fortified by her acquaintance with Mowbray's love of his sister, and his irritable and revengeful disposition, brought her in a moment much nearer the temper in which Lord Etherington wished to leave her. She protested, that no one could be more tender than she of the fame of the unfortunate, even supposing their guilt was fully proved—promised caution on the subject of the pauper's declaration, and hoped Lord Etherington would join her tea-party early in the evening, as she wished to make him acquainted with one or two of her *protégés*, whom, she was sure, his lordship would find deserving of his advice and countenance. Being by this time at the door of her own apartment, her ladyship took leave of the Earl with a most gracious smile.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

On the lee-beam lies the land, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheets go, don't mind boys,
Though the weather should be worse.—*The Storm.*

"It darkens round me like a tempest," thought Lord Etherington, as, with slow step, folded arms, and his white hat slouched over his brows, he traversed the short interval of space betwixt his own apartments and those of the Lady Penelope. In a buck of the old school, one of Congreve's men of wit and pleasure about town, this would have been a departure from character; but the present fine man does not derogate from his quality, even by exhibiting all the moody and gentlemanlike solemnity of Master Stephen. So, Lord Etherington was at liberty to carry on his reflections, without attracting observation.—"I have put a stopper into the mouth of that old vinegar-cruet of quality, but the acidity of her temper will soon dissolve the charm—And what to do?"

As he looked round him, he saw his trusty valet Solmes, who, touching his hat with due respect, said as he passed him, "Your lordship's letters are in your private despatch-box."

Simple as these words were, and indifferent the tone in which they were spoken, their import made Lord Etherington's heart bound as if his fate had depended on the accents. He intimated no farther interest in the communication, however, than to desire Solmes to be below, in case he should ring; and with these words entered his apartment, and barred and bolted the door, even before he looked on the table where his despatch-box was placed.

Lord Etherington had, as is usual, one key to the box which held his letters, his confidential servant being intrusted with the other; so that, under the protection of a patent lock, his despatches escaped all risk of being tampered with,—a precaution not altogether unnecessary on the part of those who frequent hotels and lodging-houses.

"By your leave, Mr. Bramah," said the Earl as he applied the key, jesting, as it were, with his own agitation, as he would have done with that of a third party. The lid was raised, and displayed the packet, the appearance and superscription of which had attracted his observation but a short while before in the post-office. Then he would have given much to be possessed of the opportunity which was now in his power; but many pause on the brink of a crime, who have contemplated it at a distance without scruple. Lord Etherington's first impulse had led him to poke the fire; and he held in his hand the letter which he was more than half tempted to commit, without even breaking the seal, to the fiery element. But, though

sufficiently familiarized with guilt, he was not as yet acquainted with it in its basest shapes—he had not yet acted with meanness, or at least with what the world terms such. He had been a duellist, the manners of the age authorized it—a libertine, the world excused it to his youth and condition—a bold and successful gambler, for that quality he was admired and envied; and a thousand other inaccuracies to which these practices and habits lead, were easily slurred over in a man of quality, with fortune and spirit to support his rank. But his present meditated act was of a different kind. Tell it not in Bond Street, whisper it not on St. James's pavement!—it amounted to an act of petty larceny, for which the code of honour would admit of no composition.

Lord Etherington, under the influence of these recollections, stood for a few minutes suspended. But the devil always finds logic to convince his followers. He recollected the wrong done to his mother, and to himself, her offspring, to whom his father had, in the face of the whole world, imparted the hereditary rights, of which he was now, by a posthumous deed, endeavouring to deprive the memory of the one, and the expectations of the other. Surely, the naïf being his own, he had a full title, by the most effectual means, whatever such means might be, to rectify all attacks on that right, and even destroy, if necessary, the documents by which his enemies were prosecuting their unjust plans against his honour as interest.

This reasoning prevailed, and Lord Etherington again held the devoted packet above the flames; when it occurred to him, that his resolution being taken, he ought to carry it into execution as effectually as possible; and to do so, it was necessary to know, that the packet actually contained the papers which he was desirous to destroy.

Never did a doubt arise in juster time; for no sooner had the seal burst, and the envelope rustled under his fingers, than he perceived, to his utter consternation, that he held in his hand only the copies of the deeds for which Francis Tyrrel had written, the originals of which he had too sanguinely concluded would be forwarded according to his requisition. A letter from a partner of the house with which they were deposited, stated that they had not felt themselves at liberty, in the absence of the head of their firm, to whom these papers had been committed, to part with them even to Mr. Tyrrel, though they had proceeded so far as to open the parcel, and now transmitted to him formal copies of the papers contained in it, which, they presumed, would serve Mr. Tyrrel's purpose for consulting counsel, or the like. They themselves, in a case of so much delicacy, and in the absence of their principal partner, were determined to retain the originals, unless called to produce them in a court of justice.

With a solemn imprecation on the formality and absurdity of the writer, Lord Etherington let the letter of advice drop from his hand into the fire, and throwing himself into a chair, passed his hand across his eyes, as if their very power of sight had been flung by what he had read. His title, and his paternal fortune, which he thought but an instant before might be rendered unchallengeable by a single movement of his hand, seemed now on the verge of being lost for ever. His rapid recollection failed not to remind him of what was less known to the world, that his early and profuse expenditure had greatly dilapidated his maternal fortune; and that the estate of Nettlewood, which five minutes ago he only coveted as a wealthy man desires increase of his store, must now be acquired, if he would avoid being a poor and embarrassed spendthrift. To impede his possessing himself of this property, fate had restored to the scene the penitent of the morning, who, as he had too much reason to believe, was returned to this neighbourhood, to do justice to Clara Mowbray, and who was not unlikely to put the whole story of the marriage on its right footing. She, however, might be got rid of; and it might still be possible to hurry Mrs. Mowbray, by working on her fears, or through the agency of her brother, into a union with him while he still preserved the title of Lord Etherington. This

he resolved to secure, if effort or if intrigue try the point; nor was it the least consideration, should he succeed, he would obtain over his successful rival, such a triumph, as would tend to embitter the tranquillity of his whole

few minutes, his rapid and contriving invention formed a plan for securing the sole advantage seemed to remain open for him; and contrast he had no time to lose, he entered immediately on the execution.

He summoned Solmes to his lordship's apartment the Earl, as coolly as if he had hoped to experience valet by such an assertion, said, "I have brought me a packet designed for some of the Aultoun—let it be sent to him—Stay, I will seal it first."

He accordingly re-sealed the packet, containing all news, excepting the letter of advice, (which he sealed), and gave it to the valet, with the caution you would not make such blunders in

your lordship's pardon—I will take better care in—thought it was addressed to your lord-

ship, answered Solmes, too knowing to give the least intelligence, far less to remind the Earl that his directions had occasioned the mistake of which he complained.

"You need not mention a blunder at the post-office; it would only tattle in this idle place—but be sure that the man has his letter.—And, Solmes, I see Mr. Mowbray walk across—ask him to dine with me to-morrow. I have a headache, and cannot face the faces of the savages who feed at the public table.—I will certainly make my compliments to Lady Penfeather—I will certainly have the honour to call on her ladyship this evening to tea, agree to her very boring invitation received—write her card, and word it your own way. Bespeak for two, and see you have some of that batch ready." The servant was retiring, when his lordship said, "Stay a moment—I have a more important business than I have yet mentioned.—Solmes, I have managed devilish ill about the woman

lord?" answered Solmes.

"You, sir—did you not tell me she had gone to India with a friend of yours, and did not I have a couple of hundred pounds for passage-

my lord," replied the valet.

"At that it proves no, my lord," said Lord Mowbray; "for she has found her way back to her miserable plight—half-starved, and, no longer to do or say any thing for a livelihood—this happened?"

"I have taken her cash, and turned her out of my lord," answered Solmes, as if he had king of the most commonplace transaction; "but I know the woman's nature so well, and so much master of her history, that I can off the country in twenty-four hours, and where she will never think of returning, your lordship can spare me so long."

"I directly—but I can tell you, that you will woman in a very penitential humour, and health to boot."

"I am sure of my game," answered Solmes; "with reference to your lordship, I think if death and hell had hold of one of that woman's arms, and I could make a shift to lead her away from her."

"And about it, then," said Etherington. "But, Solmes, be kind to her, and see all her wants are supplied. I have done her mischief enough—though I feel the devil had done half the work to my

length was permitted to withdraw to his various commissions, with an assurance of services would not be wanted for the next few hours.

He said the Earl, as his agent withdrew,

"there is a spring put in motion, which, well oiled, will move the whole machine.—And here, in lucky time, comes Harry Jekyl—I hear his whistle on the stairs.—There is a silly lightness of heart about that fellow, which I envy, while I despise it; but he is welcome now, for I want him."

Jekyl entered accordingly, and broke out with "I am glad to see one of your fellows laying a cloth for two in your parlour, Etherington—I was afraid you were going down among these confounded bores again to-day."

"You are not to be one of the two, Hal," answered Lord Etherington.

"No?—then I may be a third, I hope, if not second?"

"Neither first, second, nor third, Captain.—The truth is, I want a tête-à-tête with Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's," replied the Earl; "and, besides, I have to beg the very particular favour of you to go again to that fellow Martigny. It is time that he should produce his papers, if he has any—of which, for one, I do not believe a word. He has had ample time to hear from London; and I think I have delayed long enough in an important matter upon his bare assertion."

"I cannot blame your impatience," said Jekyl, "and I will go on your errand instantly. As you waited on my advice, I am bound to find an end to your suspense.—At the same time, if the man is not possessed of such papers as he spoke of, I must own he is happy in a command of consummate assurance, which might set up the whole roll of attorneys."

"You will be soon able to judge of that," said Lord Etherington; "and now, off with you—Why do you look at me so anxiously?"

"I cannot tell—I have strange forebodings about this tête-à-tête with Mowbray. You should spare him Etherington—he is not your match—wants both judgment and temper."

"Tell him so, Jekyl," answered the Earl, "and his proud Scotch stomach will be up in an instant, and he will pay you with a shot for your pains.—Why, he thinks himself cock of the walk, this strutting bantam, notwithstanding the lesson I gave him before.—And what do you think?—He has the impudence to talk about my attentions to Lady Binks as inconsistent with the prosecution of my suit to his sister! Yes, Hal—this awkward Scotch laird, that has scarce tact enough to make love to a ewe-milker, or, at best, to some daggledailed soubrette, has the assurance to start himself as my rival?"

"Then, good-night to St. Ronan's!—this will be a fatal dinner to him.—Etherington, I know by that laugh you are bent on mischief—I have a great mind to give him a hint."

"I wish you would," answered the Earl; "it would all turn to my account."

"Do you defy me?—Well, if I meet him, I will put him on his guard."

The friends parted; and it was not long ere Jekyl encountered Mowbray on one of the public walks.

"You dine with Etherington to-day?" said the Captain—"Forgive me, Mr. Mowbray, if I say one single word—Beware."

"Of what should I beware, Captain Jekyl," answered Mowbray, "when I dine with a friend of your own, and a man of honour?"

"Certainly Lord Etherington is both, Mr. Mowbray; but he loves play, and is too hard for most people."

"I thank you for the hint, Captain Jekyl—I am a raw Scotchman, it is true; but yet I know a thing or two. Fair play is always presumed amongst gentlemen; and that taken for granted, I have the vanity to think I need no one's caution on the subject, not even Captain Jekyl's, though his experience must needs be so much superior to mine."

"In that case, sir," said Jekyl, bowing coldly, "I have no more to say, and I hope there is no harm done.—Conceited coxcomb!" he added, mentally, as they parted, "how truly did Etherington judge of him, and what an ass was I to intermeddle!—I hope Etherington will strip him of every feather!"

He pursued his walk in quest of Tyrrel, and Mowbray proceeded to the apartments of the Earl, in a

temper of mind well suited to the purposes of the latter, who judged of his disposition accurately when he permitted Jekyl to give his well-meant warning. To be supposed, by a man of acknowledged fashion, so decidedly inferior to his antagonist—to be considered as an object of compassion, and made the subject of a good-boy warning, was gall and bitterness to his proud spirit, which, the more that he felt a conscious inferiority in the arts which they all cultivated, struggled the more to preserve the footing of at least apparent equality.

Since the first memorable party at piquet, Mowbray had never hazarded his luck with Lord Etherington, except for trifling stakes; but his conceit led him to suppose that he now fully understood his play, and, agreeably to the practice of those who have habituated themselves to gambling, he had every now and then felt a yearning to try for his revenge. He wished also to be out of Lord Etherington's debt, feeling galled under a sense of pecuniary obligation, which hindered his speaking his mind to him fully upon the subject of his flirtation with Lady Binks, which he justly considered as an insult to his family, considering the footing on which the Earl seemed desirous to stand with Clara Mowbray. From these obligations a favourable evening might free him, and Mowbray was, in fact, indulging in a waking dream to this purpose, when Jekyl interrupted him. His untimely warning only excited a spirit of contradiction, and a determination to show the adviser how little he was qualified to judge of his talents; and in this humour, his ruin, which was the consequence of that afternoon, was far from seeming to be the premeditated, or even the voluntary work of the Earl of Etherington.

On the contrary, the victim himself was the first to propose play—deep play—double stakes; while Lord Etherington, on the other hand, often proposed to diminish their game, or to break off entirely; but it was always with an affectation of superiority, which only stimulated Mowbray to farther and more desperate risks; and, at last, when Mowbray became his debtor to an overwhelming amount, (his circumstances considered,) the Earl threw down the cards, and declared he should be too late for Lady Penelope's ten-party, to which he was positively engaged.

"Will you not give me my revenge!" said Mowbray, taking up the cards, and shuffling them with fierce anxiety.

"Not now, Mowbray; we have played too long already—you have lost too much—more than perhaps is convenient for you to pay."

Mowbray gnashed his teeth, in spite of his resolution to maintain an exterior, at least of firmness.

"You can take your time, you know," said the Earl; "a note of hand will suit me as well as the money."

"No, by G—!" answered Mowbray, "I will not be so taken in a second time—I had better have sold myself to the devil than to your lordship—I have never been my own man since."

"These are not very kind expressions, Mowbray," said the Earl; "you *would* play, and they that will play must expect sometimes to lose."

"And they who win will expect to be paid," said Mowbray, breaking in. "I know that as well as you, my lord, and you shall be paid—I will pay you—I will pay you, by G—! Do you make any doubt that I will pay you, my lord?"

"You look as if you thought of paying me in sharp coin," said Lord Etherington; "and I think that would scarce be consistent with the terms we stand upon towards each other."

"By my soul, my lord," said Mowbray, "I cannot tell what these terms are; and to be at my wit's end at once, I should be glad to know. You set out upon paying addresses to my sister, and with your visits and opportunities at Shaws-Castle, I cannot find the matter makes the least progress—it keeps moving without advancing, like a child's rocking-horse. Perhaps you think that you have curbed me up so tightly, that I dare not stir in the matter; but you will find it otherwise.—Your lordship may keep a harem if you will, but my sister shall not enter it."

"You are angry, and therefore you are unjust,"

said Etherington; "you know well enough it is *your* sister's fault that there is any delay. I am most willing—most desirous—to call her Lady Etherington—nothing but her unlucky prejudices against me have retarded a union which I have so many reasons for desiring."

"Well," replied Mowbray, "that shall be my business. I know no reason she can pretend to decline a marriage so honourable to her house, and which is approved of by me, that house's head. That matter shall be arranged in twenty-four hours."

"It will do me the most sensible pleasure," said Lord Etherington; "you shall soon see how sincerely I desire your alliance; and as for the trifle you have lost!"

"It is no trifle to me, my lord—it is my ruin—but it shall be paid—and let me tell your lordship, you may thank your good luck for it more than your good play."

"We will say no more of it at present, if you please," said Lord Etherington, "to-morrow is a new day; and if you will take my advice, you will not be too harsh with your sister. A little firmness is seldom amiss with young women, but severity!"

"I will pray your lordship to spare me your advice on this subject. However valuable it may be in other respects, I can, I take it, speak to my own sister in my own way."

"Since you are so caustically disposed, Mowbray," answered the Earl, "I presume you will not honour her ladyship's tea-table to-night, though I believe it will be the last of the season?"

"And why should you think so, my lord?" answered Mowbray, whose losses had rendered him testy and contradictory upon every subject that was started. "Why should not I pay my respects to Lady Penelope, or any other tabby of quality? I have no title, indeed; but I suppose that my family!"

"Entitles you to become a canon of Strasburgh, doubtless—But you do not seem in a very Christian mood for taking orders. All I meant to say was, that you and Lady Pen were not used to be on such a good footing."

"Well, she sent me a card for her blow-out," said Mowbray; "and so I am resolved to go. When I have been there half an hour, I will ride up to Shaws-Castle, and you shall hear of my speed in wooing for you to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TEA-PARTY.

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
Thus let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER'S Task.

THE approach of the cold and rainy season had now so far thinned the company at the Well, that in order to secure the necessary degree of crowd upon her tea-nights, Lady Penelope was obliged to employ some coaxing towards those whom she had considered as much under par in society. Even the Doctor and Mrs. Blower were graciously smitten upon—for their marriage was now an arranged affair; and the event was of a nature likely to spread the reputation of the Spa among wealthy widows, and medical gentlemen of more skill than practice. So in they came, the Doctor smoking, gallanting, and performing all the bustling parade of settled and arranged courtship, with much of that grace wherewith a turkey-cock goes through the same ceremony. Old Touchwood had also attended her ladyship's summons, chiefly, it may be supposed, from his restless fidgety disposition, which seldom suffered him to remain absent even from those places of resort of which he usually professed his detestation. There was, besides, Mr. Winterblossom, who, in his usual spirit of quiet epicurism and self-indulgence, was under the fire of a volley of compliments to Lady

scheming to secure for himself an early release. There was Lady Binks also, with her grace of sullenness in her beautiful face, her husband as usual, and not disposed to with Lord Etherington for being absent, desired to excite Sir Bingo's jealousy. He had discovered to be the most effectual means of mentioning the Baronet, and she rejoiced in savage glee of a hackney coachman, who, at a sign, where he can make his poor jade slip. The rest of the company were also in the same mood as usual. MacTurk himself was present, noting that he thought it an egregious error to bestow it upon compounding for a saving punch. He had of late associated a good deal with the traveller; not that he means resembled each other in temper, but rather because there was that degree of betwixt them which furnished perpetual dispute and discussion. They were not on the present occasion, ere they lighted on the verge of controversy.

"I tell me of your points of honour," said he, raising his voice altogether above the tone of polite conversation—"all humbug, MacTurk—mere hair-traps to springe wooden of sense break through them." "I tell you, sir," said the Captain, "and my-ristled to hear you—for, look you, sir, every one is the breath of his nostrils—Cot tamin! let men breathe through their mouths, and returned the controversialist. "I tell you, besides its being forbidden, both by law and an idiotical and totally absurd practice, selling. An honest savage has more sense to advise it—he takes his bow or his gun, as may be, and shoots his enemy from behind and a very good way; for you see there can be, be only one man's death between them." "If my body, sir," said the Captain, "gin ye sic doctrines amang the good company, relief you will bring somebody to the gal-

...ye, Captain, with all my heart; but I stirrels—I leave war to them that live by it. I hat, except our old, stupid ancestors in the there, I know no country so silly as to har-

...custom of duelling. It is unknown in Af- the negroes—in America."

...tell me that," said the Captain; "a Yan-

...fight with muskets and buck-shot, rather

...with an affront. I should know Jona-

...ink."

...ther unknown among the thousand tribes

...tamed, then!" said Captain MacTurk.

...not in Tippoo's prison at Bangalore? and,

...joyful day of our liberation came, did we not

...it with fourteen little affairs, whereof we

...laying the foundation in our house of capti-

...only writ has it, and never went farther to

...than the glacis of the fort? By my soul,

...I have thought there was a smart skirmish,

...was so close; and did not I, Captain Mac-

...it three of them myself, without moving ny

...the place I set it on?"

...ray, sir what might be the result of this

...mode of giving thanks for your deliverance?"

...I Mr. Touchwood.

...all list of casualties, after all," said the Cap-

...ie killed on the spot, one died of his wounds

...ounded severely—three ditto slightly, and

...can Macphail reported missing. We were

...ctice, after such long confinement. So you

...re manage matters in India, my dear friend."

...re to understand," replied Touchwood, "that

...nly of the heathen natives, who, heathen as

...live in the light of their own moral reason,

...ing whom ye shall therefore see better exam-

...etical morality than among such as your-

...ho, though calling yourselves Christians,

...nore knowledge of the true acceptation and

...of your religion, than if you had left your

...ity at the Cape of Good Hope, as they say

of you, and forgot to take it up when you come back again."

"Py Cot! and I can tell you, sir," said the Captain, elevating at once his voice and his nostrils, and snuffing the air with a truculent and indignant visage, "that I will not permit you or any man to throw any such scandal on my character.—I thank Cot, I can bring good witness that I am as good a Christian as another, for a poor sinner, as the best of us are; and I am ready to justify my religion with my sword—Cot tamin!—Compare my own self with a parcel of black heathen bodies and natives, that were never in the inner side of a kirk whilst they lived, but go about worshipping stocks and stones, and swinging themselves upon bamboos, like peasts, as they are!"

An indignant growling in his throat, which sounded like the acquiescence of his inward man in the indignant proposition which his external organs thus expressed, concluded this haughty speech, which, however, made not the least impression on Touchwood, who cared as little for angry tones and looks as he did for fine speeches. So that it is likely a quarrel between the Christian preceptor and the peacemaker might have occurred for the amusement of the company, had not the attention of both, but particularly that of Touchwood, been diverted from the topic of debate by the entrance of Lord Etherington and Mowbray.

The former was, as usual, all grace, smiles, and gentleness. Yet, contrary to his wonted custom, which usually was, after a few general compliments, to attach himself particularly to Lady Binks, the Earl, on the present occasion, avoided the side of the room on which that beautiful but sullen idol held her station, and attached himself exclusively to Lady Penelope Penfeather, enduring, without flinching, the strange variety of conceited *barardage*, which that lady's natural parts and acquired information enabled her to pour forth with unparalleled profusion.

An honest heathen, one of Plutarch's heroes, if I mistake not, dreamed once upon a night, that the figure of Proserpina, whom he had long worshipped, visited his slumbers with an angry and vindictive countenance, and menaced him with vengeance, in resentment of his having neglected her altars, with the usual fickleness of a polytheist, for those of some more fashionable divinity. Not that goddess of the infernal regions herself could assume a more haughty or more displeased countenance than that with which Lady Binks looked from time to time upon Lord Etherington, as if to warn him of the consequence of this departure from the allegiance which the young Earl had hitherto manifested towards her, and which seemed now, she knew not why, unless it were for the purpose of public insult, to be transferred to her rival. Perilous as her eye-glances were, and much as they menaced, Lord Etherington felt at this moment the importance of soothing Lady Penelope to silence on the subject of the invalid's confession of that morning, to be more pressing than that of appeasing the indignation of Lady Binks. The former was a case of the most urgent necessity—the latter, if he was at all anxious on the subject, might, he perhaps thought, be trusted to time. Had the Indies continued on a tolerable footing together, he might have endeavoured to conciliate both. But the bitterness of their long-suppressed feud had greatly increased, now that it was probable the end of the season was to separate them, in all likelihood for ever; so that Lady Penelope had no longer any motive for countenancing Lady Binks, or the lady of Sir Bingo for denouncing Lady Penelope's countenance. The wealth and lavish expence of the one was no longer to render more illustrious the suit of her right honourable friend, nor was the society of Lady Penelope likely to be soon again useful or necessary to Lady Binks. So that neither were any longer desirous to suppress symptoms of the mutual contempt and dislike which they had long nourished for each other; and whoever should, in this decisive hour, take part with one, had little henceforward to expect from her rival. What farther and more private reasons Lady Binks might have to resent the defection of Lord Etherington, have never come with certainty to our knowledge; but it was

said there had been high words between them on the floating report that his lordship's visits to Shaws-Castle were dictated by the wish to find a bride there.

Women's wits are said to be quick in spying the surest means of avenging a real or supposed slight. After biting her pretty lips, and revolving in her mind the readiest means of vengeance, fate threw in her way young Mowbray of St. Ronan's. She looked at him, and endeavoured to fix his attention with a nod and gracious smile, such as in an ordinary mood would have instantly drawn him to her side. On receiving in answer only a vacant glance and a bow, she was led to observe him more attentively, and was induced to believe, from his wavering look, varying complexion, and unsteady step, that he had been drinking unusually deep. Still his eye was less that of an intoxicated than of a disturbed and desperate man, one whose faculties were engrossed by deep and turbid reflection, which withdrew him from the passing scene.

"Do you observe how ill Mr. Mowbray looks?" said she, in a loud whisper; "I hope he has not heard what Lady Penelope was just now saying of his family?"

"Unless he hears it from you, my lady," answered Mr. Touchwood, who, upon Mowbray's entrance, had broken off his discourse with MacTurk, "I think there is little chance of his learning it from any other person."

"What is the matter?" said Mowbray, sharply, addressing Chatterly and Winterblossom; but the one shrunk nervously from the question, protesting, he indeed had not been precisely attending to what had been passing among the ladies, and Winterblossom bowed out of the scrape with quiet and cautious politeness—"he really had not given particular attention to what was passing—I was negotiating with Mrs. Jones for an additional lump of sugar to my coffee.—Egad, it was so difficult a piece of diplomacy," he added, sinking his voice, "that I have an idea her ladyship calculates the West India produce by grains and pennyweights."

The innuendo, if designed to make Mowbray smile, was far from succeeding. He stepped forward, with more than usual stiffness in his air, which was never entirely free from self-consequence, and said to Lady Binka, "May I request to know of your ladyship what particular respecting my family had the honour to engage the attention of the company?"

"I was only a listener, Mr. Mowbray," returned Lady Binka, with evident enjoyment of the rising indignation which she read in his countenance; "not being queen of the night, I am not at all disposed to be answerable for the turn of the conversation."

Mowbray, in no humour to bear jesting, yet afraid to expose himself by farther inquiry in a company so public, darted a fierce look at Lady Penelope, then in close conversation with Lord Etherington,—advanced a step or two towards them,—then, as if checking himself, turned on his heel, and left the room. A few minutes afterwards, and when certain satirical nods and winks were circulating among the assembly, a waiter slid a piece of paper into Mrs. Jones's hand, who, on looking at the contents, seemed about to leave the room.

"Jones—Jones!" exclaimed Lady Penelope, in surprise and displeasure.

"Only the key of the tea-caddy, your ladyship," answered Jones; "I will be back in an instant."

"Jones—Jones!" again exclaimed her mistress, "here is enough"—of tea, she would have said; but Lord Etherington was so near her, that she was ashamed to complete the sentence, and had only hope in Jones's quickness of apprehension, and the prospect that she would be unable to find the key which she went in search of.

Jones, mean while, tripped off to a sort of house-keeper's apartment, of which she was *locum tenens* for the evening, for the more ready supply of whatever might be wanted on Lady Penelope's night, as it was called. Here she found Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, whom she instantly began to assail with, "La! now, Mr. Mowbray, you are such another gentleman!—I am sure you will make me lose my place

—I'll swear you will—what can you have to say, that you could not as well put off for an hour?"

"I want to know, Jones," answered Mowbray, in a different tone, perhaps, from what the damsel expected, "what your lady was just now saying about my family."

"Pshaw!—was that all?" answered Mrs. Jones. "What should she be saying?—nonsense—Who minds what she says?—I am sure I never do for one."

"Nay, but, my dear Jones," said Mowbray "I insist upon knowing—I must know, and I will know."

"La! Mr. Mowbray, why should I make mischief?—As I live, I hear some one coming! and if you were found speaking with me here—indeed, indeed, some one is coming."

"The devil may come, if he will!" said Mowbray, "but we do not part, pretty mistress, till you tell me what I wish to know."

"Lord, sir, you frighten me!" answered Jones; "but all the room heard it as well as I—it was about Miss Mowbray—and that my lady would be shy of her company hereafter—for that she was—she was—"

"For that my sister was *what*?" said Mowbray, fiercely, seizing her arm.

"Lord, sir, you terrify me!" said Jones, beginning to cry; "at any rate, it was not I that said it—it was Lady Penelope."

"And what was it the old, adder-tongued mad-woman dared to say of Clara Mowbray?—Speak out plainly, and directly, or, by Heaven, I'll make you!"

"Hold, sir—hold, for God's sake!—you will break my arm," answered the terrified handmaiden. "I am sure I know no harm of Miss Mowbray; only, my lady spoke as if she was no better than she ought to be.—Lord, sir, there is some one listening at the door!"—and making a spring out of his grasp, he hastened back to the room in which the company were assembled.

Mowbray stood petrified at the news he had heard, ignorant alike what could be the motive for a calumny so atrocious, and uncertain what he were best to do to put a stop to the scandal. To his farther confusion, he was presently convinced of the truth of Mrs. Jones's belief that they had been watched, for, as he went to the door of the apartment, he was met by Mr. Touchwood.

"What has brought you here, sir?" said Mowbray sternly.

"Hoitie toitie," answered the traveller, "why, how came you here, if you go to that, squire?—Egad, Lady Penelope is trembling for her couching, so I just took a step here to save her ladyship the trouble of looking after Mrs. Jones in person, which, I think, might have been a worse interruption than mine, Mr. Mowbray."

"Pshaw, sir, you talk nonsense," said Mowbray; "the tea-room is so infernally hot, that I had sat down here a moment to draw breath, when the young woman came in."

"And you are going to run away, now the old gentleman is come in?" said Touchwood—"Come, sir, I am more your friend than you may think."

"Sir, you are intrusive—I want nothing that you can give me," said Mowbray.

"That is a mistake," answered the senior; "for I can supply you with what most young men want—money and wisdom."

"You will do well to keep both till they are wanted," said Mowbray.

"Why, so I would, squire, only that I have taken something of a fancy for your family; and they are supposed to have wanted cash and good counsel for two generations, if not for three."

"Sir," said Mowbray, angrily, "you are too old either to play the buffoon, or to get buffoon's payment."

"Which is like monkey's allowance, I suppose," said the traveller, "more kicks than halfpence.—Well—at least I am not young enough to quarrel with boys for bullying. I'll convince you, however, Mr. Mowbray, that I know some more of your affairs than what you give me credit for."

"It may be," answered Mowbray, "but you will oblige me more by minding your own."

"Very like; mean time, your losses to-night to my Lord, Etherington are no trifle, and no secret neither."

"Mr. Touchwood, I desire to know where you had your information?" said Mowbray.

"A matter of very little consequence compared to its truth or falsehood, Mr. Mowbray," answered the old gentleman.

"But of the last importance to me, sir," said Mowbray. "In a word, had you such information by or through means of Lord Etherington?—Answer me this single question, and then I shall know better what to think on the subject."

"Upon my honour," said Touchwood, "I neither had any information from Lord Etherington directly nor indirectly. I say thus much to give you satisfaction, and I now expect you will hear me with patience."

"Forgive me, sir," interrupted Mowbray, "one farther question. I understand something was said in disparagement of my sister just as I entered the tea-room?"

"Hem—hem—hem!" said Touchwood, hesitating. "I am sorry your ears have served you so well—something there was said lightly, something that can be easily explained, I dare say;—And now, Mr. Mowbray, let me speak a few serious words with you."

"And now, Mr. Touchwood, we have no more to say to each other—good evening to you."

He brushed past the old man, who in vain endeavoured to stop him, and hurrying to the stable, demanded his horse. It was ready saddled, and waited his orders; but even the short time that was necessary to bring it to the door of the stable was exasperating to Mowbray's impatience. Not less exasperating was the constant interceding voice of Touchwood, who, in tones alternately plaintive and snappish, kept on a string of expostulations.

"Mr. Mowbray, only five words with you—Mr. Mowbray, you will repent this—Is this a night to ride in, Mr. Mowbray?—My stars, sir, if you would but have five minutes' patience!"

Curses, not loud but deep, muttered in the throat of the impatient laird, were the only reply, until his horse was brought out, when, staying no farther question, he sprung into the saddle. The poor horse paid for the delay, which could not be laid to his charge. Mowbray struck him hard with his spurs so soon as he was in his seat—the noble animal reared, bolted, and sprung forward like a deer, over stock and stone, the nearest road—and we are aware it was a rough one—to Shaws-Castle. There is a sort of instinct by which horses perceive the humour of their riders, and are furious and impetuous, or dull and sluggish, as if to correspond with it; and Mowbray's gallant steed seemed on this occasion to feel all the stings of his master's internal ferment, although not again urged with the spur. The ostler stood listening to the clash of the hoofs, succeeding each other in thick and close gallop until they died away in the distant woodland.

"If St. Ronan's reach home this night, with his neck unbroken," muttered the fellow, "the devil must have it in keeping."

"Mercy on us!" said the traveller, "he rides like a Bedouin Arab! but in the desert there are neither trees to cross the road, nor cleughas, nor linnas, nor floods, nor fords. Well, I must set to work myself, or this gear will get worse than even I can mend.—Here you, ostler, let me have your best pair of horses instantly to Shaws-Castle."

"To Shaws-Castle, sir?" said the man with some surprise.

"Yes—do you not know such a place?"

"In troth, sir, see few company go there, except on the great ball day, that we have had time to forget the road to it—but St. Ronan's was here even now, sir."

"Ay, what of that?—he has ridden on to get supper ready—so, turn out without loss of time."

"At your pleasure, sir," said the fellow, and called to the postilion accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEBATE.

Sedet post equitum atra cura—

Still though the headlong cavalier,
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind;
His sad companion,—ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
CARE—keeps her seat behind.—HORACE.

WELL was it that night for Mowbray, that he had always piqued himself on his horses, and that the animal on which he was then mounted was as sure-footed and sagacious as he was mettled and fiery. For those who observed next day the print of the hoofs on the broken and rugged track through which the creature had been driven at full speed by his furious master, might easily see, that in more than a dozen of places the horse and rider had been within a few inches of destruction. One bough of a gnarled and stunted oak-tree, which stretched across the road, seemed in particular to have opposed an almost fatal barrier to the horseman's career. In striking his head against this impediment, the force of the blow had been broken in some measure by a high-crowned hat, yet the violence of the shock was sufficient to shiver the branch to pieces. Fortunately it was already decayed; but, even in that state, it was subject of astonishment to every one that no fatal damage had been sustained in so formidable an encounter. Mowbray himself was unconscious of the accident.

Scarcely aware that he had been riding at an unusual rate, scarce sensible that he had ridden faster perhaps than ever he followed the hounds, Mowbray alighted at his stable door, and flung the bridle to his groom, who held up his hands in astonishment when he beheld the condition of the favourite horse; but, concluding that his master must be intoxicated, he prudently forbore to make any observations.

No sooner did the unfortunate traveller suspend that rapid motion by which he seemed to wish to annihilate, as far as possible, time and space, in order to reach the place he had now attained, than it seemed to him as if he would have given the world that seas and deserts had lain between him and the house of his fathers, as well as that only sister with whom he was now about to have a decisive interview.

"But the place and the hour are arrived," he said, biting his lip with anguish; "this explanation must be decisive; and whatever evils may attend it, suspense must be ended now, at once and for ever."

He entered the Castle, and took the light from the old domestic, who, hearing the clatter of his horse's feet, had opened the door to receive him.

"Is my sister in her parlour?" he asked, but in so hollow a voice, that the old man only answered the question by another, "Was his honour well?"

"Quite well, Patrick—never better in my life," said Mowbray; and turning his back on the old man, as if to prevent his observing whether his countenance and his words corresponded, he pursued his way to his sister's apartment. The sound of his step upon the passage roused Clara from a reverie, perhaps a sad one; and she had trimmed her lamp, and stirred her fire, so slow did he walk, before he at length entered her apartment.

"You are a good boy brother," she said, "to come thus early home; and I have some good news for your reward. The groom has fetched back Trimmer—He was lying by the dead hare, and he had chased him as far as Drumlyfort—the shepherd had carried him to the shieling, till some one should claim him."

"I would he had hanged him, with a! my heart!" said Mowbray.

"How!—hang Trimmer?—your favourite Trimmer, that has beat the whole country?—and it was only this morning you were half-crying because he was a-missing, and like to murder man and mother's son?"

"The better I like any living thing," answered Mowbray, "the more reason I have for wishing it dead and at rest; for neither I, nor any thing that I love, will ever be happy more."

"You cannot frighten me, John, with these flights," answered Clara, trembling, although she endeavoured to look unconcerned—"You have used me to them too often."

"It is well for you then; you will be ruined without the shock of surprise."

"So much the better—We have been," said Clara,

"So constantly in poverty's sight,
The thoughts on't give us little fright."

So say I with honest Robert Burns."

"D—n Burns and his trash!" said Mowbray, with the impatience of a man determined to be angry with every thing but himself, who was the real source of the evil.

"And why damn poor Burns?" said Clara composedly; "it is not his fault if you have not risen a winner, for that, I suppose, is the cause of all this uproar."

"Would it not make any one lose patience," said Mowbray, "to hear her quoting the rhapsodies of a hobnailed peasant, when a man is speaking of the downfall of an ancient house! your ploughman, I suppose, becoming one degree poorer than he was born to be, would only go without his dinner, or without his usual potation of ale. His comrades would cry 'poor fellow!' and let him eat out of their kit, and drink out of their bicker without scruple, till his own was full again. But the poor gentleman—the down-fallen man of rank—the degraded man of birth—the disabled and disarmed man of power!—it is he that is to be pitied, who loses not rierly drink and dinner, but honour, situation, credit, character, and name itself!"

"You are declaiming in this manner in order to terrify me," said Clara: "but, friend John, I know you and your ways, and I have made up my mind upon all contingences that can take place. I will tell you more—I have stood on this tottering pinnacle of rank and fashion, if our situation can be termed such, till my head is dizzy with the instability of my eminence; and I feel that strange desire of tossing myself down, which the devil is said to put into folk's heads when they stand on the top of steeples—at least, I had rather the plunge were over."

"Be satisfied, then; if that will satisfy you—the plunge is over, and we are what they used to call it in Scotland—gentle beggars—creatures to whom our second, and third, and fourth, and fifth cousins may, if they please, give a place at the side-table, and a seat in the carriage with the lady's maid, if driving backwards will not make us sick."

"They may give it to those who will take it," said Clara; "but I am determined to eat bread of my own buying—I can do twenty things, and I am sure some one or other of them will bring me all the little money I will need. I have been trying, John, for several months, how little I can live upon, and you would laugh if you heard how low I have brought the account."

"There is a difference, Clara, between fanciful experiments and real poverty—the one is a masquerade, which we can end when we please, the other is wretchedness for life."

"Methinks, brother," replied Miss Mowbray, "it would be better for you to set me an example how to carry my good resolutions into effect, than to ridicule them."

"Why, what would you have me do?" said he, fiercely—"turn postilion, or rough-rider, or whipper-in?—I don't know any thing else that my education, as I have used it, has fitted me for—and then some of my old acquaintances would, I dare say, give me a crown to drink now and then for old acquaintance' sake."

"This is not the way, John, that men of sense think or speak of serious misfortune," answered his sister; "and I do not believe that this is so serious as it is your pleasure to make it."

"Believe the very worst you can think," replied he, "and you will not believe bad enough!—You have neither a guinea, nor a house, nor a friend;—pass but a day, and it is a chance that you will not have a brother."

"My dear John, you have drunk hard—rode hard." "Yes—such tidings deserved to be carried express, especially to a young lady who receives them so well," answered Mowbray bitterly. "I suppose, now, it will make no impression, if I were to tell you that you have it in your power to stop all this ruin?"

"By consummating my own, I suppose?—Brother, I said you could not make me tremble, but you have found a way to do it."

"What, you expect I am again to urge you with Lord Ethington's courtship?—That *might* have saved all, indeed—But that day of grace is over."

"I am glad of it, with all my spirit," said Clara; "may it take with it all that we can quarrel about!—But till this instant I thought it was for this very point that this long voyage was bound, and that you were endeavouring to persuade me of the reality of the danger of the storm, in order to reconcile me to the harbour."

"You are mad, I think, in earnest," said Mowbray; "can you really be so absurd as to rejoice that you have no way left to relieve yourself and me from ruin, want, and shame?"

"From shame, brother?" said Clara. "No shame in honest poverty, I hope."

"That is according as folks have used their prosperity, Clara.—I must speak to the point.—There are strange reports going below—By Heaven! they are enough to disturb the ashes of the dead! Were I to mention them, I should expect our poor mother to enter the room—Clara Mowbray, can you guess what I mean?"

It was with the utmost exertion, yet in a faltering voice, that she was able, after an ineffectual effort, to utter the monosyllable, "No."

"By Heaven! I am ashamed—I am even afraid to express my own meaning!—Clara, what is there which makes you so obstinately reject every proposal of marriage?—Is it that you feel yourself unworthy to be the wife of an honest man?—Speak out!—Ere Fame has been busy with your reputation—speak out!—Give me the right to cram their lies down the throats of the inventors, and when I go among them to-morrow, I shall know how to treat those who cast reflections on you! The fortunes of our house are ruined, but no tongue shall slander its honour.—Speak—speak, wretched girl! why are you silent?"

"Stay at home, brother!" said Clara; "stay at home, if you regard our house's honour—murder cannot mend misery—Stay at home, and let them talk of me as they will,—they can scarcely say worse of me than I deserve!"

The passions of Mowbray, at all times ungeworably strong, were at present inflamed by wine, by his rapid journey, and the previously disturbed state of his mind. He set his teeth, clenched his hands, looked on the ground, as one that forms some hard resolution, and muttered almost unintelligibly, "I were chancy to kill her!"

"Oh! no—no—no!" exclaimed the terrified girl, throwing herself at his feet; "Do not kill me, brother! I have wished for death—thought of death—prayed for death—but, oh! it is frightful to think that he is near—Oh! not a bloody death, brother, nor by your hand!"

She held him close by the knees as she spoke, and expressed in her looks and accents, the utmost terror. It was not, indeed, without reason; for the extreme solitude of the place, the violent and inflamed passions of her brother, and the desperate circumstances in which he had reduced himself, seemed all to conspire to render some horrid act of violence not an improbable termination of this strange interview.

Mowbray folded his arms, without unclenching his hands, or raising his head, while his sister continued on the floor, clasping him round the knees with her strength, and begging piteously for her life and his mercy.

"Fool!" he said, at last, "let me go!—Who cares for thy worthless life?—who cares if thou live or die! Live, if thou canst—and be the hate and scorn of every one else, as much as thou art mine!"

He grasped her by the shoulder, with one hand pushed her from him, and, as she arose from the floor,

and again pressed to throw her arms around his neck, he repulsed her with his arm and hand, with a push—or blow—it might be termed either one or the other,—violent enough in her weak state, to have again extended her on the ground, had not a chair received her as she fell. He looked at her with ferocity, grappled a moment in his pocket; then ran to the window, and throwing the sash violently up, thrust himself as far as he could without falling, into the open air. Terrified, and yet her feelings of his unkindness predominating even above her fears, Clara continued to exclaim,

"Oh, brother, say you did not mean this!—Oh, say you did not mean to strike me!—Oh, whatever I have deserved, be not you the executioner! It is not manly—it is not natural—there are but two of us in the world!"

He returned no answer; and, observing that he continued to stretch himself from the window, which was in the second story of the building, and overlooked the court, a new cause of apprehension mingled, in some measure, with her personal fears. Timidly, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, she approached her angry brother, and fearfully, yet firmly, seized the skirt of his coat, as if anxious to preserve him from the effects of that despair, which so lately seemed turned against her, and now against himself.

He felt the pressure of her hold, and drawing himself angrily back, asked her sternly what she wanted. "Nothing," she said, quitting her hold of his coat; "but what—what did he look after so anxiously?"

"After the devil!" he answered, fiercely; then, raising in his head, and taking her hand, "By my soul, Clara—it is true, if ever there was truth in such a tale!—He stood by me just now, and urged me to murder thee!—What else could have put my hunting-knife into my thought?—Ay, by God, and into my very hand—at such a moment!—Yonder I could almost fancy I see him fly, the wood, and the rock, and the water, gleaming back the dark-red furnace-heat, that is shed on them by his dragon wings! By my soul, I can hardly suppose it fancy—I can hardly think but that I was under the influence of an evil spirit—under an act of fiendish possession! But one as he is, gone let him be—and thou, too ready complement of evil, be thou gone after him!" He drew from his pocket his right hand, which had all this time held his hunting-knife, and threw the implement into the court-yard as he spoke; then with a sad quietness and solemnity of manner, shut the window, and led his sister by the hand to her usual seat, which her tottering steps scarce enabled her to reach. "Clara," he said, after a pause of mournful silence, "we must think what is to be done, without passion or violence—there may be something for us in the dice yet, if we do not throw away our game. A blot is never a blot till it is hit—dishonour concealed, is not dishonour in some respects.—Dost thou tend to me, wretched girl?" he said, suddenly and sternly raising his voice.

"Yes, brother—yes, indeed, brother!" she hastily replied, terrified even by delay again to awaken his atrocious and ungovernable temper.

"Thus it must be, then," he said. "You must carry this Etherington—there is no help for it, Clara—You cannot complain of what your own vice and folly have rendered inevitable."

"But, brother!"—said the trembling girl.

"Be silent. I know all that you would say. You love him not, you would say. I love him not, no more than you. Nay, what is more, he loves you not; if he did, I might scruple to give you to him, on being such as you have owned yourself. But you shall wed him out of hate, Clara—or for the interest of your family—or for what reason you will—But wed him you shall and must."

"Brother—dearest brother—one single word!"

"Not of refusal or exposition—that time is gone," said her stern censor. "When I believed that I thought thee this morning, I might advise; but I could not compel. But, since the honour of our family has been disgraced by your means, it is but just, that, if possible, its disgrace should be hidden; and it shall!—ay, if selling you for a slave would tend to conceal it!"

"You do worse—you do worse by me! A slave in an open market may be bought by a kind master—you do not give me that chance—you wed me to one who!"

"Fear him not, nor the worst that he can do, Clara," said her brother. "I know on what terms he marries; and being once more your brother, as your obedience in this matter will make me, he had better tear his flesh from his bones with his own teeth, than do thee any displeasure! By Heaven, I hate him so much—for he has outreached me every way—that methinks it is some consolation that he will not receive in thee the excellent creature I thought thee!—Fallon as thou art, thou art still too good for him."

Encouraged by the more gentle and almost affectionate tone in which her brother spoke, Clara could not help saying, although almost in a whisper, "I trust it will not be so—I trust he will consider his own condition, honour, and happiness, better than to share it with me."

"Let him utter such a scruple if he dares," said Mowbray—"But he dares not hesitate—he knows that the instant he recedes from addressing you, he signs his own death-warrant or mine, or perhaps that of both; and his views, too, are of a kind that will not be relinquished on a point of scrupulous delicacy merely. Therefore, Clara, nourish no such thought in your heart as that there is the least possibility of your escaping this marriage! The match is booked—Swear you will not hesitate."

"I will not," she said, almost breathlessly, terrified lest he was about to start once more into the fit of unbridled fury which had before seized on him.

"Do not even whisper or hint an objection, but submit to your fate, for it is inevitable."

"I will—submit!"—answered Clara, in the same trembling accent.

"And I," he said, "will spare you—at least at present—and it may be for ever—all inquiry into the guilt which you have confessed. Rumours there were of misconduct, which reached my ears even in England; but who could have believed them that looked on you daily, and witnessed your late course of life? On this subject I will be at present silent—perhaps may not again touch on it—that is, if you do nothing to thwart my pleasure, or to avoid the fate which circumstances render unavoidable. And now it is late—retire, Clara, to your bed—think on what I have said as what necessity has determined, and not my selfish pleasure."

He held out his hand, and she placed, but without reluctant terror, her trembling palm in his. In this manner, and with a sort of mournful solemnity, as if they had been in attendance upon a funeral, he handed his sister through a gallery hung with old family pictures, at the end of which was Clara's bed-chamber. The moon, which at this moment looked out through a huge volume of mustering clouds that had long been lodging storm, fell on the two last descendants of that ancient family, as they glided hand in hand, more like the ghosts of the deceased than like living persons, through the hall and amongst the portraits of their forefathers. The same thoughts were in the breast of both, but neither attempted to say, while they cast a flitting glance on the pallid and decayed representations, "How little did these anticipate this catastrophe of their house!" At the door of the bedroom Mowbray quitted his sister's hand, and said, "Clara, you should to-night thank God, that saved you from a great danger, and me from a deadly sin."

"I will," she answered—"I will." And, as if her terror had been new excited by this allusion to what had passed, she bid her brother hastily good night, and was no sooner within her apartment, than he heard her turn the key in the lock, and draw two bolts besides.

"I understand you, Clara," muttered Mowbray between his teeth, as he heard one bar drawn after another. "But if you could earth yourself under Ben Nevis, you could not escape what fate has destined for you.—Yes!" he said to himself, as he walked with slow and moody pace through the moonlight gallery, uncertain whether to return to the parlour, or to retire to his solitary chamber, when his attention was roused by a noise in the court-yard.

The night was not indeed very far advanced, but it had been so long since Shaws-Castle received a guest, that had Mowbray not heard the rolling of wheels in the court-yard, he might have thought rather of house-breakers than of visitors. But, as the sound of a carriage and horses was distinctly heard, it instantly occurred to him, that the guest must be Lord Etherington, come, even at this late hour, to speak with him on the reports which were current to his sister's prejudice, and perhaps to declare his addresses to her were at an end. Eager to know the worst, and to bring matters to a decision, he re-entered the apartment he had just left, where the lights were still burning, and, calling loudly to Patrick, whom he heard in communing with the postilion, commanded him to show the visitor to Miss Mowbray's parlour. It was not the light step of the young nobleman which came tramping, or rather stamping, through the long passage, and up the two or three steps at the end of it. Neither was it Lord Etherington's graceful figure which was seen when the door opened, but the stout square substance of Mr. Peregrine Touchwood.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A RELATIVE.

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
Deserted Village.

STARTING at the unexpected and undesired apparition which presented itself, in the manner described at the end of the last chapter, Mowbray yet felt, at the same time, a kind of relief, that his meeting with Lord Etherington, painfully decisive as that meeting must be, was for a time suspended. So it was with a mixture of peevishness and internal satisfaction, that he demanded what had procured him the honour of a visit from Mr. Touchwood at this late hour.

"Necessity, that makes the old wife trot," replied Touchwood; "no choice of mine, I assure you—Gad, Mr. Mowbray, I would rather have crossed Saint Gothard, than run the risk I have done to-night, rumbling through your breakneck roads in that d—d old wheelbarrow.—On my word, I believe I must be troublesome to your butler for a draught of something—I am as thirsty as a coal-heaver that is working by the piece. You have porter, I suppose, or good old Scotch two-penny?"

With a secret execration on his visitor's effrontery, Mr. Mowbray ordered the servant to put down wine and water, of which Touchwood mixed a gobletful, and drank it off.

"We are a small family," said his entertainer; "and I am seldom at home—still more seldom receive guests, when I chance to be here—I am sorry I have no malt liquor, if you prefer it."

"Prefer it?" said Touchwood, compounding, however, another glass of sherry and water, and adding a large piece of sugar, to correct the hoarseness which, he observed, his night journey might bring on.—"to be sure I prefer it, and so does every body, except Frenchmen and dandies.—No offence, Mr. Mowbray, but you should order a hogshead from Meux—the brown-stout, wired down for exportation to the colonies, keeps for any length of time, and in every climate—I have drank it where it must have cost a guinea a quart, if interest had been counted."

"When I expect the honour of a visit from you, Mr. Touchwood, I will endeavour to be better provided," answered Mowbray; "at present your arrival has been without notice, and I would be glad to know if it has any particular object."

"This is what I call coming to the point," said Mr. Touchwood, thrusting out his stout legs, accoutred as they were with the ancient defences, called boot-hose, so as to rest his heels upon the fender. "Upon my life, the fire turns the best flower in the garden at this season of the year—I'll take the freedom to throw on a log.—Is it not a strange thing, by-the-by, that one never sees a fagot in Scotland? You have much small wood, Mr. Mowbray, I wonder you do not get some fellow from the midland counties, to teach your people how to make a fagot."

"Did you come all the way to Shaws-Castle,"

asked Mowbray, rather testily, "to instruct me in the mystery of fagot-making?"

"Not exactly—not exactly," answered the undaunted Touchwood; "but there is a right and a wrong way in every thing—a word by the way, on any useful subject, can never fall amiss.—As for my immediate and more pressing business, I can assure you, that it is of a nature sufficiently urgent, since it brings me to a house in which I am much surprised to find myself."

"The surprise is mutual, sir," said Mowbray, gravely, observing that his guest made a pause; "it is full time you should explain it."

"Well, then," replied Touchwood; "I must first ask you whether you have never heard of a certain old gentleman, called Scrogie, who took it into what he called his head, poor man, to be ashamed of the name he bore, though owned by many honest and respectable men, and chose to join it to your surname of Mowbray, as having a more chivalrous Norman sounding, and, in a word, a gentlemanlike twang?"

"I have heard of such a person, though only lately," said Mowbray. "Reginald Scrogie Mowbray was his name. I have reason to consider his alliance with my family as undoubted, though you seem to mention it with a sneer, sir. I believe Mr. S. Mowbray regulated his family settlements very much upon the idea that his heir was to intermarry with *or* house."

"True, true, Mr. Mowbray," answered Touchwood; "and certainly it is not your business to lay the axe to the root of the genealogical tree, that is like to bear golden apples for you—Ha!"

"Well, well, sir—proceed—proceed," answered Mowbray.

"You may also have heard that this old gentleman had a son, who would willingly have cut the said family tree into fagots; who thought Scrogie sounded as well as Mowbray, and had no fancy for an imaginary gentility, which was to be attained by the change of one's natural name, and the disavowing as it were, of one's actual relations."

"I think I have heard from Lord Etherington," answered Mowbray, "to whose communications I owe most of my knowledge about these Scrogie people, that old Mr. Scrogie Mowbray was unfortunate in a son, who thwarted his father on every occasion,—would embrace no opportunity which fortunate chances held out, of raising and distinguishing the family,—had imbibed low tastes, wandering habits, and singular objects of pursuit,—on account of which his father disinherited him."

"It is very true, Mr. Mowbray," proceeded Touchwood, "that this person did happen to fall under his father's displeasure, because he scorned forms and flummery,—loved better to make money as an honest merchant, than to throw it away as an idle gentleman,—never called a coach when walking on foot would serve the turn,—and liked the Royal Exchange better than St. James's Park. In short, his father disinherited him, because he had the qualities for doubling the estate, rather than those for squandering it."

"All this may be quite correct, Mr. Touchwood," replied Mowbray; "but pray, what has this Mr. Scrogie, junior, to do with you or me?"

"Do with you or me!" said Touchwood, as if surprised at the question; "he has a great deal to do with me at least, since I am the very man myself."

"The devil you are!" said Mowbray, opening wide his eyes in turn; "Why, Mr. A—a—your name is Touchwood—P. Touchwood—Paul, I suppose, or Peter—I read it so in the subscription book at the Well."

"Peregrine, sir, Peregrine—my mother would have me so christened, because Peregrine Pickle came out during her confinement; and my poor foolish father acquiesced, because he thought it genteel, and derived from the Willoughbys. I don't like it, and I always write P. short, and you might have remarked an S. also before the surname—I use at present P. S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the city, who loved his jest—He always called me Postscript Touchwood."

"Then, sir," said Mowbray, "if you are really Mr. Scrogie, *tout court*, I must suppose the name of Touchwood is assumed?"

"What the devil?" replied Mr. P. S. Touchwood, "do you suppose there is no name in the English nation will couple up legitimately with my paternal name of Scrogie, except your own, Mr. Mowbray?—I assure you I got the name of Touchwood, and a pretty spell of money along with it, from an old godfather, who admired my spirit in sticking by commerce."

"Well, sir, every one has his taste—Many would have thought it better to enjoy a hereditary estate, by keeping your father's name of Mowbray, than to have gained another by assuming a stranger's name of Touchwood."

"Who told you Mr. Touchwood was a stranger to me?" said the traveller; "for aught I know, he had a better title to the duties of a son from me, than the poor old man who made such a fool of himself, by trying to turn gentleman in his old age. He was my grandfather's partner in the great firm of Touchwood, Scrogie, and Co.—Let me tell you there is as good inheritance in house as in field—a man's partners are his fathers and brothers, and a head clerk may be likened to a kind of first cousin."

"I meant no offence whatever, Mr. Touchwood Scrogie."

"Scrogie Touchwood, if you please," said the senior; "the scrog branch first, for it must become rotten ere it become touchwood—ha, ha, ha!—you take me."

"A singular old fellow this," said Mowbray to himself, "and speaks in all the dignity of dollars; but I will be civil to him, till I can see what he is driving at.—You are facetious Mr. Touchwood," he proceeded aloud. "I was only going to say, that although you set no value upon your connexion with my family, yet I cannot forget that such a circumstance exists; and therefore I bid you heartily welcome to Shaws-Castle."

"Thank ye, thank ye, Mr. Mowbray—I knew you would see the thing right. To tell you the truth, I should not have cared much to come a-begging for your acquaintance and cousinship, and so forth; but that I thought you would be more tractable in your adversity, than was your father in his prosperity."

"Did you know my father, sir?" said Mowbray.

"Ay, ay—I came once down here, and was introduced to him—saw your sister and you when you were children—had thoughts of making my will then, and should have clapped you both in before I set out to double Cape Horn. But, gad I wish my poor father had seen the reception I got! I did not let the old gentleman, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's that was then, smoke my money-bags—that might have made him more tractable—not but that we went on in different well for a day or two, till I got a hint that my room was wanted, for that the Duke of Devil-knows-what was expected, and my bed was to serve his valet-de-chambre.—'Oh, damn all gentle cousins!' said I, and off I set on the pad round the world again, and thought no more of the Mowbrays till a year or so ago."

"And, pray, what recalled us to your recollection?"

"Why," said Touchwood, "I was settled for some time at Smyrna, (for I turn the penny go where I will—I have done a little business even since I came here;—but being at Smyrna as I said, I became acquainted with Francis Tyrrel."

"The natural brother of Lord Etherington," said Mowbray.

"Ay, so called," answered Touchwood; "but by and by he is more likely to prove the Earl of Etherington himself, and t'other fine fellow the bastard."

"The devil he is!—You surprise me, Mr. Touchwood."

"I thought I should—I thought I should—Faith, I am sometimes surprised myself at the turn things take in this world. But the thing is not the less certain—the proofs are lying in the strong chest of our house at London, deposited there by the old Earl, who repented of his roguery to Miss Martigny long before

he died, but had not courage enough to do his legitimate son justice till the sexton had housed him."

"Good Heaven, sir!" said Mowbray; "and did you know all this while, that I was about to bestow the only sister of my house upon an impostor?"

"What was my business with that, Mr. Mowbray?" replied Touchwood; "you would have been very angry had any one suspected you of not being sharp enough to look out for yourself and your sister both. Besides, Lord Etherington, bad enough as he may be in other respects, was, till very lately, no impostor, or an innocent one, for he only occupied the situation in which his father had placed him. And, indeed, when I understood, upon coming to England, that he was gone down here, and, as I conjectured, to pay his addresses to your sister, to say truth, I did not see he could do better. Here was a poor fellow that was about to cease to be a lord and a wealthy man; was it not very reasonable that he should make the most of his dignity while he had it? and if, by marrying a pretty girl while in possession of his title, he could get possession of the good estate of Nettlewood, why, I could see nothing in it but a very pretty way of breaking his fall."

"Very pretty for him, indeed, and very convenient too," said Mowbray; "but pray, sir, what was to become of the honour of my family?"

"Why, what was the honour of your family to me?" said Touchwood; "unless it was to recommend your family to my care, that I was disinherited on account of it. And if this Etherington, or Bulmer, had been a good fellow, I would have seen all the Mowbrays that ever wore broad cloth at Jericho, before I had interfered."

"I am really much indebted to your kindness," said Mowbray angrily.

"More than you are aware of," answered Touchwood; "for, though I thought this Bulmer, even when declared illegitimate, might be a reasonable good match for your sister, considering the estate which was to accompany the union of their hands; yet, now I have discovered him to be a scoundrel—every way a scoundrel—I would not wish any decent girl to marry him, were they to get all Yorkshire, instead of Nettlewood. So I have come to put you right."

The strangeness of the news which Touchwood so bluntly communicated, made Mowbray's head turn round like that of a man who grows dizzy at finding himself on the verge of a precipice. Touchwood observed his consternation, which he willingly construed into an acknowledgement of his own brilliant genius.

"Take a glass of wine, Mr. Mowbray," he said, complacently; "take a glass of old sherry—nothing like it for clearing the ideas—and do not be afraid of me, though I come thus suddenly upon you with such surprising tidings—you will find me a plain, simple, ordinary man, that have my faults and my blunders like other people. I acknowledge that much travel and experience have made me sometimes play the busybody, because I find I can do things better than other people, and I love to see folk stare—it's a way I have got. But, after all, I am *un bon diable*, as the Frenchman says; and here I have come four or five hundred miles to lie quiet among you all, and put all your little matters to rights, just when you think they are most desperate."

"I thank you for your good intentions," said Mowbray; "but I must needs say, that they would have been more effectual had you been less cunning in my behalf, and frankly told me what you knew of Lord Etherington; as it is, the matter has gone fearfully far. I have promised him my sister—I have laid myself under personal obligations to him—and there are other reasons why I fear I must keep my word to this man, earl or no earl."

"What!" exclaimed Touchwood, "would you give up your sister to a worthless rascal, who is capable of robbing the post-office, and of murdering his brother, because you have lost a trifle of money to him? Are you to let him go off triumphantly, because he is a gamester as well as a cheat?—You are a pretty fellow, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's—you are one of the happy sheep that go out for wool, and come home shorn. Egad, you think yourself a millstone, and

turn out a sack of grain—You flew abroad a hawk, and have come home a pigeon—You snarled at the Philistines, and they have drawn your eye-teeth with a vengeance!"

"This is all very witty, Mr. Touchwood," replied Mowbray; "but wit will not pay this man Etherington, or whatever he is, so many hundreds as I have lost to him."

"Why, then, wealth must do what wit cannot," said old Touchwood; "I must advance for you, that is all. Look ye, sir, I do not go afoot for nothing—if I have laboured, I have reaped—and, like the fellow in the old play, 'I have enough, and can maintain my humour'—it is not a few hundreds, or thousands either, can stand betwixt old P. S. Touchwood and his purpose; and my present purpose is to make you, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's a free man of the forest.—You still look grave on it, young man?—Why, I trust you are not such an ass as to think your dignity offended, because the plebeian Scrogie comes to the assistance of the terribly great and old house of Mowbray?"

"I am indeed not such a fool," answered Mowbray, with his eyes still bent on the ground, "to reject assistance that comes to me like a rope to a drowning man—but there is a circumstance"—he stopped short and drank a glass of wine—"a circumstance to which it is most painful to me to allude—but you seem my friend—and I cannot intimate to you more strongly my belief in your professions of regard than by saying, that the language held by Lady Penelope Penfeather on my sister's account, renders it highly proper that she were settled in life; and I cannot but fear, that the breaking off the affair with this man might be of great prejudice to her at this moment. They will have Nettlewood, and they may live separate—he has offered to make settlements to that effect, even on the very day of marriage. Her condition as a married woman will put her above scandal, and above necessity, from which, I am sorry to say, I cannot hope long to preserve her."

"For shame!—for shame!—for shame!" said Touchwood, accumulating his words thicker than usual on each other; "would you sell your own flesh and blood to a man like this Bulmer, whose character is now laid before you, merely because a disappointed old maid speaks scandal of her? A fine veneration you pay to the honoured name of Mowbray! If my poor, old, simple father had known what the owners of these two grand syllables could have stooped to do for merely ensuring subsistence, he would have thought as little of the noble Mowbrays as of the humble Scrogies. And, I dare say, the young lady is just such another—engender to get married—no matter to whom."

"Excuse me, Mr. Touchwood," answered Mowbray; "my sister entertains sentiments so very different from what you ascribe to her, that she and I parted on the most unpleasant terms, in consequence of my pressing this man's suit upon her. God knows, that I only did so, because I saw no other outlet from this most unpleasant dilemma. But, since you are willing to interfere, sir, and aid me to disentangle these complicated matters, which have, I own, been made worse by my own rashness, I am ready to throw the matter completely into your hands, just as if you were my father arisen from the dead. Nevertheless, I must needs express my surprise at the extent of your intelligence in these affairs."

"You speak very sensibly, young man," said the traveller; "and as for my intelligence, I have for some time known the finesses of this Master Bulmer as perfectly as if I had been at his elbow when he was playing all his dog's tricks with this family. You would hardly suspect now," he continued, in a confidential tone, "that what you were so desirous a while ago should take place, has in some sense actually happened, and that the marriage ceremony has really passed betwixt your sister and this pretended Lord Etherington?"

"Have a care, sir!" said Mowbray, fiercely; "do not abuse my candour—this is no place, time, or subject, for impertinent jesting."

"As I live by bread, I am serious," said Touchwood; "Mr. Cargill performed the ceremony; and there are two living witnesses who heard them say the words, 'I, Clara, take you, Francis,' or whatever the Scottish church puts in place of that mystical formula."

"It is impossible," said Mowbray; "Cargill ~~could~~ not have done such a thing—a clandestine proceeding, such as you speak of, would have cost him his living. I'll bet my soul against a horse-shoe, it is all an imposition; and you come to disturb me, amidst my family distress, with legends that have no more truth in them than the Alkoran."

"There are some true things in the Alkoran (or rather, the Koran, for the Al is merely the article prefixed,) but let that pass—I will raise your wonder higher before I am done. It is very true, that your sister was indeed joined in marriage with this same Bulmer, that calls himself by the title of Etherington; but it is just as true, that the marriage is not worth a maravedi, for she believed him at the time to be another person—to be, in a word, Francis Tyrrel, who is actually what the other pretends to be, a nobleman of fortune."

"I cannot understand one word of all this," said Mowbray. "I must to my sister instantly, and demand of her if there be any real foundation for these wonderful averments."

"Do not go," said Touchwood, detaining him, "you shall have a full explanation from me; and to comfort you under your perplexity, I can assure you that Cargill's consent to celebrate the nuptials was only obtained by an aspersion thrown on your sister's character, which induced him to believe that speedy marriage would be the sole means of saving her reputation; and I am convinced in my own mind it is only the revival of this report which has furnished the foundation of Lady Penelope's chattering."

"If I could think so,"—said Mowbray, "I could but think this is truth—and it seems to explain in some degree, my sister's mysterious conduct—if I could but think it true, I should fall down and worship you as an angel from heaven!"

"A proper sort of angel," said Touchwood, looking modestly down on his short, sturdy support—"Did you ever hear of an angel in boot-horn! Or, do you suppose angels are sent to wait on broken-down horse-jockeys?"

"Call me what you will, Mr. Touchwood," said the young man, "only make out your story true, and my sister innocent!"

"Very well spoken, sir," answered the senior, "very well spoken! But then I understand, you are to be guided by my prudence and experience. None of your G—damme doings, sir—your ~~del~~ or your drubbings. Let me manage the affair for you, and I will bring you through with a ~~del~~ sail."

"Sir, I must feel as a gentleman,"—said Mowbray.

"Feel as a fool," said Touchwood, "for the true case. Nothing would please this better than to fight through his rogueries—he very well, that he who can slit a pistol-ball edge of a penknife, will always preserve some edge of reputation amidst his scoundrelism—but take care to stop that hole. Sit down—be of sense, and listen to the whole of this story."

Mowbray sat down accordingly; and Touchwood, in his own way, and with many characteristic interjectional remarks, gave him an account of the early loves of Clara and Tyrrel—of the which induced Bulmer at first to encourage correspondence, in hopes that his brother would, by a clandestine marriage, altogether ruin him;—his father—of the change which took place views when he perceived the importance of the old Earl to the union of Miss Mowbray with his apparent heir—of the desperate stratagem he endeavoured to play off, by substituting Francis in the room of his brother—and all the consequences which it is unnecessary to resume here, as they are

by the perpetrator himself, in his with Captain Jekyl.

The communication was ended. Mowbray, surprised by the wonders he had heard, rose in a sort of reverie, from started to ask what evidence could story so strange.

"answered Touchwood, "of one agent in all these matters, from complete a rogue, I believe, as the with this difference, that our mortal I believe, do evil for the sake of the sake of the profit which attends it. a will avail him in a court of con- tell; but his disposition was so far y, that I have always found my old read: to do good as harm, providing agio upon the transaction."

"said Mowbray, "you must mean I have long suspected to be a deep v he proves traitor to boot. How u get into his intimacy, Mr. Touch-

particular," said Touchwood. "Mr. re a member of the community to be making the affairs which his master , adventured in a little business on ; and thinking, I suppose, that the eringham had forgotten fully to ac- services, as valet to his son, he sup- by a small check on our house for and bearing the apparent signature.

This small mistake being detected, fear of the little billet, would have o the custody of a Bow-street officer, means to relieve him, on condition own to me the points of private his- re just been communicating to you. wn of Tyrrel at Smyrna, had given t in him, and you may guess it was he distresses which he had sustained her's treachery. By this fellow's counter-plotted all his master's fine ample, as soon as I learned Bulmer n here, I contrived to give Tyrrel an well knowing he would set off like art him, and so I should have the person together, and play them all other, after my own pleasure."

"said Mr. Mowbray, "your expe- out the rencontre between the two uth might have fallen."

"can't deny it," answered Scrogie, nanced—"a mere accident—no one point.—Egad, but I had like to have um, for Bulmer sent the lad Jekyl, a black sheep neither but what there hairs about him, upon a treaty with secret agent was not admitted to. overed the whole—you will scarce

easily, indeed, sir," answered Mow- s surces of intelligence are not the y more than your mode of acting the most comprehensible."

"have it so," said Touchwood; "sim- in their simplicity—I carry my eye.—And for my source of information— to caves I proper, sir—listened—know up—and with the double door—got as done many a time.—Such a fine t would rather cut a man's throat, I sten at a cupboard door, though the event murder?"

"I should have thought of the expe- sir," said Mowbray.

"said Scrogie, "and I learned enough ng on, to give Jekyl a hint that sick- commission, I believe—so the game hands. Bulmer has no one to trust nd Solmes tells me every thing."

y could not suppress a movement of d, sir, that since you were so kind as

to interest yourself in affairs so intimately concerning my family, you had been pleased to act with a little more openness towards me. Here have I been for weeks the intimate of a damned scoundrel, whose throat I ought to have cut for his scandalous conduct to my sister. Here have I been rendering her and myself miserable, and getting myself cheated every night by a swindler, whom you, if it had been your pleasure, could have unmasked by a single word. I do all justice to your intentions, sir; but, upon my soul, I cannot help wishing you had conducted your- self with more frankness and less mystery; and I am truly afraid your love of dexterity has been too much for your ingenuity, and that you have suffered matters to run into such a skain of confusion, as you yourself will find difficulty in unravelling."

Touchwood smiled, and shook his head in all the conscious pride of superior understanding. "Young man," he said, "when you have seen a little of the world, and especially beyond the bounds of this nar- row island, you will find much more art and dex- terity necessary in conducting these businesses to an issue, than occurs to a blind John Bull, or a raw Scotchman. You will be then no stranger to the policy of life, which deals in mining and countermin- ing,—now in making feints, now in thrusting with forthright passes. I look upon you, Mr. Mowbray, as a young man spoiled by staying at home, and keeping bad company; and will make it my business, if you submit yourself to my guidance, to inform your understanding, so as to retrieve your estate.—Don't—don't answer me, sir! because I know too well, by experience, how young men answer on these subjects—they are conceited, sir, as conceited as if they had been in all the four quarters of the world. I hate to be answered, sir, I hate it. And, to tell you the truth, it is because Tyrrel has a fancy of answering me, that I rather make you my confidant on this occasion, than him. I would have had him throw himself into my arms, and under my directions; but he hesitated—

he hesitated, Mr. Mowbray—and I despise hesita- tion. If he thinks he has wit enough to manage his own matters, let him try it—let him try it. Not but I will do all that I can for him, in fitting time and place; but I will let him dwell in his perplexities and uncertainties for a little while longer. And so, Mr. Mowbray, you see what sort of an odd fellow I am, and you can satisfy me at once whether you mean to come into my measures—only speak out at once, sir, for I abhor hesitation."

While Touchwood thus spoke, Mowbray was form- ing his resolution internally. He was not so inex- periented as the senior supposed; at least, he could plainly see that he had to do with an obstinate, capri- cious old man, who, with the best intentions in the world, chose to have every thing in his own way; and, like most petty politicians, was disposed to throw intrigue and mystery over matters which had much better be prosecuted boldly and openly. But he perceived at the same time, that Touchwood, as a sort of relation, wealthy, childless, and disposed to become his friend, was a person to be conciliated, the rather that the traveller himself had frankly own- ed that it was Francis Tyrrel's want of deference towards him, which had forfeited, or at least abated, his favour. Mowbray recollected also, that the cir- cumstances under which he himself stood, did not permit him to trifle with returning gleams of good fortune. Subduing, therefore, the haughtiness of temper proper to him as an only son and heir, he an- swered respectfully, that, in his condition, the advice and assistance of Mr. Scrogie Touchwood were too important, not to be purchased at the price of sub- mitting his own judgment to that of an experienced and sagacious friend.

"Well said, Mr. Mowbray," replied the senior, "well said. Let me once have the management of your affairs, and we will brush them up for you with- out loss of time.—I must be obliged to you for a bed for the night, however—it is as dark as a wolf's mouth; and if you will give orders to keep the poor devil of a postilion, and his horses too, why, I will be the more obliged to you."

Mowbray applied himself to the bell. Patrick an-

answered the call, and was much surprised, when the old gentleman, taking the word out of his entertainer's mouth, desired a bed to be got ready, with a little fire in the grate; "for I take it, friend," he went on, "you have not guests here very often.—And see that my sheets be not damp, and bid the housemaid take care not to make the bed upon an exact level, but let it slope from the pillow to the footpost, at a declivity of about eighteen inches.—And hark ye—get me a jug of barley-water, to place by my bedside, with the squeeze of a lemon—or stay, you will make it as sour as Beelzebub—bring the lemon on a saucer, and I will mix it myself."

Patrick listened like one of sense forlorn, his head turning like a mandarin, alternately from the speaker to his master, as if to ask the latter whether this was all reality. The instant that Touchwood stopped, Mowbray added his fiat.

"Let every thing be done to make Mr. Touchwood comfortable, in the way he wishes."

"Aweel, sir," said Patrick, "I shall tell Mally, to be sure, and we maun do our best, and—but it's unco late!"

"And, therefore," said Touchwood, "the sooner we get to bed the better, my old friend. I, for one, must be stirring early—I have business of life and death—it concerns you too, Mr. Mowbray—but no more of that till to-morrow.—And let the lad put up his horses, and get him a bed somewhere."

Patrick here thought he had gotten upon firm ground for resistance, for which, displeased with the dictatorial manner of the stranger, he felt considerably inclined.

"Ye may catch us at that, if ye can," said Patrick; "there's nae post cattle come into our stables—What do we ken, but that they may be glanderred, as the groom says?"

"We must take the risk to-night, Patrick," said Mowbray, reluctantly enough—"unless Mr. Touchwood will permit the horses to come back early next morning?"

"Not I, indeed," said Touchwood; "safe bind safe find—it may be once away and aye away, and we shall have enough to do to-morrow morning. Moreover, the poor carrion are tired, and the merciful man is merciful to his beast—and, in a word, if the horses go back to St. Ronan's Well to-night, I go there for company."

It often happens, owing, I suppose, to the perversity of human nature, that subservency in trifles is more difficult to a proud mind, than compliance in matters of more importance. Mowbray, like other young gentlemen of his class, was finically rigid in his stable discipline, and even Lord Etherington's horses had not been admitted into that *sanctum sanctorum*, into which he now saw himself obliged to induct two wretched post-hacks. But he submitted with the best grace he could; and Patrick, while he left their presence, with lifted-up hands and eyes to execute the orders he had received, could scarcely help thinking that the old man must be the devil in disguise, since he could thus suddenly control his fiery master, even in the points which he had hitherto seemed to consider as of most vital importance.

"The Lord in his mercy haud a grip of this pair family! for I, that was born in it, am like to see the end of it." Thus ejaculated Patrick.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WANDERER.

"Tis a daughty night to swim in.—King Lear.

THERE was a wild uncertainty about Mowbray's ideas, after he started from a feverish sleep on the morning succeeding this memorable interview, that his sister, whom he really loved as much as he was capable of loving any thing, had dishonoured him and her name; and the horrid recollection of their last interview was the first idea which his waking imagination was thrilled with. Then came Touchwood's tale of exculpation—and he persuaded himself, or strove to do so, that Clara must have understood the charge he had brought against her as referring to

her attachment to Tyrrel, and its fatal consequences. Again, still he doubted how that could be—still feared that there must be more behind than her reluctance to confess the fraud which had been practised on her by Bulmer; and then, again, he strengthened himself in the first and more pleasing opinion, by recollecting that, averse as she was to espouse the person he proposed to her, it must have appeared to her the completion of ruin, if he, Mowbray, should obtain knowledge of the clandestine marriage.

"Yes—O yes," he said to himself, "she would think that this story would render me more eager in the rascal's interest, as the best way of hushing up such a discreditable affair—faith, and she would have judged right too; for, had he actually been Lord Etherington, I do not see what else she could have done. But, not being Lord Etherington, and an anointed scoundrel into the bargain, I will content myself with cudgelling him to death as soon as I can get out of the guardianship of this old, meddling, obstinate, self-willed, busybody.—Then, what is to be done for Clara?—This mock marriage was a mere bubble, and both parties must draw stakes. She likes this grave Don, who proves to be the stick of the right tree, after all—so do not I, though there be something lordlike about him. I was sure a strolling painter could not have carried it off. She may marry him, I suppose, if the law is not against it—then she has the earldom, and the Oaklands, and Nettleswood, all at once.—Gad, we should come in winners, after all—and, I dare say, this old boy Touchwood is as rich as a Jew—worth a hundred thousand at least.—He is too peremptory to be cut up for sixpence under a hundred thousand.—And he talks of putting me to rights—I must not wince—must stand still to be carried a little.—Only, I wish the law may permit Clara's being married to this other earl.—A woman cannot marry two brothers, that is certain;—but then, if she is not married to the one of them in good and lawful form, there can be no bar to her marrying the other. I should think—I hope the lawyers will talk no nonsense about it—I hope Clara will have no foolish scruples.—But, by my word, the first thing I have to hope is, that the thing is true, for it comes through a suspicious channel. I'll away to Clara instantly—get the truth out of her—and consider what is to be done."

Thus partly thought and partly spoke the young Laird of St. Ronan's, hastily dressing himself, in order to inquire into the strange chaos of events which perplexed his imagination.

When he came down to the parlour where they had supped last night, and where breakfast was prepared this morning, he sent for a girl who acted as his sister's immediate attendant, and asked, "if Miss Mowbray was yet stirring?"

The girl answered, "she had not rung her bell." "It is past her usual hour," said Mowbray, "but she was disturbed last night. Go, Martha, tell her to get up instantly—say I have excellent good news for her—or, if her head aches, I will come and tell them to her before she rises—go like lightning."

Martha went, and returned in a minute or two. "I cannot make my mistress hear, sir, knock as loud as I will," she added, with that love of oil presage which is common in the lower ranks, "but Miss Clara may be well, for I never knew her sleep so sound."

Mowbray jumped from the chair into which he had thrown himself, ran through the gallery, and knocked smartly at his sister's door; there was no answer.

"Clara, dear Clara!—Answer me but one word—say but you are well. I frightened you last night—I have been drinking wine—I was violent—forgive me!—Come, do not be sulky—speak but a single word—say but you are well."

He made the pauses longer between every branch of his address, knocked sharper and louder, listened more anxiously for an answer; at length he attempted to open the door, but found it locked, or otherwise secured. "Does Miss Mowbray always lock her door?" he asked the girl.

"Never knew her to do it before, sir; she leaves

that I may call her, and open the window—

ad too good reason for precaution last night, her brother, and then remembered having barred the door.

"Clara," he continued, greatly agitated, "be silly; if you will not open the door, I see it, that's all; for how can I tell but that sick, and unable to answer?—if you are only any so.—She returns no answer," he said, to the domestic, who was now joined by

ray's anxiety was so great, that it prevented any notice of his guest, and he proceeded without regarding his presence. "What is to be—she may be sick—she may be asleep—she swooned; if I force the door, it may terrify her in the present weak state of her nerves.—Dear Clara! do but speak a single word, and I remain in your own room as long as you

was no answer. Miss Mowbray's maid, too much fluttered and alarmed to have essence of mind, now recollected a back-stair communicated with her mistress's room from

en, and suggested she might have gone out. "Out," said Mowbray, in great anxiety, and at the heavy fog, or rather small rain, which he November morning,—"Gone out, and in like this!—But we may get into her room back-stair."

ing, and leaving his guest to follow or remain ought proper, he flew rather than walked to en, and found the private door which led into the bottom of the back-stair above mentioned, open. Full of vague, but fearful apprehension, he rushed up to the door of his sister's apartment, which opened from her dressing-room to the place of the stair; it was ajar, and that communicated between the bedroom and dressing-room was half open. "Clara, Clara!" exclaimed y, invoking her name rather in an agony of sion, than as any longer hoping for a reply. apprehension was but too prophetic.

Mowbray was not in that apartment; and, order in which it was found, it was plain she ter undressed on the preceding night, nor occupied. Mowbray struck his forehead in a remorse and fear. "I have terrified her to be said; she has fled into the woods, and there!"

the influence of this apprehension. Mowbray, other hasty glance around the apartment, as are himself that Clara was not there, rushed to the dressing-room, almost overturning the who, in civility, had not ventured to enter apartment. "You are as mad as a Hamaad the traveller; let us consult together, and I can contrive."

"—a your contrivance!" said Mowbray, forlornly, and respect in his natural impatience, ed by his alarm; "if you had behaved straight and like a man of common sense, this would have happened!"

forgive you, young man, if your reflections still said the traveller, getting the hold he had Mowbray's coat; and God forgive me too, done wrong while endeavouring to do for!—But may not Miss Mowbray have gone to the Well? I will order my horses and set out."

lo!" said Mowbray, recklessly; "I thank you, you!" and hastily traversing the garden, as if to get rid at once of his visitor and his own he took the shortest road to a little postern-arch led into the extensive copsewood, through which Clara had caused a walk to be little summer-house built of rough shingles, with creeping shrubs.

wbray hastened through the garden, he met man by whom it was kept, a native of the country, and an old dependent on the family.

* A fool is so termed in Turkey.

"Have you seen my sister?" said Mowbray, hurrying his words on each other with the eagerness of terror.

"What's your will, St. Ronan's?" answered the old man, at once dull of hearing, and slow of apprehension.

"Have you seen Miss Clara?" shouted Mowbray, and muttered an oath or two at the gardener's stupidity.

"In troth have I," replied the gardener, deliberately; "what could ail me to see Miss Clara, St. Ronan's?"

"When, and where?" eagerly demanded the querist.

"Ou, just yestreen, after to-yime—afore ye cam hame yourself galloping sae fast," said old Joseph.

"I am as stupid as he, to put off my time in speaking to such an old cabbage-stock!" said Mowbray, and hastened on to the postern-gate already mentioned, leading from the garden into what was usually called Miss Clara's walk. Two or three domestic, whispering to each other, and with countenances that showed grief, fear, and suspicion, followed their master, desirous to be employed, yet afraid to force their services on the fiery young man.

At the little postern he found some trace of her he sought. The pass-key of Clara was left in the lock. It was then plain that she must have passed that way; but at what hour, or for what purpose, Mowbray dared not conjecture. The path, after running a quarter of a mile or more through an open grove of oaks and sycamores, attained the verge of the large brook, and became there steep and rocky, difficult to the infirm, and alarming to the nervous; often approaching the brink of a precipitous ledge of rock, which in this place overhung the stream, in some places brawling and foaming in hasty current, and in others seeming to slumber in deep and circular eddies. The temptations which this dangerous scene must have offered an excited and desperate spirit, came on Mowbray like the blight of the Simoom, and he stood a moment to gather breath and overcome those horrible anticipations, ere he was able to proceed. His attendants felt the same apprehension. "Puir thing—puir thing!—O, God send she may not have been left to herself!—God send she may have been uphiden!" were whispered by Patrick to the maidens, and by them to each other.

At this moment the old gardener was heard behind them, shouting, "Master—St. Ronan's—Master—I have fund—I have fund!"

"Have you found my sister?" exclaimed the brother, with breathless anxiety.

The old man did not answer till he came up, and then, with his usual slowness of delivery, he replied to his master's repeated inquiries, "Na, I haena fund Miss Clara, but I hae fund something ye wad be wae to lose—your braw hunting-knife."

He put the implement into the hand of its owner, who, recollecting the circumstances under which he had flung it from him last night, and the now too probable circumstances of that interview, bestowed on it a deep imprecation, and again hurried it from him into the brook. The domestics looked at each other, and recollecting each at the same time that the knife was a favourite tool of their master, who was rather careless in such articles, had little doubt that something was affected, in a temporary way at least, by a remark on the sister's account. He saw their confused and desperate looks, and assuming as much composure and presence of mind as he could command, directed Martha and her female companions to return and search the walk on the other side of St. Ronan's Well; and finally ordered Patrick to follow him, and to be as alert as a cat, as to any discovery that he was far from entertaining.

Miss Mowbray, alone from some of her long walks. He further charged the groom and horses to meet him at the Carrington Box, so called from a box-trailade which was lined by the brook, above which was stretched a small footbridge of planks. Having thus ordered off his attendants, he proceeded himself, with a speed he was capable of exerting, to follow out the path in which he was

present engaged, which, being a favourite walk of his master, she might perhaps have adopted from

habit, when in a state of mind, which, he had too much reason to fear, must have put choice out of the question.

He soon reached the summer-house, which was merely a seat covered overhead and on the sides, open in front, and neatly paved with pebbles. This little bower was perched, like a hawk's nest, almost upon the edge of a projecting crag, the highest point of the line of rock which we have noticed; and had been selected by poor Clara, on account of the prospect which it commanded down the valley. One of her gloves lay on the small rustic table in the summer-house. Mowbray caught it eagerly up. It was drenched with wet—the preceding day had been dry; so that, had she forgot it there in the morning, or in the course of the day, it could not have been in that state. She had certainly been there during the night, when it rained heavily.

Mowbray, thus assured that Clara had been in this place, while her passions and fears were so much agitated as they must have been at her flight from her father's house, cast a hurried and terrified glance from the brow of the precipice into the deep stream that eddied below. It seemed to him that, in the sullen roar of the water, he heard the last groans of his sister—the foam-flakes caught his eye, as if they were a part of her garments. But a closer examination showed that there was no appearance of such a catastrophe. Descending the path on the other side of the bower, he observed a foot-print in a place where the clay was moist and tenacious, which, from the small size, and the shape of the shoe, it appeared to him must be a trace of her whom he sought. He hurried forward, therefore, with as much speed, as yet permitted him to look out keenly for similar impressions, of which it seemed to him he remarked several, although less perfect than the former, being much obliterated by the quantity of rain that had since fallen,—a circumstance seeming to prove that several hours had elapsed since the person had passed.

At length, through the various turnings and windings of a long and romantic path, Mowbray found himself, without having received any satisfactory intelligence, by the side of the brook, called St. Ronan's Burn, at the place where it was crossed by foot-passengers, by the Clattering Brig, and by horsemen through a ford a little lower. At this point the fugitive might have either continued her wanderings through her paternal woods, by a path which, after winding about a mile, returned to Shaws-Castle, or she might have crossed the bridge, and entered a broken horse-way, common to the public, leading to the Aultoun of St. Ronan's.

Mowbray, after a moment's consideration, concluded that the last was her most probable option.—He mounted his horse, which the groom had brought down according to order, and commanding the man to return by the footpath, which he himself could not examine, he proceeded to ride towards the ford. The brook was swollen during the night, and the groom could not forbear intimating to his master, that there was considerable danger in attempting to cross it. But Mowbray's mind and feelings were too high-strung to permit him to listen to cautious counsel. He spurred the snorting and reluctant horse into the torrent, though the water, rising high on the upper side, broke both over the pommel and the croupe of his saddle. It was by exertion of great strength and sagacity, that the good horse kept the ford-way. Had the stream forced him down among the rocks, which lie below the crossing-place, the consequences must have been fatal. Mowbray, however, reached the opposite side in safety, to the joy and admiration of the servant, who stood staring at him during the adventure. He then rode hastily towards the Aultoun, determined, if he could not hear tidings of his sister in that village, that he would search the alarm, and institute a general search after her, since her elopement from Shaws-Castle could, in that case, no longer be concealed. We must leave him, however, in his present state of uncertainty, in order to acquaint our readers with the reality of those evils, which his foreboding mind and disturbed conscience could only anticipate.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the storm?
For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sorrows.—*Old Play.*

GRIEF, shame, confusion, and terror, had contributed to overwhelm the unfortunate Clara Mowbray at the moment when she parted with her brother, after the stormy and dangerous interview which it was our task to record in a former chapter. For years, her life, her whole tenor of thought, had been haunted by the terrible apprehension of a discovery, and now the thing which she feared had come upon her. The extreme violence of her brother, which went so far as to menace her personal safety, had united with the previous conflict of passions, to produce a rapture of fear, which probably left her no other free agency, than that which she derived from the blind instinct which urges flight, as the readiest resource in danger.

We have no means of exactly tracing the course of this unhappy young woman. It is probable she fled from Shaws-Castle, on hearing the arrival of Mr. Touchwood's carriage, which she might mistake for that of Lord Etherington; and thus, while Mowbray was looking forward to the happier prospects which the traveller's narrative seemed to open, his sister was contending with rain and darkness, amidst the difficulties and dangers of the mountain path which we have described. These were so great, that a young woman more delicately brought up, must either have lain down exhausted, or have been compelled to turn her steps back to the residence she had abandoned. But the solitary wanderings of Clara had injured her to fatigue and to night-walks; and the deeper causes of terror which urged her to flight, rendered her insensible to the perils of her way. She had passed the bower, as was evident from her glove remaining there, and had crossed the foot-bridge; although it was almost wonderful, that, in so dark a night, she should have followed with such accuracy a track, where the missing a single turn by a cubit's length, might have precipitated her into eternity.

It is probable, that Clara's spirits and strength began in some degree to fail her, after she had proceeded a little way on the road to the Aultoun; for she had stopped at the solitary cottage inhabited by the old female pauper, who had been for a time the house of the penitent and dying Hannah Irwin. Here, in the inmate of the cottage acknowledged, she had made some knocking, and she owned she had heard her moan bitterly, as she entreated for admission. The old hag was one of those whose hearts adversity turns to very stone, and obstinately kept her door shut, impelled more probably by general hatred to the human race, than by the superstitious fears which she seized her; although she perversely argued that she was startled at the supernatural melody and sweetness of tone, with which the benighted wanderer made her supplication. She admitted, that when she heard the poor petitioner turn from the door, her heart was softened, and she did intend to open with the purpose of offering her at least a shelter; but that before she could "hurtle to the door, and get the bar taken down," the unfortunate suppliant was not to be seen; which strengthened the old woman's opinion, that the whole was a delusion of Satan.

It is conjectured that the repulsed wanderer made no other attempt to awaken pity or obtain shelter, until she came to Mr. Carrill's Manse, in the upper room of which a light was still burning, owing to a cause which requires some explanation.

The reader is aware of the reasons which induced Bulmer, or the titular Lord Etherington, to withdraw from the country the sole witness, as he conceived, who could, or at least who might choose to bear witness to the fraud which he had practised on the unfortunate Clara Mowbray. Of three persons present at the marriage, besides the parties, the clergyman was completely deceived. Solmes he conceived to be at his own exalted devotion; and therefore, by his means this Hannah Irwin could be removed from the scene, he argued plausibly, that all evidence

he treachery which he had practised would be actually stifled. Hence his agent, Solmes, had ived a commission; as the reader may remember, irect her removal without loss of time, and had roted to his master that his efforts had been tual.

at Solmes, since he had fallen under the influ- of Touchwood, was constantly employed in nteracting the schemes which he seemed most ve in forwarding, while the traveller enjoyed (to an exquisite gratification) the amusement of etermining as fast as Bulmer could mine, and in prospect the pleasing anticipation of blowing he pioneer with his own petard. For this pur- , as soon as Touchwood learned that his house 1 to be applied to for the original deeds left in rge by the deceased Earl of Ethernington, he ex- ted a letter directing that only the copies should be t, and thus rendered nugatory Bulmer's desperate gn of possessing himself of that evidence. For same reason, when Solmes announced to him his ster's anxious wish to have Hannah Irwin con- ded out of the country, he appointed him to cause sick woman to be carefully transported to the nse, where Mr. Cargill was easily induced to give temporary refuge.

o this good nian, who might be termed an Israel- without guile, the distress of the unhappy wo- a would have proved a sufficient recommenda- ; nor was he likely to have inquired whether her lady might not be infectious, or to have made any hose other previous investigations which are some- es clogs upon the bounty or hospitality of more pru- nt philanthropists. But to interest him yet farther, Touchwood informed him by letter that the pa- it (not otherwise unknown to him) was possessed certain most material information affecting a fami- of honour and consequence, and that he him- self, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's in the quality of a istrate, intended to be at the Manse: that evening, take her declaration upon this important subject. ch indeed was the traveller's purpose, which might ve been carried into effect, but for his own self-im- tant love of manœuvring on the one part, and the y impatience of Mowbray on the other, which, as reader knows, sent the one at full gallop to Shawe- ste, and obliged the other to follow him post haste. is necessity he intimated to the clergyman by a e, which he despatched express as he himself was he act of stepping into the chaise.

e requested that the most particular attention ld be paid to the invalid—promised to be at the use with Mr. Mowbray early on the morrow— with the lingering and inveterate self-conceit h always induced him to conduct every thing his own hand, directed his friend, Mr. Cargill, o proceed to take the sick woman's declaration fession until he arrived, unless in case of ex- ty.

ad been an easy matter for Solmes to transfer ivalid from the wretched cottage to the clergy- s Manse. The first appearance of the associate ch of her guilt had indeed terrified her; but he led not to assure her, that his penitence was to her own, and that he was conveying her e their joint deposition would be formally el, in order that they might, so far as possible, : for the evil of which they had been jointly . He also promised her kind usage for herself, support for her children; and she willingly ac- anced him to the clergyman's residence, he him- resolving to abide in concealment the issue of nystery, without again facing his master, whose as he well discerned, was about to shoot speedily its exalted sphere.

ie clergyman visited the unfortunate patient, as ad done frequently during her residence in his ity, and desired that she might be carefully at- ed. During the whole day, she seemed better; whether the means of supporting her exhausted e had been too liberally administered, or whether thoughts which gnawed her conscience had re- ved with double severity when she was released n the pressure of immediate want, it is certain

that, about midnight, the fever began to gain ground, and the person placed in attendance on her came to inform the clergyman, then deeply engaged with the siege of Ptolemais, that she doubted if the woman would live till morning, and that she had something lay heavy at her heart, which she wished, as the emi- sary expressed it, "to make a clean breast of" before she died, or lost possession of her senses.

Awakened by such a crisis, Mr. Cargill at once be- came a man of this world, clear in his apprehension, and cool in his resolution, as he always was when the path of duty lay before him. Comprehending, from the various hints of his friend Touchwood, that the matter was of the last consequence, his own huma- nity, as well as inexperience, dictated his sending for skillful assistance. His man-servant was accord- ingly despatched on horseback to the Well for Dr. Quack- leben; while, upon the suggestion of one of his maids, "that Mrs. Dods was an uncommon skeely body about a sick-bed," the wench was dismissed to supplicate the assistance of the gudewife of the Clei- kum, which she was not, indeed, wont to refuse whenever it could be useful. The male emissary proved, in Scottish phrase, a "corbie messenger;" for either he did not find the doctor, or he found him better engaged than to attend the sick-bed of a pau- per, at a request which promised such slight remun- eration as that of a parish minister. But the female ambassador was more successful; for, though she found our friend Luckie Dods preparing for bed at an hour unusually late, in consequence of some anxiety on account of Mr. Touchwood's unexpected absence, the good old dame only growled a little about the minister's fancies in taking pur bodies into his own patters, marched down the gate with all the speed of patters, and then, instantly donning clouk, hood, and house; and then, instantly donning clouk, hood, and house; and then, instantly donning clouk, hood, and patters, marched down the gate with all the speed of the good Samaritan, one maid bearing the lantern before her, while the other remained to keep the house, and to attend to the wants of Mr. Tyrrel, who engaged willingly to sit up to receive Mr. Touch- wood.

But, ere Dame Dods had arrived at the Manse, the patient had summoned Mr. Cargill to her presence, and required him to write her confession while she had life and breath to make it.

"For I believe," she added, raising herself in the bed, and rolling her eyes wildly around, "that, were I to confess my guilt to one of a less sacred character, the Evil Spirit, whose servant I have been, would carry away his prey, both body and soul, before they had severed from each other, however short the space that they must remain in partnership!"

Mr. Cargill would have spoken some ghostly con- solation, but she answered with petulant impatience, "Waste not words—waste not words!—Let me speak that which I must tell, and sign it with my hand; and do you, as the more immediate servant of God, and therefore bound to bear witness to the truth, take heed you write that which I tell you, and nothing else. I desired to have told this to St. Ronan's—I have even made some progress in telling it to others—but I am glad I broke short off—for I know you, Josiah Cargill, though you have long forgotten me."

"It may be so," said Cargill. "I have indeed no recollection of you."

"You once knew Hannah Irwin, though," said the sick woman, "who was companion and relation to Miss Clara Mowbray, and who was present with her on that sinful night, when she was wedded in the kirk of St. Ronan's."

"Do you mean to say that you are that person?" said Cargill, holding the candle so as to throw some light on the face of the sick woman. "I cannot be- lieve it."

"No!" replied the penitent; "there is indeed a difference between wickedness in the act of carrying through its successful machinations, and wickedness surrounded by all the horrors of a death-bed."

"Do not yet despair," said Cargill. "Grace is om- nipotent—to doubt this is in itself a great crime."

"Be it so!—I cannot help it!—my heart is hardened. Mr. Cargill, and there is something here," she pressed her bosom, "which tells me, that, with preserved health, even my present as- sumed

be forgotten, and I should become the same I have been before. I have rejected the offer of grace, Mr. Cargill, and not through ignorance, for I have sinned with my eyes open. Care not for me, then, who am a mere outcast." He again endeavoured to interrupt her, but she continued, "Or if you really wish my welfare, let me relieve my bosom of that which presses it, and it may be that I shall then be better able to listen to you. You say you remember me not—but if I tell you how often you refused to perform in secret the office which was required of you—how much you urged that it was against your canonical rules—if I name the argument to which you yielded—and remind you of your purpose, to acknowledge your transgression to your brethren in the church courts, to plead your excuse, and submit to their censure, which you said could not be a light one—you will be then aware, that, in the voice of the miserable pauper, you hear the words of the once artful, gay, and specious Hannah Irwin."

"I allow it—I allow it!" said Mr. Cargill; "I admit the tokens, and believe you to be indeed her whose name you assume."

"Then one painful step is over," said she; "for I would ere now have lightened my conscience by confession, saving for the cursed pride of spirit, which was ashamed of poverty, though it had not shrunk from guilt.—Well.—In these arguments, which were urged to you by a youth best known to you by the name of Francis Tyrel, though more properly entitled to that of Valentine Bulmer, we practised on you a base and gross deception.—Did you not hear some one sigh?—I hope there is no one in the room—I trust I shall die when my confession is signed and sealed, without my name being dragged through the public—I hope ye bring not in your menials to gaze on my abject misery—I cannot brook that."

She paused and listened; for the ear, usually deafened by pain, is sometimes, on the contrary, rendered morbidly acute. Mr. Cargill assured her, there was no one present but himself. "But, O, most unhappy woman!" he said, "what does your introduction prepare me to expect?"

"Your expectation, be it ever so ominous, shall be fully satisfied. I was the guilty confidant of the false Francis Tyrel. Clara loved the true one. When the fatal ceremony passed, the bride and the clergyman were deceived alike—and I was the wretch—the fiend—who, aiding another yet blacker, if blacker could be—mainly helped to accomplish this cureless misery!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the clergyman, "and had you not then done enough?—Why did you expose the betrothed of one brother to become the wife of another?"

"I acted," said the sick woman, "only as Bulmer instructed me; but I had to do with a master of the game. He contrived, by his agent Solmes, to match me with a husband imposed on me by his devices as a man of fortune—a wretch, who maltreated me—plundered me—sold me. Oh! if fiends laugh, as I have heard they can, what a jubilee of scorn will there be, when Bulmer and I enter their place of torture! Hark! I am sure of it—some one draws breath, as if shuddering!"

"You will distract yourself if you give way to these fancies. Be calm—speak on—but, oh! at last, and for once, speak the truth!"

"I will, for it will best gratify my hatred against him, who, having first robbed me of my virtue, made me a sport and a plunder to the basest of the species. For that I wandered here to unmask him. I had heard he again stirred his suit to Clara, and I came here to tell young Mowbray the whole. But do you wonder that I shrunk from doing so till this last decisive moment?—I thought of my conduct to Clara, and how could I face her brother? And yet I hated her not after I learned her utter wretchedness—her deep misery, verging even upon madness—I hated her not then. I was sorry that she was not to fall to the lot of a better man than Bulmer;—and I pitied her after she was rescued by Tyrel, and you may remember it was I who prevailed on you to conceal her marriage."

"I remember it," answered Cargill, "and that you

alleged, as a reason for secrecy, danger to my family. I did conceal it, until reports that she to be married reached my ears."

"Well, then," said the sick woman, "Clara ought to forgive me—since what ill I her was inevitable, while the good I did was tary. I must see her, Josiah Cargill,—I must before I die—I shall never pray till I see her never profit by word of godliness till I see I cannot obtain the pardon of a worm like me; can I hope for that?"

She started at these words with a faint smile slowly, and with a feeble hand, the curtains opposite to the side at which Cargill sat, we and the figure of Clara Mowbray, her clothes hair drenched and dripping with rain, stooping opening by the bedside. The dying woman right, her eyes starting from their socket quivering, her face pale, her emaciated hand the bed-clothes, as if to support herself, as much agitated as if her confession had been the apparition of her betrayed friend.

"Hannah Irwin," said Clara, with her usual tone, "my early friend—my unprofitable! Betake thee to Him who hath pardoned and betake thee with confidence—for I pardon freely as if you had never wronged me—as desire my own pardon. Farewell—Farewell—"

She retired from the room, ere the clergyman could convince himself that it was more than which he beheld. He ran down stairs—his assistants, but no one could attend his deep ruckling groans of the patient satisfied that she was breathing her last; and with the maid-servant, ran into the bedchamber the death of Hannah Irwin, which took place.

That event had scarcely occurred, when a servant who had been left in the inn, carried great terror to acquaint her mistress, that entered the house like a ghost, and was directed to Tyrel's room. The truth of the story was our own way.

In the irregular state of Miss Mowbray's less violent impulse than that which she felt from her brother's arbitrary violence, and fatigues, dangers, and terrors of her night—have exhausted the powers of her body, or those of her mind. We have before said lights in the clergyman's house had probably attracted her attention, and in the temporary confusion, never remarkable for its regularity mounted the stairs, and entered the sick chamber, and thus overheard Hannah Irwin's confession, a tale sufficient to have greatly altered her mental malady.

We have no means of knowing whether Tyrel sought Tyrel, or whether it was former case, the circumstance of a light where all around was dark, that attracted her next apparition was close by the side of the fortunate lover, then deeply engaged in writing something suddenly gleamed on a large, old mirror, which hung on the wall opposite. She saw the figure of Clara, holding a letter she had taken from the passage) in her hand. He stood for an instant with his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round to see the substance which was thus reflected. When he fixed and pallid countenance almost hid him with the belief that he saw a vision, he dared when, stooping beside him, she took "Come away!" she said, in a hurried voice, "my brother follows to kill us both." Tyrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him. Irwin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, have no more fighting—you must promise shall not—we have had but too much of this will be wise in future."

"Clara Mowbray!" exclaimed Tyrel, "it thus?—Stay—do not go," for she turned her escape—"stay—stay—sit down."

"I must go," she replied, "I must go—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all,

ing from his horse, and throwing the bridle over the bough of a tree.

"What does this mean, Mr. Mowbray?" said Etherington, drawing himself up, while Jekyl and Captain MacTurk looked at each other in surprise.

"It means, sir, that you are a rascal and impostor," replied Mowbray, "who have assumed a name to which you have no right."

"That, Mr. Mowbray, is an insult I cannot carry farther than this spot," said Etherington.

"If you had been willing to do so, you should have carried with it something still harder to be borne," answered Mowbray.

"Enough, enough, my good sir; no use in spurring a willing horse.—Jekyl, you will have the kindness to stand by me in this matter?"

"Certainly, my lord," said Jekyl.

"And, as there seems to be no chance of taking up the matter amicably," said the pacific Captain MacTurk, "I will be most happy, so help me, to assist my worthy friend, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, with my countenance and advice.—Very good chance that we were here with the necessary weapons, since it would have been an unpleasant thing to have such an affair long upon the stomach, any more than to settle it without witnesses."

"I would fain know first," said Jekyl, "what all this sudden heat has arisen about."

"About nothing," said Etherington, "except a mare's nest of Mr. Mowbray's discovering. He always knew his sister played the madwoman, and he has now heard a report, I suppose, that she has likewise in her time played the—fool."

"O, crimini!" cried Captain MacTurk, "my good Captain, let us be loading and measuring out—for, by my soul, if these sweetmeats be passing between them, it is only the two ends of a handkercher that can serve the turn—'Cot tamm!'"

With such friendly intentions, the ground was hastily meted out. Each was well known as an excellent shot; and the Captain offered a bet to Jekyl of a mitchkin of Glenlivet, that both would fall by the first fire. The event showed that he was nearly right; for the ball of Lord Etherington grazed Mowbray's temple, at the very second of time when Mowbray's pierced his heart. He sprang a yard from the ground, and fell down a dead man. Mowbray stood fixed like a pillar of stone, his arm dropped to his side, his hand still clenched on the weapon of death, reeking at the touch-hole and muzzle. Jekyl ran to raise and support his friend, and Captain MacTurk, having adjusted his spectacles, stooped on one knee to look him in the face. "We should have had Dr. Quackleben here," he said, wiping his glasses, and returning them to the shagreen case, "though it would have been only for form's sake—for he is as dead as a toor-nail, poor boy.—But come, Mowbray, my bairn," he said, taking him by the arm, "we must be ganging our ain gait, you and me, before waur comes of it.—I have a bit powney here, and you have your horse till we get to Marchthorn.—Captain Jekyl, I wish you a good morning. Will you have my umbrella back to the inn, for I surmeese it is going to rain?"

Mowbray had not ridden a hundred yards with his guide and companion, when he drew his bridle, and refused to proceed a step farther, till he had learned what was become of Clara. The Captain began to find he had a very untractable pupil to manage, when, while they were arguing together, Touchwood drove past in his hack chaise. As soon as he recognized Mowbray, he stopped the carriage to inform him that his sister was at the Aulthouse, which he had learned from finding there had been a messenger sent from thence to the Well for medical assistance, which could not be afforded, the Esculapius of the place, Dr. Quackleben, having been privately married to Mrs. Blower on that morning, by Mr. Chatterly, and having set out on the usual nuptial tour.

In return for this intelligence, Captain MacTurk communicated the fate of Lord Etherington. The old man earnestly pressed instant flight, for which he supplied at the same time ample means, engaging to furnish every kind of assistance and support to the

unfortunate young lady; and representing to Mowbray, that if he staid in the vicinity, a prison would soon separate them. Mowbray and his companion then departed southward upon the spur, reached London in safety, and from thence went together to the Peninsula, where the war was then at its hottest.

There remains little more to be told. Mr. Touchwood is still alive, forming plans which have no object, and accumulating a fortune, for which he has apparently no heir. The old man had endeavoured to fix this character, as well as his general patronage, upon Tyrral, but the attempt only determined the latter to leave the country; nor has he been since heard of, although the title and estates of Etherington lie vacant for his acceptance. It is the opinion of many, that he has entered into a Moravian mission, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums.

Since Tyrral's departure, no one pretends to guess what old Touchwood will do with his money. He often talks of his disappointments, but can never be made to understand, or at least to admit, that they were in some measure precipitated by his own taste for intrigue and manœuvring. Most people think that Mowbray of St. Ronan's will be at last his heir. That gentleman has of late shown one quality which usually recommends men to the favour of rich relations, namely, a close and cautious care of what's already his own. Captain MacTurk's military and having revived when they came within smell of gunpowder, the old soldier contrived not only to get himself on full pay, but to induce his companion to serve for some time as a volunteer. He afterwards obtained a commission, and nothing could be more strikingly different than was the conduct of the young Lord of St. Ronan's and of Lieutenant Mowbray. The former, as we know, was gay, venturesome, and prodigal; the latter lived on his pay, and even within it—created himself comforts, and often decencies, when doctors could save a guinea; and turned pale with apprehension, if, on any extraordinary occasion, he were to see sixpence a corner at whist. This meanness, or closeness of disposition, prevents his holding the high character to which his bravery and attention to his regimental duties might otherwise entitle him. The same close and accurate calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, marked his communications with his agent Meiklewham, who might otherwise have had better pickings out of the estate of St. Ronan's, which is now at nurse, and thriving full fast; especially since some debts, of rather an usurious character, have been paid up by Mr. Touchwood, who contented himself with more moderate usage.

On the subject of this property, Mr. Mowbray, generally speaking, gave such minute directions for securing and saving, that his old acquaintance, Mr. Waterblossom, tapping his morocco snuff-box with his look which intimated the coming of a good thing, was wont to say, that he had reversed the usual order of transformation, and was turned into a grub after having been a butterfly. After all, this narrowness, though a more ordinary modification of the spirit of avarice, may be founded on the same desire of acquisition, which in his earlier days sent him to the gaming-table.

But there was one remarkable instance in which Mr. Mowbray departed from the rules of economy, by which he was guided in all others. Having acquired, for a large sum of money, the ground which he had formerly leased out for the erection of the hotel, including houses, shops, &c., at St. Ronan's Well, he sent positive orders for the demolition of the whole, so would he permit the existence of any house of entertainment on his estate, except that in the Aulthouse, where Mrs. Dods reigns with undisputed sway, her temper by no means improved either by time, or her arbitrary disposition by the total absence of competition.

Why Mr. Mowbray, with his acquired habits of frugality, thus destroyed a property which might have produced a considerable income, no one could pretend to affirm. Some said that he remembered his own early follies; and others, that he connected the buildings with the misfortunes of his sister. The vulgar

reported, that Lord Etherington's ghost had been seen in the ball-room, and the learned talked of the association of ideas. But it all ended in this, that Mr. Mowbray was independent enough to please himself, and that such was Mr. Mowbray's pleasure.

The little watering-place has returned to its primitive obscurity; and lions and lionesses, with their several jackals, blue surtouts, and bluer stockings, fiddlers and dancers, painters and amateurs, authors and critics, dispersed like pigeons by the demolition of a dovecot, have sought other scenes of amusement and rehearsal, and have deserted St. RONAN'S

WELL.*

* *Non enim morietur.* Saint Ronan's, since this voracious history was given to the public, has revived as a sort of alias, or second title, to the very pleasant village of Inverleithen upon Tweed, where there is a medicinal spring much frequented by visitors. Prizes for some of the manly and athletic sports, common in the pastoral districts around, are competed for under the title of the Saint Ronan's Games. Nay, Meg Dods

has produced herself of late from obscurity as authoress of a work on *Cookery*, of which, in justice to a lady who unites so distinguished a figure as this excellent dame, we insert the title-page:

"The Cook and Housewife's Manual: A Practical System of Modern Domestic Cookery and Family Management.

—————' *Cook, see all your sauces*

*Be sharp and prompt in the palate, that they may
Commend you: look to your roast and baked meats humbly,
And what new hickshaws and delicate made things.'*

BRAUMONT AND FLITTON.

By Mistress Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's."

Though it is rather unconnected with our immediate subject, we cannot help adding, that Mrs. Dods has preserved the recipes of certain excellent old dishes which we would be loath should fall into oblivion in our day; and in bearing this testimony, we protest that we are no way biased by the receipt of two bottles of excellent sauce for cold meat, which were sent to us by the said Mrs. Dods, as a mark of her respect and regard, for which we return her our unfeigned thanks, having found them capital.

THE END OF ST. RONAN'S WELL.



REDGAUNTLET.

TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
As You Like It.

INTRODUCTION TO REDGAUNTLET.

THE Jacobite enthusiasm of the eighteenth century, particularly during the rebellion of 1745, afforded a theme, perhaps the finest that could be selected, for fictitious composition, founded upon real or probable incident. This civil war, and its remarkable events, were remembered by the existing generation without any degree of the hitherto spirit which seldom fails to attend internal dissension. The Highlanders, who formed the principal strength of Charles Edward's army, were an ancient and high-spirited race, peculiar in their habits of war and of peace, brave to romance, and exhibiting a character turning upon points more adapted to poetry than to the prose of real life. Their Prince, young, valiant, patient of fatigue, and despising danger, heading his army on foot in the most bold and manly marches, and defeating a regular force in three battles,—all these were circumstances fascinating to the imagination, and might well be supposed to seduce young and enthusiastic minds to the cause in which they were found united, although wisdom and reason frowned upon the enterprise.

The adventurous Prince, as is well known, proved to be one of those personages who distinguish themselves during some single and extraordinarily brilliant period of their lives, like the course of a shooting star, at which men wonder, as well on account of the brilliancy, as the brilliancy of its splendour. A long trace of darkness overshadowed the subsequent life of a man, who, in his youth, showed himself so capable of great undertakings, and, without the painful task of tracing his course farther, we may say the latter pursuits and habits of this unhappy Prince, are those painfully evincing a broken heart, which seeks refuge from its own thoughts in sordid enjoyments.

Still, however, it was long ere Charles Edward appeared to be, perhaps it was long ere he altogether became, so much degraded from his original self, as he enjoyed for a time the luxury attending the progress and termination of his enterprise. Those who thought they discerned in his subsequent conduct an insensibility to the distresses of his followers, coupled with that egotistical attention to his own interests, which has been often attributed to the Stewart Family, and which is the natural effect of the principles of divine right in which they were brought up, were now generally considered as dissatisfied and egotistical persons, who, displeased with the issue of their adventure, and finding themselves involved in the ruins of a falling cause, indulged themselves in undeserved reproaches against their leader. Indeed, such censures were by no means frequent among those of his followers, who, if what was alleged had been just, had the best right to complain. Far the greater number of those unfortunate gentlemen suffered with the most dignified patience, and were either too proud to take notice of ill treatment on the part of their Prince, or so prudent as to be aware their complaints would meet with little sympathy from the world. It may be added, that the greater part of the banished Jacobites, and those of high rank and consequence, were not much within reach of the influence of the Prince's character and conduct, which they well regulated or otherwise.

In the most extensive and great Jacobite conspiracy, of which the insurrection of 1745 was but a small part, precipitated into action on the failure of a far more general scheme, was resumed and again put into motion by the Jacobites of England, whose force had never been broken, as they had prudently avoided bringing it into the field. The surprising effect which had been produced by small means, in 1745, animated their hopes for more important successes, when the whole conjuncture of Britain, identified as it then was with great part of the landed gentlemen, should come forward to finish what had been gallantly attempted by a few Highland chiefs.

It is probable, indeed, that the Jacobites of the day were incapable of considering that the very small scale on which the effort was made, was in one great measure the cause of its unexecuted success. The remarkable speed with which the insurrection marched, the singularly good discipline which they possessed, the union and unanimity which for some time animated their efforts, were all in a considerable degree produced by the singleness of their numbers. Notwithstanding the discomfiture of Charles Edward, the conjurors of the period long continued to nurse unlawful schemes, and to drink treasonable toasts, until they stole upon them. Another generation arose, who did not share the sentiments which they cherished; and at length the sparks of dissension, which had long smouldered, but had never been heated enough to burst into actual flame, became entirely extinguished. But in proportion as the political enthusiasm died gradually away among men of ordinary temperament, it influenced those of warm imaginations and weak understandings, and hence wild schemes were formed, as the means by which they were to be effected.

Thus, young Scotchmen of rank are said to have stooped so low as to plot the arrest of St. James's palace, and the assassination of the royal family. While these ill-digested and desperate conspiracies were agitated among the few Jacobites who still adhered with more obstinacy to their purpose, there is no question but that other plots might have been brought to an open explanation, had it not suited the policy of Sir Robert Walpole, rather to prevent or disable the conspirators in their projects, than to promulgate the tale of danger, which might thus have been believed to be more widely diffused than was really the case.

In one instance alone, this very prudent and humane line of

conduct was departed from, and the event seemed to confirm the policy of the general course. Doctor Archibald Cameron, brother of the celebrated Donald Cameron of Lochiel, attained for the rebellion of 1745, was found by a party of soldiers lurking with a company in the woods of Loch Katrine, five or six years after the battle of Culloden, and was there seized. There were circumstances in his case, so far as was made known to the public, which attracted much compassion, and gave to the judicial proceedings against him an appearance of cold-blooded revenge on the part of government; and the following argument of a zealous Jacobite in his favour was received as conclusive by Dr. Johnson, and other persons who might pretend to impartiality. Dr. Cameron had never borne arms, although engaged in the Rebellion, but used his medical skill for the service, indifferently of the wounded of both parties. His return to Scotland was ascribed exclusively to family affairs. His behaviour at the bar was decent, firm, and respectful. His wife threw herself, on three different occasions, before George II. and the members of his family, was rudely repulsed from their presence, and at length placed, it was said, in the same prison with her husband, and confined with unmanly severity.

Dr. Cameron was finally executed, with all the severities of the law of treason, and his death remains in popular estimation a dark blot upon the memory of George II., being almost publicly imputed to a mean and personal hatred of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the sufferer's heroic brother.

Yet the fact was, that whether the execution of Archibald Cameron was political or otherwise, it might certainly have been justified, had the King's ministers so pleased, upon reasons of a public nature. The unfortunate sufferer had not come to the Highlands solely upon his private affairs, as was the general belief; but it was not judged prudent by the English ministry to let it be generally known that he came to inquire about a considerable sum of money which had been remitted from France to the friends of the exiled family. He had also a commission to hold intercourse with the well-known M^r Pherson of Chilly, chief of the clan Vourich, whom the Chevalier had left behind at his departure from Scotland in 1746, and who remained during ten years of proscription and danger, skulking from place to place in the Highlands, and maintaining an uninterrupted correspondence between Charles and his friends.

That Dr. Cameron should have held a commission to assist this chief in raking together the dispersed members of disaffection, is in itself sufficiently natural, and, considering his political principles, in no respect dishonourable to his memory. But neither ought it to be imputed to George II., that he suffered the laws to be enforced against a person taken in the act of breaking them. When he lost his hazardous game, Dr. Cameron only paid the forfeit which he must have calculated upon. The ministers, however, thought it proper to leave Dr. Cameron's new schemes in concealment, lest by divulging them they had indicated the channel of communication which, it is now well known, they possessed to all the plots of Charles Edward. But it was not until he had advised and encouraged the sacrifice of the character of the King to the policy of the administration. Both points might have been gained by sparing the life of Dr. Cameron after conviction, and limiting his punishment to perpetual exile.

These repeated and successive Jacobite plots rose and burst like bubbles on a fountain; and one of them, at least, the Chevalier judged of importance enough to induce him to risk himself within the dangerous precincts of the British capital. This appears from Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times.

"On September, 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to ——— (the Chevalier, doubtless). 'If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was unimpeachable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any thing ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of no days only, he returned to the place from whence he came.' ——— Dr. King was a keen Jacobite, as may be inferred from the visit made by him to the Prince under such circumstances, and from his being one of that unfortunate person's chosen correspondents. He, as well as other men of sense and observation, began to despair of making their fortune in the party which they had chosen. It was indeed sufficiently dangerous; the duration of the short visit just described, one of Dr. King's servants remarked the stranger's likeness to Prince Charles, whom he recognised from the common busts.

The occasion taken for breaking up the Stewart interest, we shall tell in Dr. King's own words:—"When he (Charles Edward) was in Scotland, he had a mistress whose name was Williams, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached

to him were greatly alarmed: they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore, they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkinshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her zealous absolute refusal to comply with this demand; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence, and an excellent understanding, urged the most powerful reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion, to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal; yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper; but finding him obstinately perverse in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, "What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages? It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Mrs. Walkinshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions, in respect to his private conduct, from any man alive. When M'Namara returned to London, and reported the Prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with a baronet, whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed."

From this anecdote, the general truth of which is indubitable, the principal fault of Charles Edward's temper is sufficiently obvious. It was a high sense of his own importance, and an obstinate adherence to what he had once determined on—qualities which, if he had succeeded in his bold attempt, gave the nation little room to hope that he would have been found free from the love of prerogative and desire of arbitrary power, which characterized his unhappy grandfather. He gave a notable instance how far this was the leading feature of his character, when, for no reasonable cause that can be assigned, he placed his own single will in opposition to the necessities of France, which, in order to purchase a peace become necessary to the kingdom, was reduced to gratify Britain by prohibiting the residence of Charles within any part of the French dominions. It was in vain that France endeavoured to lessen the disgrace of this step, by making the most flattering offers, in hopes to induce the Prince of himself to anticipate this disagreeable alternative, which, if seriously enforced, as it was likely to be, he had no means whatever of resisting, by leaving the kingdom as of his own free will. Inspired, however, by the spirit of hereditary obstinacy, Charles preferred a useless resistance to a dignified submission, and by a series of idle bravadoes, laid the French court under the necessity of arresting their late ally, and sending him to close confinement in the Bastille, from which he was afterwards sent out of the French dominions, much in the manner in which a convict is transported to the place of his destination.

In addition to these repeated instances of a rash and inflexible temper, Dr. King also adds faults alleged to belong to the Prince's character, of a kind less consonant with his noble birth and high pretensions. He is said by this author to have been avaricious, or parsimonious at least, to such a degree of meanness, as to fail, even when he had ample means, in relieving the sufferers who had lost their fortune, and sacrificed their all, in his ill-fated attempt. "We must receive, however, with some degree of jealousy, what is said by Dr. King on this subject, recollecting that he had left at least, if he did not desert, the standard of the unfortunate Prince, and was not therefore a person who was likely to form the fairest estimate of his virtues and faults. We must also remember, that if the exiled Prince gave little, he had but little to give, especially considering how late he nourished the scheme of another expedition to Scotland, for which he was long endeavouring to hoard money.

The case, also, of Charles Edward must be allowed to have been a difficult one. He had to satisfy numerous persons, who, having lost their all in his cause, had, with that all, seen the extinction of hopes which they accounted nearly as good as certainties; some of these were perhaps clamorous in their applications, and certainly all pined with their want of success. Other parts of his unbecoming conduct may have afforded grounds for charging him with coldness to the sufferers of his devoted followers. One of these was a sentiment which has nothing in it that is generous, but it was certainly a principle

"The reproach is thus expressed by Dr. King, who brings the charge;—"But the most odious part of his character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a weak and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication, that a Prince in exile must be an economist. And so he ought; but, nevertheless, his purse should be always open as long as there is any thing in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles II. during his banishment, would have shared the last pittance in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleness with two thousand loud-tongues in his strong-box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded."—*King's Memoirs*.

in which the young Prince was trained, and which may be too probably denominated peculiar to his family, educated in all the high notions of passive obedience and non-resistance. If the unhappy Prince gave importance to the pretensions of statesmen holding such notions, which is implied by his whole conduct, it must have led to the natural, though ungracious inference, that the services of a subject could not, to whatever degree of ruin they might bring the individual, create a debt against his sovereign. Such a person could only boast that he had no duty to perform; not that he entitled to be a claimant for a greater reward than it was convenient for the Prince to bestow, or to hold his sovereign his debtor for losses which he had sustained through his loyalty. To a certain extent the Jacobite principles inevitably led to this cold and egotistical mode of reasoning on the part of the sovereign; nor, with all our natural pity for the situation of royalty in distress, do we feel entitled to affirm that Charles did not use this opiate to his feelings, on viewing the misery of his followers, while he certainly possessed, though in no great degree, the means of affording them more relief than he practiced. His own history, after leaving France, is brief and melancholy. For a time he seems to have held the firm belief that Providence, which had borne him through so many hazards, still reserved him for some distant occasion, in which he should be empowered to vindicate the honours of his birth. But opportunity after opportunity slipped by unimproved, and the death of his father gave him the fatal proof that none of the principal powers of Europe were, after that event, likely to interest themselves in his quarrel. They refused to acknowledge him under the title of the King of England, and, on his part, he declined to be then recognized as the Prince of Wales.

Family discord came to add its sting to those of disappointed ambition; and, though a humiliating circumstance, it is generally acknowledged, that Charles Edward, the adventurer, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of prowess, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had, in his latter days, yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication, in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under these circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect.

It is a fact consistent with the author's knowledge, that persons totally unconstituted to, and unfitted for, such a distance, were presented to the unfortunate Prince in moments of the presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shone itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered and scarce noted.

Meantime, while the life of Charles Edward was gradually wasting in disappointed solitude, the number of those who shared his misfortunes and dangers had shrunk into a small handful of veterans, the heroes of a tale which had been to most Scottish readers who can count the number of sixty years, must recollect many respected acquaintances of their youth, who, as the established phrase gently ordered it, had been *in the Forty-Four*. It may be said, that their political principles and plans no longer either gained proselytes or attracted terms—those who held them had ceased to be the subjects either of fear or opposition. Jacobites were looked upon in society as men who proved their sincerity by sacrificing their means to the principles; and in view of the ruin which they had held a piece of ill-brooding to injure their feelings or needs the compromises by which they endeavoured to keep themselves abreast of the current of the day. Such, for example, was the evasion of a gentleman of fortune in Perthshire, who, in having the newspapers read to him, caused the King and Queen to be designated by the initial letters of K. and Q., as if by naming the full word, he might imply an acquiescence in the usurpation of the family of Hanover. George III. having heard of this gentleman's custom in the above and other particulars, commissioned the member for Perthshire to carry his compliments to the steady Jacobite—"that is," said the exiled old King—"not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles."

Those who remember such old men, will probably agree that the progress of time, which has withdrawn all of them from the field, has removed, at the same time, a peculiar and striking feature of ancient manners. Their love of past times, and tales of bloody battles fought against romantic odds, were so dear to the imagination, and their little idolatry of locks of hair, pictures, rings, ribbands, and other memorials of the day in which they still seemed to live, was an interesting enthusiasm, and, although their political principles, had they existed in the relation of fathers, might have rendered them dangerous to the existing dynasty, yet, as we now recollect them, they could not be on the earth supposed to exist persons better qualified to sustain the capacity of innocuous and respectable grandfathers.

It was while reflecting on these things that the novel of Redgauntlet was undertaken. But various circumstances in the composition induced the author to alter its purpose considerably, as it passed through his hands, and to carry the action to that point of time when the Chevalier Charles Edward, though fallen into the rear and yellow leaf, was yet meditating a second attempt, which could scarcely have been more hopeless than his first; although one, to which, as we have seen, the unfortunate Prince, at least as late as seventeen hundred and fifty three, still looked with hope and expectation.

REDGAUNTLET.

LETTER I.

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD.

Dumfries.

r me exanimas querelis tuis?—In plain English, Why do you deafen me with your croaking? disconsolate tone in which you bade me farewell at Noble-House,* and mounted your miserable return to your law drudgery, still sounds in mine. It seemed to say, "Happy dog! you can lie at pleasure over hill and dale, pursue every sort of curiosity that presents itself, and relinquish haste when it loses interest; while I, your senior, your better, must, in this brilliant season, return to my narrow chamber and my musty books." Such was the import of the reflections with which saddened our parting bottle of claret, and thus it needs interpret the terms of your melancholy letter.

Why should this be so, Alan? Why the deuce should you not be sitting precisely opposite to me at present, in the same comfortable George Inn; leaning on the fender, and thy juridical brow exclaiming its plications as a pun rose in your fancy? Well, all, why, when I fill this very glass of wine, or I push the bottle to you, and say, "Fairford, are chased!" Why, I say, should not all this except because Alan Fairford has not the same sense of friendship as Darsie Latimer, and will regard our purses as common as well as our merits?

Alone in the world; my only guardian with a share of a large fortune, which will be mine when I am the age of twenty-five complete; my present income is, thou knowest, more than sufficient for my wants; and yet thou—traitor as thou art to cause of friendship—dost deprive me of the sure of thy society, and submittest, besides, to be banished on thine own part, rather than my wants should cost me a few guineas more! Is this for my purse, or for thine own pride? Is it equally absurd and unreasonable, whichever it springs from? For myself, I tell thee, I, and shall have, more than enough for both. The same methodical Samuel Griffiths, of Iron-gate-Lane, Guildhall, London, whose letter addressed as duly as quarter-day, has sent me, as I told thee, double allowance for this my twenty-first birthday, and an assurance, in his brief fashion, that it be again doubled for the succeeding years, until I enter into possession of my own property. Still I refrain from visiting England until my twenty-year expires; and it is recommended that I shall say all inquiries concerning my family, and so on, for the present.

Here it not that I recollect my poor mother in her widow's weeds, with a countenance that never faded but when she looked on me—and then, in such a woful sort, as the sun when he glances through an April cloud—were it not, I say, that her and matron-like form and countenance forbid a suspicion, I might think myself the son of an Indian director, or rich citizen, who had more than grace, and a handful of hypocrisy to boot, who was breeding up privately, and obscurely, a child, one of whose existence he had some reason to be ashamed. But, as I said before, I think on my father, and am convinced as much as of the existence of my own soul, that no touch of shame could be from aught in which she was implicated. Mean the first stage on the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries, Scotland.

time, I am wealthy, and I am alone, and why does my friend scruple to share my wealth?

Are you not my only friend? and have you not acquired a right to share my wealth? Answer me that, Alan Fairford. When I was brought from the solitude of my mother's dwelling into the tumult of the Gaits' Class at the High School—when I was mocked for my English accent—salted with snow as a Southern—rolled in the gutter for a Saxon pock-pudding,—who, with stout arguments, and stouter blows, stood forth my defender?—why, Alan Fairford. Who beat me soundly when I brought the arrogance of an only son, and of course a spoiled urchin, to the forms of the little republic?—why, Alan. And who taught me to smoke: a cobbler, pin a lozen, head a bicker, and hold the banners?—Alan, once more. If I became the pride of the Yards, and the dread of the hucksters in the High-School Wynd, it was under thy patronage; and, but for thee, I had been contented with humbly passing through the Cowgate-Port, without climbing over the top of it, and had never seen the *Kittle nine steps* nearer than from Bureford's Parks. You taught me to keep my fingers off the weak, and to clench my fist against the strong—to carry no tales out of school—to stand forth like a true man—obey the stern order of a *Pande manum*, and endure my pawmies without wincing, like one that is determined not to be the better for them. In a word, before I knew thee, I knew nothing.

At college it was the same. When I was incorrigibly idle, your example and encouragement roused me to mental exertion, and showed me the way to intellectual enjoyment. You made me a historian, a metaphysician, (*inrita Minerva*),—nay, by Heaven! you had almost made an advocate of me, as well as of yourself. Yes, rather than part with you, Alan, I attended a weary season at the Scotch Law Class; a wearier at the Civil; and with what excellent advantage, my note-book filled with caricatures of the professors and my fellow-students, is it not yet extant to testify?

"Thus far have I held on with thee untired;"

and, to say truth, purely and solely that I might travel the same road with thee. But it will not do, Alan. By my faith, man, I could as soon think of being one of those ingenious traders who cheat little Master Jackies on the outside of the partition with tops, balls, bats, and battledores, as a member of the long-robed fraternity within, who impose on grown country gentlemen with bouncing brocards of law. Now, don't

* Break a window, head a skirmish with stones, and hold the bonnet or handkerchief, which used to divide high-school boys when fighting.

† A pass on the very brink of the Castle-rock to the north, by which it is just possible for a goat, or a high-school boy, to turn the corner of the building where it rises from the edge of the precipice. This was so favourite a feat with the "hell and neck boys" of the higher classes, that at one time sentinels were posted to prevent its repetition. One of the nine-steps was rendered more secure because the climber could take hold of the root of a nettle, so precarious were the means of passing this celebrated spot. The manning the Cowgate Port, especially in snow-ball time, was also a choice amusement, as it offered an inaccessible station to the boys who used these missiles to the annoyance of the passengers. The gateway is now demolished: and probably most of its garrison lie as low as the fortresses. To recollect that the author himself, however naturally disquieted, was one of those juvenile dreadsnaughts, is a sad reflection to one who cannot now step over a brook without assistance.

‡ The Hall of the Parliament House of Edinburgh was, in former days, divided into two unequal portions by a partition, the inner side of which was consecrated to the use of the Courts of Justice and the gentlemen of the law; while the outer division was occupied by the stalls of stationers, toy-men, and the

you read this to your worthy father, Alan—he loves me well enough, I know, of a Saturday night; but he thinks me but idle company for any other day of the week. And here, I suspect, lies your real objection to taking a ramble with me through the southern counties in this delicious weather. I know the good gentleman has hard thoughts of me for being so unsettled as to leave Edinburgh before the Session rises; perhaps, too, he quarrels a little—I will not say, with my want of ancestry, but with my want of connexions. He reckons me a lone thing in this world, Alan, and so in good truth I am; and it seems a reason to him why you should not attach yourself to me, that I can claim no interest in the general herd.

Do not suppose I forget what I owe him, for permitting me to shelter for four years under his roof: My obligations to him are not the less, but the greater, if he never heartily loved me. He is angry, too, that I will not, or cannot, be a lawyer, and, with reference to you, considers my disinclination that way as *peccati exempli*, as he might say.

But he need not be afraid that a lad of your steadiness will be influenced by such a reed shaken by the winds as I am. You will go on doubting with Dirlerton, and resolving those doubts with Stewart,* until the cramp speech† has been spoken *more solito* from the corner of the bench, and with covered head—until you have sworn to defend the liberties and privileges of the College of Justice—until the black gown is hung on your shoulders, and you are as free as any of the Faculty to sue or defend. Then will I step forth, Alan, and in a character which even your father will allow may be more useful to you than had I shared this splendid termination of your legal studies. In a word, if I cannot be a counsel, I am determined to be a *client*, a sort of person without whom a lawsuit would be as dull as a supposed case. Yes, I am determined to give you your first fee. One can easily, I am assured, get into a lawsuit—it is only the getting out that is sometimes found troublesome;—and, with your kind father for an agent, and you for my counsel learned in the law, and the worshipful Master Samuel Griffiths to back me, a few sessions shall not tire my patience. In short, I will make my way into Court, even if it should cost me the committing a *delict*, or at least a *quasi delict*.—You see all is not lost of what Erskine wrote, and Wallace taught.

Thus far I have fooled it off well enough; and yet, Alan, all is not at ease within me. I am affected with a sense of loneliness, the more depressing, that it seems to me to be a solitude peculiarly my own. In a country where all the world have a circle of consanguinity, extending to sixth cousins at least, I am a solitary individual, having only one kind heart to throb in unison with my own. If I were condemned to labour for my bread, methinks I should less regard this peculiar species of deprivation. The necessary communication of master and servant would be at least a tie which would attach me to the rest of my kind—as it is, my very independence seems to enhance the peculiarity of my situation. I am in the world as a stranger in the crowded colledgehouse, where he enters, calls for what refreshments he wants, pays his bill, and is forgotten as soon as the waiter's mouth has pronounced his "Thank ye, sir."

like, as in a modern bazaar. From the old play of the Plain Dealer, it seems such was formerly the case with Westminster Hall. Minors has now purified his courts in both cities from all traffic but his own.

* "Sir John Niblett of Dirlerton's Doubts and Questions upon the Law, especially of Scotland;" and, "Sir James Stewart's Dirlerton's Doubts and Questions on the Law of Scotland resolved and answered," are works of authority in Scottish jurisprudence. As is generally the case, the Doubts are held more in respect than the solution.

† Till of late years, every advocate who entered at the Scottish bar made a Latin address to the Court, faculty, and audience, in set terms, and said a few words upon a text of the civil law, to show his Latinity and jurisprudence. He also wore his hat for a minute, in order to vindicate his right of being covered before the court, which is said to have originated from the celebrated lawyer, Sir Thomas Hope, having two sons on the Bench while he himself remained at the bar. Of late this ceremony has been dispensed with, as occupying the time of the court unnecessarily. The entrant lawyer merely takes the oath to government, and swears to maintain the rules and privileges of his order.

I know your good father would term this *sinning my mercies*,* and ask how I should feel if, instead of being able to throw down my reckoning, I were obliged to deprecate the resentment of the landlord for consuming that which I could not pay for. I cannot tell how it is; but, though this very reasonable reflection comes across me, and though I do confess that four hundred a-year in possession, eight hundred in near prospect, and the L—d knows how many hundreds more in the distance, are very pretty and comfortable things, yet I would freely give one half of them to call your father *father*, though he should scold me for my idleness every hour of the day, and to call you *brother*, though a brother whose merits would throw my own so completely into the shade.

The faint, yet not improbable belief often has come across me, that your father knows something more about my birth and natural condition than he is willing to communicate; it is so unlikely that I should have been left in Edinburgh at six years old, without any other recommendation than the regular payment of my board to old M——t of the High School. Before that time, as I have often told you, I have but a recollection of unbounded indulgence on my mother's part, and the most tyrannical exertion of caprice on my own. I remember still how bitterly she sighed, how vainly she strove to soothe me, while in the full energy of despotism, I reared like ten bull calves, for something which it was impossible to procure for me. She is dead, that kind, that ill rewarded mother! I remember the long faces—the darkened room—the black hangings—the mysterious impression made upon my mind by the hearse and mourning coaches, and the difficulty which I had to reconcile all this to the disappearance of my mother. I do not think I had before this event formed any idea of death, or that I had even heard of that final consummation of all that lives. The first acquaintance which I formed with it deprived me of my only relation.

A clergyman of venerable appearance, our only visitor, was my guide and companion in a journey of considerable length; and in the charge of another elderly man, substituted in his place, I know not how or why, I completed my journey to Scotland—and this is all I recollect.

I repeat the little history now, as I have a hundred times done before, merely because I would wot some sense out of it. Turn, then, thy sharp, withdrawing, lawyer-like ingenuity to the same task—make up my history as though thou wert shaping the blundering allegations of some blue-bonneted, hard-headed client, into a condensation of facts and circumstances, and thou shalt be, not my *Apollonius tibi cum lyra*?—but my Lord Stair! Meantime, I have written myself out of my melancholy and blue devils, merely by prosing about them; so I will now converse half an hour with Roan Robin in his stall—the rascal knows me already, and smokes whenever I cross the threshold of the stable.

The black which you bestrode yesterday morning, promises to be an admirable roadster, and ambled easily with Sam and the portmanteau, as with you and your load of law-learning. Sam promises to be steady, and has hitherto been so. No long trial yet will say. He lays the blame of former inaccuracies on evil company—the people who were at the livery stable were too seductive, I suppose—he denies he ever did the horse injustice—would rather have wasted his own dinner, he says. In this I believe him, as Roan Robin's ribs and coat show no marks of contradiction. However, as he will meet with no more in the inns we frequent, and as oats are sometimes as speedily converted into ale as John Barleycorn himself, I shall keep a look-out after Master Sam. Stupid fellow! had he not abused my good nature, I might have chatted to him to keep my tongue in exercise; whereas now, I must keep him at a distance.

Do you remember what Mr. Fairford said to me?

* A peculiar Scottish phrase, expressive of ingratitude for the favours of Providence.

† Probably Mathieson, the predecessor of Dr. Adam, whose memory the author and his contemporaries owe a debt of gratitude.

‡ Celebrated as a Scottish lawyer.

this subject,—it did not become my father's son to speak in that manner to Sam's father's son? I asked you what your father could possibly know of mine; and you answered, "As much, you supposed, as he knew of Sam's—it was a proverbial expression." This did not quite satisfy me, though I am sure I cannot tell why it should not. But I am returning to a fruitless and exhausted subject. Do not be afraid that I shall come back on this well-trodden yet pathless field of conjecture. I know nothing so useless, so utterly feeble and contemptible, as the groaning forth one's helpless lamentations into the ears of our friends.

I would fain promise you that my letters shall be as entertaining, as I am determined they shall be regular and well filled. We have an advantage over the dear friends of old, every pair of them. Neither David and Jonathan, nor Orestes and Pylades, nor Damon and Pythias—although, in the latter case particularly, a letter by post would have been very acceptable—ever corresponded together; for they probably could not write, and certainly had neither posts nor franks to speed their effusions to each other; whereas yours, which you had from the old peer, being handled gently, and opened with precaution, may be returned to me again, and serve to make us free of his Majesty's post-office, during the whole time of my proposed tour.* Mercy upon us, Alan! what letters I shall have to send you, with an account of all that I can collect, of pleasant or rare, in this wildgoose jaunt of mine! All I stipulate is, that you do not communicate them to the Scots Magazine; for though you used, in a left-handed way, to compliment me on my attainments in the lighter branches of literature, at the expense of my deficiency in the weightier matters of the law, I am not yet audacious enough to enter the portal which the learned Ruddiman so kindly opened for the acolytes of the Muses.—*Vale, sis memor mei.* D. L.

P. S.—Direct to the Post-Office here. I shall leave orders to forward your letters wherever I may travel.

LETTER II.

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER.

Negatur, my dear Darsie—you have logic and law enough to understand the word of denial. I deny your conclusion. The premises I admit, namely, that when I mounted on that infernal hack, I might utter what seemed a sigh, although I deemed it lost amid the puffs and groans of the broken-winded brute, matchless in the complication of her complaints by any save she, the poor man's mare, renowned in song, that died

"A mile aboon Dundee."

But credit me, Darsie, the sigh which escaped me, concerned thee more than myself, and regarded neither the superior mettle of your cavalry, nor your greater command of the means of travelling. I could certainly have cheerfully have ridden on with you for a few days; and assure yourself I would not have hesitated to tax your better-filled purse for our joint expenses. But you know my father considers every moment taken from the law as a step down hill; and I owe much to his anxiety on my account, although its effects are sometimes troublesome. For example. I found, on my arrival at the shop in Brown's Square, that the old gentleman had returned that very evening, impatient, it seems, of remaining a night out of the guardianship of the domestic Lares. Having this information from James, whose brow wore rather an anxious look on the occasion, I des-

* It is well known and remembered, that when Members of Parliament enjoyed the unlimited privilege of franking by the *move* writing the name on the cover, it was extended to the most extraordinary occasions. One noble lord, to express his regard for a particular regiment, franked a letter for every rank and file. It was customary also to save the covers and return them, in order that the correspondence might be carried on as long as the envelopes could hold together.

† Alluding, as all Scotsmen know, to the humorous old song:—

"The said man's mare's dead,
The said man's mare's dead,
The said man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee."

patched a Highland chairman to the livery stable with my *Bucephalus*, and slunk, with as little noise as might be, into my own den, where I began to mumble certain half-gnawed and not half-digested doctrines of our municipal code. I was not long seated, when my father's visage was thrust, in a peering sort of way, through the half-opened door; and withdrawn, on seeing my occupation, with a half-articulated *humph!* which seemed to convey a doubt of the seriousness of my application. If it were so, I cannot condemn him; for recollection of thee occupied me so entirely during an hour's reading, that although Stair lay before me, and notwithstanding that I turned over three or four pages, the sense of his lordship's clear and perspicuous style so far escaped me, that I had the mortification to find my labour was utterly in vain.

Ere I had brought up my lee-way, James appeared with his summons to our frugal supper—*radishes*, cheese, and a bottle of the old ale—only two plates though—and no chair set for Mr. Darsie, by the attentive James Wilkinson. Said James, with his long face, lank hair, and very long pigtail in its leathern strap, was placed, as usual, at the back of my father's chair, upright as a wooden sentinel at the door of a puppet-show. "You may go down, James," said my father; and exit Wilkinson.—What is to come next? thought I; for the weather, is not clear on the paternal brow.

My boots encountered his first glance of displeasure, and he asked me, with a sneer, which way I had been riding. He expected me to answer, "Nowhere," and would then have been at me with his usual sarcasm, touching the humour of walking in shoes at twenty shillings a pair. But I answered with composure, that I had ridden out to dinner as far as Noble-House. He started, (you know his way,) as if I had said that I had dined at Jericho; and as I did not choose to seem to observe his surprise, but continued munching my radishes in tranquillity, he broke forth in ire.

"To Noble-House, sir! and what had you to do at Noble-House, sir?—Do you remember you are studying law sir?—that your Scots law trials are coming on, sir?—that every moment of your time just now is worth hours at another time?—and have you leisure to go to Noble-House, sir?—and to throw your books behind you for so many hours?—Had it been a turn in the Meadows, or even a game at golf—but Noble-House, sir?"

"I went so far with Darsie Latimer, sir, to see him begin his journey."

"Darsie Latimer?" he replied in a softened tone—"Humph!—Well, I do not blame you for being kind to Darsie Latimer; but it would have done as much good if you had walked with him as far as the toll-bar, and then made your farewells—it would have saved horse-hire—and your reckoning, too, at dinner."

"Latimer paid that, sir," I replied, thinking to soften the matter; but I had much better have left it unspoken.

"The reckoning, sir?" replied my father. "And did you sponge upon any man for a reckoning? Sir, no man should enter the door of a public-house without paying his lawing."

"I admit the general rule, sir," I replied; "but this was a paring-cup between Darsie and me; and I should conceive it fell under the exception of *Doch an dorroch*."

"You think yourself a wit," said my father, with as near an approach to a smile as ever he permits to gild the solemnity of his features; "But I reckon you did not eat your dinner standing, like the Jews at their Passover? and it was decided in a case before the town-hillies of Cupar-Angus when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jameson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down; such being the very circumstance constituting *Doch an dorroch*, which is a standing drink, for which no reckoning is paid. Ha, sir! what says your advocateship (*feri*) to that? *Exceptio ferat regulam*—But come, fill your glass, Alan; I am not

sorry ye have shown this attention to Darsie Latimer, who is a good lad, as times go; and having now lived under my roof since he left the school, why, there is really no great matter in coming under this small obligation to him."

As I saw my father's scruples were much softened by the consciousness of his superiority in the legal argument, I took care to accept my pardon as a matter of grace, rather than of justice; and only replied, we should feel ourselves duller of an evening, now that you were absent. I will give you my father's exact words in reply, Darsie. You know him so well, that they will not offend you; and you are also aware, that there mingles with the good man's preciseness and formality, a fund of shrewd observation and practical good sense.

"It is very true," he said; "Darsie was a pleasant companion—but over waggish, over waggish, Alan, and somewhat scatter-brained.—By the way, Wilkinson must get our ale bottled in English pints now, for a quart bottle is too much, night after night, for you and me, without his assistance.—But Darsie, as I was saying, is an arch lad, and somewhat light in the upper story—I wish him well through the world; but he has little solidity, Alan, little solidity."

I scorn to desert an absent friend, Darsie, so I said for you a little more than my conscience warranted: but your defection from your legal studies had driven you far to leeward in my father's good opinion.

"Unstable as water, he shall not excel," said my father; "or, as the Septuagint hath it, *Effusa est sicut aqua—non crescat*. He goeth to dancing-houses, and readeth novels—*sat est*."

I endeavoured to parry these texts by observing, that the dancing-houses amounted only to one night at La Pique's ball—the novels (so far as matter of notoriety, Darsie) to an odd volume of Tom Jones.

"But he danced from night to morning," replied my father, "and he read the idle trash, which the author should have been scourged for, at least twenty times over. It was never out of his hand."

I then hinted, that in all probability your fortune was now so easy as to dispense with your prosecuting the law any farther than you had done; and therefore you might think you had some title to amuse yourself. This was the least palatable argument of all.

"If he cannot amuse himself with the law," said my father, snappishly, "it is the worse for him. If he needs not law to teach him to make a fortune, I am sure he needs it to teach him how to keep one; and it would better become him to be learning this, than to be scouring the country like a landloupier, going he knows not where, to see he knows not what, and giving treats at Noble-House to fools like himself," (an angry glance at poor me.) "Noble-House, indeed!" he repeated, with elevated voice and sneering tone, as if there were something offensive to him in the very name, though I will venture to say that any place in which you had been extravagant enough to spend five shillings, would have stood as deep in his reprobation.

Mindful of your idea, that my father knows more of your real situation than he thinks proper to mention, I thought I would hazard a fishing observation. "I did not see," I said, "how the Scottish law would be useful to a young gentleman whose fortune would seem to be vested in England."—I really thought my father would have beat me.

"D'ye mean to come round me, sir, *per ambages*, as Counsellor Pest says? What is it to you where Darsie Latimer's fortune is vested, or whether he hath any fortune, ay or no?—And what ill would the Scottish law do to him, though he had as much of it as either Stair or Bankton, sir? Is not the foundation of our municipal law the ancient code of the Roman Empire, devised at a time when it was so much renowned for its civil polity, sir, and wisdom? Go to your bed, sir, after your expedition to Noble-House, and see that your lamp be burning, and your book before you, ere the sun peeps. *Arx longa, vita brevis*,—were it not a sin to call the divine science of the law by the inferior name of art?"

So my lamp did burn, dear Darsie, the next morn-

ing, though the owner took the risk of a domiciliary visitation, and lay snug in bed, trusting its glimmer might, without farther inquiry, be received as sufficient evidence of his vigilance. And now, upon this third morning after your departure, things are but little better; for though the lamp burns in my den, and Voet on the Pandects hath his wisdom spread open before me, yet as I only use him as a reading-desk on which to scribble this sheet of nonsense to Darsie Latimer, it is probable the vicinity will be of little furtherance to my studies.

And now, methinks, I hear thee call me an affected hypocritical varlet, who, living under such a system of distrust and restraint as my father chooses to govern by, nevertheless pretends not to envy you your freedom and independence.

Latimer, I will tell you no lies. I wish my father would allow me a little more exercise of my free will, were it but that I might feel the pleasure of doing what would please him of my own accord. A dose more spare time, and a little more money to enjoy it, would, besides, neither misbecome my age nor my condition; and it is, I own, provoking to see so many in the same situation winging the air at freedom, while I sit here, caged up like a cobbler's linnet, to chant the same unvaried lesson from sunrise to sunset, not to mention the listening to so many lectures against idleness, as if I enjoyed or was making use of the means of amusement! But then I cannot at heart blame either the motive or the object of this severity. For the motive, it is and can only be my father's anxious, devoted, and unremitting affection and zeal for my improvement, with a laudable sense of the honour of the profession to which he has trained me.

As we have no near relations, the tie betwixt us of even unusual closeness, though in itself one of the strongest which nature can form. I am, and have all along been, the exclusive object of my father's anxious hopes, and his still more anxious and agitating fears; so what title have I to complain, although now and then these fears and hopes lead him to take a troublesome and incessant charge of all my motions? Besides, I ought to recollect, and Darsie, I do recollect, that my father, upon various important occasions, has shown that he can be indulgent as well as strict. The leaving his old apartments in the Luckenbooths was to him like divorcing the soul from the body; yet Dr. R—— did but hint that the better air of this new district was more favourable to my health, as I was then suffering under the penalties of too rapid a growth, when he exchanged his old and beloved quarters, adjacent to the very Heart of Mid-Lothian, for one of those new tenements [entire within themselves] which modern taste has so lately introduced.—Ingrance also the inestimable favour which he conferred on me by receiving you into his house, when you had only the unpleasant alternative of remaining, though a grown-up lad, in the society of mere boys.* This was a thing so contrary to all my father's ideas of seclusion, of economy, and of the safety to my morals and industry, which he wished to attain, by preserving me from the society of other young people, that, upon my word, I am always rather astonished how I should have had the impudence to make the request, and that he should have complied with it.

Then for the object of his solicitude—Do not laugh or hold up your hands, my good Darsie; but upon my word I like the profession to which I am in the course of being educated, and am serious in prosecuting the preliminary studies. The law is my vocation—in an especial, and, I may say, in a hereditary way, my vocation; for although I have not the honour to belong to any of the great families who form in Scotland, as in France, the noblesse of the robe, and with us, at least, carry their heads as high, or rather higher.

* The diminutive and obscure place called Brown's Square was hailed about the time of its erection as an extremely elegant improvement upon the style of designing and erecting Edinburgh residences. Each house was, in the phrase and by appraisers, "finished within itself," or, in the still newer phraseology, "self-contained." It was built about the year 1784; and the old part of the city being near and accessible, this square soon received many inhabitants, who ventured to remove to so moderate a distance from the High Street.

than the noblesse of the sword,—for the former consist more frequently of the “first-born of Egypt,”—yet my grandfather, who, I dare say, was a most excellent person, had the honour to sign a bitter protest against the Union, in the respectable character of town-clerk to the ancient Borough of Birlthegroat; and there is some reason—shall I say to hope, or to suspect?—that he may have been a natural son of a first cousin of the then Fairford of that ilk, who had been long numbered among the minor barons. Now my father mounted a step higher, on the ladder of legal promotion, being, as you know, as well as I do, an eminent and respected Writer to his Majesty's Signet; and I myself am destined to mount a round higher still, and wear the honoured robe which is sometimes supposed, like Charity, to cover a multitude of sins. I have, therefore, no choice but to climb upwards, since we have mounted thus high, or else to fall down at the imminent risk of my neck. So that I reconcile myself to my destiny; and while you are looking from mountain peaks at distant lakes and friths, I am, *deapitibus juris*, consoling myself with visions of crimson and scarlet powns—with the appendages of handsome cowls, well lined with salary.

You smile, Darsie, *more tuo*, and seem to say it is little worth while to cozen one's self with such vulgar dreams: yours being, on the contrary, of a high and heroic character, bearing the same resemblance to mine, that a bench, covered with purple cloth, and plentifully loaded with session papers, does to some Gothic throne, rough with Barbaric pearl and gold. But what would you have?—*Sua quemque trahit volupetas*. And my visions of preferment, though they may be as unsubstantial at present, are nevertheless more capable of being realized, than your aspirations after the Lord knows what. What says my father's proverb? “Look to a gown of gold, and you will at last get a sleeve of it.” Such is my pursuit; but what dost thou look to? The chance that the mystery, as you call it, which at present overclouds your birth and connexions, will clear up into something inexpressibly and inconceivably brilliant; and this without any effort or exertion of your own, but purely by the good will of Fortune. I know the pride and haughtiness of thy heart, and sincerely do I wish that thou hadst more beatings to thank me for, than those which thou dost acknowledge so gratefully. Then had I thumped these Quixotical expectations out of thee, and thou hadst not, as now, conceived thyself to be the hero of some romantic history, and converted in thy vain imagination, honest Griffiths, citizen and broker, who never bestows more than the needful upon his quarterly epistles, into some wise Alexander or sage Alcibiades, the mystical and magical protector of thy peerless destiny. But I know not how it was, thy skull got harder, I think, and my knuckles became softer; not to mention that at length thou didst begin to shew about thee a spark of something dangerous, which I was bound to respect at least, if I did not fear it.

And while I speak of this, it is not much amiss to advise thee to correct a little this cock-a-heap courage of thine. I fear much that, like a hot-mettled horse, it will carry the owner into some scrape, out of which he will find it difficult to extricate himself, especially if the daring spirit which bore thee thither should chance to fail thee at a pinch. Remember, Darsie, thou art not naturally courageous; on the contrary, we have long since agreed, that, quiet as I am, I have the advantage in this important particular. My courage consists, I think, in strength of nerves and constitutional indifference to danger; which, though it never pushes me on adventure, secures me in full use of my recollection, and tolerably complete self-possession, when danger actually arrives. Now, thine seems more what may be called intellectual courage; highness of spirit, and desire of distinction; impulses which render thee alive to the love of fame, and deaf to the apprehension of danger, until it forces itself suddenly upon thee. I own that whether it is from my having caught my father's apprehensions, or that I have reason to entertain doubts of my own, I often think that this wildfire chase, of romantic situation and adventure, may lead thee into some mischief;

and then what would become of Alan Fairford? They might make whom they pleased Lord-Advocate, or Solicitor-General, I should never have the heart to strive for it. All my exertions are intended to vindicate myself one day in your eyes; and I think I should not care a farthing for the embroidered silk gown, more than for an old woman's apron, unless I had hopes that thou shouldst be walking the boards to admire, and perhaps to envy me.

That this may be the case, I prithee—beware! See not a Dulcinea in every slipshod girl, who, with blue eyes, fair hair, a tattered plaid, and a willow-wand in her gripe, drives out the village cows to the loaming. Do not think you will meet a gallant Valentine in every English rider, or an Orson in every Highland drover. View things as they are, and not as they may be magnified through thy teeming fancy. I have seen thee look at an old gravel pit, till thou hadst out capes, and bays, and inlets, crags, and precipices, and the whole stupendous scenery of the isle of Feroe, in what was to all ordinary eyes a mere horsepond. Besides, did I not once find thee gazing with respect at a lizard, in the attitude of one who looks upon a crocodile? Now this is, doubtless, so far a harmless exercise of your imagination, for the puddle cannot drown you, nor the Lilliputian alligator eat you up. But it is different in society, where you cannot mistake the character of those you converse with, or suffer your fancy to exaggerate their qualities, good or bad, without exposing yourself not only to ridicule, but to great and serious inconveniences. Keep guard, therefore on your imagination, my dear Darsie; and let your old friend assure you, it is the point of your character most pregnant with peril to its good and generous owner. Adieu! let not the franks of the worthy peer remain unemployed; above all, *Sis memor mei*.
A. F.

LETTER III.

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD.

Shepherd's Bush.

I HAVE received thine absurd and most conceited epistle. It is well for thee that, Lovelace and Belford like, we came under a convention to pardon every species of liberty which we may take with each other; since, upon my word, there are some reflections in your last, which would otherwise have obliged me to return forthwith to Edinburgh, merely to show you I was not what you took me for.

Why, what a pair of prigs hast thou made of us!—I plunging into scrapes, without having courage to get out of them; thy sagacious self, afraid to put one foot before the other, lest it should run away from its companions; and so standing still like a post, out of mere faintness and coldness of heart, while all the world were driving full speed past thee. Thou a portrait-painter!—I tell thee, Alan, I have seen a better seated on the fourth round of a ladder, and painting a bare-breeched Highlander, holding a pint-stoup as big as himself, and a boot-d Lowlander, in a bobwig, supporting a glass of like dimensions; the whole being designed to represent the sign of the Salvation.

How hadst thou the heart to represent thine own individual self, with all thy notions, like those of a great Dutch doll, depending on the pressure of certain springs, as duty, reflection, and the like; without the impulse of which, thou wouldst doubtless have me believe thou wouldst not budge an inch! But have I not seen Gravity out of his bed at midnight? and must I, in plain terms, remind thee of certain mad pranks? Thou hadst ever, with the gravest sentiments in thy mouth, and the most starched reserve in thy manner, a kind of lumbering proclivity towards mischief, although with more inclination to set it a-going, than address to carry it through; and I cannot but chuckle internally, when I think of having seen my most venerable monitor, the future President of some high Scottish Court, puffing, blowing, and floundering, like a clumsy cart-horse in a bog, where his efforts to extricate himself only plunge him deeper at every awkward struggle, till some one—I myself,

for example—took compassion on the moaning monster, and dragged him out by mane and tail.

As for me, my portrait is, if possible, even more scandalously caricatured. I fail or quail in spirit at the upcome! Where canst thou show me the least symptom of the recent temper with which thou hast invested me, (as I trust,) merely to set off the solid and impassable dignity of thine own stupid indifference? If you ever saw me tremble, be assured that my flesh, like that of the old Spanish general, only quaked at the dangers into which my spirit was about to lead it. Seriously, Alan, this imputed poverty of spirit is a shabby charge to bring against your friend. I have examined myself as closely as I can, being, in very truth, a little hurt at your having such hard thoughts of me, and on my life I can see no reason for them. I allow you have, perhaps, some advantage of me in the steadiness and indifference of your temper; but I should despise myself, if I were conscious of the deficiency in courage which you seem willing enough to impute to me. However, I suppose this ungracious hint proceeds from sincere anxiety for my safety; and so viewing it, I allow it as I would do medicine from a friendly doctor, although I believed in my heart he had mistaken my complaint.

This offensive insinuation disposed of, I thank thee, Alan, for the rest of thy epistle. I thought I heard your good father pronouncing the word Noble-House, with a mixture of contempt and displeasure, as if the very name of the poor little hamlet were odious to him, or, as if you had selected, out of all Scotland, the very place at which you had no call to dine. But if he had had any particular aversion to that blameless village, and very sorry inn, is it not his own fault that I did not accept the invitation of the Laird of Glengallacher, to shoot a buck in what he emphatically calls his "country?" Truth is, I had a strong desire to have complied with his Lairdship's invitation. To shoot a buck! Think how magnificent an idea to one who never shot any thing but hedge-sparrows, and that with a horse-pistol, purchased at a broker's stand in the Cowgate!—You, who stand upon your courage, may remember that I took the risk of firing the said pistol for the first time, while you stood at twenty yards' distance; and that, when you were persuaded it would go off without bursting, forgetting all law but that of the biggest and strongest, you possessed yourself of it exclusively for the rest of the holidays. Such a day's sport was no complete introduction to the noble art of deer-stalking, as it is practised in the Highlands; but I should not have scrupled to accept honest Glengallacher's invitation, at the risk of firing a rifle for the first time, had it not been for the outcry which your father made at my proposal, in the full ardour of his zeal for King George, the Hanover succession, and the Presbyterian faith. I wish I had stood out, since I have gained so little upon his good opinion by submission. All his impressions concerning the Highlanders are taken from the recollections of the Forty-five, when he retreated from the West-Port with his brother volunteers, each to the fortalice of his own separate dwelling, so soon as they heard the Adventurer was arrived with his clans as near them as Kirkliston. The flight of Falkirk—*parma non bene selecta*—in which I think your sire had his share with the undaunted western regiment, does not seem to have improved his taste for the company of the Highlanders; (quere, Alan, dost thou derive the courage thou makest such boast of from a hereditary source?)—and stories of Rob Roy Macgregor, and Sergeant Alan Mhor Cameron,* have served to paint them in still more sable colours to his imagination.

Now, from all I can understand, these ideas, as applied to the present state of the country, are absolutely chimerical. The Pretender is no more remembered in the Highlands, than if the poor gentlemen were gathered to his hundred and eight fathers, whose portraits adorn the ancient walls of Holyrood; the broadwoods have passed into other hands; the

targets are used to cover the butter churns; and the race has sunk, or is fast sinking, from ruffling bullies into tame cheaters. Indeed, it was partly my conviction that there is little to be seen in the north, which, arriving at your father's conclusion, though from different premises, inclined my course in this direction, where perhaps I shall see as little.

One thing, however, I have seen; and it was with pleasure the more indescribable, that I was debarred from treading the land which my eyes were permitted to gaze upon, like those of the dying prophet from the top of Mount Pisgah,—I have seen, in a word, the fruitful shores of merry England; merry England: of which I boast myself a native, and on which I gaze, even while raging floods and unstable quicksands divide us, with the filial affection of a dutiful son.

Thou canst not have forgotten, Alan—for when didst thou ever forget what was interesting to thy friend?—that the same letter from my friend Griffiths, which doubled my income, and placed my motions at my own free disposal, contained a prohibitory clause, by which, reason none assigned, I was interdicted, as I respected my present safety and future fortunes, from visiting England; every other part of the British dominions, and a tour, if I pleased, on the continent, being left to my own choice.—Where is the tale, Alan, of a covered dish in the midst of a royal banquet, upon which the eyes of every guest were immediately fixed, neglecting all the dainties with which the table was loaded? This clause of banishment from England—from my native country—from the land of the brave, and the wise, and the free—affects me more than I am rejoiced by the freedom and independence assigned to me in all other respects. Thus in seeking this extreme boundary of the country which I am forbidden to tread, I resemble the poor tethered horse which, you may have observed, is always grazing on the very verge of the circle in which it is limited by its halter.

Do not accuse me of romance for obeying this impulse towards the South; nor suppose that to gratify the imaginary longing of an idle curiosity, I am in any danger of risking the solid comforts of my present condition. Whoever has hitherto taken charge of my motions, has shown me, by convincing proofs, more weighty than the assurances which they have withheld, that my real advantage is their principal object. I should be, therefore, worse than a fool did I object to their authority, even when it seems somewhat capriciously exercised; for assuredly, at my age, I might—intrusted as I am with the care and management of myself in every other particular—expect that the cause of excluding me from England should be frankly and fairly stated for my own consideration and guidance. However, I will not grumble about the matter. I shall know the whole story one day, I suppose; and perhaps, as you sometimes surmise, I shall not find there is any mighty matter in it after all.

Yet one cannot help wondering—but, plague on it, if I wonder any longer, my letter will be as full of wonders as one of Katterfelto's advertisements. I have a month's mind, instead of this damnable iteration of guesses and forebodings, to give thee the history of a little adventure which befel me yesterday: though I am sure you will, as usual, turn the opposite end of the spy-glass on my poor narrative, and reduce, *more tuo*, to the most petty trivialities, the circumstances to which thou accusest me of giving undue consequence. Hang thee, Alan, thou art as unfit a confidant for a youthful gallant with some spice of imagination, as the old taciturn secretary of Facardin of Trebizond. Nevertheless, we must each perform our separate destinies. I am doomed to act, and tell;—thou like a Dutchman, enclosed in the same Diligence with a Gascon, to hear, and shrug thy shoulders.

Of Dumfries, the capital town of this county, I have but little to say, and will not abuse your patience by reminding you, that it is built on the gallant new Nith, and that its churchyard, the highest place of the whole town, commands an extensive and fine prospect. Neither will I take the traveller's privilege of inflicting upon you the whole history of Bruce poniarding the Red Comyn in the Church of the

* Of Rob Roy we have had more than enough. Alan Cameron, commonly called Sergeant Mhor, a freebooter of the same name, was equally remarkable for strength, courage, and generosity.

Dominicans at this place, and becoming a king and patriot, because he had been a church-breaker and a murderer. The present Dumfriesers remember and justify the deed, observing, it was only a papist church—in evidence whereof, its walls have been so completely demolished, that no vestiges of them remain. They are a sturdy set of true-blue Presbyterians, these burghers of Dumfries; men after your father's own heart, zealous for the Protestant succession—the rather that many of the great families around are suspected to be of a different way of thinking, and shared, a great many of them, in the insurrection of the Fifteen, and some in the more recent business of the Forty-five. The town itself suffered in the latter era; for Lord Elcho, with a large party of the rebels, levied a severe contribution upon Dumfries, on account of the citizens having annoyed the rear of the Chevalier during his march into England.

Many of these particulars I learned from Provost C—, who, happening to see me in the market-place, remembered that I was an intimate of your father's, and very kindly asked me to dinner. Pray tell your father that the effects of his kindness to me follow me every where. I became tired, however, of this pretty town in the course of twenty-four hours, and crept along the coast eastwards, amusing myself with looking out for objects of antiquity, and sometimes making, or attempting to make, use of my new angling-rod. By the way, old Cotton's instructions, by which I hoped to qualify myself for one of the gentle society of anglers, are not worth a farthing in this meridian. I learned this by mere accident, after I had waited four mortal hours. I shall never forget an invidious urchin, a cowherd, about twelve years old, without either brogue or bonnet, barbellegged, and with a very indifferent pair of breeches—how the villain grinned in scorn at my landing-net, my plummet, and the gorgeous jury of flies which I had assembled to destroy all the fish in the river. I was induced at last to lend the rod to the sneering scoundrel, to see what he would make of it; and he not only half filled my basket in an hour, but literally taught me to kill two routs with my own hand. This, and Sam having found the hay and oats, not forgetting the ale, very good at this small inn, first made me take the fancy of resting here for a day or two; and I have got my grinning blackguard of a Piscator leave to attend on me, by paying sixpence a-day for a herdbooy in his stead.

A notably clean Englishwoman keeps this small house, and my bedroom is sweetened with lavender, has a clean sash-window, and the walls are, moreover, adorned with ballads of Fair Rosamond and Cruel Barbara Allan. The woman's accent, though smooth enough, sounds yet kindly in my ear; for I have never yet forgotten the desolate effect produced on my infant organs, when I heard on all sides your slow and broad northern pronunciation, which was to me the tone of a foreign land. I am sensible I myself have since that time acquired Scotch in perfection, and many a Scotticism withal. Still the sound of the English accentuation comes to my ears as the tones of a friend; and even when heard from the mouth of some wandering beggar, it has seldom failed to charm forth my mite. You Scotch, who are so proud of your own nationality, must make due allowance for that of other folks.

On the next morning I was about to set forth to the stream where I had commenced angler the night before, but was prevented by a heavy shower of rain, from stirring abroad the whole forenoon; during all which time I heard my varlet of a guide as loud with his blackguard jokes in the kitchen, as a footman in the shilling gallery;—so little are modesty and innocence the inseparable companions of rusticity and seclusion.

When after dinner the day cleared, and we at length sallied out to the river side, I found myself subjected to a new trick on the part of my accomplished preceptor. Apparently, he liked fishing himself better than the trouble of instructing an awkward novice, such as I; and in hopes of exhausting my patience, and inducing me to resign the rod, as I had done on the preceding day, my friend contrived to keep me

thrashing the water more than an hour with a point-less hook. I detected this trick at last, by observing the rogue grinning with delight when he saw a large trout rise and dash harmless away from the angle. I gave him a sound cuff, Alan; but the next moment was sorry, and, to make amends, yielded possession of the fishing-rod for the rest of the evening, he undertaking to bring me home a dish of trout for my supper, in atonement for his offence.

Having thus got honourably rid of the trouble of amusing myself in a way I cared not for, I turned my steps towards the sea, or rather the Solway Frith, which here separates the two sister kingdoms, and which lay at about a mile's distance, by a pleasant walk over sandy knolls, covered with short herbage, which you call Links, and we English, Downs.

But the rest of my adventure would weary out my fingers, and must be deferred until to-morrow, when you shall hear from me by way of continuation; and, in the mean while, to prevent overhasty conclusions, I must just hint to you, we are but yet on the verge of the adventure which it is my purpose to communicate.

LETTER IV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Shepherd's Bush.

I MENTIONED in my last, that having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who showed his ruddy front like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turreted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole, rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays,

view of the cottage walls, which I had hitherto only seen dimly by the light of the fire. The *bink*,* with its usual arrangement of pewter and earthen-ware, which was most strictly and critically clean, glanced back the flame of the lamp merrily from one side of the apartment. In a recess, formed by the small bow of a latticed window, was a large writing-desk of walnut-tree wood, curiously carved, above which arose shelves of the same, which supported a few books and papers. The opposite side of the recess contained (as far as I could discern, for it lay in shadow, and I could at any rate have seen it but imperfectly from the place where I was seated) one or two guns, together with swords, pistols, and other arms—a collection which, in a poor cottage, and in a country so peaceful, appeared singular at least, if not even somewhat suspicious.

All these observations, you may suppose, were made much sooner than I have recorded, or you (if you have not skipped) have been able to read them. They were already finished, and I was considering how I should open some communication with the mute inhabitants of the mansion, when my conductor re-entered from the side-door by which he had made his exit.

He had now thrown off his rough riding-cap, and his coarse jockey-coat, and stood before me in a gray jerkin trimmed with black, which sat close to, and set off, his large and sinewy frame, and a pair of trousers, of a lighter colour, cut as close to the body as they are used by Highlandmen. His whole dress was of finer cloth than that of the old man; and his linen, so minute was my observation, clean and unsoiled. His shirt was without ruffles, and tied at the collar with a black riband, which showed his strong and muscular neck rising from it, like that of an ancient Hercules. His head was small, with a large forehead, and well-formed ears. He wore neither peruke nor hair-powder; and his chestnut locks curling close to his head, like those of an antique statue, showed not the least touch of time, though the owner must have been at least fifty. His features were high and prominent in such a degree, that one knew not whether to term them harsh or handsome. In either case, the sparkling gray eye, aquiline nose, and well-formed mouth, combined to render his physiognomy noble and expressive. An air of sadness, or severity, or of both, seemed to indicate a melancholy, and, at the same time, a haughty temper. I could not help running mentally over the ancient heroes, to whom I might assimilate the noble form and countenance before me. He was too young, and evinced too little resignation to his fate, to resemble Belisarius. Coriolanus, standing by the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, came nearer the mark; yet the gloomy and haughty look of the stranger had, perhaps, still more of Marius, seated among the ruins of Carthage.

While I was lost in these imaginations, my host stood by the fire, gazing on me with the same attention which I paid to him, until, embarrassed by his look, I was about to break silence at all hazards. But the supper, now placed upon the table, reminded me, by its appearance, of those wants which I had almost forgotten while I was gazing on the fine form of my conductor. He spoke at length, and I almost started at the deep rich tone of his voice, though what he said was but to invite me to sit down to the table. He himself assumed the seat of honour, beside which the silver flagon was placed, and beckoned to me to sit beside him.

Thou knowest thy father's strict and excellent domestic discipline has trained me to hear the invocation of a blessing before we break the daily bread, for which we are taught to pray—I paused a moment, and, without designing to do so, I suppose my manner made him sensible of what I expected. The two domestics, or inferiors, as I should have before observed, were already seated at the bottom of the table, when my host shot a glance of a very peculiar expression towards the old man, observing, with something approaching to a sneer, "Cristal Nixon, say grace—the gentleman expects one."

* The frame of wooden shelves placed in a Scottish kitchen for holding plates.

"The foul fiend shall be clerk, and say amen, when I turn chaplain," growled out the party addressed, in tones which might have become the condition of a dying bear; "if the gentleman is a whig, he may please himself with his own mummery. My faith is neither in word nor writ, but in barley bread and brown ale."

"Mabel Moffat," said my guide, looking at the old woman, and raising his sonorous voice, probably because she was hard of hearing, "canst thou ask a blessing upon our victuals?"

The old woman shook her head, kissed the cross which hung from her rosary, and was silent.

"Mabel will say grace for no heretic," said the master of the house, with the same latent sneer on his brow and in his accent.

At the same moment, the side-door already mentioned opened, and the young woman (so she proved) whom I had first seen at the door of the cottage, advanced a little way into the room, then stopped bashfully, as if she had observed that I was looking at her, and asked the master of the house, "if he had called?"

"Not louder than to make old Mabel hear me," he replied; "and yet," he added, as she turned to retire, "it is a shame a stranger should see a house where not one of the family can or will say a grace,—do thou be our chaplain."

The girl, who was really pretty, came forward with timid modesty, and apparently unconscious that she was doing any thing uncommon, pronounced the benediction in a silver-toned voice, and with affecting simplicity—her cheek colouring just so much as to show, that, on a less solemn occasion, she would have felt more embarrassed.

Now, if thou expectest a fine description of this young woman, Alan Fairford, in order to entitle thee to taunt me with having found a Dulcinea in the inhabitant of a fisherman's cottage on the Solway Firth, thou shalt be disappointed; for, having said she seemed very pretty, and that she was a sweet and gentle-speaking creature, I have said all concerning her that I can tell thee. She vanished when the benediction was spoken.

My host, with a muttered remark on the cold of our ride, and the keen air of the Solway Sands, to which he did not seem to wish an answer, loaded my plate from Mabel's grillade, which, with a large wooden bowl of potatoes, formed our whole meal. A sprinkling from the lemon gave a much higher zest than the usual condiment of vinegar; and I promise you that whatever I might hitherto have felt, either of curiosity or suspicion, did not prevent me from making a most excellent supper, during which but passed betwixt me and my entertainer, unless that he did the usual honours of the table with courtesy, indeed, but without even the affectation of hearty hospitality, which those in his (apparent) condition generally affect on such occasions, even when they do not actually feel it. On the contrary, his manner seemed that of a polished landlord towards an unexpected and unwelcome guest, whom for the sake of his own credit, he receives with civility, but without either good-will or cheerfulness.

If you ask how I learned all this, I cannot tell you; nor, were I to write down at length the insignificant intercourse which took place between us, would it perhaps serve to justify these observations. It is sufficient to say, that in helping his dogs, which he did from time to time with great liberality, he seemed to discharge a duty much more pleasing to himself than when he paid the same attention to his guest. Upon the whole, the result on my mind was as I tell it you.

When supper was over, a small case-bottle of brandy, in a curious frame of silver filigree, circulated to the guests. I had already taken a small glass of the liquor, and, when it had passed to Mabel and to Cristal, and was again returned to the upper end of the table, I could not help taking the bottle in my hand, to look more at the armorial bearings, which were chased with considerable taste on the silver framework. Encountering the eye of my entertainer, I instantly saw that my curiosity was highly distasteful; he frowned, bit his lip, and showed such uncon-

troublesome signs of impatience, that, setting the bottle immediately down, I attempted some apology. To this he did not deign either to reply, or even to listen; and Cristal, at a signal from his master, removed the object of my curiosity, as well as the cup, upon which the same arms were engraved.

There ensued an awkward pause, which I endeavoured to break by observing, that "I feared my intrusion upon his hospitality had put his family to some inconvenience."

"I hope you see no appearance of it, sir," he replied, with cold civility. "What inconvenience a family so retired as ours may suffer from receiving an unexpected guest, is like to be trifling, in comparison of what the visitor himself sustains from want of his accustomed comforts. So far, therefore, as our connexion stands, our accounts stand clear."

Notwithstanding this discouraging reply, I blundered on, as is usual in such cases, wishing to appear civil, and being, perhaps, in reality the very reverse. "I was afraid," I said, "that my presence had banished one of the family" (looking at the side-door) "from his table."

"If," he coldly replied, "I meant the young woman whom I had seen in the apartment, he bid me observe that there was room enough at the table for her to have seated herself, and meat enough, such as it was, for her supper. I might, therefore, be assured, if she had chosen it, she would have supped with us."

There was no dwelling on this or any other topic longer; for my entertainer, taking up the lamp, observed, that, "my wet clothes might reconcile me for the night to their custom of keeping early hours; that he was under the necessity of going abroad by peep of day to-morrow morning, and would call me up at the same time, to point out the way by which I was to return to the Shepherd's Bush."

This left no opening for farther explanation; nor was there room for it on the usual terms of civility; for, as he neither asked my name, nor expressed the least interest concerning my condition, I—the obliged person—had no pretence to trouble him with such inquiries on my part.

He took up the lamp, and led me through the side-door into a very small room, where a bed had been hastily arranged for my accommodation, and, putting down the lamp, directed me to leave my wet clothes on the outside of the door, that they might be exposed to the fire during the night. He then left me, having muttered something which was meant to pass for good-night.

I obeyed his directions with respect to my clothes, the rather that, in despite of the spirits which I had drunk, I felt my teeth begin to chatter, and received various hints from an anguish feeling, that a town-bred youth, like myself, could not at once rush into all the hardihood of country sports with impunity. But my bed, though coarse and hard, was dry and clean; and I soon was so little occupied with my heats and tremors, as to listen with interest to a heavy foot which seemed to be that of my landlord, traversing the boards (there was no ceiling, as you may believe) which roofed my apartment. I light glancing through these rude planks became visible as soon as my lamp was extinguished; and as the noise of the slow, solemn, and regular step continued, and I could distinguish that the person turned and returned as he reached the end of the apartment, it seemed clear to me that the walker was engaged in no domestic occupation, but merely pacing to and fro for his own pleasure. "An odd amusement this," I thought, "for one who had been engaged at least a part of the preceding day in violent exercise, and who talked of rising by the peep of dawn on the ensuing morning."

Mean time I heard the storm, which had been brewing during the evening, begin to descend with a vengeance; sounds, as of distant thunder, (the noise of the more distant waves, doubtless, on the shore), mingled with the roaring of the neighbouring torrent, and with the crashing, groaning, and even screaming of the trees in the glen, whose boughs were tormented by the gale. Within the house, windows clattered, and doors clapped, and the walls, though sufficiently

substantial for a building of the kind, seemed to me to totter in the tempest.

But still the heavy steps perambulating the apartment over my head, were distinctly heard amid the roar and fury of the elements. I thought more than once I even heard a groan; but I frankly own, that, placed in this unusual situation, my fancy may have misled me. I was tempted several times to call aloud, and ask whether the turmoil around us did not threaten danger to the building which we inhabited; but when I thought of the secluded and unsocial master of the dwelling, who seemed to avoid human society, and to remain unperturbed amid the elemental war, it seemed that to speak to him at that moment, would have been to address the spirit of the tempest himself, since no other being, I thought, could have remained calm and tranquil while winds and waters were thus raging around.

In process of time, fatigue prevailed over anxiety and curiosity. The storm abated, or my senses became daddened to its terrors, and I fell asleep ere yet the mysterious paces of my host had ceased to shake the flooring over my head.

It might have been expected that the novelty of my situation, although it did not prevent my slumbers, would have at least diminished their profoundness, and shortened their duration. It proved otherwise, however; for I never slept more soundly in my life, and only awoke when, at morning dawn, my landlord shook me by the shoulder, and dispelled some dream, of which, fortunately for you, I have no recollection, otherwise you would have been favoured with it, in hopes you might have proved a second Daniel upon the occasion.

"You sleep sound"—said his full deep voice; "ere five years have rolled over your head, your slumbers will be lighter—unless ere then you are wrapped in the sleep which is never broken."

"How!" said I, starting up in the bed; "do you know any thing of me—of my prospects—of my views in life?"

"Nothing," he answered, with a grim smile; "but it is evident you are entering upon the world young, inexperienced, and full of hopes, and I do but prophesy to you what I would to any one in your condition.—But come; there lie your clothes—a brown crust and a draught of milk wait you, if you choose to break your fast; but you must make haste."

"I must first," I said, "take the freedom to spend a few minutes alone, before beginning the ordinary works of the day."

"Oh!—humph!—I cry your devotions pardon," he replied, and left the apartment.

Alas, there is something terrible about this man.

I joined him, as I had promised, in the kitchen where we had supped over night, where I found the articles which he had offered me for breakfast, without butter or any other addition.

He walked up and down while I partook of the bread and milk; and the slow measured weighty step seemed identified with those which I had heard last night. His pace, from its funeral slowness, seemed to keep time with some current of internal passion, dark, slow, and unchanged.—"We run and leap by the side of a lively and bubbling brook," thought I, internally, "as if we would run a race with it; but beside waters deep, slow, and lonely, our pace is sullen and silent as their course. What thoughts may be now corresponding with that furrowed brow, and bearing time with that heavy step!"

"If you have finished," said he, looking up to me with a glance of impatience, as he observed that I ate no longer, but remained with my eyes fixed upon him. "I wait to show you the way."

We went out together, no individual of the family having been visible excepting my landlord. I was disappointed of the opportunity which I watched for of giving some gratuity to the domestics, as they seemed to be. As for offering any recompense to the Master of the Household, it seemed to me impossible to have attempted it.

What would I have given for a share in thy compo-
sure, who wouldst have thrust half-a-crown into a
man's hand whose necessities seemed to crave it,

conscious that you did right in making the proffer, and not caring sixpence whether you hurt the feelings of him whom you meant to serve! I saw thee once give a penny to a man with a long beard, who, from the dignity of his exterior, might have represented Solon. I had not thy courage, and therefore I made no tender to my mysterious host, although, notwithstanding his display of silver utensils, all around the house bespoke narrow circumstances, if not actual poverty.

We left the place together. But I hear thee murmur thy very new and appropriate ejaculation, *Ohe, jam satis!*—The rest for another time. Perhaps I may delay farther communication till I learn how my favours are valued.

LETTER V.

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER.

I HAVE thy two last epistles, my dear Darsie, and, expecting the third, have been in no hurry to answer them. Do not think my silence ought to be ascribed to my failing to take interest in them, for, truly, they excel (though the task was difficult) thy usual excellings. Since the moon-calf who earliest discovered the Pandemonium of Milton in an expiring wood-fire—since the first ingenious urchin who blew bubbles out of soap and water, thou, my best of friends, hast the highest knack at making histories out of nothing. Wert thou to plant the bean in the nursery-tale, thou wouldst make out, so soon as it began to germinate, that the castle of the giant was about to elevate its battlements on the top of it. All that happens to thee gets a touch of the wonderful and the sublime from thy own rich imagination. Didst ever see what artists call a Claude Lorraine glass, which spreads its own particular hue over the whole landscape which you see through it?—thou beholdest ordinary events just through such a medium.

I have looked carefully at the facts of thy last long letter, and they are just such as might have befallen any little truant of the High School, who had got down to Leith Sands, gone beyond the *prawn-dub*, wet his hose and shoon, and, finally, had been carried home, in compassion, by some highkilted fishwife, cursing all the while the trouble which the brat occasioned her.

I admire the figure which thou must have made, clinging for dear life behind the old fellow's back—thy jaws chattering with fear, thy muscles cramped with anxiety. Thy execrable supper of broiled salmon, which was enough to insure the nightmare's regular visits for a twelvemonth, may be termed a real affliction; but as for the storm of Thursday last, (such, I observe, was the date,) it roared, whistled, howled, and bellowed, as fearfully amongst the old chimney-heads in the Candlemaker-row, as it could on the Solway shore, for the very wind of it—*teste me per totam noctem vigilante*. And then in the morning again, when—Lord help you—in your sentimental delicacy you bid the poor man adieu, without even tendering him a half-a-crown for supper and lodging!

You laugh at me for giving a penny (to be accurate, though, thou shouldst have said sixpence) to an old fellow, whom thou, in thy high flight, wouldst have sent home supperless, because he was like Solon or Belshazzar. But you forget that the affront descended like a benediction into the pouch of the old gaberlunzie, who overflowed in blessings upon the generous donor—Long ere he would have thanked thee, Darsie, for thy barren veneration of his beard and his bearing. Then you laugh at my good father's retreat from Falkirk, just as if it were not time for a man to trudge when three or four mountain knaves, with naked claymores, and heels as light as his fingers, were scampering after him, crying *furinish*. You remember that he said himself when the Laird of Bucklivat told him that *furinish* signified "stay a while." "What the devil," he said, surprised out of his Presbyterian correctness by the unreasonableness of such a request under the circumstances, "would the scoundrels have had me stop to have my head cut off?"

Imagine such a train at your own heels, Darsie, and

ask yourself whether you would not exert your legs as fast as you did in flying from the Solway side. And yet you impeach my father's courage! I tell you he has courage enough to do what is right, and to spurn what is wrong—courage enough to defend a righteous cause with hand and purse, and to take the part of the poor man against his oppressor, without fear of the consequences to himself. This is civil courage, Darsie; and it is of little consequence to most men in this age and country, whether they ever possess military courage or no.

Do not think I am angry with you, though I thus attempt to rectify your opinions on my father's account. I am well aware that, upon the whole, he is scarce regarded with more respect by me than by thee. And while I am in a serious humour, which it is difficult to preserve with one who is perpetually tempting me to laugh at him, pray dearest Darsie, let not thy ardour for adventure carry thee into more such scrapes as that of the Solway Sands. The rest of the story is a mere imagination; but that stormy evening might have proved, as the clown says to Latimer, a "naughty night to swim in."

As for the rest, if you can work mysterious and romantic heroes out of old crossgrained fishermen, why, I for one will reap some amusement by the metamorphosis. Yet hold! even there, there is some need of caution. This same female chaplain—thou sayest a little of her, and so much of every one else, that it excites some doubt in my mind. *Very pretty she is*; seems—and that is all thy discretion informs me of. There are cases in which silence implies other things than consent. Wert thou ashamed or afraid, Darsie, to trust thyself with the praises of the very pretty grace-sayer?—As I live, thou blushest! Why, dost not know thee an inveterate Squire of Dames? I had have I not been in thy confidence? An elegant elbow displayed when the rest of the figure was muffled in a cardinal, or a neat well-turned ankle and instep, seen by chance as its owner tripped up the Old Assembly Close,* turned thy brain for eight days. Thou wert once caught, if I remember rightly, with a single glance of a single matchless eye, which, when the fair owner withdrew her veil, proved to be single in the literal sense of the word. And, besides, were you not another time enamoured of a voice—a mere voice, that mingled in the psalmody at the Old Greyfriars Church—until you discovered the proprietor of that dulcet organ to be Miss Dolly Macclizzard, who is both "back and breast," as our saying goes?

All these things considered, and contrasted with thy artful silence on the subject of this grace-saying Nereid of thine, I must beg thee to be more explicit upon that subject in thy next, unless thou wouldst have me form the conclusion that thou thinkest more of her than thou carest to talk of.

You will not expect much news from this quarter, as you know the monotony of my life, and are aware it must at present be devoted to uninterrupted study. You have said a thousand times, that I am only qualified to make my way by dint of plodding, and therefore plod I must.

My father seems to be more impatient of your absence than he was after your first departure. He is sensible, I believe, that our solitary meals want the light which your gay humour was wont to throw upon them, and feels melancholy, as men do when the light of the sun is no longer upon the landscape. If you thus with him, thou mayst imagine it is much more so with me, and canst conceive how heartily I wish that thy frolic were ended, and thou once more at inmate.

I resume my pen, after a few hours' interval, to tell that an incident has occurred, on which you will perhaps be building a hundred castles in the air, and which even I, jealous as I am of such baseless fabrics, can not but own, affords ground for singular conjectures.

My father has of late taken me frequently along with him when he attends the Courts, in his anxiety to see me properly initiated into the practical details of business. I own I feel something on his account

* Of old this almost deserted alley formed the most common access betwixt the High Street and the southern suburbs.

and my own from this over anxiety, which, I dare say, renders us both ridiculous. But what signifies my repugnance! my father drags me up to his counsel learned in the law.—“Are you quite ready to come on to-day, Mr. Crossbite?”—This is my son, designed for the bar—I take the liberty to bring him with me to-day to the consultation, merely that he may see how these things are managed.”

Mr. Crossbite smiles and bows, as a lawyer smiles on the solicitor who employs him, and I dare say, thrusts his tongue into his cheek, and whispers into the first great wig that passes him, “What the d—l does old Fairford mean by letting loose his whelp on me?”

As I stood beside them, too much vexed at the childish part I was made to play to derive much information from the valuable arguments of Mr. Crossbite, I observed a rather elderly man, who stood with his eyes firmly bent on my father, as if he only waited an end of the business in which he was engaged, to address him. There was something, I thought, in the gentleman's appearance which commanded attention. Yet his dress was not in the present taste, and though it had once been magnificent, was now antiquated and unfashionable. His coat was of branched velvet, with a satin lining, a waistcoat of violet-coloured silk, much embroidered; his breeches the same stuff as the coat. He wore square-toed shoes, with foretops, as they are called; and his silk stockings were rolled up over his knee, as you may have seen in pictures, and here and there on some of those originals who seem to pique themselves on dressing after the mode of Methuselah. A *chapeau bras* and sword necessarily completed his equipment, which, though out of date, showed that it belonged to a man of distinction.

The instant Mr. Crossbite had ended what he had to say, this gentleman walked up to my father, with, “Your servant, Mr. Fairford—it is long since you and I met.”

My father, whose politeness, you know, is exact and formal, bowed, and hemmed, and was confused, and at length professed that the distance since they had met was so great, that though he remembered the face perfectly, the name, he was sorry to say, had—nearly—somehow—escaped his memory.

“Have you forgot Herries of Birrenswork?” said the gentleman, and my father bowed even more profoundly than before; though I think his reception of his old friend seemed to lose some of the respectful civility which he bestowed on him while his name was yet unknown. It now seemed to be something like the lip-courtesy which the heart would have demanded had ceremony permitted.

My father, however, again bowed low, and hoped he saw him well.

“So well, my good Mr. Fairford, that I come hither determined to renew my acquaintance with one or two old friends, and with you in the first place.—I halt at my old resting-place—you must dine with me to-day at Paterson's, at the head of the Horse Wynd—it is near your new fashionable dwelling, and I have business with you.”

My father excused himself respectfully, and not without embarrassment—“he was particularly engaged at home.”

“Then I will dine with you, man,” said Mr. Herries of Birrenswork; “the few minutes you can spare me after dinner, will suffice for my business; and I will not prevent you a moment from minding your own—no bottle-man.”

You have often remarked that my father, though a scrupulous observer of the rites of hospitality, seems to exercise them rather as a duty than as a pleasure; and, but for a conscientious wish to feed the hungry, receive the stranger, his doors would open to guests much seldom than is the case. I never saw a stronger example of this peculiarity, (which I could otherwise have said is caricatured in your description,) as in his mode of homologating the self-invitation of Mr. Herries. The embarrassed man, and the attempt at a smile which accompanied “We will expect the honour of seeing you in Town Square at three o'clock,” could not deceive one, and did not impose upon the old Laird. It

was with a look of scorn that he replied, “I will relieve you then till that hour, Mr. Fairford,” and his whole manner seemed to say, “It is my pleasure to dine with you, and I care not whether I am welcome or no.”

When he turned away, I asked my father who he was. “An unfortunate gentleman,” was the reply.

“He looks pretty well on his misfortunes,” replied I. “I should not have suspected that so gay an outside was lacking a dinner.”

“Who told you that he does?” replied my father; “he is *omni suspicione major*, so far as worldly circumstances are concerned—It is to be hoped he makes a good use of them; though, if he does, it will be for the first time in his life.”

“He has then been an irregular liver?” insinuated I.

My father replied by that famous brocard which he silences all unacceptable queries, turning in the slightest degree upon the failings of our neighbours.—“If we mend our own faults, Alan, we shall all of us have enough to do, without sitting in judgment upon other folks.”

Here I was again at fault; but rallying once more, I observed, he had the air of a man of high rank and family.

“He is well entitled,” said my father, “representing Herries of Birrenswork; a branch of that great and once powerful family of Herries, the elder branch whereof merged in the house of Nitheadale at the death of Lord Robin the Philosopher, Anno Domini sixteen hundred and sixty-seven.”

“Has he still,” said I, “his patrimonial estate of Birrenswork?”

“No,” replied my father; “so far back as his father's time, it was a mere designation—the property being forfeited by Herbert Herries following his kinsman the Earl of Derwentwater, to the Preston affair in 1715. But they keep up the designation, thinking, doubtless, that their claims may be revived in more favourable times for Jacobites and for Popery; and folks who in no way partake of their fantastic capricious, do yet allow it to pass unchallenged, *ex comitate*, if not *ex misericordia*.—But were he the Pope and the Pretender both, we must get some dinner ready for him, since he has thought fit to offer himself. So hasten home, my lad, and tell Hannah, Cook Epps, and James Wilkinson to do their best; and do thou look out a pint or two of Maxwell's best—it is in the fifth bin—there are the keys of the wine-cellar.—Do not leave them in the lock—you know poor James's failing, though he is an honest creature under all other temptations—and I have but two bottles of the old brandy left—we must keep it for medicine, Alan.”

Away went I—made my preparations—the hour of dinner came, and so did Mr. Herries of Birrenswork.

If I had thy power of imagination and description, Darsie, I could make out a fine, dark, mysterious, Rembrandt-looking portrait of this same stranger, which should be as far superior to thy fisherman, as a shirt of chain-mail is to a herring-net. I can assure you there is some matter for description about him; but knowing my own imperfections, I can only say, I thought him eminently disagreeable and ill-bred.—No, *ill-bred* is not the proper word; on the contrary, he appeared to know the rules of good-breeding perfectly, and only to think that the rank of the company did not require that he should attend to them—a view of the matter infinitely more offensive than if his behaviour had been that of uneducated and proper rudeness. While my father said grace, the Laird did all but whistle aloud; and when I, at my father's desire, returned thanks, he used his toothpick, as if he had waited that moment for its exercise.

So much for Kirk—with King, matters went even worse. My father, thou knowest, is particularly full of deference to his guests; and in the present case, he seemed more than usually desirous to escape every cause of dispute. He so far compromised his loyalty, as to announce merely “The King,” as his first toast after dinner, instead of the emphatic “King George,” which is his usual formula. Our guest made a motion with his glass, so as to pass it over the water-decanter which stood beside him, and added, “Over the water.”

beheld that the rider who approached us slack-
his horse's pace from a slow trot to a walk, as
sious to suffer us to proceed, or at least to avoid
ng us at a spot where the difficulty of doing so
have brought us very close to each other. You
r my old failing, Alan, and that I am always will-
attend to any thing in preference to the individual
has for the time possession of the conversation.

reably to this amiable propensity, I was inter-
speculating concerning the cause of the rider
ng aloof from us, when my companion, elevat-
his deep voice so suddenly and so sternly, as at
to recall my wandering thoughts, exclaimed,
the name of the devil, young man, do you think
others have no better use for their time than you
, that you oblige me to repeat the same thing to
three times over?—Do you see, I say, yonder
; at a mile's distance, that looks like a finger-
or rather like a gallows?—I would it had a
ning loof hanging upon it, as an example to all
tative moon-calves!—Yon gibbet-looking pole
guide you to the bridge, where you must pass the
brook; then proceed straight forwards, till seven-
oads divide at a cairn.—Plague on thee, thou art
fering again!"

is indeed quite true, that at this moment the
eman approached us, and my attention was
called to him as I made way to let him pass.
whole exterior showed at once that he belonged
to Society of Friends, or, as the world and the
d's law call them, Quakers. A strong and use-
on-gray galloway showed, by its sleek and good
lition, that the merciful man was merciful to his
t. His accoutrements were in the usual unsos-
tious, but clean and serviceable order, which
acterizes these sectaries. His long surtout of
-gray superfine cloth descended down to the
lle of his leg, and was buttoned up to his chin,
fend him against the morning air. As usual his
e beaver hung down without button or loop, and
ed a comely and placid countenance, the gravity
rich appeared to contain some seasoning of hu-
; and had nothing in common with the pinched
nical air affected by devotees in general. The
was open and free from wrinkles, whether of
r hypocrisy. The eye was clear, calm, and con-
tate, yet appeared to be disturbed by apprehen-
not to say fear, as pronouncing the usual saluta-
of "I wish thee a good morrow, friend," he indi-
; by turning his pulfrey close to one side of the
a wish to glide past us with as little trouble as
le—just as a traveller would choose to pass a
ff of whose peaceable intentions he is by no
es confident.

my friend, not meaning, perhaps, that he should
so easily, put his horse quite across the path,
t, without plunging into the slough, or scram-
up the bank, the Quaker could not have passed

Neither of these was an experiment without
greater than the passenger seemed willing to
He halted, therefore, as if waiting till my com-
should make way for him; and, as they sat
ng each other, I could not help thinking that
ught have formed no bad emblem of Peace and
for although my conductor was unarmed, yet
hole of his manner, his stern look, and his up-
seat on horseback, were entirely those of a sol-
dress. He accosted the Quaker in these
s.—"So ho! friend Joshua—thou art early to-
oad this morning. Has the spirit moved thee
ay righteous brethren to act with some honesty,
pull down yonder tide-nets that keep the fish
coming up the river?"

"Surely, friend, not so," answered Joshua, firmly,
ood-humouredly at the same time; "thou canst
spect that our own hands should pull down what
own purses established. Thou killest the fish
pear, line, and coble-net; and we, with snares
with nets, which work by the ebb and the flow
he tide. Each doth what seems best in his eyes
ecure a share of the blessing which Providence
h bestowed on the river, and that within his own
nds. I prithee seek no quarrel against us, for thou
it have no wrong at our hand."

"Be assured I will take none at the hand of
any man, whether his hat be cocked or broad-brim-
med," answered the fisherman. "I tell you in fair
terma, Joshua Geddes, that you and your partners are
using unlawful craft to destroy the fish in the Solway
by stake-nets and wears; and that we, who fish fair-
ly, and like men, as our fathers did, have daily and
yearly less sport and less profit. Do not think gravity
or hypocrisy can carry it off as you have done. The
world knows you, and we know you. You will de-
stroy the salmon which make the livelihood of fifty
poor families, and then wipe your mouth, and go to
make a speech at Meeting. But do not hope it will
last thus. I give you fair warning, we will be upon
you one morning soon, when we will not leave a
stake standing in the pools of the Solway; and down
the tide they shall every one go, and well if we do not
send a lessee along with them."

"Friend," replied Joshua, with a constrained smile,
"but that I know thou dost not mean as thou say'st,
I would tell thee we are under the protection of this
country's laws; nor do we the least trust to obtain their
protection, that our principles permit us not, by any
act of violent resistance, to protect ourselves."

"All villanous cant and cowardice," exclaimed the
fisherman, "and assumed merely as a cloak to your
hypocritical avarice."

"Nay, say not cowardice, my friend," answered the
Quaker, "since thou knowest there may be as much
courage in enduring as in acting; and I will be judged
by this youth, or by any one else, whether there is not
more cowardice—even in the opinion of that world
whose thoughts are the breath in thy nostrils—in the
armed oppressor, who doth injury, than in the de-
fenceless and patient sufferer, who endureth it with
constancy."

"I will exchange no more words with you on the
subject," said the fisherman, who, as if something
moved at the last argument which Mr. Geddes had
used, now made room for him to pass forward on his
journey. "Do not forget, however," he added, "that
you have had fair warning, nor suppose that we will
accept of fair words in apology for foul play. These
nets of yours are unlawful—they spoil our fishings—
and we will have them down at all risks and ha-
zards. I am a man of my word, friend Joshua."

"I trust thou art," said the Quaker; "but thou art
the rather bound to be cautious in rashly affirming
what thou wilt never execute. For I tell thee, friend,
that though there is as great a difference between thee
and one of our people, as there is between a lion and
a sheep, yet I know and believe thou hast so much of
the lion in thee, that thou wouldst scarce employ thy
strength and thy rage upon that which professeth no
means of resistance. Report says so much good of
thee, at least, if it says little more."

"Time will try," answered the fisherman; "and
hark thee, Joshua, before we part, I will put thee in
the way of doing one good deed, which, credit me, is
better than twenty moral speeches. Here is a stran-
ger youth, whom heaven has so scantily gifted with
brains, that he will bewilder himself in the Sands, as
he did last night, unless thou wilt kindly show him
the way to Shepherd's Bush; for I have been in
vain endeavouring to make him comprehend the road
thither—Hast thou so much charity under thy sim-
plicity, Quaker, as to do this good turn?"

"Nay, it is thou, friend," answered Joshua, "that
dost lack charity, to suppose any one unwilling to do
so simple a kindness."

"Thou art right—I should have remembered it can
cost thee nothing. Young gentleman, this pious pat-
tern of primitive simplicity will teach thee the right
way to the Shepherd's Bush—ay, and will himself
shear thee like a sheep, if you come to buying and
selling with him."

He then abruptly asked me how long I intended to
remain at Shepherd's Bush.

I replied I was at present uncertain—as long, prob-
ably, as I could amuse myself in the neighbourhood.

"You are fond of sport?" he added, in the same
tone of brief inquiry.

I answered in the affirmative, but added, I was to-
tally inexperienced.

"Perhaps if you reside here for some days," he said, "we may meet again, and I may have the chance of giving you a lesson."

Ere I could express either thanks or assent, he turned short round with a wave of his hand, by way of adieu, and rode back to the verge of the dell from which we had emerged together; and as he remained standing upon the banks, I could long hear his voice while he shouted down to those within its recesses.

Mean while the Quaker and I proceeded on our journey for some time in silence; he restraining his sober-minded steed to a pace which might have suited a much less active walker than myself, and looking on me from time to time with an expression of curiosity, mingled with benignity. For my part, I cared not to speak first. It happened I had never before been in company with one of this particular sect, and, afraid that in addressing him I might unwittingly infringe upon some of their prejudices or peculiarities, I patiently remained silent. At length he asked me, whether I had been long in the service of the Laird, as men called him.

I repeated the words "in his service?" with such an accent of surprise, as induced him to say, "Nay, but, friend, I mean no offence; perhaps I should have said in his society—an inmate, I mean, in his house?"

"I am totally unknown to the person from whom we have just parted," said I, "and our connexion is only temporary—He had the charity to give me his guidance from the Sands, and a night's harbourage from the tempest. So our acquaintance began, and there it is likely to end; for you may observe that our friend is by no means apt to encourage familiarity."

"So little so," answered my companion, "that thy case is, I think, the first in which I ever heard of his receiving any one into his house; that is, if thou hast really spent the night there."

"Why should you doubt it?" replied I; "there is no motive I can have to deceive you, nor is the object worth it."

"Be not angry with me," said the Quaker; "but thou knowest that thine own people do not, as we humbly endeavour to do, confine themselves within the simplicity of truth, but employ the language of falsehood, not only for profit, but for compliment, and sometimes for mere diversion. I have heard various stories of my neighbour; of most of which I only believe a small part, and even then they are difficult to reconcile with each other. But this being the first time I ever heard of his receiving a stranger within his dwelling, made me express some doubts. I pray thee let them not offend thee."

"He does not," said I, "appear to possess in much abundance the means of exercising hospitality, and so may be excused from offering it in ordinary cases."

"That is to say, friend," replied Joshua, "thou hast supped ill, and perhaps breakfasted worse. Now my small tenement, called Mount Sharon, is nearer to us by two miles than thine inn; and although going thither may prolong thy walk, as taking thee off the straighter road to Shepherd's Bush, yet methinks exercise will suit thy youthful limbs, as well as a good plain meal thy youthful appetite. What say'st thou, my young acquaintance?"

"If it puts you not to inconvenience," I replied; for the invitation was cordially given, and my bread and milk had been hastily swallowed, and in small quantity.

"Nay," said Joshua, "use not the language of compliment with those who renounce it. Had this poor courtesy been very inconvenient, perhaps I had not offered it."

"I accept the invitation then," said I, "in the same good spirit in which you give it."

The Quaker smiled, reached me his hand, I shook it, and we travelled on in great cordiality with each other. The fact is, I was much entertained by contrasting in my own mind, the open manner of the kind-hearted Joshua Geddes, with the abrupt, dark, and lofty demeanour of my entertainer on the preceding evening. Both were blunt and unceremoni-

ous; but the plainness of the Quaker had the character of devotional simplicity, and was mingled with the more rare kindness, as if honest Joshua was desirous of atoning, by his sincerity, for the lack of external courtesy. On the contrary, the manners of the fisherman were those of one to whom the rules of good behaviour might be familiar, but who, either from pride or misanthropy, scorned to observe them. Still I thought of him with interest and curiosity, notwithstanding so much about him that was repulsive; and I promised myself, in the course of my conversation with the Quaker, to learn all that he knew on the subject. He turned the conversation, however, into a different channel, and inquired into my own condition in life, and views in visiting this remote frontier.

I only thought it necessary to mention my name, and add, that I had been educated to the law, but finding myself possessed of some independence, I had of late permitted myself some relaxation, and was residing at Shepherd's Bush to enjoy the pleasures of angling.

"I do thee no harm, young man," said my new friend, "in wishing thee a better employment for thy grave hours, and a more humane amusement (if amusement thou must have) for those of a lighter character."

"You are severe, sir," I replied. "I heard you but a moment since refer yourself to the protection of the laws of the country—if there be laws, there must be lawyers to explain, and judges to administer them."

Joshua smiled, and pointed to the sheep which were grazing on the downs over which we were travelling.

"Were a wolf," he said, "to come even now upon yonder flocks, they would crowd for protection, doubtless, around the shepherd and his dog; yet they are bitten and harassed daily by the one, shorn, and finally killed and eaten by the other. But I say not this to shock you; for, though laws and lawyers are evils, yet they are necessary evils in this probationary state of society, till man shall learn to render unto his fellows that which is their due, according to the light of his own conscience, and through no other compulsion. Mean while, I have known many righteous men who have followed thy intended profession in honesty and uprightness of walk. The great merit, which they walk erect in a path which so many find slippery."

"And angling,"—said I, "you object to that as an amusement, you who, if I understand right, what passed between you and my late landlord, are yourself a proprietor of fisheries?"

"Not a proprietor," he replied, "I am only, in partnership with others, a tacksmen or lessee of some valuable salmon-fisheries a little down the coast. But mistake me not. The evil of angling, with which I class all sports, as they are called, which have the sufferings of animals for their end and object, does not consist in the mere catching and killing those animals with which the bounty of Providence hath stocked the earth for the good of man, but in making their protracted agony a principle of delight and enjoyment. I do indeed cause these fisheries to be conducted for the necessary taking, killing, and selling the fish; and in the same way, were I a farmer, I should send my lambs to market. But I should as soon think of contriving myself a sport and amusement out of the trade of the butcher as out of that of the fisher."

We argued this point no further; for though I thought his arguments a little too high-strained, yet as my mind acquitted me of having taken delight in aught but the theory of field-sports, I did not think myself called upon stubbornly to advocate a practice which had afforded me so little pleasure.

We had by this time arrived at the remains of an old finger-post, which my host had formerly pointed out as a landmark. Here, a ruinous wooden bridge, supported by long posts resembling crutches, served me to get across the water, while my new friend sought a ford a good way higher up, for the stream was considerably swelled.

As I passed for his rejoining me, I observed an angler at a little distance pouching trout after trout, as fast almost as he could cast his line; and I own, in spite of Joshua's lecture on humanity, I could not but envy his adroitness and success,—so natural is the love of sport to our minds, or so easily are we taught to assimilate success in field-sports with ideas of pleasure, and with the praise due to address and agility. I soon recognised in the successful angler little Benjie, who had been my guide and tutor in that gentle art, as you have learned from my former letters. I called—I whistled—the rascal recognised me, and, starting like a guilty thing, seemed hesitating whether to approach or to run away; and when he determined on the former, it was to assail me with a loud clamorous, and exaggerated report of the anxiety of all at the Shepherd's Bush for my personal safety; so my landlady had wept, how Sam and the ostler had not the heart to go to bed, but sat up all night frinking—and how he himself had been up long before daybreak to go in quest of me.

"And you were switching the water, I suppose," said I, "to discover my dead body?"

This observation produced a long "Na—a—a" of acknowledged detection; but, with his natural impudence, and confidence in my good-nature, he immediately added, "that he thought I would like a fresh trout or two for breakfast, and the water being in such rare trim for the saumon raun,* he couldna help taking a cast."

While we were engaged in this discussion, the honest Quaker returned to the further end of the wooden bridge to tell me he could not venture to cross the brook in its present state, but would be under the necessity to ride round by the stone bridge, which was a mile and a half higher up than his own house. He was about to give me directions how to proceed without him, and inquire for his sister, when I suggested to him, that if he pleased to trust his horse to little Benjie, the boy might carry him round by the bridge, while we walked the shorter and more pleasant road.

Joshua shook his head, for he was well acquainted with Benjie, who, he said, was the naughtiest varlet in the whole neighbourhood. Nevertheless, rather than part company, he agreed to put the pony under his charge for a short season, with many injunctions that he should not attempt to mount, but lead the pony (even Solomon) by the bridle, under the assurances of squirence in case of proper demeanour, and penalty that if he transgressed the orders given him, 'verly he should be scourged."

Promises cost Benjie nothing, and he showered them out wholesale; till the Quaker at length yielded up the bridle to him, repeating his charges, and enforcing them by holding up his forefinger. On my part, I called to Benjie to leave the fish he had taken at Mount Sharon, making, at the same time, an apologetic countenance to my new friend, not being quite aware whether the compliment would be agreeable to such a condemner of field-sports.

He understood me at once, and reminded me of the practical distinction betwixt catching the animals as an object of cruel and wanton sport, and eating them as lawful and gratifying articles of food after they were killed. On the latter point he had no scruples; but, on the contrary, assured me, that this brook contained the real red trout, so highly esteemed by all connoisseurs, and that, when eaten within an hour of their being caught, they had a peculiar firmness of substance and delicacy of flavour, which rendered them an agreeable addition to a morning meal, especially when earned, like ours, by early rising, and an hour or two's wholesome exercise.

But to thy alarm be it spoken, Alan, we did not come so far as the frying of our fish without farther adventure. So it is only to spare thy patience, and mine own eyes, that I pull up for the present, and send thee the rest of my story in a subsequent letter.

* The bait made of salmon-row salted and preserved. In a remote river, and about the month of October it is a most deadly bait.

LETTER VII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

(In continuation.)

LITTLE BENJIE, with the pony, having been sent off on the left side of the brook, the Quaker and I sauntered on, like the cavalry and infantry of the same army occupying the opposite banks of a river, and observing the same line of march. But, while my worthy companion was assuring me of a pleasant greensward walk to his mansion, little Benjie, who had been charged to keep in sight, chose to deviate from the path assigned him, and, turning to the right, led his charge, Solomon, out of our vision.

"The villain means to mount him!" cried Joshua, with more vivacity than was consistent with his profession of passive endurance.

I endeavoured to appease his apprehensions, as he pushed on, wiping his brow with vexation, assuring him, that if the boy did mount, he would, for his own sake, ride gently.

"You do not know him," said Joshua rejecting all consolation; "he do any thing gently!—no, he will gallop Solomon—he will misuse the sober patience of the poor animal who has borne me so long! Yes, I was given over to my own devices when I ever let him touch the bridle, for such a little miscreant there never was before him in this country!"

He then proceeded to expatiate on every sort of rustic enormity of which he accused Benjie. He had been suspected of snaring partridges—was detected by Joshua himself in liming singing birds—stood fully charged with having worried several cats, by aid of a lurcher which attended him, and which was as lean, and ragged, and mischievous, as his master. Finally, Benjie stood accused of having stolen a duck, to hunt it with the said lurcher, which was as dexterous on water as on land. I chimed in with my friend, in order to avoid giving him farther irritation, and declared, I should be disposed, from my own experience, to give up Benjie as one of Satan's imps. Joshua Geddes began to censure the phrase as too much exaggerated, and otherwise unbecoming the mouth of a reflecting person; and, just as I was apologizing for it, as being a term of common parlance, we heard certain sounds on the opposite side of the brook, which seemed to indicate that Solomon and Benjie were at issue together. The sand-hills behind which Benjie seemed to take his course, had concealed from us, as doubtless he meant they should, his ascent into the forbidden saddle, and putting Solomon to his mettle, which he was seldom called upon to exert, they had cantered away together in great amity, till they came near to the ford from which the palfrey's legitimate owner had already turned back.

Here a contest of opinions took place between the horse and his rider. The latter, according to his instructions, attempted to direct Solomon towards the distant bridge of stone; but Solomon opined that the ford was the shortest way to his own stable. The point was sharply contested, and we heard Benjie gee-hupping, tchek-tcheking, and, above all, flogging in great style; while Solomon, who, docile in his general habits, was now stirred beyond his patience, made a great trampling and recalcitration; and it was their joint noise which we heard, without being able to see, though Joshua might too well guess, the cause of it.

Alarmed at these indications, the Quaker began to shout out, "Benjie—thou varlet!—Solomon—thou fool!" when the couple presented themselves in full drive, Solomon having now decidedly obtained the better of the conflict, and bringing his unwilling rider in high career down to the ford. Never was there anger changed so fast into humane fear, as that of my good companion. "The varlet will be drowned!" he exclaimed—"a widow's son!—her only son!—and drowned!—let me go!"—And he struggled with me stoutly as I hung upon him, to prevent him from plunging into the ford.

I had no fear whatever for Benjie; for the black-guard vermin, though he could not manage the refractory horse, stuck on his seat like a monk. So-

this vexed country; and so much were they famed for successful freebooting, robbery, and bloodshed, that they are said to have been called Geddes, as likening them to the fish called a Jack, Pike, or Luce, and in our country tongue, a *Ged*—a goodly distinction truly for Christian men! Yet did they paint this shark of the fresh waters upon their shields, and these profane priests of a wicked idolatry, the empty boasters called heralds, who make engraven images of fishes, fowls, and fourfooted beasts, that men may fall down and worship them, assigned the God for the device and escutcheon of my fathers, and hewn it over their chimneys, and placed it above their tombs; and the men were elated in mind, and became yet more God-like, slaying, leading into captivity, and dividing the spoil, until the place where they dwelt obtained the name of Sharing-Knowe, from the booty which was there divided amongst them and their accomplices. But a better judgment was given to my father's father, Philip Geddes, who, after trying to light his candle at some of the vain wildfires thus held aloft at different meetings and steeples-houses, at length obtained a spark from the lamp of the blessed George Fox, who came into Scotland spreading light among darkness, as he himself hath written, as plentifully as fly the sparkles from the hoof of the horse which gallops swiftly along the stony road." Here the good Quaker interrupted himself with, "And that is very true, I must go speedily to see after the condition of Solomon."

A Quaker servant here entered the room with a tray, and inclining his head towards his master, but not after the manner of one who bows, said composedly, "Thou art welcome home, friend Joshua, we expected thee not so early; but what hath befallen Solomon thy horse?"

"What hath befallen him, indeed?" said my friend; "hath he not been returned hither by the child whom they call Benjie?"

"He hath," said his domestic, "but it was after a strange fashion; for he came hither at a swift and furious pace, and flung the child Benjie from his back, upon the heap of dung which is in the stable-yard."

"I am glad of it," said Joshua, hastily,—"glad of it, with all my heart and spirit!—But stay, he is the child of the widow: hath the boy any hurt?"

"Not so," answered the servant, "for he rose and fled swiftly."

Joshua muttered something about a scourge, and then inquired after Solomon's present condition.

"He seetheth like a steaming caldron," answered the servant; "and Bauldie, the lad, wakeneth him about the yard with a halter, lest he take cold."

Mr. Geddes hastened to the stable-yard to view personally the condition of his favourite, and I followed, to offer my counsel as a jockey. Don't laugh, Alan; sure I have jockeyship enough to assist a Quaker—in this unpleasant predicament.

The lad who was leading the horse seemed to be no Quaker, though his intercourse with the family had given him a touch of their prim sobriety of look and manner. He assured Joshua that his horse had received no injury, and I even hinted that the exercise would be of service to him. Solomon himself neighed towards his master, and rubbed his head against the good Quaker's shoulder, as if to assure him of his being quite well, so that Joshua returned in comfort to his parlour, where breakfast was now about to be displayed.

I have since learned that the affection of Joshua for his pony is considered as inordinate by some of his own sect; and that he has been much blamed for permitting it to be called by the name of Solomon, or any other name whatever; but he has gained so much respect and influence among them that they overlook these foibles.

I learned from him (whilst the old servant, Jehochim, entering and re-entering, seemed to make no end of the materials which he brought in for breakfast) that his grandfather Philip, the convert of George Fox, had suffered much from the persecution to which these harmless devotees were subjected on all sides during that intolerant period, and much of their family estate had been dilapidated. But better days dawned on Joshua's father, who, connecting himself

by marriage with a wealthy family of Quakers in Lancashire, engaged successfully in various branches of commerce, and reclaimed the remnants of the property, changing its name in sense, without much alteration of sound, from the Border appellation of Sharing-Knowe, to the evangelical appellation of Mount Sharon.

This Philip Geddes, as I before hinted, had imbibed the taste for horticulture and the pursuits of the florist, which are not uncommon among the peaceful sect he belongs to. He had destroyed the remnants of the old peel-house, substituting the modern mansion in its place; and while he reserved the hearth of his ancestors, in memory of their hospitality, as also the pious motto which they had chanced to assume, he failed not to obliterate the worldly and military emblems displayed upon the shield and helmet, together with all their blazonry.

In a few minutes after Mr. Geddes had concluded the account of himself and his family, his sister Rachel, the only surviving member of it, entered the room. Her appearance is remarkably pleasing, and although her age is certainly thirty at least, she still retains the shape and motion of an earlier period. The absence of every thing like fashion or ornament was, as usual, atoned for by the most perfect neatness and cleanliness of her dress; and her simple close cap was particularly suited to eyes which had the softness and simplicity of the dove's. Her features were also extremely agreeable, but had suffered a little through the ravages of that professed enemy to beauty, the small-pox; a disadvantage which was in part counterbalanced by a well-formed mouth, teeth like pearls, and a pleasing sobriety of smile, that seemed to wish good here and hereafter to every one she spoke to. You cannot make any of your vile inferences here, Alan, for I have given a full-length picture of Rachel Geddes; so that you cannot say in this case, as in the letter I have just received, that she was passed over as a subject on which I feared to dote. More of this anon.

Well, we settled to our breakfast after a blessing, or rather an extempore prayer, which Joshua made upon the occasion, and which the spirit moved him to prolong rather more than I felt altogether agreeable. Then, Alan, there was such a despatching of the good things of the morning, as you have not witnessed since you have seen Darsie Latimer at breakfast. Tea and chocolate, eggs, ham, and pastry, not forgetting the broiled fish, disappeared with a celerity which seemed to astonish the good-humoured Quakers, who kept loading my plate with supplies, as if desirous of seeing whether they could by any possibility tire me out. One hint, however, I received, which put me in mind where I was. Miss Geddes had offered me some sweet-cake, which at the moment, I declined; but presently afterwards, seeing it within my reach, I naturally enough helped myself to a slice, and had just deposited it beside my plate, when Joshua, mine host, not with the authoritative air of Sancho's doctor, Tirra Fuera, but in a very calm and quiet manner, lifted it away and replaced it on the dish, observing only, "Thou didst refuse it before, friend Latimer."

These good folks, Alan, make no allowance for what your father calls the Aberdeen-man's privilege of "taking his word again;" or what the wise call second thoughts.

Bating this slight hint, that I was among a precise generation, there was nothing in my reception that was peculiar—unless, indeed, I were to notice the solicitous and uniform kindness with which all the attentions of my new friends were seasoned, as if they were anxious to assure me that the neglect of worldly compliments interdicted by their sect, only served to render their hospitality more sincere. At length my hunger was satisfied, and the worthy Quaker, who, with looks of great good-nature, had watched my progress, thus addressed his sister:—

"This young man, Rachel, hath last night sojourned in the tents of our neighbour, whom men call the Laird. I am sorry I had not met him the evening before, for our neighbour's hospitality is too unfrequently exercised to be well prepared with the means of welcome."

"Nay, but, Joshua," said Rachel, "if our neighbour hath done a kindness, thou shouldst not grudge him the opportunity; and if our young friend hath fared ill for a night, he will the better relish what Providence may send him of better provisions."

"And that he may do so at leisure," said Joshua, "we will pray him, Rachel, to tarry a day or twain with us: he is young, and is now but entering upon the world, and our habitation may, if he will, be like a resting-place, from which he look abroad upon the pilgrimage which he must make, and the path which he has to travel.—What sayst thou, friend Latimer? We constrain not our friends to our ways, and thou art, I think, too wise to quarrel with us for following our own fashions; and if we should even give thee a word of advice, thou wilt not, I think be angry, so that it is spoken in season."

You know, Alan, how easily I am determined by any thing resembling cordiality—and so, though a little afraid of the formality of my host and hostess, I accepted their invitation, provided I could get some messenger to send to Shepherd's Bush for my servant and portmanteau.

"Why, truly, friend," said Joshua, "thine outward frame would be improved by cleaner garments; but I will do thine errand myself to the Widow Gregson's house of reception, and send thy lad hither with thy clothes. Mean while Rachel will show thee these little gardens, and then will put thee in some way of spending thy time usefully, till our meal calls us together at the second hour afternoon. I bid thee farewell for the present, having some space to walk, seeing I must leave the animal Solomon to his refreshing rest."

With these words, Mr. Joshua Geddes withdrew. Some ladies we have known would have felt, or at least affected, reserve or embarrassment, at being left to do the honours of the grounds to—(it will be out, Alan)—a smart young fellow—an entire stranger. She went out for a few minutes, and returned in her plain cloak and bonnet, with her beaver-gloves, prepared to act as my guide, with as much simplicity as if she had been to wait upon thy father. So forth I sallied with my fair Quaker.

If the house at Mount Sharon be merely a plain and convenient dwelling, of moderate size, and small pretensions, the gardens and offices, though not extensive, might rival an earl's in point of care and expense. Rachel carried me first to her own favourite resort, a poultry-yard, stocked with a variety of domestic fowls, of the more rare as well as the more ordinary kinds furnished with every accommodation which may suit their various habits. A rivulet which spread into a pond for the convenience of the aquatic birds, trickled over gravel as it passed through the yards dedicated to the land poultry, which were thus amply supplied with the means they use for digestion.

All these creatures seemed to recognise the presence of their mistress, and some especial favourites hastened to her feet, and continued to follow her as far as their limits permitted. She pointed out their peculiarities and qualities, with the discrimination of one who had made natural history her study; and I own I never looked on barn-door fowls with so much interest before—at least until they were boiled or roasted. I could not help asking the trying question, how she could order the execution of any of the creatures of which she seemed so careful.

"It was painful," she said, "but it was according to the law of their being. They must die; but they knew not when death was approaching; and in making them comfortable while they lived, we contributed to their happiness as much as the conditions of their existence permitted to us."

I am not quite of her mind, Alan. I do not believe either pigs or poultry would admit that the chief end of their being was to be killed and eaten. However, I did not press the argument, from which my Quaker seemed rather desirous to escape; for, conducting me to the greenhouse, which was extensive, and filled with the choicest plants, she pointed out an aviary which occupied the farther end, where, she said, she employed herself with attending the inhabitants,

without being disturbed with any painful recollections concerning their future destination.

I will not trouble you with any account of the various hothouses and gardens, and their contents. No small sum of money must have been expended in erecting and maintaining them in the exquisite degree of good order which they exhibited. The family, I understood, were connected with that of the celebrated Millar, and had imbibed his taste for flowers and for horticulture. But instead of murdering botanical names, I will rather conduct you to the *potager*, or pleasure-garden, which the taste of Joshua or his father had extended on the banks betwixt the house and river. This also, in contradistinction to the prevailing simplicity, was ornamented in an unusual degree. There were various compartments, the connection of which was well managed, and although the whole ground did not exceed five or six acres, it was so much varied as to seem four times larger. The space contained close alleys and open walks; a very pretty artificial waterfall; a fountain also, consisting of a considerable jet-d'eau, whose streams glittered in the sunbeams, and exhibited a continual rainbow. There was a cabinet of verdure, as the French call it, to cool the summer heat, and there was a terrace sheltered from the north-east by a noble holly hedge, with all its glittering spars, where you might have the full advantage of the sun in the clear frosty days of winter.

I know that you, Alan, will condemn all this as bad and antiquated; for, ever since Dodsley has described the Leasowes, and talked of Brown's imitations of nature, and Horace Walpole's late Essay on Gardening, you are all for simple nature—condemn walking up and down stairs in the open air, and declare for wood and wilderness. But *ne quid nimis*. I would not deface a scene of natural grandeur or beauty; but the introduction of crowded artificial decorations; yet such may, I think, be very interesting, where the situation, in its natural state, otherwise has no particular charms.

So that when I have a country-house, (who can say how soon?) you may look for grottoes, and cascades and fountains; nay, if you vex me by contradiction, perhaps I may go the length of a temple—so provide me not, for you see of what enormities I am capable.

At any rate, Alan, had you condemned as artificial the rest of Friend Geddes's grounds, there is a willow walk by the very verge of the stream, so sad, so solemn, and so silent, that it must have commanded your admiration. The brook, restrained at the ultimate boundary of the grounds by a natural dam-dyke or ledge of rocks, seemed, even in its present swollen state, scarcely to glide along; and the pale willow-trees, dropping their long branches into the stream, gathered around them little coronals of the foam that floated down from the more rapid stream above. The high rock, which formed the opposite bank of the brook, was seen dimly through the branches, and its pale and splintered front, garlanded with long streamers of briars and other creeping plants, seemed a barrier between the quiet path which we trode, and the toiling and bustling world beyond. The path itself, following the sweep of the stream, made a very gentle curve; enough, however, served by its inflection completely to hide the end of the walk, until you arrived at it. A deep and sullen sound, which increased as you proceeded, prepared you for this termination, which was indeed only a plain root-aw, from which you looked on a fall of about six or seven feet, where the brook flung itself over the ledge of natural rock I have already mentioned, which then crossed its course.

The quiet and twilight seclusion of this walk rendered it a fit scene for confidential communing; and having nothing more interesting to say to my fair Quaker, I took the liberty of questioning her about the Laird; for you are, or ought to be, aware, that next to discussing the affairs of the heart, the far sex are most interested in those of their neighbours.

I did not conceal either my curiosity, or the check which it had received from Joshua, and I saw that my companion answered with embarrassment. "I must not speak otherwise than truly," she said; "and

therefore I tell thee, that my brother dislikes, and that I fear, the man of whom thou hast asked me. Perhaps we are both wrong—but he is a man of violence, and hath great influence over many, who, following the trade of sailors and fishermen, become as rude as the elements with which they contend. He hath no certain name among them, which is not unusual, their rude fashion being to distinguish each other by nicknames; and they have called him the Laird of the Lakes, (not remembering there should be no one called Lord, save one only,) in idle derision; the pools of salt water left by the tide among the sands being called the Lakes of Solway.

"Has he no other revenue than he derives from these sands?" I asked.

"That I cannot answer," replied Rachel; "men say that he wants not money, though he lives like an ordinary fisherman, and that he imports freely of his means to the poor around him. They intimate that he is a man of consequence, once deeply engaged in the unhappy affair of the rebellion, and even still too much in danger from the government to assume his own name. He is often absent from his cottage at Broken-burn-cliffs, for weeks and months."

"I should have thought," said I, "that the government would scarce, at this time of day, be likely to proceed against any one even of the most obnoxious rebels. Many years have passed away!"

"It is true," she replied; "yet such persons may understand that their being connived at depends on their living in obscurity. But indeed there can nothing certain be known among these rude people. The truth is not in them—most of them participate in the unlawful trade betwixt these parts and the neighbouring shore of England; and they are familiar with every species of falsehood and deceit."

"It is a pity," I remarked, "that your brother should have neighbours of such a description, especially as I understand he is at some variance with them."

"Where, when, and about what matter?" answered Miss Geddes, with an eager and timorous anxiety, which made me regret having touched on the subject.

I told her, in a way as little alarming as I could devise, the purport of what had passed betwixt this Laird of the Lakes and her brother, at their morning's interview.

"You affright me much," answered she; "it is this very circumstance which has scared me in the watches of the night. When my brother Joshua withdrew from an active share in the commercial concerns of my father, being satisfied with the portion of worldly substance which he already possessed, there were one or two undertakings in which he retained an interest, either because his withdrawing might have been prejudicial to friends, or because he wished to retain some mode of occupying his time. Amongst the more important of these, is a fishing station on the coast, where, by certain improved modes of erecting snares, opening at the advance of the tide, and shutting at the reflux, many more fish are taken than can be destroyed by those who, like the men of Broken-burn, use only the boat-net and spear, or fishing-rod. They complain of these tide-nets, as men call them, as an innovation, and pretend to a right to remove and destroy them by the strong hand. I fear me, this man of violence, whom they call the Laird, will execute these his threats, which cannot be without both loss and danger to my brother."

"Mr. Geddes," said I, "ought to apply to the civil magistrate; there are soldiers at Dumfries who would be detached for his protection."

"Thou speakest, friend Latimer," answered the lady, "as one who is still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. God forbid that we should endeavour to preserve nets of flax and stakes of wood, or the Mammon of gain which they procure for us, by the hands of men of war, and at the risk of spilling human blood!"

"I respect your scruples," I replied; "but since such is your way of thinking, your brother ought to avert the danger by compromise or submission."

"Perhaps it would be best," answered Rachel; "but what can I say? Even in the best-trained temper here may remain some leaven of the old Adam; and

I know not whether it is this or a better spirit that maketh my brother Joshua determine, that though he will not resist force by force, neither will he yield up his right to mere threats, or encourage wrong to others by yielding to menaces. His partners, he says, confide in his steadiness; and that he must not disappoint them by yielding up their right for the fear of the threats of man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

This observation convinced me that the spirit of the old sharers of the spoil was not utterly departed even from the bosom of the peaceful Quaker; and I could not help confessing internally that Joshua had the right, when he averred that there was as much courage in sufferance as in exertion.

As we approached the further end of the willow walk, the sullen and continuous sound of the dashing waters became still more and more audible, and at length rendered it difficult for us to communicate with each other. The conversation dropped, but apparently my companion continued to dwell upon the apprehensions which it had excited. At the bottom of the walk, we obtained a view of the cascade, where the swollen brook flung itself in foam and tumult over the natural barrier of rock which seemed in vain to attempt to bar its course. I gazed with delight, and, turning to express my sentiments to my companion, I observed that she had folded her hands in an attitude of sorrowful resignation, which showed her thoughts were far from the scene which lay before her. When she saw that her abstraction was observed, she resumed her former placidity of manner; and having given me sufficient time to admire this termination of our sober and secluded walk, proposed that we should return to the house through her brother's farm. "Even we Quakers, as we are called, have our little pride," she said; "and my brother Joshua would not forgive me, were I not to show thee the fields which he taketh delight to cultivate, after the newest and best fashion; for which, I promise thee, he hath received much praise from good judges, as well as some ridicule from those who think it folly to improve on the customs of our ancestors."

As she spoke, she opened a low door, leading through a moss and ivy-covered wall, the boundary of the pleasure-ground, into the open fields; through which we moved by a convenient path, leading, with good taste and simplicity, by stile and hedge-row, through pasturage, and arable, and woodland; so that, in all ordinary weather, the good man might, without even soiling his shoes, perform his perambulation round the farm. There were seats also, on which to rest; and though not adorned with inscriptions, not quite so frequent in occurrence as those mentioned in the account of the Leasowes, their situation was always chosen with respect to some distant prospect to be commanded, or some home view to be enjoyed.

But what struck me most in Joshua's domain, was the quantity and the tameness of the game. The hen partridge scarce abandoned the roost at the foot of the hedge where she had assembled her covey, though the path went close beside her; and the hare, remaining on her form, gazed at us as we passed, with her full dark eye, or, rising lazily and hopping to a little distance, stood erect to look at us with more curiosity than apprehension. I observed to Miss Geddes the extreme tameness of these timid and shy animals, and she informed me that their confidence arose from protection in the summer, and relief during the winter.

"They are pets," she said, "of my brother, who considers them as the better entitled to this kindness than they are a race persecuted by the world in general. He denieth himself," she said, "even the company of a dog, that these creatures may here at least enjoy undisturbed security. Yet this harmless or humane propensity, or humour, hath given offence," she added, "to our dangerous neighbour."

She explained this, by telling me that my host of the preceding night was remarkable for his attachment to field sports, which he pursued without much regard to the wishes of the individuals over whose property he followed them. The undefined mixture of respect and fear with which he was generally regarded, induced most of the neighbouring land-

holders to connive at what they would perhaps in another have punished as a trespass; but Joshua Geddes would not permit the intrusion of any one upon his premises, and as he had before offended several country neighbours, who, because he would neither shoot himself nor permit others to do so, compared him to the dog in the manger, so he now aggravated the displeasure which the Laird of the Lakes had already conceived against him, by positively debarring him from pursuing his sport over his grounds—"So that," said Rachel Geddes, "I sometimes wish our lot had been cast elsewhere than in these pleasant borders, where if we had less of beauty around us, we might have had a neighbourhood of peace and good-will."

We at length returned to the house, where Miss Geddes showed me a small study, containing a little collection of books, in two separate presses.

"These," said she, pointing to the smaller press, "will, if thou bestowest thy leisure upon them, do thee good; and these," pointing to the other and larger cabinet, "can, I believe, do thee little harm. Some of our people do indeed hold, that every writer who is not with us is against us; but brother Joshua is mitigated in his opinions, and correspondeth with our friend John Scot of Amwell, who hath himself constructed verses well approved of even in the world.—I wish thee many good thoughts till our family meet at the hour of dinner."

Left alone, I tried both collections; the first consisted entirely of religious and controversial tracts, and the latter formed a small selection of history, and of moral writers, both in prose and verse.

Neither collection promising much amusement, thou hast, in these close pages, the fruits of my tediousness; and truly, I think, writing history (one's self being the subject) is as amusing as reading that of foreign countries, at any time.

Sam, still more drunk than sober, arrived in due time with my portmanteau, and enabled me to put my dress into order, better befitting this temple of cleanliness and decorum, where (to conclude) I believe I shall be a sojourner for more days than one.*

P. S.—I have noted your adventure, as you home-bred youths may perhaps term it, concerning the visit of your doughty Laird. We travellers hold such an incident of no great consequence, though it may serve to embellish the uniform life of Brown's Square. But art thou not ashamed to attempt to interest one who is seeing the world at large, and studying human nature on a large scale, by so bald a narrative? Why, what does it amount to, after all, but that a Tory Laird dined with a Whig Lawyer? no very uncommon matter, especially as you state Mr. Herries to have lost the estate, though retaining the designation. The Laird behaves with haughtiness and impertinence—nothing out of character in that: Is not kicked down stairs, as he ought to have been, were Alan Fairford half the man that he would wish his friends to think him.—Ay, but then, as the young lawyer, instead of showing his friend the door, chose to make use of it himself, he overheard the Laird aforesaid ask the old lawyer concerning Darsie Latimer—no doubt earnestly inquiring after the handsome, accomplished inmate of

his family, who has so lately made Themis his bow, and declined the honour of following her father. You laugh at me for my air-drawn castles; but confess, have they not surer footing, in general, than two words spoken by such a man as Herries? And yet—and yet—I would rally the matter off, Alan; but in dark nights, even the glow-worm becomes an object of lustre, and to one plunged in my uncertainty and ignorance, the slightest gleam that promises intelligence, is interesting. My life is like the subterranean river in the Peak of Derby, visible only where it crosses the celebrated cavern. I am here, and this much I know; but where I have sprung from, or whither my course of life is like to tend, who shall tell me? Your father, too, seemed interested and alarmed, and talked of writing; would to heaven he may!—I send daily to the post-town for letters.

LETTER VIII.

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER

Thou mayst clap thy wings and crow as thou pleasest. You go in search of adventures, but adventures come to me unsought for; and oh! in what a pleasing shape came mine, since it arrived in the form of a client—and a fair client to boot! What think you of that, Darsie, you who are such a sworn square of dames? Will this not match my adventures with thine, that hunt salmon on horseback, and will not besides, eclipse the history of a whole tribe of Broad-brims? But I must proceed methodically.

When I returned to-day from the college, I was surprised to see a broad grin distending the countenance of the faithful James Wilkinson, which as the circumstance seldom happens above once a-year, was matter of some surprise. Moreover, he had a knowing glance with his eye, which I should have as soon expected from a dumb-waiter—an article of furniture, to which James, in his usual case, may be happily assimilated. "What the devil is the matter, James?"

"The devil may be in the matter, for aught I know," said James, with another provoking grin; "for he has been a woman calling for you, Maister Alan."

"A woman calling for me?" said I in surprise; for you know well, that excepting old Aunt Peggy, who comes to dinner of a Sunday, and the still older Lady Bedrooket, who calls ten times a-year for the quarterly payment of her jointure of four hundred marks, a female scarce approaches our threshold, as my father visits all his female clients at their own lodgings. James protested, however, that there had been a lady calling, and for me. "As bonny a lass as I have seen," added James, "since I was in the Fusiliers, and kept company with Peg Baxter." Thou knowest Alan James's gay recollections go back to the period of his military service, the years he has spent in ours having probably been dull enough.

"Did the lady leave no name nor place of address?"

"No," replied James; "but she asked when you would be at home, and I appointed her for ten o'clock, when the house would be quiet, and you together at the Bank."

"For shame, James! how can you think my father's being at home or abroad could be of consequence?—The lady is of course a decent person?"

"I so uphold her that, sir—she is name of your—where?"—(Here James supplied a blank with a low whistle)—"but I didna ken—my maister makes an unco wark if a woman comes here."

* In explanation of this circumstance, I cannot help adding a note not very necessary for the reader, which yet I record with pleasure, from recollection of the kindness which it evinces. In early youth I resided for a considerable time in the vicinity of the beautiful village of Kelso, where my life passed in a very solitary manner. I had few acquaintances, scarce any companions, and books, which were at the time almost essential to my happiness, were difficult to come by. It was then that I was particularly indebted to the liberality and friendship of an old lady of the Society of Friends, eminent for her benevolence and clarity. Her deceased husband had been a medical man of eminence, and left her, with other valuable property, a small and well-selected library. This the kind old lady permitted me to rummage at pleasure, and carry home what volumes I chose, on condition that I should take, at the same time, some of the tracts printed for encouraging and extending the doctrines of her own sect. She did not even exact any assurance that I would read these performances, being too justly afraid of involving me in a breach of promise, but was merely desirous that I should have the chance of instruction within my reach, in case whim, curiosity, or accident, might induce me to have recourse to it.

I passed into my own room, not ill-pleased that my father was absent, notwithstanding I had thought proper to rebuke James for having so contrived it. I disarranged my books, to give them the appearance of a graceful confusion on the table, and laying my foils (useless since your departure) across the mantel-piece, that the lady might see I was *tam Martiana Mercurio*—I endeavoured to dispose my dress so as to resemble an elegant morning diaphanous—gave my hair the general shade of powder which marks the gentleman—laid my watch and seals on the table, to hint that I understood the value of time; and when I

had made all these arrangements—of which I am a little ashamed when I think of them—I had nothing better to do than to watch the dial-plate till the index pointed to noon. Five minutes elapsed, which I allowed for variation of clocks—five minutes more rendered me anxious and doubtful—and five minutes more would have made me impatient.

Laugh as thou wilt; but remember, Darsie, I was a lawyer, expecting his first client—a young man, how strictly bred up I need not remind you, expecting a private interview with a young and beautiful woman. But ere the third term of five minutes had elapsed, the door-bell was heard to tinkle low and modestly, as if touched by some timid hand.

James Wilkinson, swift in nothing, is, as thou knowest, peculiarly slow in answering the door-bell; and I reckoned on five minutes good, ere his solemn step should have ascended the stair. Time enough, thought I, for a peep through the blinds, and was hastening to the window accordingly. But I reckoned without my host; for James, who had his own curiosity as well as I, was lying *perdu* in the lobby, ready to open at the first tinkle; and there was, "This way, ma'am—Yes, ma'am—The lady, Mr. Alan," before I could get to the chair in which I proposed to be discovered, seated in all legal dignity. The consciousness of being half caught in the act of peeping, joined to that native air of awkward bashfulness of which I am told the law will soon free me, kept me standing on the floor in some confusion; while the lady, disconcerted on her part, remained on the threshold of the room. James Wilkinson, who had his senses most about him, and was perhaps willing to prolong his stay in the apartment, busied himself in setting a chair for the lady, and recalled me to my good breeding by the hint. I invited her to take possession of it, and bid James withdraw.

My visitor was undeniably a lady, and probably considerably above the ordinary rank—very modest, too, judging from the mixture of grace and timidity with which she moved, and at my entreaty sat down. Her dress was, I should suppose, both handsome and fashionable; but it was much concealed by a walking-cloak of green silk, fancifully embroidered; in which, though heavy for the season, her person was enveloped, and which, moreover, was furnished with a hood.

The devil take that hood, Darsie! for I was just able to distinguish that, pulled as it was over the face, it concealed from me, as I was convinced, one of the prettiest countenances I have seen, and which, from a sense of embarrassment, seemed to be crimsoned with a deep blush. I could see her complexion was beautiful—her chin finely turned—her lips coral—and her teeth rivals to ivory. But further the deponent saith not; for a clasp of gold, ornamented with a sapphire, closed the envious mantle under the incognita's throat, and the cursed hood concealed entirely the upper part of the face.

I ought to have spoke first, that is certain; but ere I could get my phrases well arranged, the young lady, rendered desperate, I suppose, by my hesitation, opened the conversation herself.

"I fear I am an intruder, sir—I expected to meet an elderly gentleman."

This brought me to myself. "My father, madam, perhaps. But you inquired for Alan Fairford—my father's name is Alexander."

"It is Mr. Alan Fairford, undoubtedly, with whom I wished to speak," she said, with greater confusion; "but I was told that he was advanced in life."

"Some mistake, madam, I presume, betwixt my father and myself—our Christian names have the same initials, though the terminations are different."

"I—I—I would esteem it a most fortunate mistake if I could have the honour of supplying my father's place in any thing that could be of service to you."

"You are very obliging, sir." A pause, during which she seemed undecided whether to rise or sit still.

"I am just about to be called to the bar, madam," said I, in hopes to remove her scruples to open her ears to me; "and if my advice or opinion could be of the slightest use, although I cannot presume

to say that they are much to be depended upon, yet"—

The lady arose. "I am truly sensible of your kindness, sir; and I have no doubt of your talents. I will be very plain with you—it is you whom I came to visit; although, now that we have met, I find it will be much better that I should commit my communication to writing."

"I hope, madam, you will not be so cruel—so tantalizing, I would say. Consider, you are my first client—your business my first consultation—do not do me the displeasure of withdrawing your confidence because I am a few years younger than you seem to have expected—My attention shall make amends for my want of experience."

"I have no doubt of either," said the lady, in a grave tone, calculated to restrain the air of gallantry with which I had endeavoured to address her. "But when you have received my letter, you will find good reasons assigned why a written communication will best suit my purpose. I wish you, sir, a good morning." And she left the apartment, her poor baffled counsel scraping, and bowing, and apologizing for any thing that might have been disagreeable to her, although the front of my offence seems to be my having been discovered to be younger than my father.

The door was opened—out she went—walked along the pavement, turned down the close, and put the sun, I believe, into her pocket when she disappeared, so suddenly did dulness and darkness sink down on the square, when she was no longer visible. I stood for a moment as if I had been senseless, not recollecting what a fund of entertainment I must have supplied to our watchful friends on the other side of the green. Then it darted on my mind that I might dog her, and ascertain at least who or what she was. Off I set—ran down the close where she was no longer to be seen, and demanded of one of the dyer's lads whether he had seen a lady go down the close, or had observed which way she turned.

"A leddy!"—said the dyer, staring at me with his rainbow countenance. "Mr. Alan, what takes you out, running like daft, without your hat?"

"The devil take my hat!" answered I, running back, however, in quest of it; snatched it up, and again sallied forth. But as I reached the head of the close once more, I had sense enough to recollect that all pursuit would be now in vain. Besides, I saw my friend, the journeyman dyer, in close confabulation with a pea-green personage of his own profession, and was conscious, like Scrib, that they talked of me, because they laughed consumedly. I had no mind, by a second sudden appearance, to confirm the report that Advocate Fairford was "gaen daft," which had probably spread from Campbell's close-foot to the Meal-market Stairs; and so slunk back within my own hole again.

My first employment was to remove all traces of that elegant and fanciful disposition of my effects, from which I had hoped for so much credit; for I was now ashamed and angry at having thought an instant upon the mode of receiving a visit which had commenced so agreeably, but terminated in a manner so unsatisfactory. I put my folios in their places—threw the foils into the dressing-closet—tormenting myself all the while with the fruitless doubt, whether I had missed an opportunity or escaped a stratagem, or whether the young person had been really startled, as she seemed to intimate, by the extreme youth of her intended legal adviser. The mirror was not unnaturally called in to aid; and that cabinet-councillor pronounced me rather short, thick-set, with a cast of features fitter, I trust, for the bar than the ball—not handsome enough for blushing virgins to pine for my sake, or even to invent sham cases to bring them to my chambers—yet not ugly enough, either, to scare those away who came on real business—dark, to be sure, but *nigri sunt hyacinthi*—there are pretty things to be said in favour of that complexion.

At length—as common sense will give the better in all cases, when a man will but get it fair play—I began to stand convicted in my own mind, as an ass before the interview, for having expected too much—an ass during the interview, for having failed to ex-

tract the lady's real purpose—and an especial ass, now that it was over, for thinking so much about it. But I can think of nothing else, and therefore I am determined to think of this to some good purpose.

You remember Murtough O'Hara's defence of the Catholic doctrine of confession; because, "by his soul, his sins were always a great burden to his mind, till he had told them to the priest; and once confessed, he never thought more about them." I have tried his receipt, therefore; and having poured my secret mortification into thy trusty ear, I will think no more about this maid of the mist,

Who, with no face, as 'twere, outfaced me."

— Four o'clock.

Plague on her green mantle, she can be nothing better than a fairy; she keeps possession of my head yet! All during dinner-time I was terribly absent; but, luckily, my father gave the whole credit of my reverie to the abstract nature of the doctrine, *Vincere vincentem, ergo vincite*; upon which brocard of law the Professor this morning lectured. So I got an early dismissal to my own crib, and here am I studying, in one sense, *vincere vincentem*, to get the better of the silly passion of curiosity—I think—I think it amounts to nothing else—which has taken such possession of my imagination, and is perpetually worrying me with the question—will she write or no? She will not—she will not! So says Reason, and adds, Why should she take the trouble to enter into correspondence with one, who, instead of a bold, alert, prompt gallant, proved a chickenhearted boy, and left her the whole awkwardness of explanation, which he should have met half-way? But then, says Fancy, she will write, for she was not a bit that sort of person whom you, Mr. Reason, in your wisdom, take her to be. She was disconcerted enough, without my adding to her distress by any impudent conduct on my part. And she will write, for—

By Heaven, she has written, Darsie, and with a vengeance!—Here is her letter, thrown into the kitchen by a cadie, too faithful to be bribed, either by money or whisky, to say more than that he received it, with sixpence, from an ordinary-looking woman, as he was playing on his station near the Cross.

"FOR ALAN FAIRFORD, ESQUIRE, BARRISTER.

"Sir,
"Excuse my mistake of to-day. I had accidentally learned that Mr. Darsie Latimer had an intimate friend and associate in a Mr. A. Fairford. When I inquired for such a person, he was pointed out to me at the Cross, (as I think the Exchange of your city is called,) in the character of a respectable elderly man—your father, as I now understand. On inquiry at Brown's Square, where I understood he resided, I used the full name of Alan, which naturally occasioned you the trouble of this day's visit. Upon further inquiry, I am led to believe that you are likely to be the person most active in the matter to which I am now about to direct your attention; and I regret much that circumstances, arising out of my own particular situation, prevent my communicating to you personally what I now apprise you of in this manner.

"Your friend, Mr. Darsie Latimer, is in a situation of considerable danger. You are doubtless aware, that he has been cautioned not to trust himself in England—Now, if he has not absolutely transgressed this friendly injunction, he has at least approached as nearly to the menaced danger as he could do consistently with the letter of the prohibition. He has chosen his abode in a neighbourhood very perilous to him; and it is only by a speedy return to Edinburgh, or at least by a removal to some more remote part of Scotland, that he can escape the machinations of those whose enmity he has to fear. I must speak in mystery, but my words are not the less certain; and, I believe, you know enough of your friend's fortunes to be aware, that I could not write this much without being even more intimate with them than you are.

"If he cannot, or will not, take the advice here given, it is my opinion that you should join him, if possible, without delay, and urge, by your personal presence and entreaty, the arguments which may prove ineffectual in writing. One word more, and I implore of your candour to take it as it is meant. No one supposes that Mr. Fairford's zeal in his friend's service, needs to be quickened by mercenary motives. But report says that Mr. Alan Fairford not having yet entered on his professional career, may, in such a case as this, want the means, though he cannot want the inclination, to act with promptitude. The enclosed note, Mr. Alan Fairford must be pleased to consider as his first professional emolument; and she who sends it hopes it will be the omen of unbounded success, though the fee come from a hand so unknown as that of

"GREEN MANTLE."

A bank note of 20*l*. was the enclosure, and the whole incident left me speechless with astonishment. I am not able to read over the beginning of my own letter, which forms the introduction to this extraordinary communication. I only know that, though mixed with a quantity of foolery, (God knows very much different from my present feelings,) it gives an account sufficiently accurate, of the mysterious person from whom this letter comes, and that I have neither time nor patience to separate the absurd commentary from the text, which it is so necessary you should know.

Combine this warning, so strangely conveyed, with the caution impressed on you by your London correspondent, Griffiths, against your visiting England—with the character of your Laird of the Solway Lake—with the lawless habits of the people on that frontier country, where warrants are not easily executed owing to the jealousy entertained by either county of the legal interference of the other; remember, too, even Sir John Fielding said to my father, that he could never trace a rogue beyond the Brig o' Dumfries, think that the distinctions of Whig and Tory, Papist and Protestant, still keep that county in a loose and comparatively lawless state—think all this, my dearest Darsie, and remember that, while at this Mount Sharon of yours, you are residing with a family actually menaced with forcible interference, and who, while their obstinacy provokes violence, are by principle bound to abstain from resistance.

Now, let me tell you professionally, that the legality of the mode of fishing practised by your friend Joshua, is greatly doubted by our best lawyers; and that, if the stake-nets be considered as actually an unlawful obstruction raised in the channel of the estuary, an assembly of persons who shall proceed *ria facti*, to pull down and destroy them, would not in the eye of the law, be esteemed guilty of a riot. So, by remaining where you are, you are likely to be engaged in a quarrel with which you have nothing to do, and thus to enable your enemies, whoever these may be, to execute, amid the confusion of a general hubbub, whatever designs they may have against your personal safety. Black-fishers, poachers, and smugglers, are a sort of gentry that will not be much checked, either by your Quaker's texts, or by your chivalry. If you are Don Quixote enough to lay aside in rest, in defence of those of the stake-net, and of the sad-coloured garment, I pronounce you but a poor knight; for, as I said before, I doubt if these poor redressers of wrongs, the justices and constables, will hold themselves warranted to interfere. In a word, return, my dear Amadis; the adventure of the Solway-nets is not reserved for your worship. Come back, and I will be your faithful Sancho Panza upon a more hopeful quest. We will beat about together, in search of this Urganda, the Unknown She of the Green Mantle, who can read this, the riddle of thy fate, better than wise Epie of Buckhaven,* or Cassandra herself.

I would fain trifle, Darsie; for in debating with you, jests will sometimes go farther than arguments; but I am sick at heart, and cannot keep the ball on. If you have a moment's regard for the friendship we have so often vowed to each other, let my wishes for

* Well known in the Chap-Book, called the History of Buckhaven.

ence prevail over your own venturesome and romantic temper. I am quite serious in thinking, that the information communicated to my father by this Mr. Herries, and the admonitory letter of the young lady, bear upon each other; and that, were you here, you might learn something from one or other, or from both, that might throw light on your birth and parentage. You will not, surely, prefer an idle whim to the prospect which is thus held out to you?

I would, agreeably to the hint I have received in the young lady's letter, (for I am confident that such is her condition,) have ere now been with you to urge these things, instead of pouring them out upon paper. But you know that the day for my trial is appointed; I have already gone through the form of being introduced to the examiners, and have gotten my titles assigned me. All this should not keep me at home, but my father would view any irregularity upon this occasion as a mortal blow to the hopes which he has cherished most fondly during his life; viz. my being called to the bar with some credit. For my own part, I know there is no great difficulty in passing these formal examinations, else how have some of our acquaintance got through them? But, to my father, these formalities compose an august and serious solemnity, to which he has long looked forward, and my absenting myself at this moment would well nigh drive him distracted. Yet I shall go altogether distracted myself, if I have not an instant assurance from you that you are hastening hither—Mean while I have desired Hannah to get your little crib into the best order possible. I cannot learn that my father has yet written to you; nor has he spoken more of his communication with Birrenswork; but when I let him have some inkling of the dangers you are at present incurring, I know my request that you will return immediately, will have his cordial support.

Another reason yet—I must give a dinner, as usual, upon my admission, to our friends; and my father, laying aside all his usual considerations of economy, has desired it may be in the best style possible. Come hither then, dear Darsie! or, I protest to you, I shall send examination, admission-dinner, and guests, to the devil, and come, in person, to fetch you with a vengeance. Thine, in much anxiety, A. F.

LETTER IX.

ALEXANDER FAIRFORD, W. S., TO MR. DARSIE LATIMER.

DEAR MR. DARSIE,

HAVING been your *factor loco tutoris*, or rather, I ought to say, in correctness, (since I acted without warrant from the Court,) your *negotiorum gestor*; that connexion occasions my present writing. And although having rendered an account of my intrusions, which have been regularly approved of, not only by yourself, (whom I could not prevail upon to look at more than the docket and sum total,) but also by the worthy Mr. Samuel Griffiths of London, being the hand through whom the remittances were made, I may, in some sense, be considered as to you *functus officio*; yet, to speak facetiously, I trust you will not hold me accountable as a vicious intruder, should I still consider myself as occasionally interested in your welfare. My motives for writing, at this time, are twofold.

I have met with a Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, a gentleman of very ancient descent, but who hath in time past been in difficulties, nor do I know if his affairs are yet well redd. Birrenswork says, that he believes he was very familiar with your father, whom he states to have been called Ralph Latimer of Langcote-Hall, in Westmoreland; and he mentioned family affairs, which it may be of the highest importance to you to be acquainted with; but as he seemed to decline communicating them to me, I could not civilly urge him thereunto. Thus much I know, that Mr. Herries had his own share in the late desperate and unhappy matter of 1745, and was in trouble about it, although that is probably now over. Moreover, although he did not profess the Popish re-

ligion openly, he had an eye that way. And both of those are reasons why I have hesitated to recommend him to a youth who maybe hath not altogether so well founded his opinion concerning Kirk and State, that they might not be changed by some sudden wind of doctrine. For I have observed ye, Master Darsie, to be rather tinctured with the old leaven of prelacy—this under your leave; and although God forbid that you should be in any manner disaffected to the Protestant Hanoverian line, yet ye have ever loved to hear the blowing, bleezing stories which the Hieland gentlemen tell of those troublesome times, which, if it were their will, they had better pretermitt, as tending rather to shame than to honour. It is come to me also by a side wind, as I may say, that you have been neighbouring more than was needful among some of the pestilent sect of Quakers—a people who own neither priest, nor king, nor civil magistrate, nor the fabric of our law, and will not depone either in *civilibus* or *criminalibus*, be the loss to the lieges what it may. Anent which heresies, it were good ye read "the Snake in the Grass," or "the Foot out of the Snare," being both well-approved tracts touching these doctrines.

Now, Mr. Darsie, ye are to judge for yourself whether ye can safely to your soul's weal remain longer among these Papists and Quakers,—these defections on the right hand, and fallings away on the left; and truly if you can confidently resist these evil examples of doctrine, I think ye may as well tarry in the bounds where ye are, until you see Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, who does assuredly know more of your matters than I thought had been communicated to any man in Scotland. I would fain have precognosed him myself on these affairs, but found him unwilling to speak out, as I have partly intimated before.

To call a new cause—I have the pleasure to tell you, that Alan has passed his private Scots Law examinations with good approbation—a great relief to my mind; especially as worthy Mr. Peat told me in my ear there was no fear of the "callant," as he familiarly called him, which gives me great heart. His public trials, which are nothing in comparison save a mere form, are to take place, by order of the Honourable Dean of Faculty, on Wednesday first; and on Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chack of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is, you know, the custom. Your company will be wished for there, Master Darsie, by more than him, which I regret to think is impossible to have, as well by your engagements, as that our cousin, Peter Fairford, comes from the west on purpose, and we have no place to offer him but your chamber in the wall. And, to be plain with you, after my use and wont, Master Darsie, it may be as well that Alan and you do not meet till he is hefted as it were to his new calling. You are a pleasant gentleman, and full of daffing, which may well become you, as you have enough (as I understand) to uphold your merry humour. If you regard the matter wisely, you would perchance consider that a man of substance should have a dounce and stead demeanour; yet you are so far from growing grave and considerate with the increase of your annual income, that the richer you become, the merrier I think you grow. But this must be at your own pleasure, so far as you are concerned. Alan, however, (overpassing my small savings,) has the world to win; and louping and laughing, as you and he were wont to do, would soon make the powder flee out of his wiz, and the pence out of his pocket. Nevertheless, I trust you will meet when you return from your rambles; for there is a time, as the wise man sayeth, for gathering, and a time for casting away; it is always the part of a man of sense to take the gathering time first. I remain, dear sir, your well-wishing friend, and obedient to command,

ALEXANDER FAIRFORD.

P. S.—Alan's Thesis is upon the title *De periculo et commodo rei vendite*, and is a very pretty piece of Latinity.—Rose-House, in our neighbourhood, is nearly finished, and is thought to excel Duff-House in ornature.

LETTER X.

DARRIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD.

THE plot thickens, Alan. I have your letter, and also one from your father. The last makes it impossible for me to comply with the kind request which the former urges. No—I cannot be with you, Alan; and that, for the best of all reasons—I cannot and ought not to counteract your father's anxious wishes. I do not take it unkind of him that he desires my absence. It is natural that he should wish for his son, what his son so well deserves—the advantage of a wiser and steadier companion than I seem to him. And yet I am sure I have often laboured hard enough to acquire that dacency of demeanour which can no more be suspected of breaking bounds, than an owl of catching a butterfly.

But it was in vain that I have knitted my brows till I had the headache, in order to acquire the reputation of a grave, solid, and well-judging youth. Your father always has discovered, or thought that he discovered, a harebrained eccentricity lying folded among the wrinkles of my forehead, which rendered me a perilous associate for the future counsellor and ultimate judge. Well, Corporal Nym's philosophy must be my comfort—"Things must be as they may."—I cannot come to your father's house, where he wishes not to see me; and as to your coming hither,—by all that is dear to me, I vow that if you are guilty of such a piece of reckless folly—not to say undutiful cruelty, considering your father's thoughts and wishes—I will never speak to you again as long as I live! I am perfectly serious. And besides, your father, while he in a manner prohibits me from returning to Edinburgh, gives me the strongest reasons for continuing a little while longer in this country, by holding out the hope that I may receive from your old friend, Mr. Herries of Birrensworke, some particulars concerning my origin, with which that ancient recusant seems to be acquainted.

That gentleman mentioned the name of a family in Westmoreland, with which he supposes me connected. My inquiries here after such a family have been ineffectual, for the borderers, on either side, know little of each other. But I shall doubtless find some English person of whom to make inquiries, since the confounded fetterlock clapped on my movements by old Griffiths, prevents me repairing to England in person. At least, the prospect of obtaining some information is greater here than elsewhere; it will be an apology for my making a longer stay in this neighbourhood, a line of conduct which seems to have your father's sanction, whose opinion must be sounder than that of your wandering damoiselle.

If the road were paved with dangers which leads to such a discovery, I cannot for a moment hesitate to tread it. But in fact there is no peril in the case. If the Tritons of the Solway shall proceed to pull down honest Joshua's tide-nets, I am neither Quixote enough in disposition, nor Goliath enough in person, to attempt their protection. I have no idea of attempting to prop a falling house, by putting my shoulders against it. And indeed Joshua gave me a hint, that the company which he belongs to, injured in the way threatened, (some of them being men who thought after the fashion of the world,) would pursue the noters at law, and recover damages, in which probably his own ideas of non-resistance will not prevent his participating. Therefore the whole affair will take its course as law will, as I only mean to interfere when it may be necessary to direct the course of the plaintiffs to thy chambers; and I request they may find thee intimate with all the Scottish statutes concerning salmon-fisheries, from the *Lex Aquarium*, downward.

As for the Lady of the Mantle, I will lay a wager that the sun so bedazzled thine eyes on that memorable morning, that every thing thou didst look upon seemed green; and notwithstanding James Wilkinson's experience in the Fusiliers, as well as his negative whistle, I will venture to hold a crown that she is but a what-shall-call-'um after all. Let not even the gold persuade you to the contrary. She may

make a shift to cause you to disgorge that, and (immense spoil!) a session's fees to boot, if you look not all the sharper about you. Or if it should be otherwise, and if indeed there lurk some mystery under this visitation, credit me, it is one which thou canst not penetrate, nor can I as yet even attempt to explain it; since, if I prove mistaken, and mistaken I may easily be, I would be fain to creep into Phalaris's bull, were it standing before me ready heated, rather than be roasted with thy railery. Do not tax me with want of confidence; for the instant I can throw any light on the matter thou shalt have it; but while I am only blundering about in the dark, I do not choose to call wise folks to see me, perchance, break my nose against a post. So if you marvel at this,

"E'en marvel on till time makes all things plain."

In the mean time, kind Alan, let me proceed in my diurnal.

On the third or fourth day after my arrival at Mount Sharon, Time, that bald sexton to whom I have just referred you, did certainly limp more heavily along with me than he had done at first. The quaint morality of Joshua, and Hugenot simplicity of his sister, began to lose much of their raciness with their novelty, and my mode of life, by dint of being very quiet, began to feel abominably dull. It was, as thou say'st, as if the Quakers had put the sun in their pockets—all around was soft and mild, and even pleasant; but there was, in the whole routine, a uniformity, a want of interest, a helpless and hopeless languor, which rendered life insipid. No doubt, my worthy host and hostess felt none of this void, its want of excitation, which was becoming oppressive to their guest. They had their little round of occupations, charities, and pleasures; Rachel had her poultry-yard and conservatory, and Joshua his garden. Besides this, they enjoyed, doubtless, their devotional meditations; and, on the whole, time glided softly and imperceptibly on with them, though to me who long for stream and cataract, it seemed absolutely to stand still. I meditated returning to Shepherd's Bush, and began to think, with some hesitating, after little Benjie and the rod. The imp ventured hither, and hovers about to catch a peep of me now and then; I suppose the little sharper is angling for a few more sixpences. But this would have been, in Joshua's eyes, a return of the wasted sow to wallowing in the mire, and I resolved while I remained his guest, to spare him so violent a shock to his prejudices. The next point was, to shorten the time of my proposed stay; but, alas! that I felt to be equally impossible. I had named a week; and however rashly my promise had been pledged, it must be held sacred, even according to the letter, from which the Friends permit no deviation.

All these considerations wrought me up to a kind of impatience yesterday evening; so that I snatched up my hat, and prepared for a sally beyond the cultivated farm and ornamented grounds of Mount Sharon, just as if I were desirous to escape from the realms of art, into those of free and unconstrained nature.

I was scarcely more delighted when I first entered this peaceful demesne, than I now was—such is the instability and inconsistency of human nature!—when I escaped from it to the open downs, which had formerly seemed so waste and dreary. Till as I breathed felt purer and more bracing. The clouds riding high upon a summer breeze, drove, in gay succession, over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Frith of Solway.

I advanced on the scene with the light step of a liberated captive; and, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, could have found in my heart to sing as I went on my way. It seemed as if my gnyety had accumulated while suppressed, and that I was, in my present joyous mood, entitled to expend the savings of the previous week. But just as I was about to uplift a merry stave, I heard, to my joyful surprise, the voices of three or more choristers, singing, with considerable success, the lively old catch,

our men were very very merry,
our men were drinking;
we two men of mine,
men of thine,
that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
our men were drinking."

chorus ended, there followed a loud and high way of cheers. Attracted by sounds so congenial to my present feelings, I made the spot from which they came,—however, for the downs, as had been repeated to me, had no good name; and the attractive music, without rivaling that of the Syrens, might have been followed by similarly in- it consequences to an incautious amateur. I was, therefore, trusting that the sinuities would, broken as it was into knolls and sand- dle permit me to obtain a sight of the music- re I should be observed by them. As I ad- he old ditty was again raised. The voices hose of a man and two boys; they were t kept good time, and were managed with a skill to belong to the ordinary country

look'd at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire;
bleed his k-nell in Birkendale mere;
artled a calf, and halloo'd for a stag;
counted a gate-post instead of his nag;
our men were very very merry,
all our men were drinking;
were two men of mine,
men of thine,
that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
went to the ferry they were very very merry,
ll our men were drinking."

ices, as they mixed in their several parts, hrough them, untwisting and again entw- he links of the merry old catch, seemed to le touch of the bacchanalian spirit which brated, and showed plainly that the musi- re engaged in the same joyous revel as the f old Sir Thom o' Lyne. At length I came thid of them, three in number, where they sat- ed into what you might call a *bunker*, a d-pit, dry and snug, and surrounded by its d a screen of whins in full bloom.

ly one of the trio whom I recognised as a acquaintance was the notorious little Benjie, ing just finished his stave, was cramming a cheon of pie-crust into his mouth with one ile in the other he held a foaming tankard, lancing with all the glee of a forbidden revel; atures, which have at all times a mischiev- ness of expression, confessing the full sweet- tolen waters, and bread eaten in secret.

was no mistaking the profession of the male yle, who were partners with Benjie in these ings. The man's long loose-bodied great- up-rascal (as the vulgar term it,) the fiddle- th its straps, which lay beside him, and a apack which might contain his few neces- clear gray eye; features which, in contend- many a storm, had not lost a wild and car- cession of glee, animated at present, when he cising for his own pleasure the arts which ly practised for bread,—all announced one of ipatetic followers of Orpheus, whom the vul-

original of this catch is to be found in Cowley's witty f the Guardian, the first edition. It does not exist und and revised edition, called the *Cutter of Coleman*

PTAIN BRAD. Ha, ha, boys, another catch.

And all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking.

One man of mine.

Two men of mine.

Three men of mine.

And one man of mine.

As we went by the way we were drunk, drunk, damnably drunk.

And all our men were very very merry, &c."

e the words, which are somewhat altered and ampli- fied. The play was acted in presence of Charles Prince of Wales, in 1661. The catch in the text has ily set to music.

gar call a strolling fiddler. Gazing more attentively, I easily discovered that though the poor musician's eyes were open, their sense was shut, and that the ecstacy with which he turned them up to Heaven, only derived its apparent expression from his own internal emotions, but received no assistance from the visible objects around. Beside him sat his female companion, in a man's hat, a blue coat, which seemed also to have been an article of male apparel, and a rvel petticoat. She was cleaner, in person and in clothes, than such itinerants generally are; and, having been in her day a strapping *bona roba*, she did not even yet neglect some attention to her appearance; wore a large amber necklace, and silver ear-rings, and had her plaid fastened across her breast with a brooch of the same metal.

The man also looked clean, notwithstanding the meanness of his attire, and had a decent milk hand- kerchief well knotted about his throat, under which peeped a clean overelay. His beard, also, instead of displaying a grizzly stubble, unowned for several days, flowed in thick and comely abundance over the breast, to the length of six inches, and mingled with his hair, with was but beginning to exhibit a touch of age. To sum up his appearance, the loose garment which I have described, was secured around him by a large old-fashioned belt, with brass studs, in which hung a dirk, with a knife and fork, its usual accom- paniments. Altogether, there was something more wild and adventurous-looking about the man, than I could have expected to see in an ordinary modern crowder; and the bow which he now and then drew across the violin, to direct his little choir, was de- cidedly that of no ordinary performer.

You must understand that many of these observa- tions were the fruits of after remark; for I had scarce approached so near as to get a distinct view of the party, when my friend Benjie's lurching attendant, which he calls by the appropriate name of Hemp, began to rock his tail and ears, and, sensible of my presence, flew, barking like a fury, to the place where I had meant to lie concealed till I heard another song. I was obliged, however, to jump on my feet, and in- timidate Hemp, who would otherwise have bit me, by two sound kicks on the ribs, which sent him howl- ing back to his master.

Little Benjie seemed somewhat dismayed at my appearance; but, calculating on my placability, and remembering, perhaps, that the ill-used Solomon was no paltry of mine, he speedily affected great glee, and almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was "a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk;" and informed me that this was "Willie Steenson—Wandering Willie—the best fiddler that ever kilted thairm with horse- hair."

The woman rose and curtsied; and Wandering Willie sanctioned his own praises with a nod, and the ejaculation, "All is true that the little boy says."

I asked him if he was of this country.

"This country!" replied the blind man—"I am of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am, in some sense, of this country; for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway. Will I give you honour a touch of the auld bread-winner?"

He preluded as he spoke, in a manner which really excited my curiosity; and then taking the old tune of Galashiels for his theme, he graced it with a number of wild, complicated, and beautiful variations; during which, it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very con- siderable powers.

"What think you of that, now, for threescore and two?"

I expressed my surprise and pleasure.

"A rant, nan—an auld rant," said Willie; "nae- thing like the music ye hae in your ball-houses and your playhouses in Edinbro'; but it's weel aneugh ayes in a way at a diko-side.—Here's another—it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane—Oswald made it himself, I reckon—he has cheated mony ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."

He then played your favourite air of Roslin Castle, with a number of beautiful variations, some of which I am certain were almost extempore.

"You have another fiddle there, my friend," said I—"Have you a comrade?" But Willie's ears were deaf, or his attention was still busied with the tune.

The female replied in his stead, "O ay, sir—roth we have a partner—a gangrel body like ourself. No but my hinny might have been better if he had liked; for mony a bein nook in mony a braw house has been offered to my hinny Willie, if he wad but just bide still and play to the gentles."

"Whisht, woman! whisht!" said the blind man, angrily, shaking his locks; "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your havers. Stay in a house and play to the gentles!—strike up when my leddy pleases, and lay down the bow when my lord bids! Na, na, that's nae life for Willie.—Look out, Maggie—peer out, woman, and see if ye can see Robin coming.—Deil be in him! he has got to the lee-side of some smuggler's punch-bowl, and he wunna budge the night, I doubt."

"That is your consort's instrument," said I—"Will you give me leave to try my skill?" I slipped at the same time a shilling into the woman's hand.

"I dinna ken whether I dare trust Robin's fiddle to ye," said Willie, bluntly. His wife gave him a twitch. "Hout awa, Maggie," he said, in contempt of the hint; "though the gentleman may hae gien ye siller, he may have nae bow-hand for a' that, and I'll no trust Robin's fiddle wi' an ignoramus.—But that's no sae muckle amiss," he added, as I began to touch the instrument; "I am thinking ye have some skill o' the craft."

To confirm him in this favourable opinion, I began to execute such a complicated flourish as I thought must have turned Crowdero into a pillar of stone with envy and wonder. I scaled the top of the finger-board, to dive at once to the bottom—skipped with flying fingers, like Timotheus, from shift to shift—struck arpeggios and harmonic tones, but without exciting any of the astonishment which I had expected.

Willie indeed listened to me with considerable attention; but I was no sooner finished, than he immediately mimicked on his own instrument the fantastic complication of tones which I had produced, and made so whimsical a parody of my performance, that, although somewhat angry, I could not help laughing heartily, in which I was joined by Benjie, whose reverence for me held him under no restraint; while the poor dame, fearful, doubtless, of my taking offence at this familiarity, seemed divided betwixt her conjugal reverence for her Willie, and her desire to give him a hint for his guidance.

At length the old man stopped of his own accord, and, as if he had sufficiently rebuked me by his mimicry, he said, "But for a' that, ye will play very weel wi' a little practice and some gude teaching. But ye maun learn to put the heart into it, man—to put the heart into it."

I played an air in simpler taste, and received more decided approbation.

"That's something like it, man. Od, ye are a clever birkie!"

The woman touched his coat again. "The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie—ye maunna speak that gate to him, hinny."

"The deevil I maunna!" said Willie; "and what for maunna I?—If he was ten gentles, he canna draw a bow like me, can he?"

"Indeed I cannot, my honest friend," said I; "and if you will go with me to a house hard by, I would be glad to have a night with you."

Here I looked round, and observed Benjie smothering a laugh, which I was sure had mischief in it. I seized him suddenly by the ear, and made him confess that he was laughing at the thoughts of the reception which a fiddler was likely to get from the Quakers at Mount Sharon. I chucked him from me, not sorry that his mirth had reminded me in time of what I had for the moment forgotten; and invited the itinerant to go with me to Shepherd's Bush, from which I proposed to send word to Mr. Geddes that I should not return home that evening. But the min-

strel declined this invitation also. He was engaged for the night, he said, to a dance in the neighbourhood, and vented a round execration on the laziness or drunkenness of his comrade, who had not appeared at the place of rendezvous.

"I will go with you instead of him," said I, in a sudden whim; "and I will give you a crown to introduce me as your comrade."

"You gang instead of Rob the Rambler! My certie, freend, ye are no blate!" answered Wandering Willie, in a tone which announced death to my frolic.

But Maggie, whom the offer of the crown had not escaped, began to open on that scent with a unaundering sort of lecture. "O Willie! hinny Willie, whan will ye learn to be wise? There's a crown to be win for naething but saying a man's name instead of another. And, wae's me! I hae just a shilling of this gentleman's giening, and a bodle of my ain; and ye wunna bend your will sae muckle as to take up the siller that's flung at your feet! Ye will die the death of a cadger's powney in a wreath of drift! and what can I do better than lie down and die wi' you! for ye wunna let me win siller to keep either you or mysel' leevin'."

"Haud your nonsense tongue, woman," said Willie, but less absolutely than before. "Is he a real gentleman, or ane of the player-men?"

"I see uphaud him a real gentleman," said the woman.

"I see uphaud ye ken little of the matter," said Willie; "let us see haud of your hand, neebor, gae like."

I gave him my hand. He said to himself, "Ay, here are fingers that have seen canny service." Then running his hand over my hair, my face, and my dress, he went on with his soliloquy; "Ay, a' mynisted hair, braid-claith o' the best, and seven hundred linen on his back, at the least o' it.—And how do ye think, my braw birkie, that ye are to pass for a tramping fiddler?"

"My dress is plain," said I,—indeed I had chosen my most ordinary suit, out of compliment to my Quaker friends,—and I can easily pass for a young farmer out upon a frolic. Come, I will double the crown I promised you."

"Damn your crowns!" said the disinterested man of music. "I would like to have a round wi' ye, that's certain;—but a farmer, and with a hand that never held plough-still or pottle, that will never do. Ye may pass for a trades-lad from Dumfries, or a student upon the ramble, or the like o' that. But hark ye, lad; if ye expect to be ranting among the quasses o' lasses where ye are gaun, ye will come by the wae, I can tell ye; for the fishers are wild chaps, and will bide nae taunts."

I promised to be civil and cautious; and, to smooth the good woman, I slipped the promised piece into her hand. The acute organs of the blind man detected this little manoeuvre.

"Are ye at it again wi' the siller, ye jaud! I'll be sworn ye wad rather hear ae twalpenney clink against another, than have a spring from Rory Dall. If he was coming alive again, anes errand. Gang down the gate to Lucky Grayson's, and get the things ye want, and bide there till eleven hours in the morn; and if ye see Robin, send him on to me."

"An I no gaun to the play, then?" said Maggie in a disappointed tone.

"And what for should ye?" said her lord and master; "to dance a' night, I see warrant, and no to be fit to walk your tae's-length the morn, and we hae ten Scots miles afore us? Na, na. Stable the steed, and pit your wife to bed, when there's night wark to do."

"Awcel, awcel, Willie hinny, ye ken best; but O, take an unco care o' yourself, and mind ye hae nae the blessing o' sight."

"Your tongue gars me whiles tire of the blessing of hearing, woman," replied Willie, in answer to this tender exhortation.

But I now put in for my interest. "Ho! good folks, remember that I am to send the boy to Mount Sharon, and if you go to the Shepherd's Bush, haud

• Blind Rorie, a famous performer, according to tradition.

"how the deuce am I to guide the blind man as is going? I know little or nothing of the

ye ken mickle less of my hinny, sir," replied "that think he needs only guiding; he's the ide himself, that ye'll find between Criffell and Horse-road and footpath, parish-road and id, high-road and cross-road, he kens ilka foot nd in Nithsdale."

ye might have said in braid Scotland, gude-added the fiddler. "But gang your ways, that's the first wise word ye hae spoke the wish it was dark night, and rain, and wind, gentleman's sake, that I might show him there's when ene had better want een than have for I am as true a guide by darkness as by t."

nally as well pleased that my companion was to give me this last proof of his skill, I wrote with a pencil, desiring Samuel to bring my at midnight, when I thought my frolic would nigh over, to the place to which the bearer direct him, and I sent little Benjie with an to the worthy Quakers.

e parted in different directions; the good woid. "Oh, sir, if ye wad but ask Willie to tell of his tales to shorten the gate! He can speak minister frae the pulpit, and he might have minister himself, but!"

nd your tongue, ye fule!" said Willie,—"But eg—gie me a kias, we maunna part in anger, —And thus our society separated.*

LETTER XI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

are now to conceive us proceeding in our directions across the bare downs. Yonder flies enjpe to the northward, with Hemp scamper his heels, both running as if for dear life, so the rogne is within sight of his employer, and to take the walk very easy, so soon as he is ken. Stepping westward, you see Magell form and high-crowned hat, relieved by the ug of her plaid upon the left shoulder, darkening the distance diminishes her size, and as the nbeams begin to sink upon the sea. She is her quiet journey to the Shepherd's Bush.

, stoutly standing over the sea, you have a full Darsie Latimer, with his new acquaintance, ring Willie, who, bating that he touched the now and then with his staff, not in a doubtful manner, but with the confident air of an expert pilot, heaving the lead when he has the igs by heart, walks as firmly and boldly as if he ed the eyes of Argus. There they go, each a violin slung at his back, but one of them at tally ignorant whither their course is directed. wherefore did you enter so keenly into such a plic? says my wise counsellor—Why, I think, ic whole, that as a sense of loneliness, and a ; for that kindness which is interchanged in led me to take up my temporary residence at Sharon, the monotony of my life there, the mplicity of the conversation of the Geddases, : uniformity of their amusements and employ- weaned out my impatient temper, and prene for the first escapade which chance might in my way.

t would I have given that I could have pro- hat solemn grave visage of thine, to dignify ke, as it has done full many a one of thine

Thou hast so happy a knack of doing the olish things in the wisest manner, that thou t pass thy extravagances for rational actions, i the eyes of prudence herself.

i the direction which my auld observed, I be- suspect that the dell at Brokenburn was our le destination; and it became important to me certain that in many cases the blind have, by constant of their other organs, learned to overcome a defect one would think incapable of being supplied. Every suat remember the celebrated Blind Jack of Knaresbo- who lived by laying out roads.

to consider whether I could, with propriety, or even perfect safety, intrude myself again upon the hospitality of my former host. I therefore asked Willie, whether we were bound for the Laird's, as folk called him.

"Do ye ken the Laird?" said Willie, interrupting a sonata of Corelli, of which he had whistled several bars with great precision.

"I know the Laird a little," said I; "and therefore, I was doubting whether I ought to go to his town in disguise."

"And I should doubt, not a little only but a great deal, before I took ye there, my chap," said Wandering Willie; "for I am thinking it wad be worth little less than broken banes baith to you and me. Na, na, chap, we are no ganging to the Laird's, but to a blithe birling at the Brokenburn-foot, where there will be mony a braw lad and lass; and maybe there may be some of the Laird's folk, for he never comes to sic splots himself. He is all for fowling-piece and salmon spear, now that pike and musket are out of the question."

"He has been a soldier, then?" said I.

"I see warrant him a soger," answered Willie; "but take my advice and speer as little about him as he does about you. Best to let sleeping dogs lie. Better say naething about the Laird, my man, and tell me instead, what sort of a chap ye are, that are see ready to clik in with an auld gaberlunzie fiddler? Maggie says ye're gentle, but a shilling maks a' the difference that Maggie kens, between a gentle and a semple, and your crowns wad mak ye a prince of the blood in her een. But I am ene that kens full weel that ye may wear good claithe, and have a soft hand, and yet that may come of idleness as weel as gentrice."

I told him my name, with the same addition I had formerly given to Mr. Joshua Geddes; that I was a law-student, tired of my studies, and rambling about for exercise and amusement.

"And are ye in the wont of drawing up wi' a' the gangrel bodies that ye meet on the high-road, or find cowering in a sand-bunker upon the links?" demanded Willie.

"Oh no; only with honest folks like yourself, Willie," was my reply.

"Honest folks like me!—How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am?—I may be the deevil himself for what ye ken; for he has power to come disguised like an angel of light; and besides, he is a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Corelli, ye ken."

There was something odd in this speech, and the tone in which it was said. It seemed as if my companion was not always in his constant mind, or that he was willing to try if he could frighten me. I laughed at the extravagance of his language, however, and asked him in reply, if he was fool enough to believe that the foul fiend would play so silly a masquerade.

"Ye ken little about it—little about it," said the old man, shaking his head and beard, and knitting his brows—"I could tell ye something about that."

What his wife mentioned of his being a tale-teller, as well as a musician, now occurred to me; and as you know I like tales of superstition, I begged to have a specimen of his talent as we went along.

"It is very true," said the blind man, "that when I am tired of scraping thairm or singing ballants, I whiles make a tale serve the turn among the country bodies; and I have some fearsome anea, that make the auld carlins shake on the settle, and the bits o' bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds. But this that I am gaun to tell you was a thing that befell in our ain house in my father's time—that is, my father was then a hafflins callant; and I tell it to you, that it may be a lesson to you, that are but a young, thoughtless chap, wha ye draw up wi' on a lonely road; for muckle was the dool and care that came o't to my gudesire."

He commenced his tale accordingly, in a distinct narrative tone of voice, which he raised and depressed with considerable skill; at times sinking almost into a whisper, and turning his clear but sightless eyeballs upon my face, as if it had been possible for him to

witness the impression which his narrative made upon my features. I will not spare you a syllable of it, although it be of the longest; so I make a dash—and begin

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE.

Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the sixteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favour as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a redhot prelatist, he came down here, ram-paung like a lion, with commissions of lieutenantcy, (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild work they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand; and his name is kend as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave, could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and blood-hound after them, as if they had been sae many deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roebuck—It was just, "Will ye tak the test?"—if not, "Make ready—prezent—fire!"—and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan—that he was proof against steel—and that bullets happened aff his buff-coat like hailstones from a hearth—that he had a mean that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra-gawn*—and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "Deil scowp wi' Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad maister to his ain folk though, and was weel enough liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd those killing times, they had hae drunken themselves blind to his health at any time.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund—they ca' the place Primrose-Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callier and fresher there than ony where else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-check three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at "Hoopers and Girders"—a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin"—and he had the finest finger for the back-lit between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of necessity, that he might belong to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some, that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favourite with his master, and kend a' the folks about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCullum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the Laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegither sae

great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings, to mak a spick and span new world. So parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as well lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the non-conformists, that used to come to stock his larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behaved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the Laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body, that naeboddy cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.*

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguder—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He gittie first brush at Whitesunday put ower wi' fair word and piping; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behaved to fit. Sir wark he had to get the siller; but he was wae-freended, and at last he got the hail scraped altogether—a thousand merks—the inaisit of it was from a neighbour they ca'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly auld Laurie had walth o' gear—could hunt wi' the bowal and rin wi' the hare—and be Whig or Tory, sinner or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in the Revolution war, but he liked an orra sough of the world; and a tune on the pipes weel enough at a betime, and abune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking Primrose-Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the Castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himself into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegither for sae the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his keesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jackanape, that was a special pet of his: a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the baill castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching and biting folk, especially before ill weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burnt;† and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naeboddy but the Laird, Dougal MacCullum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a grand armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the Laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girmed wi' pain, the jackanape girmed too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an ill-natured, fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach; for he kept up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse

* The caution and moderation of King William III. and his principles of unlimited toleration, deprived the Covenanters of the opportunity they ardently desired, to retaliate the wrongs which they had received during the reign of prelate, by purifying the land, as they called it, from the pollution of blood. They esteemed the Revolution, therefore, only a half measure, which neither comprehended the rebuilding the Kirk in its full splendour, nor the revenge of the death of the Stuart on their persecutors.

† A celebrated wizard, executed at Edinburgh for many and other crimes.

* A precipitous side of a mountain in Moffatdale.

and night, just as he used to do when he loup on horseback, and away after any of the he could get speerings of. Some said it is of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I s just his auld custom—he wasna gien to ing. The rental-book, wi' its black cover lappas, was lying beside him; and a book fry sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to en at the place where it bore evidence Goodman of Primrose-Knowe, as behind ith his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave en a look, as if he would have withered his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of brows, that men saw the visible mark of e in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had we there.

come light-handed, ye son of a toom said Sir Robert. "Zounds! if you are"—sire, with as gude a countenance as he n, made a leg, and placed th' bag of money le wi' a dash, like a man that does some-er. The Laird drew it to him hastily—re, Steenie, man?"

onour will find it right," said my gudesire. Dougal," said the Laird, "gie Steenie a tass lown stairs, till I count the siller and write "

werena weel out of the room, when Sir l a yelloch that garr'd the Castle rock! Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on e Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. e knew not whether to stand or flee, but l back into the parlour, where a' was gaun e—nobody to say "come in," or "gie out." e Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, o cool his throat; and hell, hell, hell, and was aye the word in his mouth. They n water, and when they plunged his swoln e tub, he cried out it was burning; and it *did* bubble and sparkle like a scething le flung the cup at Dougal's head, and d given him blood instead of burgundy; ough, the lass washed clotted blood aff the neist day. The jackanape they ca'd r, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking my gudesire's head was like to turn—he h siller and receipt, and down stairs he ut as he ran, the shrieks came faint and ere was a deep-drawn shivering groan, ged through the Castle, that the Laird

ay came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his l his best hope was, that Dougal had seen bag, and heard the Laird speak of writin . The young Laird, now Sir John, came burgh, to see things put to rights. Sir us father never gre'd weel. Sir John had an advocate, and afterwards sat in the Parliament and voted for the Union, hav- it was thought, a rug of the compensa- s father could have come out of his grave, ave brained him for it on his awn hearth- me thought it was easier counting with the Knight than the fair-spoken young ane- f that anon.

MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor it gaed about the house looking like a directing, as was his duty, at the order of funeral. Now, Dougal looked uye waur when night was coming, and was aye the g to his bed, whilk was in a little round te chamber of dais, whilk his master hile he was living, and where he now lay is they ca'd it weel-a-day! The night funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel; he came down with his proud spirit, and l auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with n hour. When they were in the round, k as tass of brandy to himsell, and gave Hutcheon, wished him all health and lang and that, for himsell, he was na lang for; for that, every night since Sir Robert's silver call had sounded from the state ust as it used to do at nights in his lifetime,

to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said, that being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower, (for nobody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, "though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon."

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he had not fail him at his pinch; so down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davis Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure enough the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw enough at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ane shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin! Over he cowped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gane anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan, and among the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John husht the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bogle-wark.

But when a' was ower, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundred-weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there myself, though I could na be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grand-father, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a massif-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.)

"I wuss ye jo, sir, of the head sent, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I sould say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were mulls when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the Laird, sighing deeply and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order—wool prepar'd Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled heap to wind, Steenie.—Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stephenson, or Steen-son, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honour Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till

him to count, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *laisis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was naeboddy in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye borrowed the money, Steenie. It is the payment to my father that I want to have some proof of."

Stephen. "The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, may be some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable."

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, "Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honour; "and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly, "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding.—Where do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw every thing look sae muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate—however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular one, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow;—"Speak out, sir! I will know your thoughts;—do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen.

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer?"

"In hell, if you will have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity,—"in hell! with your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle!"

Down the stairs he ran, (for the parlour was nae place for him after such a word,) and he heard the

Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the baillis and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor, (him they ca'd Laurie Lapraik,) to try if he could make any thing out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the worst word in his wame—thief, beggar, and dyvour, were the safest terms; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunt, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchance aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that gar'd folk's flesh grue that heard them;—he wasna just himself, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a foud black fir, as they say.—I ken the wood, but the fir may be black or white for what I can tell.—At the ontry of the wood there is a wild common, and at the edge of the common, a little lonely change-house that was keepit then by an ostler-wife, they said he caa'd her Tibbie Faw, and there puir Steenie caud for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the hail day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and named a toast at each: the first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond tenant; and the second was a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the hail world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night, turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he the beast take its ain road through the wood; when all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and start, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle.—Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, "Thane a mittle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?"—So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into the saddle heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. "But his spunk's aoot out of him, I think," continued the stranger, "and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof."

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was aye that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the selfsame pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry; and to say the truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want with me, freend?" he said. "If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road I scarce ken it myself."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am one that, though I have been sair misca'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my friend's."

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I think I can help you."

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humourous chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said, he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther for that receipt.—The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer court-yard, through the muckle fauldin yetta, and aneath the auld portullias; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and dera y within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

"God!" said my gudesire, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!"

He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum,—just after his wont, too,—came to open the door, and said, "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you."

My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, "Ha! Dougal Driveover, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead."

"Never fash yoursell wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yourself; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain."

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane songs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculdudry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blithest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table!—My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the ferce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale, and Dalryell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlsall, with Cameron's blude in his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; and Dumbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his wordly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, jerk, curled locks, streaming down over his laced suit-coat, and his left hand always on his right spulade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made.* He sat apart from them all, and looked at

them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallowed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds, as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his bones.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers, that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and many a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper, to come to the board-head where he was sitting; his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jackanape was close to him, but the creature itself was not there—it wasna its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say as he came forward, "Is not the Major comie yet?" And another answered, "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the devil in his likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say, that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said the appearance of Sir Robert—"Play us up, 'Weel hoddled, Luckie!'"

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

"MacCallum, ye lmb of Beelzebub," said the fearful Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes which might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said, he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the figure; "for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting."

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the King's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience-sake—(he had no power to say the holy name)—and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance smashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur: and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

* The reader is referred for particulars to Pitcautley's History of Scotland.

* The personages here mentioned are most of them characters of historical fame; but those less known and remembered may be found in the tract entitled, "The Judgment and Justice of God Exemplified, or, a Brief Historical Account of some of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors, from the Reformation till after the Revolution." This constitutes a sort of postscript or appendix to John Howie's Lochnagar's "Account of the Lives of the most eminent Scots Worthies." The author has, with considerable ingenuity, reversed his reasoning upon the inference to be drawn from the prosperity or misfortunes which befall individuals in this world, either in the course of their lives or in the hour of death. In the account of the martyrs' sufferings, such inflictions are mentioned only as trials permitted by Providence, for the better and brighter display of their faith, and constancy of principle. But when similar afflictions befall the opposite party, they are imputed to the direct vengeance of Heaven upon their impiety. If, indeed, the life of any person obnoxious to the historian's censures happened to have passed in unusual prosperity, the mere fact of its being finally concluded by death, is assumed as an undeniable token of the judgment of Heaven, and, to render the conclusion inevitable, his last scene is generally garnished with some singular circumstance. Thus the Duke of Lauderdale is said, through old age but immense corpulence, to have become so sunk in port, "that his heart was not the bigness of a walnut."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, "Stop, though, thou sack-doubling son of a whore! I am not done with thee. Here we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection."

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddeny, and he said aloud, "I refer mysell to God's pleasure, and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him; and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there, he could not tell; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochie, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the Laird.

"Well, you dy your bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me any rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it."

"How, airrah?—Sir Robert's receipt!—You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention; and at last, at the date, which my gudesire had not observed,—"From my appointed place," he read, "*this twenty-fifth of November.*"

"What!—That is yesterday!—Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!"

"I got it from your honour's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will delate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to delate mysell to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

Sir John paused, composed himself, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scalding your fingers with a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it.—But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitted without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire; "he kens a' the old corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them, that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took (with what purpose, Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him w' a vengeance, maist dang him back over—bang gaid the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, bears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure ane—22, and mony orra things besides, that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had ried the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him to make amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better let the hail dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Mac Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken over muckle brandy to be very certain about any thing; and Steenie, this receipt," (his hand shook while he held it out,)—"its bit a queer kind of document, and w' will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Och, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at a easier rent."

"Many thanks to your honour," said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; "doubtless I will be conformable to all your honour's commands; only I would willingly speak w' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of summons of appointment whilk your honour's letter"—

"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him.

"Weel, then, the thing that was so like him,"—said my gudesire; "he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience."

"Aweel, then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it flew up the lum, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said, it was his real opinion, that though my gudesire had gone very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet as he had refused the devil's aries, (for such was the offer of meat and drink,) and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore both the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or up-penny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsell; and some believe till this day that was no more in the matter than the flichting name.

brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap, was name o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and lesire saw in the Laird's room, but only that ancy creature, the Major, capering on the and that as to the blowing on the Laird's : that was heard after he was dead, the filthy ould do that as weel as the Laird himself, if no

But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came the minister's wife, after Sir John and her leman were baith in the moulds. And then, lesire, who was failed in his limba, but not in gment or memory—at least nothing to speak s obliged to tell the real narrative to his freenda, credit of his goot name. He might also have targed for a warlock.*

shades of evening were growing thicker around yr conductor finished his long narrative with

heard in my youth some such wild tale as that placed outh of the blind fiddler, of which, I think, the hero Robert Grierson of Lag, the famous persecutor. But f was general throughout Scotland, that the excessive tion over the loss of friends disturbed the repose of the d broke even the rest of the grave. There are several s of this in tradition, but one struck me particularly, as it from the lips of one who professed receiving it from a ghost-seer. This was a Highland lady, named Mrs.

B—, who probably believed firmly in the truth of an on, which seems to have originated in the weakness of es and strength of her imagination. She had been lately d by her husband, with the office of guardian to their d. The young man added to the difficulties of his by an extreme propensity for a military life, which his was unwilling to give way to, while she found it impos- repress it. About this time the Independent Companies, for the preservation of the peace of the Highlands, were urses of being levied; and as a gentleman named Cam- ously connected with Mrs. C—, commanded one of those es, she was at length persuaded to compromise the mat- her son, by permitting him to enter this company in the of a cadet; thus gratifying his love of a military life the dangers of foreign service, to which no one then these troops were at all liable to be exposed, while even tive service at home was not likely to be attended with inor. She readily obtained a promise from her relative would be particular in his attention to her son, and o concluded she had accommodated matters between a wisher and his safety in a way sufficiently attentive to she set off to Edinburgh to get what was wanting for it, and shortly afterwards received melancholy news e Highlands. The Independent Company into which was to enter had a skirmish with a party of catherans in some act of spoil, and her friend the Captain being d and out of the reach of medical assistance, died in urrence. This news was a thunder-bolt to the poor mother sat once deprived of her kin-man's advice and assist- id instructed by his fate of the unexpected danger to her son's new calling exposed him. She remained also sorrow for her relative, whom she loved with sisterly l. These conflicting causes of anxiety, together with rtainty whether to continue to change her son's destina- re terminated in the following manner:—

house in which Mrs. C— resided in the old town of gh, was a flat or story of a land, accessible, as was then il, by a common stair. The family who occupied the death were her acquaintances, and she was in the habit ing tea with them every evening. It was accordingly a o'clock, when, recovering herself from a deep fit of reflection, she was about to leave the parlour in which in order to attend this engagement. The door through she was to pass opened, as was very common in Edin- nto a dark passage. In this passage, and within a yard when she opened the door, stood the apparition of her, the deceased officer, in his full tartan, and wearing et. Terrified at what she saw, or thought she saw, she the door hastily, and, sinking on her knees by a chair, to be delivered from the horrors of the vision. She re- in that posture till her friends below tapped on the floor ate that tea was ready. Recalled to herself by the signal, e, and, on opening the apartment door, again was con- by the visionary Highlander, whose bloody brow bore in this second appearance, to the death he had died. to endure this repetition of her terrors, Mrs. C— sunk for in a swoon. Her friends below, startled with the ame up stairs, and, alarmed at the situation in which and her, insisted on her going to bed and taking some- in, in order to compose what they took for a nervous at- They had no sooner left her in quiet, than the apparition soldier was once more visible in the apartment. This e took courage and said, "In the name of God, Donald, you haunt one who respected and loved you when liv- to which he answered readily, in Gaelic, "Cosein, why not speak sooner? My rest is disturbed by your un- lamentation—your tears scald me in my shroud. I come ou that my untimely death ought to make no difference views for your son; God will raise patrons to supply my and he will live to the fulness of years, and die honoured peace." The lady of course followed her kinsman, and nd as she was accounted a person of strict veracity, we clude the first apparition an illusion of the fancy, the is a lively dream suggested by the other two.

this moral—"Ye see, birkie, it is nae chance thing to tak a stranger traveller for a guide, when ye are in an uncouth land."

"I should not have made that inference," said I. "Your grandfather's adventure was fortunate for himself, whom it saved from ruin and distress: and fortunate for his landlord also, whom it prevented from committing a gross act of injustice."

"Ay, but they had baith to sup the sauce o't sooner or later," said Wandering Willie—"What was fristed wasna forgiven. Sir John died before he was much over threescore; and it was just like of a moment's illness. And for my gudeaire, though he departed in fulness of years, yet there was my father, a yauld man of forty-five, fell down betwixt the stils of his plough, and raise never again, and left nae bairn but me, a puir sightless, fatherless, motherless creature, could neither work nor want. Things gaed weel enough at first; for Sir Redwald Redgauntlet, the only son of Sir John, and the oye of auld Sir Robert, and, was me! the last of the honourable house, took the farm off our hands, and brought me into his household to have care of me. He liked music, and I had the best teachers baith England and Scotland could gie me. Mony a merry year was I wi' him; but was me! he gaed out with other pretty men in the forty-five—I'll say nae mair about it—My head never settled weel since I lost him, and if I say another word about it, deil a bar will I have the heart to play the night.—Look out, my gentle chap," he resumed in a different tone, "ye should see the lights in Brokenburn Glen by this time."

LETTER XII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Tam Luter was their minstrel meet,
Gude Lord as he could lance,
He played see shrill and sang see sweet,
Till Fowie took a trance.
Auld Lifffoot there he did forlost,
And counterfeited France;
He used himself as man discreet,
And took up Morrice dance;
See loud,
At Christ's Kirk on the Green that day.

KING JAMES I.

I CONTINUE to scribble at length, though the sub- ject may seem somewhat deficient in interest. Let the grace of the narrative, therefore, and the concern we take in each other's matters, make amends for its tenuity. We fools of fancy, who suffer ourselves, like Malvolio, to be cheated with our own visions, have, nevertheless, this advantage over the wise ones of the earth, that we have our whole stock of enjoy- ments under our own command, and can dish for ourselves an intellectual banquet with most moderate assistance from external objects. It is, to be sure, something like the feast which the Barmecide served up to Alnaschar; and we cannot be expected to get fat upon such diet. But then, neither is there reple- tion nor nausea, which often succeed the grosser and more material revel. On the whole, I still pray, with the Ode to Castle Building—

"Give me thy hope which sickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth which has no wings to fly;
Give me the bliss thy visions can impart;
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty!"

And so, despite thy solemn smile and sapient shake of the head, I will go on picking such interest as I can out of my trivial adventures, even though that interest should be the creation of my own fancy; nor will I cease to inflict on thy devoted eyes the labour of perusing the scrolls in which I shall record my nar- rative.

My last broke off as we were on the point of de- scending into the glen at Brokenburn, by the dan- gerous track which I had first travelled *en croupe*, behind a furious horseman, and was now again to brave under the precarious guidance of a blind man.

It was now getting dark; but this was no incon- venience to my guide, who moved on, as formerly, with instinctive security of step, so that we soon reached the bottom, and I could see lights twinkling in the cottage which had been my place of refuge on a former occasion. It was not thither, however, that

our course was directed. We left the habitation of the Laird to the left, and turning down the brook, soon approached the small hamlet which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, probably on account of the convenience which it afforded as a harbour to the fishing-boats. A large low cottage, full in our front, seemed highly illuminated; for the light not only glanced from every window and aperture in its frail walls, but was even visible from rents and fractures in the roof, composed of tarred shingles, repaired in part by thatch and *dirot*.

While these appearances engaged my attention, that of my companion was attracted by a regular succession of sounds, like a bouncing on the floor, mixed with a very faint noise of music, which Willie's acute organs at once recognised and accounted for, while to me it was almost inaudible. The old man struck the earth with his staff in a violent passion. "The whoreson fisher rabble! They have brought another violer upon my walk! They are such smuggling blackguards, that they must run in their very music; but I'll sort them waur than any gauger in the country.—Stay—hark—it's no a fiddle neither—it's the pipe and tabor bastard, Simon of Sowport, frae the Nicol Forest; but I'll pipe and tabor him!—Let me hae ance my left hand on his cravat, and ye shall see what my right will do. Come away, chap—come away, gentle chap—nae time to be picking and wailing your steps." And on he passed with long and determined strides, dragging me along with him.

I was not quite easy in his company; for, now that his minstrel pride was hurt, the man had changed from the quiet, decorous, I might almost say respectable person, which he seemed while he told his tale, into the appearance of a fierce brawling, dissolute stroller. So that when he entered the large hut, where a great number of fishers, with their wives and daughters, were engaged in eating, drinking, and dancing, I was somewhat afraid that the impatient violence of my companion might procure us an indifferent reception.

But the universal shout of welcome with which Wandering Willie was received—the hearty congratulation—the repeated "Here's t'ye, Willie!"—"Where hae ye been, ye blind deevil?" and the call upon him to pledge them—above all, the speed with which the obnoxious pipe and tabor were put to silence, gave the old man such effectual assurance of undiminished popularity and importance, as at once put his jealousy to rest, and changed his tone of offended dignity, into one better fitted to receive such cordial greetings. Young men and women crowded round, to tell how much they were afraid some mischance had detained him, and how two or three young fellows had set out in quest of him.

"It was nae mischance, praised be Heaven," said Willie, "but the absence of the lazy loon Rob the Rambler, my comrade, that didna come to meet me on the Links; but I have gotten a braw consort in his stead, worth a dozen of him, the unhanged black-guard."

"And wha is't tou's gotten, Wullie, lad?" said half a score of voices, while all eyes were turned on your humble servant, who kept the best countenance he could, though not quite easy at becoming the centre to which all eyes were pointed.

"I ken him by his hemmed cravat," said one fellow; "it's Gil Hobson, the souple tailor frae Burgh.—Ye are welcome to Scotland, ye prick-the-clout loon," he said, thrusting forth a paw much the colour of a badger's back, and of most portentous dimensions.

"Gil Hobson? Gil whoreson!" exclaimed Wandering Willie; "it's a gentle chap that I judge to be an apprentice wi' auld Joshua Geddes, to the quaker-trade."

"What trade be's that, man?" said he of the badger-coloured fist.

"Canting and lying,"—said Willie, which produced a thundering laugh; "but I am teaching the callant a better trade, and that's feasting and fiddling."

Willie's conduct in thus announcing something like my real character, was contrary to compact; and

yet I was rather glad he did so, for the consequence of putting a trick upon these rude and ferocious men, might, in case of discovery, have been dangerous to us both, and I was at the same time delivered from the painful effort to support a fictitious character. The good company, except perhaps one or two of the young women, whose looks expressed some desire for better acquaintance, gave themselves no farther trouble about me; but, while the seniors resumed their places near an immense bowl, or rather reeking caldron of brandy-punch, the younger arranged themselves on the floor, and called loudly on Willie to strike up.

With a brief caution to me, to "mind my credit, for fishers have ears, though fish have none," Willie led off in capital style, and I followed, certainly not so as to disgrace my companion, who, every now and then, gave me a nod of approbation. The dances were, of course, the Scottish jigs, and reels, and "two-some dances," with a strathspey or hornpipe for interlude; and the want of grace, on the part of the performers, was amply supplied by truth of ear, vigour and decision of step, and the agility proper to the northern performers. My own spirits rose with the mirth around me, and with old Willie's admirable execution, and frequent "weel dune, gentle chap, yet"—and, to confess the truth, I felt a great deal more pleasure in this rustic revel, than I have done at the more formal balls and concerts in your famed city, to which I have sometimes made my way. Perhaps this was because I was a person of more importance to the presiding matron of Brokenburn-foot, than I had the means of rendering myself to the far-famed Miss Nickie Murray, the patroness of your Edinburgh assemblies. The person I mean was a buxom dame of about thirty, her fingers loaded with many a silver ring, and three or four of gold; her ankles liberally displayed from under her numerous blue, white, and scarlet short petticoats, and attired in hose of the finest and whitest lamb's-wool, which arose from shoes of Spanish cordwain, fastened with silver buckles. She took the lead in my favour, and declared, "that the brave young gentleman should not weary himself to death wi' playing, but take the floor for a dance or twa."

"And what's to come of me, Dame Martin?" said Willie.

"Come o' thee?" said the dame; "mischance on the auld beard o' ye! ye could play for twenty hours on end, and tire out the hail country-side wi' dancing before ye laid down your bow, saving for a by-drunk or the like o' that."

"In troth, dame," answered Willie, "ye are nae so far wrang; sae if my comrade is to take his dance, ye maun gie me my drink, and then bob it away like Madge of Middlebie."

The drink was soon brought; but while Willie was partaking of it, a party entered the hut, which arrested my attention at once, and intercepted the intended gallantry with which I had proposed to present my hand to the fresh-coloured, well-made, white-ankled Thetis, who had obtained me manumission from my musical task.

This was nothing less than the sudden appearance of the old woman whom the Laird had termed Mabel; Cristal Nixon, his male attendant; and the young person who had said grace to us when I supped with him.

This young person—Alan, thou art in thy way a bit of a conjurer—this young person whom I did not describe, and whom you, for that very reason, suspected was not an indifferent object to me—is, I am sorry to say it, in very fact not so much so as in precedence she ought. I will not use the name of *love* on this occasion; for I have applied it too often to transient whims and fancies to escape your satire, should I venture to apply it now. For it is a phrase, I must confess, which I have used—a romancer would say, profaned—a little too often, considering how few years have passed over my head. But seriously, the fair chaplain of Brokenburn has been often in my head when she had no business there; and if *this* can give thee any clew for explaining my motives in lingering about the country, and assuming the character of Willie's companion, why, hang thee, thou

art welcome to make use of it—a permission for which thou need'st not thank me much, as thou wouldst not have failed to assume it, whether it were given or no.

Such being my feelings, conceive how they must have been excited, when, like a beam upon a cloud, I saw this uncommonly beautiful girl enter the apartment in which they were dancing; not, however, with the air of an equal, but that of a superior, come to grace with her presence the festival of her dependants. The old man and woman attended, with looks as sinister as hers were lovely, like two of the worst winter months waiting upon the bright-eyed May.

When she entered—wonder if thou wilt—she wore a green mantle, such as thou hast described as the garb of thy fair client, and confirmed what I had partly guessed from thy personal description, that my chaplain and thy visiter were the same person. There was an alteration on her brow the instant she recognised me. She gave her cloak to her female attendant, and, after a momentary hesitation, as if uncertain whether to advance or retire, she walked into the room with dignity and composure, all making way, the men unbonneting, and the women curtsying respectfully, as she assumed a chair which was reverently placed for her accommodation, apart from others.

There was then a pause, until the bustling mistress of the ceremonics, with awkward, but kindly courtesy, offered the young lady a glass of wine, which was at first declined, and at length only thus far accepted, that, bowing round to the festive company, the fair visiter wished them all health and mirth, and, just touching the brim with her lip, replaced it on the salver. There was another pause; and I did not immediately recollect, confused as I was by this unexpected apparition, that it belonged to me to break it. At length a murmur was heard around me, being expected to exhibit,—nay, to lead down the dance,—in consequence of the previous conversation.

"Deil's in the fiddler lad," was muttered from more quarters than one—"saw folk ever sic a thing as a shameduced fiddler before!"

At length a venerable Triton, seconding his remonstrances with a hearty thump on my shoulder, cried out, "To the floor—to the floor, and let us see how ye can fling—the lasses are a' waiting."

Up I jumped, sprung from the elevated station which constituted our orchestra, and, arranging my ideas as rapidly as I could, advanced to the head of the room, and, instead of offering my hand to the white-footed Thetis aforesaid, I venturously made the same proposal to her of the Green Mantle.

The nymph's lovely eyes seemed to open with astonishment at the audacity of this offer; and, from the murmurs I heard around me, I also understood that it surprised, and perhaps offended, the bystanders. But after the first moment's emotion, she wreathed her neck, and drawing herself hastily up, like one who was willing to show that she was sensible of the full extent of her own condescension, extended her hand towards me, like a princess gracing a squire of low degree.

There is affectation in all this, thought I to myself, if the Green Mantle has borne true evidence—for young ladies do not make visits, or write letters to counsel learned in the law, to interfere in the motions of those whom they hold as cheap as this nymph seems to do me; and if am cheated by a resemblance of cloaks, still I am interested to show myself, in some degree, worthy of the favour she has granted with so much state and reserve. The dance to be performed was the old Scots Jigg, in which you are aware I used to play no sorry figure at La Pique's, when thy clumsy movements used to be rebuked by raps over the knuckles with that great professor's fiddlestick. The choice of the tune was left to my comrade Willie, who, having finished his drink, feloniously struck up to the well-known and popular measure,

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

An astounding laugh arose at my expense, and I should have been annihilated, but that the smile

which mantled on the lip of my partner, had a different expression from that of ridicule, and seemed to say, "Do not take this to heart." And I did not, Alan. My partner danced admirably, and I, like one who was determined, if outshone, which I could not help, not to be altogether thrown into the shade.

I assure you, our performance, as well as Willie's music, deserved more polished spectators and auditors; but we could not then have been greeted with such enthusiastic shouts of applause as attended while I handed my partner to her seat, and took my place by her side, as one who had a right to offer the attentions usual on such an occasion. She was visibly embarrassed, but I was determined not to observe her confusion, and to avail myself of the opportunity of learning whether this beautiful creature's mind was worthy of the casket in which Nature had lodged it.

Nevertheless, however courageously I formed this resolution, you cannot but too well guess the difficulties which I must needs have felt in carrying it into execution; since want of habitual intercourse with the charmers of the other sex has rendered me a sheepish cur, only one grain less awkward than thyself. Then she was so very beautiful, and assumed an air of so much dignity, that I was like to fall under the fatal error of supposing she should only be addressed with something very clever; and in the hasty racking which my brains underwent in this persuasion, not a single idea occurred that common sense did not reject as fustian on the one hand, or weary, flat, and stale triticism on the other. I felt as if my understanding were no longer my own, but was alternately under the dominion of Aldiborontophoscophornio, and that of his facetious friend Rigdum-Funnidos. How did I envy at that moment our friend Jack Oliver, who produces with such happy complacency his fardel of small talk, and who, as he never doubts his own powers of affording amusement, passes them current with every pretty woman he approaches, and fills up the intervals of chat by his complete acquaintance with the exercise of the fan, the *flacon*, and the other duties of the *Cavalier Serenite*. Some of these I attempted, but I suppose it was awkwardly; at least the Lady Greenmantle received them as a princess accepts the homage of a clown.

Mean time the floor remained empty, and as the mirth of the good meeting was somewhat checked, I ventured, as a dernier resort, to propose a minuet. She thanked me, and told me haughtily enough, "she was here to encourage the harmless pleasures of these good folks, but was not disposed to make an exhibition of her own indifferent dancing for their amusement."

She paused a moment, as if she expected me to suggest something; and as I remained silent and rebuked, she bowed her head more graciously, and said, "Not to affront you, however, a country-dance, if you please."

What an ass was I, Alan, not to have anticipated her wishes! Should I not have observed that the ill-favoured couple, Mabel and Cristal had placed themselves on each side of her seat, like the supporters of the royal arms? the man, thick, short, shaggy, and hirsute, as the lion; the female, skin-dried tight-laced, long, lean, and hungry-faced, like the unicorn. I ought to have recollected, that under the close inspection of two such watchful salvagers, our communication, while in repose, could not have been easy; that the period of dancing a minuet was not the very choicest time for conversation; but that the noise, the exercise, and the mazy confusion of a country-dance, where the inexperienced performers were every now and then running against each other, and compelling the other couples to stand still for a minute at a time, besides the more regular repose afforded by the intervals of the dance itself, gave the best possible openings for a word or two spoken in season, and without being liable to observation.

We had but just led down when an opportunity of the kind occurred, and my partner said, with great gentleness and modesty, "It is not perhaps very proper in me to acknowledge an acquaintance that is not claimed; but I believe I speak to Mr. Darsie Latimer!"

"Darnie Latimer was indeed the person that had now the honour and happiness."

I would have gone on in the false gallop of compliment, but she cut me short. "And why," she said, "is Mr. Latimer here, and in disguise, or at least assuming an office unworthy of a man of education?—I beg pardon," she continued,—"I would not give you pain, but surely making an associate of a person of that description."

She looked towards my friend Willie, and was silent. I felt heartily ashamed of myself, and hastened to say it was an idle frolic, which want of occupation had suggested, and which I could not regret, since it had procured me the pleasure I at present enjoyed.

Without seeming to notice my compliment, she took the next opportunity to say, "Will Mr. Latimer permit a stranger who wishes him well to ask, whether it is right that, at his active age, he should be in so far void of occupation, as to be ready to adopt low society for the sake of idle amusement?"

"You are severe, madam," I answered; "but I cannot think myself degraded by mixing with any society where I meet!"

Here I stopped short, conscious that I was giving my answer an unhandsome turn. The *argumentum ad hominem*, the last to which a polite man has recourse, may, however, be justified by circumstances, but seldom or never the *argumentum ad faminam*.

She filled up the blank herself which I had left.

"Where you meet me, I suppose you would say? But the case is different. I am, from my unhappy fate, obliged to move by the will of others, and to be in places which I would by my own will gladly avoid. Besides, I am, except for these few minutes, no participator of the revels—a spectator only, and attended by my servants. Your situation is different—you are here by choice, the partaker and minister of the pleasures of a class below you in education, birth, and fortunes.—If I speak harshly, Mr. Latimer," she added, with much sweetness of manner, "I mean kindly."

I was confounded by her speech, "severe in youthful wisdom;" all of naïve or lively, suitable to such a dialogue, vanished from my recollection, and I answered, with gravity like her own, "I am, indeed, better educated than these poor people; but you, madam, whose kind admonition I am grateful for, must know more of my condition than I do myself—I dare not say I am their superior in birth, since I know nothing of my own, or in fortunes, over which hangs an impenetrable cloud."

"And why should your ignorance on these points drive you into low society and idle habits?" answered my female monitor. "Is it manly to wait till fortune cast her beams upon you, when by exertion of your own energy you might distinguish yourself?—Do not the pursuits of learning lie open to you—not of manly ambition—of war?—But no—not of war, that has already cost you too dear."

"I will be what you wish me to be," I replied with eagerness—"You have but to choose my path, and you shall see if I do not pursue it with energy were it only because you command me."

"Not because I command you," said the maiden, "but because reason, common sense, manhood, and, in one word, regard for your own safety, give the same counsel."

"At least permit me to reply, that reason and sense never assumed a fairer form—of persuasion," I hastily added; for she turned from me—nor did she give me another opportunity of continuing what I had to say till the next pause of the dance, when, determined to bring our dialogue to a point, I said, "You mentioned manhood also, madam, and, in the same breath, personal danger. My ideas of manhood suggest that it is cowardice to retreat before dangers of a doubtful character. You, who appear to know so much of my fortunes that I might call you my guardian angel, tell me what these dangers are, that I may judge whether manhood calls on me to face or to fly them."

She was evidently perplexed by this appeal.

"You make me pay dearly for acting as your humane adviser," she replied at last: "I acknowledge an interest in your fate, and yet I dare not tell you whence it arises; neither am I at liberty to say why,

or from whom, you are in danger; but it is not less true that danger is near and imminent. Ask me no more, but, for your own sake, begone from this country. Elsewhere you are safe—here you do but invite your fate."

"But, am I doomed to bid thus farewell to almost the only human being who has showed an interest in my welfare?—Do not say so—say that we shall meet again, and the hope shall be the leading star to regulate my course!"

"It is more than probable," she said—"much more than probable, that we may never meet again. The help which I now render you is all that may be in my power; it is such as I should render to a blind man whom I might observe approaching the verge of a precipice; it ought to excite no surprise, and requires no gratitude."

So saying, she again turned from me, nor did she address me until the dance was on the point of ending, when she said, "Do not attempt to speak to me, approach me again in the course of the night; leave the company as soon as you can, but not abruptly, and God be with you."

I handed her to her seat, and did not quit the fair palm I held, without expressing my feelings by a gentle pressure. She coloured slightly, and withdrew her hand, but not angrily. Seeing the eyes of Catal and Mabel sternly fixed on me, I bowed deeply, and withdrew from her; my heart saddening, and my eyes becoming dim in spite of me, as the sliding crowd hid us from each other.

It was my intention to have crept back to my comrade Willie, and resumed my bow with such spirit as I might, although at the moment I would have given half my income for an instant's solitude. But my retreat was cut off by Dame Martin, with the frankness—if it is not an inconsistent phrase—of real coquetry, that goes straight up to the point.

"Ay, lad, ye seem unca sune weary, to dance me lightly? Better the nag that ambles a' the day, than him that makes a brattle for a mile, and then's done wi' the road."

This was a fair challenge, and I could not decline accepting it. Besides, I could see Dame Martin was queen of the revels; and so many were the rude and singular figures about me, that I was by no means certain whether I might not need some protection. I seized on her willing hand, and we took our place in the dance, where, if I did not acquit myself with all the accuracy of step and movement which I had before attempted, I at least came up to the expectations of my partner, who said, and almost swore, "I was prime at it;" while, stimulated to her utmost exertions, she herself frisked like a kid, snapped her fingers like castanets, whooped like a Bacchanal, and bounded from the floor like a tennis-ball—ay, all the colour of her garters was no particular mystery. She made the less secret of this, perhaps, that they were sky-blue, and fringed with silver.

The time has been that this would have been a special fun; or rather, last night was the only time I can recollect these four years when it would not have been so; yet, at this moment, I cannot tell you how I longed to be rid of Dame Martin. I almost wished she would sprain one of those "many-twinking" ankles, which served her so alertly; and when, in the midst of her exuberant caprioling, I saw my former partner leaving the apartment, and with eyes as I thought, turning towards me, this unwillingness to carry on the dance increased to such a point, that I was almost about to feign a sprain or a dislocation myself, in order to put an end to the performance. But there were around me scores of old women, all of whom looked as if they might have some sovereign recipe for such an accident; and, remembering old Blas and his pretended disorder in the robbers' cavern, I thought it as wise to play Dame Martin fair, and dance till she thought proper to dismiss me. When I did I resolved to do stenuously, and in the latter part of the exhibition, I cut and sprang from the floor as high and as perpendicularly as Dame Martin herself; and received, I promise you, thunders of applause, for the common people always prefer extravagance and agility to grace. At length Dame Martin could

dance no more, and, rejoicing at my release, I led her to a seat, and took the privilege of a partner to attend her.

"Heh, sirs," exclaimed Dame Martin, "I am sair forfoughten! Troth, callant, I think ye hae been amais't the death o' me."

I could only atone for the alleged offence by fetching her some refreshment, of which she readily partook.

"I have been lucky in my partners," I said, "first that pretty young lady, and then you, Mrs. Martin."

"Hout wi' your fleecing," said Dame Martin. "Gae wa—gae wa, lad; dinna blaw in folk's lugs that gae; me and Miss Lilies even'd thegither! Na, na, lad—od, she is maybe four or five years younger than the like o' me,—by and attour her gentle havings."

"She is the Laird's daughter?" said I, in as careless a tone of inquiry as I could assume.

"His daughter, man? Na, na, only his niece—and ab enough to him, I think."

"Ay, indeed," I replied; I thought she had borne his name?"

"She bears her ain name, and that's Lilies."

"And has she no other name?" asked I.

"What needs she another till she gets a gudeman? answered my Thetis, a little miffed perhaps—to use the women's phrase—that I turned the conversation upon my former partner, rather than addressed it to herself.

There was a short pause, which was interrupted by Dame Martin observing, "They are standing up again."

"True," said I, having no mind to renew my late violent *capriccio*, "and I must go help old Willie."

Ere I could extricate myself, I heard poor Thetis address herself to a sort of Mer-man in a jacket of seaman's blue, and a pair of trowsers, (whose hand, by the way, she had rejected at an earlier part of the evening,) and intimate that she was now disposed to take a trip.

"Trip away then, dearie," said the vindictive man of the waters, without offering his hand; "there," pointing to the floor, "is a roomy berth for you."

Certain I had made one enemy, and perhaps two, I hastened to my original seat beside Willie, and began to handle my bow. But I could see that my conduct had made an unfavourable impression; the words, "flory conceited chap,"—"haflins gentle,"—and at length, the still more alarming epithet of "sny," began to be buzzed about, and I was heartily glad when the apparition of Sam's visage at the door, who was already possessed of and draining a can of punch, gave me assurance that my means of retreat were at hand. I intimated as much to Willie, who probably had heard more of the murmurs of the company than I had, for he whispered, "Ay, ay—awa wi' ye—ower lang here—slide out canny—dinna let them see ye are on the tramp."

I slipped half-a-guinea into the old man's hand, who answered, "Truts! pruts! nonsense! but I'll no refuse, trusting ye can afford it.—Awa wi' ye—and if ony body stops ye, cry on me."

I glided, by his advice, along the room as if looking for a partner, joined Sam, whom I disengaged with some difficulty from his can, and we left the cottage together in a manner to attract the least possible observation. The horses were tied in a neighbouring shed, and as the moon was up and I was now familiar with the road, broken and complicated as it is, we soon reached the Shepherd's Bush, where the old landlady was sitting up waiting for us, under some anxiety of mind, to account for which she did not hesitate to tell me that some folks had gone to Brokenburn from her house, or neighbouring towns, that did not come so safe back again. "Wandering Willie," she said, "was doubtless a kind of protection."

Here Willie's wife, who was smoking in the chimney corner, took up the praises of her "hinnie," as she called him, and endeavoured to awaken my generosity afresh, by describing the dangers from which, as she was pleased to allege, her husband's countenance had assuredly been the means of preserving me. I was not, however, to be fooled out of more money at

this time, and went to bed in haste, full of various cogitations.

I have since spent a couple of days betwixt Mount Sharon and this place, and betwixt reading, writing to thee this momentous history, forming plans for seeing the lovely Lilies, and—partly, I think, for the sake of contradiction—angling a little in spite of Joshua's scruples—though I am rather liking the amusement better as I begin to have some success in it.

And now, my dearest Alan, you are in full possession of my secret—let me as frankly into the recesses of your bosom. How do you feel towards this fair ignis fatuus, this lily of the desert? Tell me honestly; for however the recollection of her may haunt my own mind, my love for Alan Fairford surpasses the love of woman. I know, too, that when you *do* love, it will be to

"Love once and love no more."

A deep-consuming passion, once kindled in a breast so steady as yours, would never be extinguished but with life. I am of another and more volatile temper, and though I shall open your next with a trembling hand, and uncertain heart, yet let it bring a frank confession that this fair unknown has made a deeper impression on your gravity than you reckoned for, and you will see I can tear the arrow from my own wound, barb and all. In the mean time, though I have formed schemes once more to see her, I will, you may rely on it, take no step for putting them into practice. I have refrained from this hitherto, and I give you my word of honour, I shall continue to do so; yet why should you need any further assurance from one who is so entirely yours as

D. L.

P. S.—I shall be on thorns till I receive your answer. I read, and re-read your letter, and cannot for my soul discover what your real sentiments are. Sometimes I think you write of her as one in *jest*—and sometimes I think that cannot be. Put me at ease as soon as possible.

LETTER XIII.

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER.

I WRITE on the instant, as you direct; and in a tragicomic humour, for I have a tear in my eye and a smile on my cheek. Dearest Darsie, sure never a being but yourself could be so generous—sure never a being but yourself could be so absurd! I remember when you were a boy you wished to make your fine new whip a present to old aunt Peggy, merely because she admired it; and now, with like unreflecting and inappropriate liberality, you would resign your beloved to a smoke-dried young sophister, who cares not one of the hairs which it is his occupation to split, for all the daughters of Eve. I in love with your Lilies—your green-mantle—your unknown enchantress!—why I scarce saw her for five minutes, and even then only the tip of her chin was distinctly visible. She was well made, and the tip of her chin was of a most promising cast for the rest of the face; but Heaven save you! she came upon business! and for a lawyer to fall in love with a pretty client on a single consultation, would be as wise as if he became enamoured of a particularly bright sunbeam which chanced for a moment to gild his bar-wig. I give you my word I am heart-whole; and, moreover, I assure you, that before I suffer a woman to sit near my heart's core, I must see her full face, without mask or mantle, ay, and know a good deal of her mind into the bargain. So never fret yourself on my account, my kind and generous Darsie; but, for your own sake, have a care, and let not an idle attachment, so lightly taken up, lead you into serious danger.

On this subject I feel so apprehensive, that now when I am decorated with the honours of the gown, I should have abandoned my career at the very starting to come to you, but for my father having contrived to clog my heels with fetters of a professional nature. I will tell you the matter at length, for it is comical enough; and why should not you list to my juridical adventures, as well as I to those of your fiducial knight-errantry?

It was after dinner, and I was considering how I might best introduce to my father the private resolution I had formed to set off for Dumfries-shire, or whether I had not better run away at once, and plead my excuse by letter, when, assuming the peculiar look with which he communicates any of his intentions respecting me, that he suspects may not be altogether acceptable, "Alan," he said, "ye now wear a gown—ye have opened shop, as we would say of a more mechanical profession; and, doubtless, ye think the floor of the courts is strewn with guineas, and that ye have only to stoop down to gather them?"

"I hope I am sensible, sir," I replied, "that I have some knowledge and practice to acquire, and must stoop for that in the first place."

"It is well said," answered my father; and always afraid to give too much encouragement, added, "Very well said, if it be well acted up to—Stoop to get knowledge and practice is the very word. Ye know very well, Alan, that in the other faculty who study the *ars medendi*, before the young doctor gets to the bedside of palaces, he must, as they call it, walk the hospitals; and cure Lazarus of his sores, before he be admitted to prescribe for Dives, when he has gout or indigestion."

"I am aware, sir, that!"

"Whisht!—do not interrupt the court—Well—also the chirographers have a useful practice, by which they put their apprentices and *tyrones* to work upon senseless dead bodies, to which, as they can do no good, so they certainly can do as little harm; while at the same time the *tyro*, or apprentice, gains experience, and becomes fit to whip off a leg or arm from a living subject, as cleanly as ye would slice an onion."

"I believe I guess your meaning, sir," answered I; "and were it not for a very particular engagement?"

"Do not speak to me of engagements; but whisht—there is a good lad—and do not interrupt the court."

My father, you know, is apt—be it said with all filial duty—to be a little prolix in his harangues. I had nothing for it but to lean back and listen.

"Maybe you think, Alan, because I have, doubtless, the management of some actions in dependence, while my worthy clients have intrusted me with, that I may think of airting them your way *instantly*; and so setting you up in practice, so far as my small business or influence may go; and, doubtless, Alan, that is a day which I hope may come round. But then, before I give, as the proverb hath it, 'My own fish-guts to my own sea-maws,' I must, for the sake of my own character, be very sure that my sea-maw can pick them to some purpose. What say ye?"

"I am so far," answered I, "from wishing to get early into practice, sir, that I would willingly bestow a few days!"

"In farther study, ye would say, Alan. But that is not the way either—ye must walk the hospitals—ye must cure Lazarus—ye must cut and carve on a departed subject, to show your skill."

"I am sure," I replied, "I will undertake the cause of any poor man with pleasure, and bestow as much pains upon it as if it were a duke's; but for the next two or three days!"

"They must be devoted to close study, Alan—very close study indeed; for ye must stand primed for a hearing, in *presentia Dominorum*, upon Tuesday next."

"I, sir!" I replied in astonishment—"I have not opened my mouth in the Outer-House yet!"

"Never mind the Court of the Gentles, man," said my father; "we will have you into the Sanctuary at once—over shoes, over boots."

"But, sir, I should really spoil any cause thrust on me so hastily."

"Ye cannot spoil it, Alan," said my father, rubbing his hands with much complacency; "that is the very cream of the business, man—it is just, as I said before, a subject upon which all the *tyrones* have been trying their whittles for fifteen years; and as there are but ten or a dozen agents concerned, each took his own way, the case is come to that pass, the Stair or Arniston could not mend it; and

I do not think even you, Alan, can do it much harm—ye may get credit by it, but ye can lose none."

"And pray what is the name of my happy client, sir?" said I, ungraciously enough. I believe.

"It is a well-known name in the Parliament-House," replied my father. "To say the truth, I expect him every moment; it is Peter Peebles!"

"Peter Peebles!" exclaimed I, in astonishment; "he is an insane beggar—as poor as Job, and as mad as a March hare!"

"He has been pleading in the court for fifteen years," said my father, in a tone of commiseration, which seemed to acknowledge that this fact was enough to account for the poor man's condition both in mind and circumstances.

"Besides, sir," I added he is on the Poor's Roll; and you know there are advocates regularly appointed to manage those cases; and for me to presume to interfere!"

"Whisht, Alan!—never interrupt the court—all that is managed for ye like a tea'd ball;" (my father sometimes draws his similes from his once favourite game of golf);—"you must know, Alan, that Peter's cause was to have been opened by young Dumtoustie, ye may ken the lad, a son of Dumtoustie of that ilk, member of Parliament for the county of —, and a nephew of the Laird's younger brother, worthy Lord Bladderskate, while ye are aware sounds as like bangs akin to a peatshipt and a sherriffdom, as a sieve is to a riddle. Now, Saunders Drudgrit, my lord's clerk, came to me this morning in the House, like a bereft of his wits; for it seems that young Dumtoustie is one of the Poor's Lawyers, and Peter Peebles' process had been remitted to him of course. But soon as the harebrained goose saw the pokes, as indeed, Alan, they are none of the least, he took fright, called for his nag, lap on, and away to the country is he gone; and so, said Saunders, my set is at his wit's end w' vexation and shame, to seek nevy break off the course at the very starting."

"I tell you, Saunders," said I, "were I my lord, and a friend or kinsman of mine should leave the town while the court was sitting, that kinsman, or be what he liked, should never darken my door again. And then, Alan, I thought to turn the ball our own way; and I said that you were a gay sharp-bird, just off the irons, and if it would oblige my lord, and so forth, you would open Peter's cause on Tuesday, and make some handsome apology for the necessary absence of your learned friend, and the loss which your client and the court had sustained, and so forth. Saunders lap at the proposition, like a cock at a morsel; for, he said, the only chance was to get a new hand, that did not ken the charge he was taking upon him; for there was not a lad of two Sessions' standing that was not dead-sick of Peter Peebles and his cause; and he advised me to break the matter gently to you at the first; but I told him you were a good bairn, Alan, and had no will and pleasure in these matters but mine."

What could I say, Darsie, in answer to this arrangement, so very well meant—so very vexatious at the same time?—To imitate the defection of flight of young Dumtoustie, was at once to destroy my father's hopes of me for ever; nay, such is the keenness with which he regards all connected with his profession, it might have been a step to breaking his heart. I was obliged, therefore, to bow in acquiescence, when my father called to James Winkinson to bring the two bits of pokes he would set on his table.

Exit James, and presently re-enters, bending under the load of two huge leathern bags, full of papers to the brim, and labelled on the greasy backs with the

* This unfortunate litigant (for a person named Peter Peebles actually flourished) frequented the courts of justice in Scotland about the year 1792, and the sketch of his appearance is given from recollection. The author is of opinion that he himself had at one time the honour to be counsel for Peter Peebles, whose voluminous course of litigation seemed as a sort of summons to most young men who were called to the bar. The scene of the consultation is entirely imaginary.

† Formerly, a lawyer, supposed to be under the peculiar patronage of any particular judge, was invidiously termed his *peat or pet*.

‡ Process-bags.

magic impress of the clerks of court, and the title, *Peebles against Plainstones*. This huge mass was deposited on the table, and my father, with no ordinary glee in his countenance, began to draw out the various bundles of papers, secured by none of your red tape or whipcord, but stout, substantial castis of tarred rope, such as might have held small craft at their moorings.

I made a last and desperate effort to get rid of the impending job. "I am really afraid, sir, that this case seems so much complicated, and there is so little time to prepare, that we had better move the Court to supersede it till next Session."

"How, sir?—how, Alan?" said my father—"Would you appraise and reprobate sir?—You have accepted the poor man's cause, and if you have not his fee in your pocket, it is because he has none to give you; and now would you appraise and reprobate in the same breath of your mouth?—Think of your oath of office, Alan, and your duty to your father, my dear boy."

Once more, what could I say?—I saw, from my father's hurried and alarmed manner, that nothing could vex him so much as failing in the point he had determined to carry, and once more intimated my readiness to do my best, under every disadvantage.

"Well, well, my boy," said my father, "the Lord will make your days long in the land, for the honour you have given to your father's gray hairs. You may find wiser advisers, Alan, but none that can wish you better."

My father, you know, does not usually give way to expressions of affection, and they are interesting in proportion to their rarity. My eyes began to fill at seeing his glisten; and my delight at having given him such sensible gratification would have been unmixed, but for the thoughts of you. These out of the question, I could have grappled with the bags, had they been as large as corn-sacks. But, to turn what was grave into farce, the door opened, and Wilkinson ushered in Peter Peebles.

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather such ruined clients are like scarecrows and potato-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, threadbare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in his day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half gray half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood upon the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner in an ancient battle, may be seen any sedentary day betwixt nine and ten, high hovering above all the fluctuating and changeable scene the Outer House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingentorture. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely bourgeois, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features beguined with snuff, charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself. Such was my unfortunate client; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, pre-

sented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes, as much as circumstances would permit. "Alan," he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

"Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with a benign and patronising countenance, "out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladderstate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem*! I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, Advocate, by name and surname—I would, by all the practiques!—I know the forms of process; and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abreviate, Mr. Peebles," said he; "having sat up late last night, and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result."

"I will state it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter; "I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the cause to the agent—the agent to the counsel!"

"The counsel to the Lord Ordinary," continued Peter, once set a-going, like the peal of an alarm clock, "the Ordinary to the Inner-House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the axe, the axe to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire!"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short; "time wears on—we must get to business—you must not interrupt the court, you know.—Hem, hem! From this abreviate it appears—"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cold meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision; I was so anxious to see your son, that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the sideboard, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology, and many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his lawsuit.

"Peter Peebles and Paul Plainstones," said my father, "entered into partnership, in the year —, as mercers and linendrapers, in the Luckenbooths, and carried on a great line of business to mutual advantage. But the learned counsel needeth not to be told, *societas est mater discordiarum*, partnership oft makes pleaship. The company being dissolved by mutual consent in the year —, the affairs had to be wound up, and after certain attempts to settle the matter extrajudicially, it was at last brought into the Court, and has branched out into several distinct processes, most of which have been conjoined by the Ordinary. It is to the state of these processes that counsel's attention is particularly directed. There is

the original action of Peebles v. Plainstones, convening him for payment of 3000*l.*, less or more, as alleged balance due by Plainstones. 2dly, There is a counter action, in which Plainstones is pursuer and Peebles defender, for 2500*l.*, less or more, being balance alleged *per contra*, to be due by Peebles. 3dly, Mr. Peebles's seventh agent advised an action of Compt and Reckoning at his instance, wherein what balance should prove due on either side might be fairly struck and ascertained. 4thly, To meet the hypothetical case, that Peebles might be found liable in a balance to Plainstones, Mr. Wildgoose, Mr. Peebles's eighth agent, recommended a Multiplepounding, to bring all parties concerned into the field.

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within law suit, like a nest of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

"I understand," I said, "that Mr. Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstones—how then can he be his debtor? and if not his debtor, how can he bring a Multiplepounding, the very summons of which sets forth, that the pursuer does owe certain moneys, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?"

"Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend," said Mr. Peebles; "a Multiplepounding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage.—Your beef is excellent," he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition; "but something highly powdered—and the twopenny is undeniable; but it is small swipes—small swipes—more of hop than malt—with your leave I'll try your black-bottle."

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father's ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

"Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles," said my father, in an admonitory tone, "you will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire," said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it, usquebaugh?—BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy.—Mr. Fairford elder, your good health," (a mouthful of brandy)—"Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking, (another go-down of the comfortable liquor.)" "And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit, of which every body has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer-House, (here's to ye again, by way of interim decret,) yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles."

"Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that."

"Or the advocacy of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to it."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think," said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, "Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! it is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't. Here's to your getting weel through with it.—Pshut—I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong, we'll christen him with the brewer," (here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded.)—"Mr. Fairford—the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstones to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament Close—there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process—no counsel that ever sold

* Multiplepounding is, I believe, equivalent to what is called in England a case of Double Distress.

wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *adversus dictum publicum*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery, *pendente lite*, which would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of Court.—By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart—I maun try the ale again," (sipped a little beer; "and the ale's but cauld, I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy.")

He was as good as his word, and proceeded so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father, abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

"And then to come back to my pet process of assault and battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, which was the very thing I wanted.—Mr. Pest, ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? Old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—said—ugh!—to be my dwelling place. I dwell mair there than any gate else, and the essence of hamesucken is to strike a man in his dwelling place—mind that, young advocate—and so there's hope Plainstones may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; for, my Lords,—will Pest say to the Judiciary bodies,—my Lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling, says he—being *comercium forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium*—Lasse, fetch another glass of whisky, and score it—time to gae hame—by the practiques, I can not find the jug—yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford—Daddie Fairford—lend us twa pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done—Macer, call another cause."

The box fell from his hands, and his body wobbled; the same time have fallen from the chair, had I not supported him.

"This is intolerable," said my father—"Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degenerate, worthless, drunken beast home."

When Peter Peebles was removed from this memorable consultation, under the care of an able-bodied Celt, my father hastily bundled up the papers as a showman, whose exhibition has miscarried, hastes to remove his booth. "Here are my memoranda Alan," he said, in a hurried way; "look them carefully over—compare them with the processes, and turn it over your head before Tuesday. Many a good speech has been inane for a beast of a client; and hark ye, hark ye—I never intended to cheat you of your fee when all was done, though I would have liked to have heard the speech first; but there is nothing like corning the horse before the journey. Here are five good guineas in a silk purse—of your poor mother's netting, Alan—she would have been a blithe woman to have seen her young son with a gown on his back—but no more of that—be a good boy, and do the work like a tiger."

I did set to work, Darsie; for who could resist such motives? With my father's assistance, I have narrated the details, confused as they are; and on Tuesday, I shall plead as well for Peter Peebles, as I could for a duke. Indeed, I feel my head so clear on the subject, as to be able to write this long letter to you: into which, however, Peter and his lawsuit have insinuated themselves so far, as to show you how mad they at present occupy my thoughts. Once more be careful of yourself, and mindful of me, who am ever thine, while

ALAN FAIRFORD.

From circumstances, to be hereafter mentioned, it was long ere this letter reached the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE.

THE advantage of laying before the reader, in the words of the actors themselves, the adventures which we must otherwise have narrated in our own language,

given great popularity to the publication of epistolary correspondence, as practised by various great authors, and by ourselves in the preceding chapters. Nevertheless, a genuine correspondence of this kind (and Heaven forbid it should be in any respect sophisticated by interpolations of our own!) can seldom be found to contain all in which it is necessary to instruct the reader for his full comprehension of the story. Also it must often happen that various prolixities and redundancies occur in the course of an interchange of letters, which must hang as a dead weight on the progress of the narrative. To avoid this dilemma, some biographers have used the letters of the personages concerned, or liberal extracts from them, to describe particular incidents, or express the sentiments which they entertained; while they connect them occasionally with such portions of narrative, as may serve to carry on the thread of the story.

It is thus that the adventurous travellers, who explore the summit of Mont Blanc, now move on through the crumbling snow-drift so slowly, that their progress is almost imperceptible, and anon abridge their journey by springing over the intervening chasms, which cross their path, with the assistance of their pilgrim-staves. Or, to make a brier simile, the course of story-telling which we have for the present adopted, resembles the original discipline of the dragoons, who were trained to serve either on foot or horseback, as the exigencies of the service required. With this explanation, we shall proceed to narrate some circumstances which Alan Fairford did not, and could not, write to his correspondent.

Our reader, we trust, has formed somewhat approaching to a distinct idea of the principal characters who have appeared before him during our narrative; but in case our good opinion of his sagacity has been exaggerated, and in order to satisfy such as are addicted to the laudable practice of *skipping*, (with whom we have at times a strong fellow-feeling,) the following particulars may not be superfluous.

Mr. Saunders Fairford, as he was usually called, was a man of business of the old school, moderate in his charges, economical and even miserly in his expenditure, strictly honest in conducting his own affairs, and those of his clients, but taught by long experience to be wary and suspicious in observing the motions of others. Punctual as the clock of Saint Giles tolled nine, the neat dapper form of the little hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the Court hall, or at farthest, at the head of the Back Stairs, trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-coloured brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather; a bobwig, and a small cocked hat; shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. A nose-gay in summer, and a sprig of holly in winter, completed his well-known dress and appearance. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal. He was an elder of the kirk, and, of course, zealous for King George and the government even to slaying, as he had showed by taking up arms in their cause. But then, as he had clients and connexions of business among families of opposite political tenets, he was particularly cautious to use all the conventional phrases which the civility of the time had devised, as an admissible mode of language betwixt the two parties. Thus he spoke sometimes of the Chevalier, but never (either of the Prince, which would have been sacrificing his own principles, or of the Pretender, which would have been offensive to those of others. Again, he usually designated the Rebellion as the *affair* of 1745, and spoke of any one engaged in it as a person who had been *out* at a certain period.* So that, on the whole, Mr. Fairford was a man much liked and respected on all sides, though his friends would not have been sorry

if he had given a dinner more frequently, as his little cellar contained some choice old wine, of which, on such rare occasions, he was no niggard.

The whole pleasure of this good old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his daily business, was the hope to see his son Alan, the only fruit of a union which death early dissolved, attain what in the father's eyes was the proudest of all distinctions—the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

Every profession has its peculiar honours, and Mr. Fairford's mind was constructed upon so limited and exclusive a plan, that he valued nothing, save the objects of ambition which his own presented. He would have shuddered at Alan's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence, and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day, and his dream by night.

The disposition of Alan Fairford, as well as his talents, were such as to encourage his father's expectations. He had acuteness of intellect, joined to habits of long and patient study, improved no doubt by the discipline of his father's house; to which, generally speaking, he conformed with the utmost docility, expressing no wish for greater or more frequent relaxation than consisted with his father's anxious and severe restrictions. When he did indulge in any juvenile frolics, his father had the candour to lay the whole blame upon his more mercurial companion, Darsie Latimer.

This youth, as the reader must be aware, had been received as an inmate into the family of Mr. Fairford, senior, at a time when some of the delicacy of constitution, which had abridged the life of his consent, began to show itself in the son, and when the father was, of course, peculiarly disposed to indulge his slightest wish. That the young Englishman was able to pay a considerable board, was a matter of no importance to Mr. Fairford; it was enough that his presence seemed to make his son cheerful and happy. He was compelled to allow that "Darsie was a fine lad, though unsifted," and he would have had some difficulty in getting rid of him, and the apprehensions which his levities excited, had it not been for the voluntary excursion which gave rise to the preceding correspondence, and in which Mr. Fairford secretly rejoiced, as affording the means of separating Alan from his gay companion, at least until he should have assumed, and become accustomed to, the duties of his dry and laborious profession.

But the absence of Darsie was far from promoting the end which the elder Mr. Fairford had expected and desired. The young men were united by the closest bonds of intimacy; and the more so, that neither of them sought nor desired to admit any others into their society. Alan Fairford was averse to general company, from a disposition naturally reserved, and Darsie Latimer from a painful sense of his own unknown origin, peculiarly afflicting in a country where high and low are professed genealogists. The young men were all in all to each other; it is no wonder, therefore, that their separation was painful, and that its effects upon Alan Fairford, joined to the anxiety occasioned by the tenor of his friend's letters, greatly exceeded what the senior had anticipated. The young man went through his usual duties, his studies, and the examinations to which he was subjected, but with nothing like the zeal and assiduity which he had formerly displayed; and his anxious and observant father saw, but too plainly that his heart was with his absent comrade.

A philosopher would have given way to this tide of feeling, in hopes to have diminished its excess, and permitted the youths to have been some time together, that their intimacy might have been broken off by degrees; but Mr. Fairford only saw the more direct mode of continued restraint, which, however, he was desirous of veiling under some plausible pretext. In the anxiety which he felt on this occasion, he had held communication with an old acquaintance, Peter Drudget, with whom the reader is partly acquainted.

* OLD FASHIONEDS' OTTOMAN CIVILITY. Such were literally the points of politeness observed in general society during the author's youth, where it was by no means unusual in a company assembled by chance to find individuals who had borne arms on one side or other in the civil broils of 1745. Nothing, according to my recollection, could be more gentle and decorous than the respect these old enemies paid to each other's peculiarities. But in this I speak generally. I have witnessed one or two explosions.

"Alan," he said, "was ance wud, and aye waur; and he was expecting every moment when he would start off in a wildgoose-chase after the callant Lattimer; Will Sampson, the horse-hirer in Candlemaker Row, had given him a hint that Alan had been looking for a good hack, to go to the country for a few days. And then to oppose him downright—he could not but think on the way his poor mother was removed—Would to Heaven he was yoked to some tight piece of business, no matter whether well or ill paid, but some job that would hamshackle him at least until the Courts rose, if it were but for decency's sake."

Peter Drudgitt sympathized, for Peter had a son, who, reason or none, would needs exchange the torn and inky fustian sleeves for the blue jacket and white lapelle; and he suggested, as the reader knows, the engaging our friend Alan in the matter of Poor Peter Peebles, just opened by the desertion of young Dumtoustie, whose defection would be at the same time concealed; and this, Drudgitt said, "would be selling two dogs with one stone."

With these explanations, the reader will hold a man of the elder Fairford's sense and experience free from the hazardous and impatient curiosity with which boys fling a puppy into a deep pond, merely to see if the creature can swim. However confident in his son's talents, which were really considerable, he would have been very sorry to have involved him in the duty of pleading a complicated and difficult case, upon his very first appearance at the bar, had he not resorted to it as an effectual way to prevent the young man from taking a step, which his habits of thinking represented as a most fatal one at his outset of life.

Between two evils, Mr. Fairford chose that which was in his own apprehension the least; and, like a brave officer sending forth his son to battle, rather chose he should die upon the breach, than desert the conflict with dishonour. Neither did he leave him to his own unassisted energies. Like Alpheus preceding Hercules, he himself encountered the Augean mass of Peter Peebles's law-matters. It was to the old man a labour of love to place in a clear and undistorted view the real merits of this case, which the carelessness and blunders of Peter's former solicitors had converted into a huge chaotic mass of unintelligible technicality; and such was his skill and industry, that he was able, after the severe toil of two or three days, to present to the consideration of the young counsel the principal facts of the case, in a light equally simple and comprehensible. With the assistance of a solicitor so affectionate and indefatigable, Alan Fairford was enabled, when the day of trial arrived, to walk towards the Court, attended by his anxious yet encouraging parent, with some degree of confidence that he would lose no reputation upon this arduous occasion.

They were met at the door of the Court by Poor Peter Peebles, in his usual plenitude of wig and celsitude of hat. He seized on the young pleader like a lion on his prey. "How is a' wi' you, Mr. Alan—how is a' wi' you, man?—The awfit' day is come at last—a day that will be lang minded in this house. Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstances—conjoined processes—Hearing in presence—stands for the Short Roll for this day—I have not been able to sleep for a week for thinking of it, and, I dare to say, neither has the Lord President himself—for such a cause!! But your father garr'd me tak a wee drop over muckle of his pint bottle the other night; it's no right to mix brandy wi' business, Mr. Fairford. I would have been the waur o' liquor if I would have drank as muckle as you twa would have had me. But there's a time for a' things, and if ye will dine with me after the case is heard, or, whilk is the same, or maybe better, I'll gang my ways hame wi' you and I winna object to a cheerfu' glass, within the bounds of moderation."

Old Fairford shrugged his shoulders and hurried past the client, saw his son wrapt in the sable bombazine, which, in his eyes, was more venerable than an archbishop's lawn, and could not help fondly patting his shoulder, and whispering to him to take courage, and show he was worthy to wear it. The

party entered the Outer Hall of the Court, once the place of meeting of the ancient Scottish Parliament, and which corresponds to the use of Westminster Hall in England, serving as a vestibule to the Inner-House, as it is termed, and a place of dominion to certain sedentary personages called Lords Ordinary.

The earlier part of the morning was spent by old Fairford in reiterating his instructions to Alan, and in running from one person to another, from whom he thought he could still glean some grains of information, either concerning the point at issue, or collateral cases. Mean time Poor Peter Peebles, whose shallow brain was altogether unable to bear the importance of the moment, kept as close to his young counsel as shadow to substance, affected not to speak loud, now to whisper in his ear, now to cock his ghastly countenance with wretched smiles, now to cloud it with a shade of deep and solemn importance, and anon to contort it with the sneer of scorn and derision. These moods of the client's mind were accompanied with singular "mopings and mowings," fantastic gestures, which the man of rags and litigation deemed appropriate to his changes of countenance. Now he brandished his arm aloft, now thrust his fist straight out, as if to knock his opponent down. Now he laid his open palm on his bosom, and now flinging it abroad, he gallantly snapped his fingers in the air.

These demonstrations, and the obvious and embarrassing of Alan Fairford, did not escape the observation of the juvenile idlers in the hall. They did not, indeed, approach Peter with their usual familiarity, from some feeling of deference towards Fairford, though many accused him of conceit in presuming to undertake at this early stage of his practice a case of considerable difficulty. But Alan, notwithstanding this forbearance, was not the less sensible that he and his companion were the subjects of many a passing jest, and many a shout of laughter, which that region at all times abounds in.

At length the young counsel's patience gave way, and as it threatened to carry his presence of mind and recollection along with it, Alan frankly told his father, that unless he was relieved from the influence of his client's personal presence and instructions, he must necessarily throw up his brief, and decline pleading the case.

"Hush, hush, my dear Alan," said the old gentleman, almost at his own wit's end upon hearing this dilemma; "dinna mind the silly ne'er-do-weel; we cannot keep the man from hearing his own cause, though he be not quite right in the head."

"On my life, sir," answered Alan, "I shall be unable to go on, he drives every thing out of my remembrance; and if I attempt to speak seriously of the injuries he has sustained, and the condition he is reduced to, how can I expect but that the very appearance of such an absurd scarecrow will turn it all into ridicule?"

"There is something in that," said Saunders Fairford, glancing a look at Peter Peor, and then cautiously inserting his forefinger under his bob-wig in order to rub his temple and aid his invention; "he's no figure for the fore-bar to see without laughing; but how to get rid of him? To speak sense, or say thing like it, is the last thing he will listen to.—Stay, ay—Alan, my darling, hae patience; I'll get him off on the instant, like a goff ba'."

So saying, he hastened to his ally, Peter Drudgitt, who, on seeing him with marks of haste in his gait and care upon his countenance, clapped his pen behind his ear, with "What's the stir now, Mr. Saunders?—Is there aught wrang?"

"Here's a dollar, man," said Mr. Saunders; "now, or never, Peter, do me a good turn. Yonder's yon namesake, Peter Peebles, will drive the swine thro' our bonny hanks of yarn; get him over to John's Coffee-house, man—gie him his meridian—keep him there, drunk or sober, till the hearing is over."

* The simile is obvious, from the old manufacture of Scotland, when the gudewife's thrift, as the yarn wrought in the winter was called, when laid down to bleach by the burn-side, was peculiarly exposed to the ironade of the sun, seldom well regulated about a Scottish farm-house.

"Enough said," quoth Peter Drudgeit, no way displeased with his own share in the service required.—
"We so do your bidding."

"Accordingly, the scribe was presently seen whispering in the ear of Peter Peebles, whose responses came forth in the following broken form:—

"Leave the Court for as minute on this great day of judgment?—not I, by the Reg.—Eh! what? Brandy, did ye say—French Brandy?—couldna ye fetch a stoup to the bar under your coat, man?—Impossible? Na, if it's clean impossible, and if we have an hour good till they get through the single bills and the summar-roll, I carena if I cross the close wi' you; I am surr I need something to keep my heart up this awful day; but I'll no stay above an instant—not above a minute of time—nor drink aboon a single gill."

In a few minutes afterwards, the two Peters were seen moving through the Parliament Close, (which awkwardly affected has termed a Square,) the triumphant Drudgeit leading captive the passive Peebles, whose legs conducted him towards the drapshop, while his reverted eyes were fixed upon the Court. They dived into the Cimicrian abysses of John's Coffee-house,* formerly the favourite rendezvous of the classical and genial Doctor Pitcairn, and were for the present seen no more.

Relieved from his tormentor, Alan Fairford had time to rally his recollections, which, in the irritation of his spirits, had nearly escaped him, and to prepare himself for a task, the successful discharge or failure in which must, he was aware, have the deepest influence upon his fortunes. He had pride, was not without a consciousness of talent, and the sense of his father's feelings upon the subject impelled him to the utmost exertion. Above all, he had that sort of self-command which is essential to success in every arduous undertaking, and he was constitutionally free from that feverish irritability, by which those whose over-active imaginations exaggerate difficulties, render themselves incapable of encountering such when they arrive.

Having collected all the scattered and broken associations which were necessary, Alan's thoughts reverted to Dumfries-shire, and the precarious situation in which he feared his beloved friend had placed himself; and once and again he consulted his watch, eager to have his present task commenced and ended, that he might hasten to Dunsie's assistance. The hour and moment at length arrived. The Macer shouted, with all his well-remembered brazen strength of lungs, "Poor Peter Peebles *versus* Plainstances, *et* Dumtoustie *et* Tough.—Maister Da-na-niel Dumtoustie!" Dumtoustie answered not the summons, which, deep and swelling as it was, could not reach across the Queensferry; but our Maister Alan Fairford appeared in his place.

The Court was very much crowded; for much amusement had been received on former occasions when Peter had volunteered his own oratory, and had been completely successful in routing the gravity of the whole procedure, and putting to silence, not indeed the counsel of the opposite party, but his own.

Both bench and audience seemed considerably surprised at the juvenile appearance of the young man who appeared in the room of Dumtoustie, for the purpose of opening this complicated and long depending process, and the common herd were disappointed at the absence of Peter the client, the Punchinello of the expected entertainment. The Judges looked with a very favourable countenance on our friend Alan, most of them being acquainted, more or less, with so old a

practitioner as his father, and all, or almost all, affording, from civility, the same fair play to the first pleading of a counsel, which the House of Commons yields to the maiden speech of one of its members.

Lord Bladderskate was an exception to this general expression of benevolence. He scowled upon Alan from beneath his large, shaggy, gray eye-brows, just as if the young lawyer had been usurping his nephew's honours, instead of covering his disgrace; and, from feelings which did his lordship little honour, he privately hoped the young man would not succeed in the cause which his kinsman had abandoned.

Even Lord Bladderskate, however, was, in spite of himself, pleased with the judicious and modest tone in which Alan began his address to the Court, apologizing for his own presumption, and excusing it by the sudden illness of his learned brother, for whom the labour of opening a cause of some difficulty and importance had been much more worthily designed. He spoke of himself as he really was, and of young Dumtoustie as what he ought to have been, taking care not to dwell on either topic a moment longer than was necessary. The old Judge's looks became benign; his family pride was propitiated, and, pleased equally with the modesty and civility of the young man whom he had thought forward and officious, he relaxed the scorn of his features into an expression of profound attention; the highest compliment, and the greatest encouragement, which a judge can render to the counsel addressing him.

Having succeeded in securing the favourable attention of the court, the young lawyer, using the lights which his father's experience and knowledge of business had afforded him, proceeded with an address and clearness, unexpected from one of his years, to remove from the case itself those complicated formalities with which it had been loaded, as a surgeon strips from a wound the dressings which have been hastily wrapped round it, in order to proceed to his cure *secundum artem*. Developed of the cumbrous and complicated technicalities of litigation, with which the perverse obstinacy of the client, the inconsiderate haste or ignorance of his agents, and the evasions of a subtle adversary had invested the process, the cause of Poor Peter Peebles, standing upon its simple merits, was no bad subject for the declamation of a young counsel, nor did our friend Alan fail to avail himself of its strong points.

He exhibited his client as a simple-hearted, honest, well-meaning man, who, during a copartnership of twelve years, had gradually become impoverished, while his partner, (his former clerk,) having no funds but his share of the same business, into which he had been admitted without any advance of stock, had become gradually more and more wealthy.

"Their association," said Alan, and the little flight was received with some applause, "resembled the ancient story of the fruit which was carved with a knife poisoned on one side of the blade only, so that the individual to whom the envenomed portion was served, drew decay and death from what afforded savour and sustenance to the consumer of the other moiety." He then plunged boldly into the *mare magnum* of accounts between the parties; he pursued each false statement from the waste-book to the day-book, from the day-book to the bill-book, from the bill-book to the ledger; placed the artful interpolations and insertions of the fallacious Plainstances in array against each other, and against the fact; and, availing himself to the utmost of his father's previous labours, and his own knowledge of accounts, in which he had been sedulously trained, he laid before the Court a clear and intelligible statement of the affairs of the copartnership, showing with precision, that a large balance must, at the dissolution, have been due to his client, sufficient to have enabled him to have carried on business on his own account, and thus to have retained his situation in society, as an independent and industrious tradesman. "But, instead of this justice being voluntarily rendered by the former clerk to his former master,—by the party obliged to his benefactor,—by one honest man to another,—his wretched client had been compelled to follow his quondam clerk, his present debtor, from Court to Court; had found his

* This small dark coffee-house, now burnt down, was the sort of such writers and clerks belonged to the Parliament House above thirty years ago, as retained the ancient Scottish custom of a meridian, as it was called, or noontide dram of spirits. If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn sidelong about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading the band, when away they went, threading the crowd like a brood of wild-fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the coffee-house, received in turn from the hand of the waiter, the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. His they did, day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.

just claims met with well-invented but unfounded counter-claims; had seen his party shift his character of pursuer or defender, as often as Harlequin effects his transformations, till, in a chase so varied and so long, the unhappy litigant had lost substance, reputation, and almost the use of reason itself, and came before their Lordships an object of thoughtless derision to the unreflecting, of compassion to the better-hearted, and of awful meditation to every one, who considered that, in a country where excellent laws were administered by upright and incorruptible judges, a man might pursue an almost indisputable claim through all the mazes of litigation; lose fortune, reputation, and reason itself in the chase, and at length come before the Supreme Court of his country in the wretched condition of his unhappy client, a victim to protracted justice, and to that hope delayed which sickens the heart.

The force of this appeal to feeling made as much impression on the Bench, as had been previously effected by the clearness of Alan's argument. The absurd form of Peter himself, with his tow-wig, was fortunately not present to excite any ludicrous emotion, and the pause that took place when the young lawyer had concluded his speech, was followed by a murmur of approbation, which the ears of his father drank in as the sweetest sounds that had ever entered them. Many a hand of gratulation was thrust out to his grasp, trembling as it was with anxiety, and finally with delight; his voice faltering, as he replied, "Ay, ay, I kend Alan was the lad to make a spoon or spoil a horn."

The counsel on the other side arose, an old practitioner, who had noted too closely the impression made by Alan's pleading, not to fear the consequences of an immediate decision. He paid the highest compliments to his very young brother—"the Benjamin, as he would presume to call him, of the learned Faculty"—said the alleged hardships of Mr. Peebles were compensated, by his being placed in a situation where the benevolence of their Lordships had assigned him gratuitously such assistance as he might not otherwise have obtained at a high price—and allowed his young brother had put many things in such a new point of view, that, although he was quite certain of his ability to refute them, he was honestly desirous of having a few hours to arrange his answer, in order to be able to follow Mr. Fairford from point to point. He had further to observe, there was one point of the case to which his brother, whose attention had been otherwise so wonderfully comprehensive, had not given the consideration which he expected; it was founded on the interpretation of certain correspondence which had passed betwixt the parties, soon after the dissolution of the copartnery.

The Court having heard Mr. Tough, readily allowed him two days for preparing himself, hinting, at the same time, that he might find his task difficult, and affording the young counsel, with high encomiums upon the mode in which he had acquitted himself, the choice of speaking, either now or at next calling of the cause, upon the point which Plainstane's lawyer had adverted to.

Alan modestly apologized for what in fact had been an omission very pardonable in so complicated a case, and professed himself instantly ready to go through that correspondence, and prove that it was in form and substance exactly applicable to the view of the case he had submitted to their Lordships. He applied to his father, who sat behind him, to hand him, from time to time, the letters, in the order in which he meant to read and comment upon them.

Old Counsellor Tough had probably formed an ingenious enough scheme to blunt the effect of the young lawyer's reasoning, by thus obliging him to follow up a process of reasoning, clear and complete in itself, by a hasty and extemporary appendix. If so, he seemed likely to be disappointed; for Alan was well prepared on this, as on other parts of the cause, and recommenced his pleading with a degree of animation and spirit, which added force even to what he had formerly stated, and might perhaps have occasioned

* Said of an adventurous gipsy, who resolves at all risks to convert a sheep's horn into a spoon.

the old gentleman to regret his having again called him up; when his father, as he handed him the letters, put one into his hand which produced a singular effect on the pleader.

At the first glance, he saw that the paper had no reference to the affairs of Peter Peebles; but the first glance also showed him, what, even at that time, and in that presence, he could not help reading; and which, being read, seemed totally to disconcert his ideas. He stopped short in his harangue—gazed on the paper with a look of surprise and horror—uttered an exclamation, and, flinging down the brief which he had in his hand, hurried out of Court without returning a single word of answer to the various questions, "what was the matter?"—"Was he taken well?"—"Should not a chair be called?" &c. &c. &c.

The elder Mr. Fairford, who remained seated, and looking as senseless as if he had been made of stone, was at length recalled to himself by the anxious inquiries of the judges and the counsel after his son's health. He then rose with an air, in which was mingled the deep habitual reverence in which he held the Court, with some internal cause of agitation, and with difficulty mentioned something of a mistake—a piece of bad news—Alan, he hoped, would be well enough to-morrow. But unable to proceed farther, he clasped his hands together, exclaiming, "My son! my son!" and left the court hastily, as if in pursuit of him.

"What's the matter with the auld bitch next?" said an acute metaphysical judge, though somewhat coarse in his manners, aside to his brethren. "Tis a daff case, Bladderskate—first, it drives the poor man mad that aught it—then your neyvo goes daff with fright, and flies the pit—then this smart, hopeful is aff the hooks with too hard study, I fancy; and now auld Saunders Fairford is as lunatic as the best of them. What say ye till't, ye bitches?"

"Nothing, my lord," answered Bladderskate, not too formal to admire the levities in which his philosophical brother sometimes indulged—"I say naught, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits."

"Amen, amen," answered his learned brother, "for some of us have but few to spare."

The Court then arose, and the audience departed, greatly wondering at the talent displayed by Alan Fairford, at his first appearance, in a case so difficult and so complicated, and assigning a hundred conjectural causes, each different from the others, for the singular interruption which had clouded his day of success. The worst of the whole was, that six agents, who had each come to the separate resolution of thrusting a retaining fee into Alan's hand as he left the court, shook their heads as they returned the money into their leathern pouches, and said, "that the lad was clever, but they would like to see more of him before they engaged him in the way of business—they did not like his lowping awa' like a flea in a blanket."

CHAPTER II.

HAD our friend Alexander Fairford known the consequences of his son's abrupt retreat from the Court, which was mentioned in the end of the last chapter, it might have accomplished the prediction of the lively old judge, and driven him utterly distracted. As it was, he was miserable enough. His son had risen a few degrees higher in his estimation than ever, by his display of juridical talents, which seemed to assure him that the applause of the judges and professors of the law, which, in his estimation, was worth that of all mankind besides, authorized to the fullest extent the advantageous estimate which even his parental partiality had been induced to form of Alan's powers. On the other hand, he felt that he was himself a little humbled, from a disguise which he had practised towards this son of his hopes and wishes.

The truth was, that on the morning of this eventful day, Mr. Alexander Fairford had received from his correspondent and friend, Provost Crosbie of Dumfries, a letter of the following tenor:—

* Tradition ascribes this whimsical style of language to the ingenious and philosophical Lord Kames.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOUR respected favour of 25th ultimo, per favour of Mr. Darsie Latimer, reached me in safety, and I showed to the young gentleman such attentions as he was pleased to accept of. The object of my present writing is twofold. First, the council are of opinion that you should now begin to stir in the thirlage cause; and they think they will be able, from evidence *noviter repertum*, to enable you to amend your condescendence upon the use and wont of the burgh, touching the *grana infecta et illata*. So you will please consider yourself as authorized to speak to Mr. Peat, and lay before him the papers which you will receive by the coach. The council think that a fee of two guineas may be sufficient on this occasion, as Mr. Peat had three for drawing the original condescendence.

"I take the opportunity of adding, that there has been a great riot among the Solway fishermen, who have destroyed, in a masterful manner, the stake-nets set up near the mouth of this river; and have besides attacked the house of Quaker Geddes, one of the principal partners of the Tide-net Fishing Company, and done a great deal of damage. Am sorry to add, young Master Latimer was in the fray, and has not since been heard of. Murder is spoke of, but that may be a word of course. As the young gentleman has behaved rather oddly while in these parts, as in declining to dine with me more than once, and going about the country with strolling fiddlers and such-like, I rather hope that his present absence is only occasioned by a frolic; but as his servant has been making inquiries of me respecting his master, I thought it best to acquaint you in course of post. I have only to add, that our sheriff has taken a precognition, and committed one or two of the rioters. If I can be useful in this matter, either by advertising for Mr. Latimer as missing, publishing a reward, or otherwise, I will obey your respected instructions, being your most obedient to command.

"WILLIAM CROSSIE."

When Mr. Fairford received this letter, and had read it to an end, his first idea was to communicate it to his son, that an express might be instantly despatched, or a King's messenger sent with proper authority to search after his late guest.

The habits of the fishers were rude, as he well knew, though not absolutely sanguinary or ferocious; and there had been instances of their transporting persons who had interfered in their smuggling trade to the Isle of Man, and elsewhere, and keeping them under restraint for many weeks. On this account Mr. Fairford was naturally led to feel anxiety concerning the fate of his late inmate; and, at a less interesting moment, would certainly have set out himself, or licensed his son to go in pursuit of his friend.

But alas! he was both a father and an agent. In the one capacity, he looked on his son as dearer to him than all the world besides; in the other, the lawsuit which he conducted was to him like an infant to its nurse, and the case of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstances was, he saw, adjourned, perhaps *sine die*, should this document reach the hands of his son. The mutual and enthusiastical affection betwixt the young men was well known to him; and he concluded, that if the precarious state of Latimer were made known to Alan Fairford, it would render him not only unwilling, but totally unfit, to discharge the duty of the day, to which the old gentleman attached such ideas of importance.

On mature reflection, therefore, he resolved, though not without some feelings of compunction, to deny communicating to his son the disagreeable intelligence which he had received, until the business of the day should be ended. The delay, he persuaded himself, could be of little consequence to Darsie Latimer, whose folly, he dared to say, had led him into some scrape which would meet an appropriate punishment, in some accidental restraint, which would be thus prolonged for only a few hours longer. Besides, he would have time to speak to the Sheriff of the county—perhaps to the King's Advocate—and set about the matter in a regular manner, or, as he termed it, as

summing up the duties of a solicitor, to *agè as accorde*.*

The scheme, as we have seen, was partially successful, and was only ultimately defeated, as he confessed to himself with shame, by his own very unbusiness-like mistake of shuffling the Provost's letter, in the hurry and anxiety of the morning, among some papers belonging to Peter Peebles's affairs, and then handing it to his son, without observing the blunder. He used to protest, even till the day of his death, that he never had been guilty of such an inaccuracy as giving a paper out of his hand without looking at the docketing, except on that unhappy occasion, when, of all others, he had such particular reason to regret his negligence.

Disturbed by these reflections, the old gentleman had, for the first time in his life, some disinclination, arising from shame and vexation, to face his own son; so that to protract for a little the meeting which he feared would be a painful one, he went to wait upon the Sheriff-depute, who he found had set off for Dumfriesshire, in great haste, to superintend in person the investigation which had been set on foot by his Substitute. This gentleman's clerk could say little on the subject of the riot, excepting that it had been serious, much damage done to property, and some personal violence offered to individuals; but as far as he had yet heard, no lives lost on the spot.

Mr. Fairford was compelled to return home with this intelligence; and on inquiring at James Wilkinson where his son was, received for answer, that "Maister Alan was in his own room, and very busy."

"We must have our explanation over," said Saunders Fairford to himself: "Better a finger off as aye wagging;" and going to the door of his son's apartment he knocked at first gently—then more loudly—but received no answer. Somewhat alarmed at this silence, he opened the door of the chamber—it was empty—clothes lay mixed in confusion with the law-books and papers, as if the inmate had been engaged in hastily packing for a journey. As Mr. Fairford looked around in alarm, his eye was arrested by a sealed letter lying upon his son's writing-table, and addressed to himself. It contained the following words:—

"MY DEAREST FATHER,

"You will not, I trust, be surprised, nor perhaps very much displeased, to learn that I am now on my way to Dumfriesshire, to learn, by my own personal investigation, the present state of my dear friend, and afford him such relief as may be in my power, and which, I trust, will be effectual. I do not presume to reflect upon you, dearest sir, for concealing from me information of so much consequence to my peace of mind and happiness; but I hope your having done so will be, if not an excuse, at least some mitigation of my present offence, in taking a step of consequence without consulting your pleasure; and, I must further own, under circumstances which perhaps might lead to your disapprobation of my purpose. I can only say, in further apology, that if any thing unhappy, which Heaven forbid! shall have occurred to the person who, next to yourself, is dearest to me in this world, I shall have on my heart, as a subject of eternal regret, that being in a certain degree warned of his danger, and furnished with the means of obviating it, I did not instantly hasten to his assistance, but preferred giving my attention to the business of this unlucky morning. No view of personal distinction, nothing, indeed, short of your earnest and often expressed wishes, could have detained me in town till this day; and having made this sacrifice to filial duty, I trust you will hold me excused, if I now obey the calls of friendship and humanity. Do not be in the least anxious on my account; I shall know, I trust, how to conduct myself with due caution in any emergency which may occur; otherwise my legal studies for so many years have been to little purpose. I am fully provided with money, and also with arms in case of need; but you may rely on my prudence in avoiding all occasions of

* A Scots law phrase of no very determinate import, meaning, generally, to do what is fitting.

using the latter, short of the last necessity. God Almighty bless you, my dearest father! and grant that you may forgive the first, and, I trust, the last act approaching towards premeditated disobedience, of which I either have now, or shall hereafter have, to accuse myself. I remain, till death, your dutiful and affectionate son,

ALAN FAIRFORD.

"P. S.—I shall write with the utmost regularity, acquainting you with my motions, and requesting your advice. I trust my stay will be very short, and I think it possible that I may bring back Darsie along with me."

The paper dropped from the old man's hand when he was thus assured of the misfortune which he apprehended. His first idea was to get a post-chaise and pursue the fugitive; but he recollected, that, upon the very rare occasions when Alan had shown himself indocile to the *patria potestas*, his natural ease and gentleness of disposition seemed hardened into obstinacy, and that now, entitled, as arrived at the years of majority, and a member of the learned Faculty, to direct his own motions, there was great doubt, whether, in the event of his overtaking his son, he might be able to prevail upon him to return back. In such a risk of failure, he thought it wiser to desist from his purpose, especially as even his success in such a pursuit would give a ridiculous éclat to the whole affair, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to his son's rising character.

Bitter, however, were Saunders Fairford's reflections, as, again picking up the fatal scroll, he threw himself into his son's leathern easy-chair, and bestowed upon it a disjointed commentary. "Bring back Darsie? little doubt of that—the bad shilling is sure enough to come back again. I wish Darsie no worse ill than that he were carried where the silly fool Alan should never see him again. It was an ill hour that he darkened my doors in, for, ever since that, Alan has given up his ane old-fashioned mother-wit, for the t'other's caperpointed maggots and nonsense. Provided with money? you must have more than I know of, then, my friend, for I trow I kept you pretty short for your own good.—Can he have gotten more fees? or, does he think five guineas has neither beginning nor end?—Arms! What would he do with arms, or what would any man do with them that is not a regular soldier under government, or else a thief-taker? I have had enough of arms, I trow, although I carried them for King George and the government. But this is a worse strait than Falkirk-field yet!—God guide us, we are poor inconsistent creatures! To think the lad should have made so able an appearance, and then bolted off this gate, after a glaikit ne'er-do-well, like a hound upon a false scent!—Lass-a-day! it's a sore thing to see a stunkard cow kick down the pail when it's reaming fou.—But, after all, it's an ill bird that defiles its ain nest. I must cover up the scandal as well as I can.—What's the matter now, James?"

"A message, sir," said James Wilkinson, "from my Lord President; and he hopes Mr. Alan is not seriously indisposed."

"From the Lord President? the Lord preserve us!—I'll send an answer this instant; bid the lad sit down, and ask him to drink, James.—Let me see," continued he, taking a sheet of gilt paper, "how we are to draw our answers."

Ere his pen had touched the paper, James was in the room again.

"What now James?"

"Lord Bladderskate's lad is come to ask how Mr. Alan is, as he left the Court!"

"Ay, ay, ay," answered Saunders, bitterly; "he has e'en made a moonlight flitting, like my lord's ane nevoy."

"Shall I say see, sir?" said James, who, as an old soldier, was literal in all things touching the service.

"The devil! no, no!—Bid the lad sit down and taste our ale. I will write his lordship an answer."

Once more the gilt paper was resumed, and once more the door was opened by James.

"Lord ——— sends his servitor to ask after Mr. Alan."

"Oh, the deevil take their civility!" said poor Saunders. "Set him down to drink too—I will write to his Lordship."

"The lads will bide your pleasure, sir, as lang as I keep the bicker fou; but this ringing is like to wear out the bell, I think; there are they at it again."

He answered the fresh summons accordingly, and came back to inform Mr. Fairford, that the Dean of Faculty was below, inquiring for Mr. Alan.—"Will I set him down to drink, too?" said James.

"Will you be an idiot, sir?" said Mr. Fairford, "Show Mr. Dean into the parlour."

In going slowly down stairs, step by step, the perplexed man of business had time enough to reflect, that if it be possible to put a fair gloss upon a true story, the verity always serves the purpose better than any substitute which ingenuity can devise. He therefore told his learned visitor, that although his son had been incommoded by the heat of the court, and the long train of hard study, by day and night, preceding his exertions, yet he had fortunately so far recovered, as to be in condition to obey upon the instant a sudden summons which had called him to the country, on a matter of life and death.

"It should be a serious matter indeed that takes my young friend away at this moment," said the good-natured Dean. "I wish he had staid to finish his pleading, and put down old Tough. Without compliment, Mr. Fairford, it was as fine a first appearance as I ever heard. I should be sorry your son did not follow it up in a reply. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot."

Mr. Saunders Fairford made a better grimace as he acquiesced in an opinion which was indeed decidedly his own; but he thought it most prudent to reply, "that the affair which rendered his son Alan's presence in the country absolutely necessary, regarded the affairs of a young gentleman of great fortune, who was a particular friend of Alan's, and who never took any material step in his affairs, without consulting his counsel learned in the law."

"Well well, Mr. Fairford, you know best," answered the learned Dean; "If there be death or marriage in the case, a will or a wedding is to be preferred to all other business. I am happy Mr. Alan is so much recovered as to be able for travel, and wish you a very good morning."

Having thus taken his ground to the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Fairford hastily wrote cards in answer to the inquiry of three judges, accounting for Alan's absence in the same manner. These, being properly sealed and addressed, he delivered to James, with directions to dismiss the party-coloured gentry, who in the mean while, had consumed a gallon of two-penny ale while discussing points of law, and addressing each other by their master's titles.

The exertion which these matters demanded, and the interest which so many persons of legal distinction appeared to have taken in his son, greatly relaxed the oppressed spirit of Saunders Fairford, who continued to talk mysteriously of the very important business which had interfered with his son's attendance during the brief remainder of the session. He endeavoured to lay the same unction to his own heart; but here the application was less fortunate, for his conscience told him, that no end, however important, which could be achieved in Darsie Latimer's affairs could be balanced against the reputation which Alan was like to forfeit, by deserting the cause of Poor Peter Peebles.

In the mean while, although the haze which surrounded the cause, or causes, of that unfortunate litigant had been for a time dispelled by Alan's eloquence, like a fog by the thunder of artillery, yet it seemed

The Scottish Judges are distinguished by the title of lord prefixed to their own temporal designation. As the ladies of these official dignities do not bear any share in their husband's honours, they are distinguished only by their lord's family name. They were not always contented with this species of Salique law, which certainly is somewhat inconsistent. But their pretensions to title are said to have been long ago repelled by James V. the Sovereign who founded the College of Justice. "I," said he, "made the earls lords, but who the devil made the carlines ladies?"

once more to settle down upon the mass of litigation, thick as the palpable darkness of Egypt, at the very sound of Mr. Tough's voice, who on the second day after Alan's departure, was heard in answer to the opening counsel. Deep-mouthed, long-breathed, and pertinacious, taking a pinch of snuff betwixt every sentence, which otherwise seemed interminable—the veteran pleader prosed over all the themes which had been treated so luminously by Fairford; he quietly and imperceptibly replaced all the rubbish which the other had cleared away; and succeeded in restoring the veil of obscurity and unintelligibility which had for many years darkened the case of Peckles against Plainstones; and the matter was once more hung up by a remit to an accountant, with instruction to report before answer. So different a result from that which the public had been led to expect from Alan's speech, gave rise to various speculations.

The client himself opined that it was entirely owing, first, to his own absence during the first day's pleading, being, as he said, drenched with brandy, usquebaugh, and other strong waters, at John's Coffee-house, *per ambages* of Peter Drudget, employed to that effect by and through the device, counsel, and coyne of Saunders Fairford, his agent, or pretended agent. Secondly, by the flight and voluntary desertion of the younger Fairford, the advocate; on account of which he served both father and son with a petition and complaint against them, for malversation in office. So that the apparent and most probable issue of this cause seemed to menace the melancholy Mr. Saunders Fairford with additional subject for plague and mortification; which was the more galling, as his conscience told him that the case was really given away, and that a very brief resumption of the former argument, with reference to the necessary authorities and points of evidence, would have enabled Alan, by the merest breath, as it were, of his mouth, to blow away the various cobwebs with which Mr. Tough had again invested the proceedings. But it went, he said, just like a decret in absence, and was lost for want of a contradictor.

In the mean time, nearly a week passed over without Mr. Fairford hearing a word directly from his son. He learned, indeed, by a letter from Mr. Crosbie, that the young counsellor had safely reached Dumfries, but had left that town upon some ulterior researches, the purpose of which he had not communicated. The old man, thus left to suspense, and to mortifying recollections, deprived also of the domestic society to which he had been habituated, began to suffer in body as well as in mind. He had formed the determination of setting out in person for Dumfries-shire, when, after having been dogged, peevish, and snappish to his clerks and domestics, to an unusual and almost intolerable degree, the acrimonious humours settled in a hissing-hot fit of the gout, which is a well-known tanner of the most froward spirits, and under whose discipline we shall, for the present, leave him, as the continuation of this history assumes, with the next division, a form somewhat different from direct narrative and epistolary correspondence, though partaking of the character of both.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL OF DARSIE LATIMER.

(The following address is written on the inside of the envelope which contained the Journal.)

INTO what hands soever these leaves may fall, they will instruct him, during a certain time at least, in the history of the life of an unfortunate young man, who, in the heart of a free country, and without any crime being laid to his charge, has been, and is, subjected to a course of unlawful and violent restraint. He who opens this letter, is therefore conjured to apply to the nearest magistrate, and, following such indications as the papers may afford, to exert himself for the relief of one, who, while he possesses every claim to assistance which oppressed innocence can give, has at the same time, both the inclination and the means of being grateful to his deliverers. Or, if the person obtaining these letters shall want courage or means to

effect the writer's release, he is, in that case, conjured, by every duty of a man to his fellow-mortals, and of a Christian towards one who professes the same holy faith, to take the earliest measures for conveying them with speed and safety to the hands of Alan Fairford, Esq., Advocate, residing in the family of his father, Alexander Fairford, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Brown's Square, Edinburgh. He may be assured of a liberal reward, besides the consciousness of having discharged a real duty to humanity.

MY DEAREST ALAN,

FEELING as warmly towards you in doubt and in distress, as I ever did in the brightest days of our intimacy, it is to you whom I address a history which may perhaps fall into very different hands. A portion of my former spirit descends to my pen, when I write your name, and indulging the happy thought that you may be my deliverer from my present uncomfortable and alarming situation, as you have been my guide and counsellor on every former occasion, I will subdue the dejection which would otherwise overwhelm me. Therefore, as Heaven knows, I have time enough to write, I will endeavour to pour my thoughts out, as fully and freely as of old, though probably without the same gay and happy levity.

If the papers should reach other hands than yours, still I will not regret this exposure of my feelings; for, allowing for an ample share of the folly incidental to youth and inexperience, I fear not that I have much to be ashamed of in my narrative; nay, I even hope, that the open simplicity and frankness with which I am about to relate every singular and distressing circumstance, may prepossess even a stranger in my favour; and that, amid the multitude of seemingly trivial circumstances which I detailed at length, a clew may be found to effect my liberation.

Another chance certainly remains—the Journal, as I may call it, may never reach the hands, or those of the dear friend to whom it is addressed, or those of an indifferent stranger, but may become the prey of the persons by whom I am at present treated as a prisoner. Let it be so—they will learn from it little but what they already know; that, as a man, and an Englishman, my soul revolts at the usage which I have received; that I am determined to essay every possible means to obtain my freedom; that captivity has not broken my spirit, and that, although they may doubtless complete their oppression by murder, I am still willing to bequeath my cause to the justice of my country. Undeterred, therefore, by the probability that my papers may be torn from me, and subjected to the inspection of one in particular, who, causelessly my enemy already, may be yet farther incensed at me for recording the history of my wrongs, I proceed to resume the history of events which have befallen me since the conclusion of my last letter to my dear Alan Fairford, dated, if I mistake not, on the 5th day of this still current month of August.

Upon the night preceeding the date of that letter, I had been present, for the purpose of an idle frolic, at a dancing party at the village of Brokenburn, about six miles from Dumfries; many persons must have seen me there, should the fact appear of importance sufficient to require investigation. I danced, played on the violin, and took part in the festivity, till about midnight, when my servant, Samuel Owen, brought me my horse, and I rode back to a small inn called Shepherd's Bush, kept by Mrs. Gregson, which had been occasionally my residence for about a fortnight past. I spent the earlier part of the forenoon in writing a letter which I have already mentioned, to you, my dear Alan, and which, I think, you must have received in safety. Why did I not follow your advice, so often given me? Why did I linger in the neighbourhood of a danger, of which a kind voice had warned me? These are now unavailing questions. I was blinded by a fatality, and remained fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I have been scorched to some purpose.

The greater part of the day had passed, and time hung heavy on my hands. I ought, perhaps, to blush

at recollecting what has been often objected to me by the dear friend to whom this letter is addressed, viz. the facility with which I have, in moments of indolence, suffered my motions to be directed by any person who chanced to be near me, instead of taking the labour of thinking or deciding for myself. I had employed for some time, as a sort of guide and errand-boy, a lad named Benjamin, the son of one widow Colthard, who lives near the Shepherd's Bush, and I cannot but remember that, upon several occasions, I had of late suffered him to possess more influence over my motions, than at all became the difference of our age and condition. At present he exerted himself to persuade me that it was the finest possible sport to see the fish taken out from the nets placed in the Solway at the reflux of the tide, and urged my going thither this evening so much, that, looking back on the whole circumstances, I cannot but think he had some especial motive for his conduct. These particulars I have mentioned, that if these papers fall into friendly hands, the boy may be sought after and submitted to examination.

His eloquence being unable to persuade me that I should take any pleasure in seeing the fruitless struggles of the fish when left in the nets and deserted by the tide, he artfully suggested, that Mr. and Miss Geddes, a respectable Quaker family well known in the neighbourhood, and with whom I had contracted habits of intimacy, would possibly be offended if I did not make them an early visit. Both, he said, had been particularly inquiring the reasons of my leaving their house rather suddenly on the previous day. I resolved, therefore, to walk up to Mount Sharon and make my apologies, and I agreed to permit the boy to attend upon me, and wait my return from the house, that I might fish on my way homeward to Shepherd's Bush, for which amusement, he assured me, I would find the evening most favourable. I mention this minute circumstance, because I strongly suspect that this boy had a presentiment how the evening was to terminate with me, and entertained the selfish though childish wish of securing to himself an angling-rod which he had often admired, as a part of my spoils. I may do the boy wrong, but I had before remarked in him the peculiar art of pursuing the trifling objects of cupidity proper to his age, with the systematic address of much riper years.

When we had commenced our walk, I upbraided him with the coolness of the evening, considering the season, the easterly wind, and other circumstances, unfavourable for angling. He persisted in his own story, and made a few casts, as if to convince me of my error, but caught no fish; and, indeed, as I am now convinced, was much more intent on watching my motions, than on taking any. When I ridiculed him once more on his fruitless endeavours, he answered with a sneering smile, that "the trouts would not rise, because there was thunder in the air;" an intimation which, in one sense, I have found too true.

I arrived at Mount Sharon; was received by my friends there with their wonted kindness; and after being a little rallied on my having suddenly left them on the preceding evening, I agreed to make atonement by staying all night, and dismissed the lad who attended with my fishing-rod, to carry that information to Shepherd's Bush. It may be doubted whether he went thither, or in a different direction.

Between eight and nine o'clock when it began to become dark, we walked on the terrace to enjoy the appearance of the firmament, glittering with ten million of stars; to which a slight touch of early frost gave tenfold lustre. As we gazed on this splendid scene, Miss Geddes, I think, was the first to point out to our admiration a shooting or falling star, which, she said, drew a long train after it. Looking to the part of the heavens which she pointed out, I distinctly observed two successive sky-rockets arise, and burst in the sky.

"These meteors," said Mr. Geddes, in answer to his sister's observation, "are not formed in heaven, nor do they bode any good to the dwellers upon earth."

As he spoke, I looked to another quarter of the sky, and a rocket, as if a signal in answer to those

which had already appeared, rose high from the earth, and burst apparently among the stars.

Mr. Geddes seemed very thoughtful for some minutes, and then said to his sister, "Rachel, though it waxes late, I must go down to the fishing station, and pass the night in the overseer's room to-night."

"Nay, then," replied the lady, "I am but too well assured that the sons of Belial are menacing these nets and devices. Joshua, art thou a man of peace, and wilt thou willingly and wittingly thrust thyself, where thou mayest be tempted by the old man Adam within thee, to enter into debate and strife?"

"I am a man of peace, Rachel," answered Mr. Geddes, "even to the utmost extent which our friends can demand of humanity; and neither have I ever used, nor, with the help of God, will I at any future time employ, the arm of flesh to repel or to revenge injuries. But if I can, by mild reasons, and firm conduct, save those rude men from committing a crime and the property belonging to myself and others from sustaining damage, surely I do but the duty of a man and a Christian."

With these words, he ordered his horse instantly; and his sister ceasing to argue with him, folded her arms upon her bosom, and looked up to heaven with a resigned and yet sorrowful countenance.

These particulars may appear trivial; but it is better, in my present condition, to exert my faculties in recollecting the past, and in recording it, than waste them in vain and anxious anticipations of the future.

It would have been scarcely proper in me to remain in the house, from which the master was thus suddenly summoned away; and I therefore begged permission to attend him to the fishing station, assuring his sister that I would be a guarantee for his safety.

The proposal seemed to give much pleasure to Miss Geddes. "Let it be so, brother," she said; "and let the young man have the desire of his heart, that there may be a faithful witness to stand by thee in the hour of need, and to report how it shall fare with thee."

"No, Rachel," said the worthy man, "thou art to blame in this, that to quiet thy apprehensions on my account, thou shouldst thrust into danger—if danger it shall prove to be—this youth, our guest; for whom, doubtless, in case of mishap, as many hearts will ache as may be afflicted on our account."

"Nay, my good friend," said I, taking Mr. Geddes's hand, "I am not so happy as you suppose me. Were my span to be concluded this evening, few would so much as know that such a being had existed for twenty years on the face of the earth; and of these few, only one would sincerely regret me. Do not, therefore, refuse me the privilege of attending you; and of showing, by so trifling an act of kindness, that if I have few friends, I am at least desirous to serve them."

"Thou hast a kind heart, I warrant thee," said Joshua Geddes, returning the pressure of my hand. "Rachel, the young man shall go with me. Why should he not face danger, in order to do justice and preserve peace? There is that within me," he added, looking upwards, and with a passing enthusiasm which I had not before observed, and the absence of which perhaps rather belonged to the sect than to his own personal character—"I say, I have that within which assures me, that though the ungodly may rage even like the storm of the ocean, they shall not have freedom to prevail against us."

Having spoken thus, Mr. Geddes appointed a pony to be saddled for my use; and having taken a basket with some provisions, and a servant to carry back the horses, for which there was no accommodation at the fishing station, we set off about nine o'clock at night, and after three quarters of an hour's riding, arrived at our place of destination.

The station consists, or then consisted, of huts for four or five fishermen, a cooperage and sheds, and a better sort of cottage, at which the superintendent resided. We gave our horses to the servant, to be carried back to Mount Sharon; my companion expressing himself humanely anxious for their safety—and knocked at the door of the house. At first we only heard a barking of dogs; but these animals be-

came quiet on snuffing beneath the door, and acknowledging the presence of friends. A hoarse voice then demanded, in rather unfriendly accents, who we were, and what we wanted; and it was not until Joshua named himself, and called upon his superintendent to open, that the latter appeared at the door of the hut, attended by three large dogs of the Newfoundland breed. He had a flambeau in his hand, and two large heavy ship-pistols stuck into his belt. He was a stout, elderly man, who had been a sailor, as I learned, during the earlier part of his life, and was now much confided in by the Fishing Company, whose concerns he directed under the orders of Mr. Geddes.

"Thoudidst not expect me to-night, friend Davies?" said my friend to the old man, who was arranging seats for us by the fire.

"No, Master Geddes," answered he, "I did not expect you, nor, to speak the truth, did I wish for you either."

"These are plain terms, John Davies," answered Mr. Geddes.

"Ay, ay, sir, I know your worship loves no holiday speeches."

"Thou dost guess, I suppose, what brings us here so late, John Davies?" said Mr. Geddes.

"I do suppose, sir," answered the superintendent, "that it was because these d-d smuggling wreckers on the coast are showing their lights to gather their forces, as they did the night before they broke down the dam-dike and wears up the country; but if that same be the case, I wish once more you had staid away, for your worship carries no fighting tackle aboard, I think; and there will be work for such ere morning, your worship."

"Worship is due to Heaven only, John Davies," said Geddes. "I have often desired thee to desist from using that phrase to me."

"I won't, then," said John; "no offence meant. But how the devil can a man stand picking his words, when he is just going to come to blows?"

"I hope not, John Davies," said Joshua Geddes. "Call in the rest of the men, that I may give them their instructions."

"I may cry till doomsday, Master Geddes, ere a soul answers—the cowardly lubbers have all made sail—the cooper, and all the rest of them, so soon as they heard the enemy were at sea. They have all taken to the long-boat, and left the ship among the breakers, except little Phil and myself—they have, by—"

"Swear not at all, John Davies—thou art an honest man; and I believe without an oath, that thy comrades love their own bones better than my goods and chattels. And so thou hast no assistance but little Phil against a hundred men or two?"

"Why, there are the dogs, your honour knows, Neptune and Thetis—and the puppy may do something; and then though your worship—I beg pardon—though your honour be no great fighter, this young gentleman may bear a hand."

"Ay, and I see you are provided with arms," said Mr. Geddes; "let me see them."

"Ay, ay, sir; here be a pair of buffers will bite as well as bark—these will make sure of two rogues at least. It would be a shame to strike without firing a shot.—Take care your honour, they are double-shotted."

"Ay, John Davies, I will take care of them," throwing the pistols into a tub of water beside him; "and I wish I could render the whole generation of them useless at the same moment."

A deep shade of displeasure passed over John Davies's weather-beaten countenance. "Belike your honour is going to take the command yourself then?" he said, after a pause. "Why, I can be of little use now; and since your worship, or your honour, or whatever you are, means to strike quietly, I believe you will do it better without me than with me, for I am like enough to make mischief, I admit; but I'll never leave my post without orders."

"Then you have mine, John Davies, to go to Mount Sharon directly, and take the boy Phil with you. Where is he?"

"He is on the outlook for these scums of the earth," answered Davies; "but it is to no purpose to know when they come, if we are not to stand to our weapons."

"We will use none but those of sense and reason, John."

"And you may just as well cast chaff against the wind, as speak sense and reason to the like of them."

"Well, well, be it so," said Joshua; "and now, John Davies, I know thou art what the world calls a brave fellow, and I have ever found thee an honest one. And now I command you to go to Mount Sharon, and let Phil lie on the bank-side—see the poor boy hath a sea-cloak, though—and watch what happens here, and let him bring you the news; and if any violence shall be offered to the property there, I trust to your fidelity to carry my sister to Dumfries, to the house of our friends the Corsacks, and inform the civil authorities of what mischief hath befallen."

The old seaman paused a moment. "It is hard lines for me," he said, "to leave your honour in tribulation; and yet, staying here, I am only like to make bad worse; and your honour's sister, Miss Rachel, must be looked to, that's certain; for if the rogues once get their hand to mischief, they will come to Mount Sharon after they have wasted and destroyed this here snug little roadstead, where I thought to ride at anchor for life."

"Right, right, John Davies," said Joshua Geddes; "and best call the dogs with you."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the veteran, "for they are something of my mind, and would not keep quiet if they saw mischief doing; so maybe they might come to mischief, poor dumb creatures. So God bless your honour—I mean your worship—I cannot bring my mouth to say fare you well.—Here, Neptune, Thetis! come, dogs, come."

So saying, and with a very crestfallen countenance, John Davies left the hut.

"Now there goes one of the best and most faithful creatures that ever was born," said Mr. Geddes, as the superintendent shut the door of the cottage. "Nature made him with a heart that would not have suffered him to harm a fly; but thou seest, friend Latimer, that as men arm their bull-dogs with spiked collars, and their game-cocks with steel spurs, to aid them in fight, so they corrupt, by education, the best and mildest natures, until fortitude and spirit become stubbornness and ferocity. Believe me, friend Latimer, I would as soon expose my faithful household dog to a vain combat with a herd of wolves, as you trusty creature to the violence of the enraged multitude. But I need say little on this subject to thee, friend Latimer, who, I doubt not, art trained to believe that courage is displayed and honour attained, not by doing and suffering, as becomes a man, that which fate calls us to suffer, and justice commands us to do, but because thou art ready to retort violence for violence, and considerst the lightest insult as a sufficient cause for the spilling of blood, nay, the taking of life.—But, leaving these points of controversy to a more fit season, let us see what our basket of provision contains; for in truth, friend Latimer, I am one of those whom neither fear nor anxiety deprive of their ordinary appetite."

We found the means of good cheer accordingly, which Mr. Geddes seemed to enjoy as much as if it had been eaten in a situation of perfect safety; nay, his conversation appeared to be rather more gay than on ordinary occasions. After eating our supper we left the hut together, and walked for a few minutes on the banks of the sea. It was high water, and the ebbs had not yet commenced. The moon shone broad and bright upon the placid face of the Solway Frith, and showed a slight ripple upon the stakes, the tops of which were just visible above the waves, and on the dark-coloured buoys which marked the upper edge of the enclosure of nets. At a much greater distance,—for the estuary is here very wide,—the line of the English coast was seen on the verge of the water, resembling one of those fog-banks on which mariners are said to gaze, uncertain whether it be land or atmospherical delusion.

"We shall be undisturbed for some hours," said

Mr. Geddes; "they will not come down upon us till the state of the tide permits them to destroy the tide-nets. Is it not strange to think that human passions will so soon transform such a tranquil scene as this, into one of devastation and confusion?"

It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness; so much so, that the restless waves of the Solway seemed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to slumber;—on the shore no night-bird was heard—the cock had not sung his first matins, and we ourselves walked more lightly than by day, as if to suit the sound of our own paces to the serene tranquillity around us. At length, the plaintive cry of a dog broke the silence, and on our return to the cottage, we found that the younger of the three animals which had gone along with John Davies, unaccustomed, perhaps, to distant journeys, and the duty of following to heel, had strayed from the party, and, unable to rejoin them, had wandered back to the place of its birth.

"Another feeble addition to our feeble garrison," said Mr. Geddes, as he caressed the dog, and admitted it into the cottage. "Poor thing! as thou art incapable of doing any mischief, I hope thou wilt sustain none. At least thou mayest do us the good service of a sentinel, and permit us to enjoy a quiet repose, under the certainty that thou wilt alarm us when the enemy is at hand."

There were two beds in the superintendent's room, upon which we threw ourselves. Mr. Geddes, with his happy equanimity of temper, was asleep in the first five minutes. I lay for some time in doubtful and anxious thoughts, watching the fire and the motions of the restless dog, which, disturbed probably at the absence of John Davies, wandered from the hearth to the door and back again, then came to the bedside, and licked my hands and face, and at length, experiencing no repulse to its advances, established itself at my feet, and went to sleep, an example which I soon afterwards followed.

The rage of narration, my dear Alan—for I will never relinquish the hope that what I am writing may one day reach your hands—has not forsaken me even in my confinement, and the extensive though unimportant details into which I have been hurried, render it necessary that I commence another sheet. Fortunately, my pigmy characters comprehend a great many words within a small space of paper.

CHAPTER IV.

DARRIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

The morning was dawning, and Mr. Geddes and I myself were still sleeping soundly, when the alarm was given by my canine bedfellow, who first growled deeply at intervals, and at length bore more decided testimony to the approach of some enemy. I opened the door of the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of about two hundred yards, a small but close column of men, which I would have taken for a dark hedge, but that I could perceive it was advancing rapidly and in silence.

The dog flew towards them, but instantly ran howling back to me, having probably been chastised by a stick or a stone. Uncertain as to the plan of tactics or of treaty which Mr. Geddes might think proper to adopt, I was about to retire into the cottage, when he suddenly joined me at the door, and, slipping his arm through mine, said, "Let us go to meet them manfully; we have done nothing to be ashamed of.—Friends," he said, raising his voice as we approached them, "who and what are you, and with what purposes are you here on my property?"

A loud cheer was the answer returned, and a brace of fiddlers who occupied the front of the march immediately struck up the insulting air, the words of which began,

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

Even at that moment of alarm, I think I recognised the tones of the blind fiddler, known by the name of Wandering Willie, from his itinerant habits. They

continued to advance swiftly and in great order, in their front

"The fery fiddlers playing martial air;"

when, coming close up, they surrounded us by a single movement, and there was a universal cry, "Whoop, Quaker—whoop, Quaker! Here have we them both, the wet Quaker and the dry one."

"Hang up the wet Quaker to dry, and wet the dry one with a ducking," answered another voice.

"Where is the sea-otter, John Davies, that destroyed more fish than any sealch upon Ailsay Craig?" exclaimed a third voice. "I have an old crow to pluck with him, and a pock to put the feathers in."

We stood perfectly passive; for, to have attempted resistance against more than a hundred men, armed with guns, fish-spears, iron-crows, spades, and bludgeons, would have been an act of utter insanity. Mr. Geddes, with his strong sonorous voice, answered the question about the superintendent in a manner: the manly indifference of which compelled them to attend to him.

"John Davies," he said, "will, I trust, soon be as Dumfries."

"To fetch down redcoats and dragoons against us, you canting old villain!"

A blow was, at the same time, levelled at my friend, which I parried by interposing the stick I had in my hand. I was instantly struck down, and have a faint recollection of hearing some crying. "Kill the young spy!" and others, as I thought, interposing on my behalf. But a second blow on the head, received in the scuffle, soon deprived me of sense and consciousness, and threw me into a state of insensibility, from which I did not recover immediately. When I did come to myself, I was lying on the bed from which I had just risen before the fray, and my poor companion, the Newfoundland puppy, its courage entirely cowed by the tumult of the riot, had crept as close to me as it could, and lay trembling and whining as if under the most dreadful terror. I doubted at first whether I had not dreamed of the tumult, until, as I attempted to rise, a feeling of pain and dizziness assured me that the injury I had sustained was but too real. I gathered together my senses—listened and heard at a distance the shouts of the rioters, busy, doubtless, in their work of devastation. I made a second effort to rise, or at least to turn myself for lay with my face to the wall of the cottage, but I found that my limbs were secured, and my motions effectually prevented—not indeed by cords, but by iron or cloth bandages swathed around my ankles, and securing my hands to my sides. Aware of my wretched captive condition, I groaned betwixt bodily pain and mental distress.

A voice by my bedside whispered, in a whining tone, "Whisht a-ye, hinnie—whisht, a-ye; hand your tongue, like a good bairn—ye have cost us dear enough already. My hinnie's clean gane now."

Knowing, as I thought, the phraseology of the wad of the itinerant musician, I asked her where her husband was, and whether he had been hurt.

"Broken," answered the dame, "all broken to pieces; fit for naught but to be made spunks of—the best blood that was in Scotland."

"Broken?—blood?—is your husband wounded; has there been bloodshed—broken limbs?"

"Broken limbs?—I wish," answered the beldam, "that my hinnie had broken the best bone in his body, before he had broken his fiddle, that was the best blood in Scotland—it was a cremony, for aught that I ken."

"Pshaw—only his fiddle?" said I.

"I dinna ken what waur your honour could have wished him to do, unless he had broken his neck; and this is muckle the same to my hinnie Willie and me Chaw, indeed! It is easy to say chaw, but wae it is gie us ony thing to chaw?—the bread-winner's game and we may e'en sit down and starve."

"No, no," I said, "I will pay you for twenty such fiddles."

"Twenty such! is that a' ye ken about it? the country hadna the like o't. But if your honour wad

to pay us, as nae doubt woe be to your credit here and hereafter, where are ye to get the siller?"

"I have enough of money," said I, attempting to reach my hand towards my side-pocket; "unloose these bandages, and I will pay you on the spot."

This last appeared to move her, and she was approaching the bedside, as I hoped, to liberate me from my bonds, when a nearer and more desperate shout was heard, as if the rioters were close by the hut.

"I daurna! I daurna," said the poor woman, "they woe murder me and my hinnie Willie bairn, and they have misguided us an' augh already;—but if there is any thing worldly I could do for your honour, leave out loosin' ye!"

What she said recalled me to my bodily suffering. Agitation, and the effects of the usage I had received, had produced a burning thirst. I asked for a drink of water.

"Heaven Almighty forbid that Epps Ainslie should gie ony sick gentleman cauld well-water, and him in a fever. Na, na, hinnie, let me alone, I'll do better for ye than the like of that."

"Give me what you will," I replied; "let it but be liquid and cool."

The woman gave me a large-horn accordingly, filled with spirits and water, which, without minute inquiry concerning the nature of its contents, I drained at a draught. Either the spirits taken in such a manner, acted more suddenly than usual on my brain, or else there was some drug mixed with the beverage. I remember little after drinking it off, only that the appearance of things around me became indistinct; that the woman's form seemed to multiply itself, and to flit in various figures around me, bearing the same lineaments as she herself did. I remember also that the discordant noises and cries of those without the cottage seemed to die away in a hum like that with which a nurse hushes her babe. At length I fell into a deep sound sleep, or rather, a state of absolute insensibility.

I have reason to think this species of trance lasted for many hours; indeed, for the whole subsequent day and part of the night. It was not uniformly so profound, for my recollection of it is chequered with many dreams, all of a painful nature, but too faint and too indistinct to be remembered. At length the moment of waking came, and my sensations were horrible.

A deep sound, which, in the confusion of my senses, I identified with the cries of the rioters, was the first thing of which I was sensible; next, I became conscious that I was carried violently forward in some conveyance, with an unequal motion, which gave me much pain. My position was horizontal, and when I attempted to stretch my hands in order to find some mode of securing myself against this species of suffering, I found I was bound as before, and the horrible reality rushed on my mind, that I was in the hands of those who had lately committed a great outrage on property, and were now about to kidnap, if not to murder me. I opened my eyes, it was to no purpose—all around me was dark, for a day had passed over during my captivity. A dispiriting sickness oppressed my head—my heart seemed on fire, while my feet and hands were chilled and benumbed with want of circulation. It was with the utmost difficulty that I at length, and gradually, recovered in a sufficient degree the power of observing external sounds and circumstances; and when I did so, they presented nothing consolatory.

Groping with my hands, as far as the bandages would permit, and receiving the assistance of some occasional glances of the moonlight, I became aware that the carriage in which I was transported was one of the light carts of the country, called *tumblers*, and that a little attention had been paid to my accommodation, as I was laid upon some sacks covered with matting, and filled with straw. Without these, my condition would have been still more intolerable, for the vehicle, sinking now on one side, and now on the other, sometimes sticking absolutely fast, and requiring the utmost exertions of the animal which drew it to put it once more in motion, was subjected to jolts in all directions, which were very severe. At other times it rolled silently and smoothly over what

seemed to be wet sand; and, as I heard the distant roar of the tide, I had little doubt that we were engaged in passing the formidable estuary which divides the two kingdoms.

There seemed to be at least five or six people about the cart, some on foot, others on horse-back; the former lent assistance whenever it was in danger of upsetting, or sticking fast in the quicksand; the others rode before, and acted as guides, often changing the direction of the vehicle as the precarious state of the passage required.

I addressed myself to the men around the cart, and endeavoured to move their compassion. I had harmed, I said, no one, and for no action in my life had deserved such cruel treatment. I had no concern whatever in the fishing station which had incurred their displeasure, and my acquaintance with Mr. Geddes was of a very late date. Lastly, and as my strongest argument, I endeavoured to excite their fears, by informing them that my rank in life would not permit me to be either murdered or secreted with impunity; and to interest their avarice, by the promises I made them of reward, if they would fleet my deliverance. I only received a scornful laugh in reply to my threats; my promises might have done more, for the fellows were whispering together as if in consultation, and I began to iterate and increase my offers, when the voice of one of the horse-men, who had suddenly come up, enjoined silence to the men on foot, and, approaching the side of the cart, said to me, with a strong and determined voice, "Young man, there is no personal harm designed to you. If you remain silent and quiet, you may reckon on good treatment; but if you endeavour to tamper with these men in the execution of their duty, I will take such measures for silencing you, as you shall remember the longest day you have to live."

I thought I knew the voice which uttered these threats; but, in such a situation, my perceptions could not be supposed to be perfectly accurate. I was contented to reply, "Whoever you are that speak to me, I entreat the benefit of the meanest prisoner, who is not to be subjected legally to greater hardship than is necessary for the restraint of his person. I entreat that these bonds, which hurt me so cruelly, may be slackened at least, if not removed altogether."

"I will slacken the belts," said the former speaker; "nay, I will altogether remove them, and allow you to pursue your journey in a more convenient manner, provided you will give me your word of honour that you will not attempt an escape."

"Never!" I answered, with an energy of which despair alone could have rendered me capable—"I will never submit to loss of freedom a moment longer than I am subjected to it by force."

"Enough," he replied; "the sentiment is natural; but do not on your side complain that I, who am carrying on an important undertaking, use the only means in my power for ensuring its success."

I endeavoured to know what it was designed to do with me; but my conductor, in a voice of menacing authority, desired me to be silent on my peril; and my strength and spirits were too much exhausted to permit my continuing a dialogue so singular, even if I could have promised myself any good result by doing so.

It is proper here to add, that, from my recollections at the time, and from what has since taken place, I have the strongest possible belief that the man with whom I held this expostulation, was the singular person residing at Brokeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and called by the fishers of that hamlet, the Laird of the Solway Lochs. The cause for his inveterate persecution I cannot pretend even to guess at.

In the mean time, the cart was dragged heavily and wearily on, until the nearer roar of the advancing tide excited the apprehension of another danger. I could not mistake the sound, which I had heard upon another occasion, when it was only the speed of a fleet horse which saved me from perishing in the quicksands. Then, my dear Alan, canst not but remember the former circumstances; and now, wonderful contrast! the very man, to the best of my belief, who then saved me from peril, was the leader of the lawless

band who had deprived me of my liberty. I conjectured that the danger grew imminent; for I heard some words and circumstances which made me aware that a rider hastily fastened his own horse to the shafts of the cart, in order to assist the exhausted animal which drew it, and the vehicle was now pulled forward at a faster pace, which the horses were urged to maintain by blows and curses. The men, however, were inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and I had strong personal reason to believe, that one of them, at least, was intimately acquainted with all the depths and shallows of the perilous paths in which we were engaged. But they were in imminent danger themselves; and if so, as from the whispering and exertions to push on with the cart, was much to be apprehended, there was little doubt that I should be left behind as a useless encumbrance, and that while I was in a condition which rendered every chance of escape impracticable. These were awful apprehensions; but it pleased Providence to increase them to a point which my brain was scarcely able to endure.

As we approached very near to a black line, which, dimly visible as it was, I could make out to be the shore, we heard two or three sounds, which appeared to be the report of fire-arms. Immediately all was bustle among our party to get forward. Presently a fellow galloped up to us, crying out, "Ware hawk! ware hawk! the land-sharks are out from Burgh, and Altonby Tom will lose his cargo if you do not bear a hand."

Most of my company seemed to make hastily for the shore on receiving this intelligence. A driver was left with the cart; but at length, when, after repeated and hair-breadth escapes, it actually stuck fast in a slough or quicksand, the fellow with an oath cut the harness, and, as I presume, departed with the horses, whose feet I heard splashing over the wet sand, and through the shallows, as he galloped off.

The dropping sound of fire-arms was still continued, but lost almost entirely in the thunder of the advancing surge. By a desperate effort I raised myself in the cart, and attained a sitting posture which served only to show me the extent of my danger. There lay my native land—my own England—the land where I was born, and to which my wishes, since my earliest age, had turned with all the prejudices of national feeling—there it lay, within a furlong of the place where I yet was; that furlong which an infant would have raced over in a minute, was yet a barrier effectual to divide me for ever from England and from life. I soon not only heard the roar of this dreadful torrent, but saw, by the fitful moonlight, the foamy crests of the devouring waves, as they advanced with the speed and fury of a pack of hungry wolves.

The consciousness that the slightest ray of hope or power of struggling, was not left me, quite overcame the constancy which I had hitherto maintained. My eyes began to swim—my head grew giddy and mad with fear—I chattered and howled to the howling and roaring sea. One or two great waves already reached the cart, when the conductor of the party whom I have mentioned so often, was, as if by magic, at my side. He sprang from his horse into the vehicle, cut the ligatures which restrained me, and bade me get up and mount in the fiend's name.

Seeing I was incapable of obeying, he seized me, as if I had been a child of six months old, threw me across the horse, sprung on behind, supporting with one hand, while he directed the animal with the other. In my helpless and painful posture, I was unconscious of the degree of danger which we incurred; but I believe at one time the horse was swimming, or nearly so; and that it was with difficulty, that my stern and powerful assistant kept my head above water. I remember particularly the shock which I felt when the animal, endeavouring to gain the bank, reared, and very nearly fell back on his burden. The time during which I continued in this dreadful condition did not probably exceed two or three minutes, yet so strongly were they marked with horror and agony, that they seem to my recollection a much more considerable space of time.

When I had been thus snatched from destruction, I had only power to say to my protector,—or

oppressor,—for he merited either name at my hand, "You do not, then, design to murder me?"

He laughed as he replied, but it was a sort of laughter which I scarce desire to hear again.—"Eise you think I had let the waves do their work? But remember, the shepherd saves his sheep from the torrent—is it to preserve its life?—He silent, however, with questions or entreaties. What I mean to do, thou canst no more discover or prevent than a man, with his bare palm, can scoop dry the Solway."

I was too much exhausted to continue the argument; and, still numbed and torpid in all my limbs, permitted myself without reluctance to be placed on a horse brought for the purpose. My formidable conductor rode on the one side, and another person on the other, keeping me upright in the saddle. In this manner we travelled forward at a considerable rate, and by by-roads, with which my attendant seemed as familiar as with the perilous passages of the Solway.

At length, after stumbling through a labyrinth of dark and deep lanes, and crossing more than one rough and barren heath, we found ourselves on the edge of a high-road, where a chaise and four awaited as it appeared, our arrival. To my great relief, we now changed our mode of conveyance: for my dizziness and headache had returned in so strong a degree, that I should otherwise have been totally unable to keep my seat on horseback, even with the support which I received.

My doubted and dangerous companion signed to me to enter the carriage—the man who had ridden on the left side of my horse stepped in after me, and, drawing up the blinds of the vehicle, gave the signal for instant departure.

I had obtained a glimpse of the countenance of my new companion, as by the aid of a dark lantern the drivers opened the carriage door, and I was well persuaded that I recognised in him the domestic of the leader of this party, whom I had seen at his house in Brokenburn on a former occasion. To ascertain the truth of my suspicion, I asked him whether his name was not Cristal Nixon.

"What is other folk's names to you?" he replied, gruffly, "who cannot tell your own father and mother?"

"You know them, perhaps?" I exclaimed eagerly. "You know them! and with that secret is connected the treatment which I am now receiving? It must be so, for in my life have I never injured any one. Tell me the cause of my misfortunes, or rather, help me to my liberty, and I will reward you richly."

"Ay, ay," replied my keeper; "but what use give you liberty, who know nothing how to use it? I am a gentleman, but spend your time with Quakers and fiddlers, and such-like raff? If I was your-brother, hem, hem?"

Here Cristal stopped short, just on the point as it appeared, when some information was likely to escape him. I urged him once more to be my friend, and promised him all the stock of money which I had about me, and it was not inconsiderable, if he would assist in my escape.

He listened, as if to a proposition which had some interest, and replied, but in a voice rather softer than before, "Ay, but men do not catch old birds with chaff, my master. Where have you got the rhinos you are so flush of?"

"I will give you earnest directly, and that in bank-notes," said I; but, thrusting my hand into my side-pocket, I found my pocketbook was gone. I would have persuaded myself that it was only the numbness of my hands which prevented my finding it; but Cristal Nixon, who bears in his countenance that cynicism which is especially entertained with human misery, no longer suppressed his laughter.

"Oh, ho! my young master," he said; "we have taken good enough care you have not kept the mass of bribing poor folk's fidelity. What, man, they have souls as well as other people, and to make them break trust is a deadly sin. And as for me, young gentleman, if you would fill Saint Mary's Kirk with gold, Cristal Nixon would mind it no more than so many chucky-stones."

I would have persisted, were it but in hopes of his

case a little silver to buy ribands, with which she was so much delighted, that she exclaimed, "God! Cristal Nixon may say his worst on thee; but thou art a civil gentleman for all him; and a quait man wi' woman folk loike."

There is no sense in being too quiet with women folk, so I added a kiss with my crown piece; and I cannot help thinking, that I have secured a partisan in Dorcas. At least she blushed, and pocketed her little compliment with one hand, while, with the other, she adjusted her cherry-coloured ribands, a little disordered by the struggle it cost me to attain the honour of a salute.

As she unlocked the door to leave the apartment, she turned back, and looking on me with a strong expression of compassion, added the remarkable words, "La—be'st mad or no, thou'se a mettled lad, after all."

There was something very ominous in the sound of these farewell words, which seemed to afford me a clew to the pretext under which I was detained in confinement. My demeanour was probably insane enough, while I was agitated at once by the frenzy incident to the fever, and the anxiety arising from my extraordinary situation. But is it possible they can now establish any cause for confining me, arising out of the state of my mind?

If this be really the pretext under which I am restrained from my liberty, nothing but the sedate correctness of my conduct can remove the prejudices which these circumstances may have excited in the minds of all who have approached me during my illness. I have heard—dreadful thought!—of men who for various reasons, have been trappened into the custody of the keepers of private madhouses, and whose brain, after years of misery, became at length unsettled, through irresistible sympathy with the wretched beings among whom they were classed. This shall not be my case, if, by strong internal resolution, it is in human nature to avoid the action of exterior and contagious sympathies.

Mean time I sat down to compose and arrange my thoughts, for my purposed appeal to my jailer—so I must call him—whom I addressed in the following manner; having at length, and after making several copies, found language to qualify the sense of resentment which burned in the first draughts of my letter, and endeavoured to assume a tone more conciliating. I mentioned the two occasions on which he had certainly saved my life, when at the utmost peril; and I added, that whatever was the purpose of the restraint now practised on me, as I was given to understand, by his authority, it could not certainly be with any view to ultimately injuring me. He might, I said, have mistaken me for some other person; and I gave him what account I could of my situation and education, to correct such an error. I supposed it next possible, that he might think me too weak for travelling, and not capable of taking care of myself; and I begged to assure him that I was restored to perfect health, and quite able to endure the fatigue of a journey. Lastly, I reminded him in firm though measured terms, that the restraint which I sustained was an illegal one, and highly punishable by the laws which protect the liberties of the subject. I ended by demanding, that he would take me before a magistrate; or, at least, that he would favour me with a personal interview, and explain his meaning with regard to me.

Perhaps this letter was expressed in a tone too humble for the situation of an injured man, and I am inclined to think so when I again recapitulate its tenor. But what could I do? I was in the power of one whose passions seem as violent as his means of gratifying them appear unbounded. I had reason, too, to believe [this to thee, Alan] that all his family did not approve of the violence of his conduct towards me; my object, in fine, was freedom, and who would not sacrifice much to attain it?

I had no means of addressing my letter excepting, "For the Squire's own hand." He could be at no great distance, for in the course of twenty-four hours I received an answer. It was addressed to Darsie Latimer, and contained these words:—"You have

demand an interview with me. You have required to be carried before a magistrate. Your first wish shall be granted—perhaps the second also. Mean while, be assured that you are a prisoner for the time, by competent authority, and that such authority is supported by adequate power. Beware, therefore, of struggling with a force sufficient to crush you, but abandon yourself to that train of events by which we are both swept along, and which it is impossible that either of us can resist."

These mysterious words were without signature of any kind, and left me nothing more important to do than to prepare myself for the meeting which they promised. For that purpose I must now break off, and make sure of the manuscript,—so far as I can, in my present condition, be sure of any thing,—by concealing it within the lining of my coat, so as not to be found without strict search.

CHAPTER VI.

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

THE important interview expected at the conclusion of my last took place sooner than I had calculated; for the very day I received the letter, and just when my dinner was finished, the Squire, or whatever he is called, entered the room so suddenly, that I almost thought I beheld an apparition. The figure of this man is peculiarly noble and stately, and his voice has that deep fulness of accent which implies unresisted authority. I had risen involuntarily as he entered; we gazed on each other for a moment in silence, which was at length broken by my visiter.

"You have desired to see me," he said. "I am here; if you have aught to say, let me hear it; my time is too brief to be consumed in childish dumb-show."

"I would ask of you," said I, "by what authority I am detained in this place of confinement, and for what purpose?"

"I have told you already," said he, "that my authority is sufficient, and my power equal to it; this is all which it is necessary for you at present to know."

"Every British subject has a right to know why he suffers restraint," I replied; "nor can he be deprived of liberty without a legal warrant—Show me that by which you confine me thus."

"You shall see more," he said; "you shall see the magistrate by whom it is granted, and that without a moment's delay."

This sudden proposal fluttered and alarmed me; I felt, nevertheless, that I had the right cause, and resolved to plead it boldly, although I could well have desired a little further time for preparation. He turned, however, threw open the door of the apartment, and commanded me to follow him. I felt some inclination, when I crossed the threshold of my prison-chamber, to have turned and run for it; but I knew not where to find the stairs—had reason to think the outer-doors would be secured—and, to conclude, so soon as I had quitted the room to follow the proud step of my conductor, I observed that I was dogged by Cristal Nixon, who suddenly appeared within two paces of me, and with whose great personal strength, independent of the assistance he might have received from his master, I saw no chance of contending. I therefore followed, unresistingly, and in silence, along one or two passages of much greater length than consisted with the ideas I had previously entertained of the size of the house. At length a door was flung open, and we entered a large, old-fashioned parlour, having coloured glass in the windows, oaken panelling on the wall, a huge grate, in which a large fagot or two smoked under an arched chimney-piece of stone, which bore some armorial device, whilst the walls were adorned with the usual number of heroes in armour, with large wigs instead of helmets, and ladies in saques, smelling to nosebags.

Behind a long table, on which were several books, sat a smart underbred-looking man, wearing his own hair tied in a club, and who, from the quire of paper laid before him, and the pen which he handled at

my entrance, seemed prepared to officiate as clerk. As I wish to describe these persons as accurately as possible, I may add, he wore a dark-coloured coat, corduroy breeches, and spatterdash. At the upper end of the same table, in an ample easy-chair, covered with black leather, reposed a fat personage, about fifty years old, who either was actually a country justice, or was well selected to represent such a character. His leathern breeches were faultless in make, his jockey boots spotless in the varnish, and a handsome and flourishing pair of boot-garters, as they are called, united the one part of his garments to the other; in fine, a richly-laced scarlet waistcoat, and a purple coat, set off the neat though corpulent figure of the little man, and threw an additional bloom upon his plethoric aspect. I suppose he had dined, for it was two hours past noon, and he was amusing himself, and aiding digestion, with a pipe of tobacco. There was an air of importance in his manner which corresponded to the rural dignity of his exterior, and a habit which he had of throwing out a number of interjectional sounds, uttered with a strange variety of intonation, running from bass up to treble in a very extraordinary manner, or breaking off his sentences with a whiff of his pipe, seemed adopted to give an air of thought and mature deliberation to his opinions and decisions. Notwithstanding all this, Alan, it might be *dooted*, as our old Professor used to say, whether the Justice was any thing more than an ass. Certainly, besides a great deference for the legal opinion of his clerk, which might be quite according to the order of things, he seemed to be wonderfully under the command of his brother Squire, if squire either of them were, and indeed much more than was consistent with so much assumed consequence of his own.

"Ho—ha—ay—so—so—Hum—humph—this is the young man, I suppose—Hum—ay—seems sickly—Young gentleman, you may sit down."

I used the permission given, for I had been much more reduced by my illness than I was aware of, and felt myself really fatigued, even by the few paces I had walked, joined to the agitation I suffered.

"And your name, young man, is—humph—ay—ha—what is it?"

"Darsie Latimer."

"Right—ny—humph—very right. Darsie Latimer is the very thing—ha—ay—where do you come from?"

"From Scotland, sir," I replied.

"A native of Scotland—a—humph—ch—how is it?"

"I am an Englishman by birth, sir."

"Right—ay—yes, you are so. But pray, Mr. Darsie Latimer, have you always been called by that name, or have you any other?—Nick, write down his answers, Nick."

"As far as I remember, I never bore any other," was my answer.

"How, no?—well I should not have thought so—Hey, neighbour, would you?"

Here he looked towards the other Squire, who had thrown himself into a chair; and, with his legs stretched out before him, and his arms folded on his bosom, seemed carelessly attending to what was going forward. He answered the appeal of the Justice by saying, that perhaps the young man's memory did not go back to a very early period.

"Ah—ch—ha—you hear the gentleman—Pray, how far may your memory be pleased to run back to?—umph?"

"Perhaps, sir, to the age of three years, or a little farther."

"And will you presume to say, sir," said the Squire, drawing himself suddenly erect in his seat, and exerting the strength of his powerful voice, "that you *then* bore your present name?"

I was startled at the confidence with which this question was put, and in vain rummaged my memory for the means of replying. "At least," I said, "I always remember being called Darsie; children, at that early age, seldom get more than their Christian name."

"O, I thought so," he replied, and again stretched himself on his seat, in the same lounging posture as before.

"So you were called Darsie in your infancy," said the Justice; "and hum—ay—when did you first take the name of Latimer?"

"I did not take it, sir; it was given to me."

"I ask you," said the lord of the mansion, but with less severity in his voice than formerly, "whether you can remember that you were ever called Latimer, until you had that name given you in Scotland?"

"I will be candid; I cannot recollect an instance that I was so called when in England, but neither can I recollect when the name was first given me; and if any thing is to be founded on these queries and my answers, I desire my early childhood may be taken into consideration."

"Hum—ay—yes," said the Justice; "all that requires consideration shall be duly considered. Young man—ch—I beg to know the name of your father and mother?"

This was galling a wound that has festered for years, and I did not endure the question so patiently as those which preceded it; but replied, "I demand, in my turn, to know if I am before an English Justice of the Peace?"

"His worship Squire Foxley, of Foxley Hall, has been of the quorum these twenty years," said Master Nicholas.

"Then he ought to know, or you, sir, as his clerk should inform him," said I, "that I am the complainant in this case, and that my complaint ought to be heard before I am subjected to cross-examination."

"Humph—ho—what, ay—there is something in that, neighbour," said the poor Justice, who, blown about by every wind of doctrine, seemed desirous to attain the sanction of his brother Squire.

"I wonder at you, Foxley," said his firm-minded acquaintance; "how can you render the young man justice unless you know who he is?"

"Ha—yes—egad that's true," said Mr. Justice Foxley; "and now—looking into the matter more closely—there is, ch, upon the whole—nothing at all in what he says—so, sir, you must tell your father's name and surname."

"It is out of my power, sir; they are not known to me, since you must needs know so much of my private affairs."

The Justice collected a great *afflatus* in his cheeks, while his eyes seemed flying out of his head, from the effort with which he retained his breath. He then blew it forth with—"Whew!—Hootin—poof—ha!—not know your parents, youngster?—Then I must commit you for a vagrant, I warrant you. *Omnia ignotum pro terribili*, as we used to say at Appleby school; that is, every one that is not known to the Justice, is a rogue and a vagabond. Ha!—ay, you may sneer, sir; but I question if you would have known the meaning of that Latin unless I had told you."

I acknowledged myself obliged for a new edition of the adage, and an interpretation which I could never have reached alone and unassisted. I then proceeded to state my case with greater confidence. The Justice was an ass, that was clear; but it was scarcely possible he could be so utterly ignorant as not to know what was necessary in so plain a case as mine. I therefore informed him of the riot which had been committed on the Scottish side of the Solway Firth; explained how I came to be placed in my present situation; and requested of his worship to set me at liberty. I pleaded my cause with as much earnestness as I could, casting an eye from time to time upon the opposite party, who seemed entirely indifferent to all the animation with which I accused him.

As for the Justice, when at length I had ceased as really not knowing what more to say in a case so very plain, he replied, "Ho—ay—ay—yes—wonderful! and so this is all the gratitude you show to this good gentleman for the great charge and trouble he hath had with respect to and concerning of you?"

"He saved my life, sir, I acknowledge, on one occasion certainly, and most probably on two; but his having done so gives him no right over my person. I am not, however, asking for any punishment or revenge; on the contrary, I am content to part friends with the gentleman, whose motives I am unwilling

to suppose are bad, though his actions have been, towards me, unauthorized and violent."

This moderation, Alan thou wilt comprehend, was not entirely dictated by my feelings towards the individual of whom I complained; there were other reasons, in which regard for him had little share. It seemed, however, as if the mildness with which I pleaded my cause had more effect upon him than any thing I had yet said. He was moved to the point of being almost out of countenance; and took snuff repeatedly, as if to gain time to stifle some degree of emotion.

But on Justice Foxley, on whom my eloquence was particularly designed to make impression, the result was much less favourable. He consulted in a whisper with Mr. Nicholas his clerk—pshawed, heaved, and elevated his eyebrows, as if in scorn of my supplication. At length, having apparently made up his mind, he leaned back in his chair, and smoked his pipe with great energy, with a look of defiance, designed to make me aware that all my reasoning was lost on him.

At length, when I stopped, more from lack of breath than want of argument, he opened his oracular jaws, and made the following reply, interrupted by his usual interjectional ejaculations, and by long volumes of smoke:—"Hem—ay—eh—poof—And, youngster, do you think Matthew Foxley, who has been one of the quorum for these twenty years, is to be come over with such trash as would hardly cheat an apple-woman?—Poof—poof—h! Why, man—eh—dost thou not know the charge is not a butable matter—and that—hum—ay—the greatest man—poof—the Baron of Graystock himself, must stand committed? and yet you pretend to have been kidnapped by this gentleman, and robbed of property, and what not; and—eh—poof—you would persuade me all you want is to get away from him?—I do believe—eh—that it is all you want. Therefore, as you are a sort of a speering gentleman, and—ay—hum—a kind of idle apprentice, and something cockbrained and wild, as the honest folk of the house tell me—why, you must even remain under custody of your guardian, till your coming of age, or my Lord Chancellor's warrant shall give you the management of your own affairs, which, if you can gather out your brains again, you will even then not believe—hum—poof—in particular haste to assume."

The time occupied by his worship's hums, and haws, and puffs of tobacco smoke, together with the slow and pompous manner in which he spoke, gave me a minute's space to collect my ideas, dispersed as they were by the extraordinary purport of this announcement.

"I cannot conceive, sir," I replied, "by what singular tenure this person claims my obedience as a guardian; it is a barefaced imposture—I never in my life saw him, until I came unhappily to this country, about four weeks since."

"Ay, sir—w—eh—know, and are aware—that—poof—you do not like to hear some folk's names; and that—eh—you understand me—there are things, and sounds and matters, conversation about names, and such like, which puts you off the hooks—which I have no humour to witness. Nevertheless, Mr. Darsie—or—poof—Mr. Darsie Latimer—or—poof, poof—eh—ay, Mr. Darsie without the Latin—re—you have acknowledged as much to-day as assures me you will best be disposed of under the honourable care of my friend here—all your confusions—besides that—poof—eh—I know him to be a most responsible person—a—h—ay—ay—most responsible and honourable person—Can you deny this?"

"I know nothing of him," I repeated; "not even his name; and I have not, as I told you, seen him in the course of my whole life, till a few weeks since."

"Will you swear to that?" said the singular man, who seemed to await the result of this debate, secure of a rattlesnake is of the prey which has once felt its incision. And while he said these words in a deep under-tone, he withdrew his chair a little behind that of the Justice, so as to be unseen by him; and his clerk, who sat upon the same side, while he was bent on me a frown so portentous, that no one who has witnessed the look can forget it during the whole

of his life. The furrows of the brow above the eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into a semicircular, or rather elliptical form, above the junction of the eyebrows. I had heard such a look described in an old tale of *diablerie*, which it was my chance to be entertained with not long since; when this deep and gloomy contortion of the frontal muscles was not unaptly described, as forming the representation of a small horseshoe.

The tale, when told, awakened a dreadful vision of infancy, which the withering and blighting look now fixed on me again forced on my recollection, but with much more vivacity. Indeed I was so much surprised, and, I must add, terrified, at the vague ideas which were awakened in my mind by this fearful sign, that I kept my eyes fixed on the face in which it was exhibited as on a frightful vision; until passing his handkerchief a moment across his countenance, this mysterious man relaxed at once the look which had for me something so appalling. "The young man will no longer deny that he has seen me before," said he to the Justice, in a tone of complacency: "and I trust he will now be reconciled to my temporary guardianship, which may end better for him than he expects."

"Whatever I expect," I replied, summoning my scattered recollections together, "I see I am neither to expect justice nor protection from this gentleman, whose office it is to render both to the lieges. For you, sir, how strangely you have wrought yourself into the fate of an unhappy young man, or what interest you can pretend in me, you yourself only can explain. That I have seen you before, is certain: for none can forget the look with which you seem to have the power of blighting those upon whom you cast it."

The Justice seemed not very easy under this hint. "Ho!—ay," he said; "it is time to be going, neighbour. I have a many miles to ride, and I care not to risk dinking in these parts.—You and I, Mr. Nicholas, must be joking."

The Justice fumbled with his gloves, in endeavouring to draw them on hastily, and Mr. Nicholas bustled to get his great-coat and whip. Their landlord endeavoured to detain them, and spoke of supper and beds. Both pouring forth many thanks for his invitation, seemed as if they would much rather not; and Mr. Justice Foxley was making a score of apologies, with at least a hundred cautionary hems and eh-ehs, when the girl Dorcas burst into the room, and announced a gentleman on justice business.

"What gentleman?—and whom does he want?" "He is come post on his ten toes," said the wench; "and on justice business to his worship's looke. I'll uphold him a gentleman, for he speaks as good Latin as the schoolmaster; but, lack-a-day! he has gotten a queer mop of a wig."

The gentleman, thus announced and described, bounded into the room. But I have already written as much as fills a sheet of my paper, and my singular embarrassments press so hard on me, that I have matter to fill another from what followed the intrusion of my dear Alan—your crazy client—Poor Peter Peebles!

CHAPTER VII.

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

Sheet 2.

I HAVE rarely in my life, till the last alarming days, known what it was to sustain a moment's real sorrow. What I called such, was, I am now well convinced, only the weariness of mind, which, having nothing actually present to complain of, turns upon itself, and becomes anxious about the past and the future; those periods with which human life has so little connexion, that Scripture itself hath said, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

If, therefore, I have sometimes abused prosperity, by murmuring at my unknown birth and uncertain rank in society, I will make amends by bearing my present lot with patience and courage, and, if I can, even with gaiety. What can they—dare they, do to me?—Foxley, I am persuaded, is a real Justice of Peace, and country gentleman of estate,

though, (wonderful to tell!) he is an ass notwithstanding; and his functionary in the drab coat must have a shrewd guess at the consequences of being accessory to an act of murder or kidnapping. Men invite not such witnesses to deeds of darkness. I have also—Alan, I have hopes, arising out of the family of the oppressor himself. I am encouraged to believe that G. M. is likely again to enter on the field. More I dare not here say; nor must I drop a hint which another eye than thine might be able to construe. Enough, my feelings are lighter than they have been; and though fear and wonder are still around me, they are unable entirely to overcloud the horizon.

Even when I saw the spectral form of the old scarecrow of the Parliament-House rush into the apartment where I had undergone so singular an examination, I thought of thy connexion with him, and could almost have parodied Lear—

"Death!—nothing could have thus subdued nature
To such a lowliness, but his 'learned lawyers.'"

He was even as we have seen him of yore, Alan, when, rather to keep thee company than to follow my own bent, I formerly frequented the halls of justice. The only addition to his dress, in the capacity of a traveller, was a pair of boots, that seemed as if they might have seen the field of Sheriff-moor; so large and heavy, that, tied as they were to the creature's wearied hams with large bunches of worsted tape of various colours, they looked as if he had been dragging them along, either for a wager, or by way of penance.

Regardless of the surprised looks of the party on whom he thus intruded himself, Peter blundered into the middle of the apartment, with his head charged like a ram's in the act of butting, and saluted them thus:—

"Gude day to ye, gude day to your honours—Is't here they sell the fugie warrants?"

I observed that, on his entrance, my friend—or enemy—drew himself back, and placed himself as if he would rather avoid attracting the observation of the new comer. I did the same myself, as far as I was able; for I thought it likely that Mr. Peebles might recognise me, as indeed I was too frequently among the group of young juridical aspirants who used to amuse themselves by putting cases for Peter's solution, and playing him worse tricks; yet I was uncertain whether I had better avail myself of our acquaintance to have the advantage, such as it might be, of his evidence before the magistrate, or whether to make him, if possible, bearer of a letter which might procure me more effectual assistance. I resolved, therefore, to be guided by circumstances, and to watch carefully that nothing might escape me. I drew back as far as I could, and even reconnoitred the door and passage, to consider whether absolute escape might not be practicable. But there paraded Cristal Nixon, whose little black eyes, sharp as those of a basilisk, seemed, the instant when they encountered mine, to penetrate my purpose.

I sat down, as much out of sight of all parties as I could, and listened to the dialogue which followed—a dialogue how much more interesting to me than any I could have conceived, in which Peter Peebles was to be one of the *Dramatis Personæ*!

"Is it here where ye sell the warrants?—the fugies, ye ken?" said Peter.

"Hey—eh—what!" said Justice Foxley; "what the devil does the fellow mean?—What would you have a warrant for?"

"It is to apprehend a young lawyer that is in *meditatione fuga*; for he has ta'en my memorial and pleaded my cause, and a good fee I gave him, and as muckle brandy as he could drink that day at his father's house—he lops the brandy ower weel for sae youthful a creature."

"And what has this drunken young dog of a lawyer done to you, that you are come to me—eh—ha? Has he robbed you? Not unlikely, if he be a lawyer—eh—Nick—ha?" said Justice Foxley.

"He has robbed me of himself, sir," answered Peter; "of his help, comfort, aid, maintenance, and assistance, whilk, as a counsel to a client, he is bound to yield me *ratione officii*—that is it, ye see. He has

pouched my fee, and drucken a mitchel and now he's ower the march, and I half won half lost—as dead a heat a ower the back-sands. Now, I was ad-cunning laddies that are used to crack me in the House, that the best thing I to take heart o' grace and set out after I taken post on my ain shanks, forby a ce the like. I got wind of him in Dumfri have run him ower to the English side fugie warrant against him."

How did my heart throb at this information! Thou art near me then, an with what kind purpose; thou hast ab fly to my assistance; and no wonder thy friendship and faith, thy sound sag severing disposition, "my bosom's lo sit lightly on his throne;" that gayety involuntarily hover on my pen; and should beat like that of a general, red drums of his advancing ally, without a battle must have been lost.

I did not suffer myself to be startled surprise, but continued to bend my str to what followed among this singular Poor Peter Peebles had been put upon chase, by some of his juvenile advisers ment House, he himself had intimated with much confidence, and the Justice to have some secret apprehension of trouble in the matter, and, as sometime the English frontier, a jealousy lest the ness of their northern neighbours m their own simplicity, turned to his cplexed countenance.

"Eh—oh—Nick—d—n thee—Hast thing to say! This is more Scots law, more Scotsmen." (Here he cast a side owner of the mansion, and winked to h would Solway were as deep as it is wide then some chance of keeping of them o

Nicholas conversed an instant aside plicant, and then reported:—

"The man wants a border-warrant, they are only granted for debt—now he catch a lawyer."

"And what for no?" answered P doggedly; "what for no, I would be; If a day-labourer refuses to work, y warrant to gar him do out his daung-quan rin away from her hairst, ye'll se to her heuk again—if sae muckle as a salter make a moonlight flitting, ye w by the back-spaul in a minute of tir the damage canna amount to mair the of coals, and a forpit or twa of saut; a chief takes leg from his engagement, a me to the tune of sax thousand pun that is, three thousand that I should wi thousand mair that I am like to lose; a ca' yourself a justice canna help a poor t the rinaway? A bonny like justice I ar amang ye."

"The fellow must be drunk," said the "Black-fasting from all but sin," repli cant; "I havena had mair than a mouth water since I passed the Border, and del s like to say to me, 'Dog, will ye drink?'"

The Justice seemed moved by this app—tush man," replied he; "thou seak thou wert in presence of one of thine o justices—get down stairs—get somethin (with permission of my friend to make s house,) and a mouthful to drink, and I v we get ye such justice as will please ye."

"I winna refuse your neighbourly offer Peter Peebles, making his bow; "muck wi' your honour, and wisdom to gude y extraordinary cause."

When I saw Peter Peebles about to re room, I could not forbear an effort to obt such evidence as might give me some cr Justice. I stepped forward, therefore, a him, asked him if he remembered me!"

fter a stare or two, and a long punch of snuff, rection seemed suddenly to dawn on Peter Peebles. "ollect ye!" he said; "by my troth do I.—Haud a grip, gentlemen!—constables, keep him fast! that ill-deedy hempy is, ye are sure that Alan ord is not far off.—Haud him fast, Master Constable; I charge ye wi' him, for I am mista'en if he is the bottom of this rinaway business. He was etting the silly callant Alan awa wi' gigs, and and the like of that, to Roslin, and Prestonpans, the idle gates he could think of. He's a rinawp apprentice, that ane."

r. Peebles," I said, "do not do me wrong. I am ou can say no harm of me justly, but can satisfy gentlemen, if you will, that I am a student of e Edinburgh—Darsie Latimer by name."

erred Peter, "that am sae far from being satisfied l? I ken naething about your name, and can testify, *nihil novit in causa*."

pretty witness you have brought forward in favour," said Mr. Foxley. "But—ha—ay—I'll im a question or two.—Pray, friend, will you take yath to this youth being a runaway apprentice?"

ir," said Peter, "I will make oath to any thing in n; when a case comes to my oath it's a won : But I am in some haste to prie your worship's cheer;" for Peter had become much more reful in his demeanour towards the Justice, since d heard some intimation of dinner.

ou shall have—eh—hum—ay—a bellyful, if it be le to fill it. First let me know if this young be really what he pretends.—Nick, make his af-t."

u, he is just a wud harum-scarum creature, that never take to his studies; daft, sir, clean daft."

eft!" said the Justice; "what d'ye mean by eh?"

at Fifish," replied Peter; "wowf—a wee bit by ast-Nook or sae; it's a common case—the tae of the world thinks the tither daft. I have met folk in my day, that thought I was daft myself; for my part, I think our Court of Session clean that have had the great cause of Peebles against stanes before them for this score of years, and never been able to ding the bottom out of it

cannot make out a word of his cursed brogue," he Cumbrian justice; "can you, neighbour—eh? t can be mean by *deft*?"

le means *mad*," said the party appealed to, vn off his guard by impatience of this protracted sion.

e have it—ye have it," said Peter; "that is, not skivie, but"

re he stopped, and fixed his eye on the person he eed with an air of joyful recognition. "Ay, ay, Herries of Birrenswark, is this your ainsell in and bane? I thought ye had been hanged at ington Common, or Harriebie, or some of these s, after the bonny ploy ye made in the forty-

believe you are mistaken, friend," said Herries, ly, with whose name and designation I was thus : unexpectedly acquainted.

'he deil a bit," answered the undaunted Peter es; "I mind ye weel, for ye lodged in my house eat year of forty-five, for a great year it was; Brand Rebellion broke out, and my cause—the cause—Peebles against Plainstances, *et per con*—was called in the beginning of the winter Ses— and would have been heard, but that there was cease of justice, with your plaids, and your s, and your nonsense."

tell you, fellow," said Herries, yet more fiercely, I have confused me with some of the other fure of your crazy pate."

peak like a gentleman, sir," answered Peebles; e are not legal phrases, Mr. Herries of Birren- . Speak in form of law, or I shall bid ye gude- sir. I have nae pleasure in speaking to proud though I am willing to answer any thing in a way; so if you are for a crack about suld lang- ; and the sploters that you and Captain Red-

gimlet used to breed in my house, and the girded cask of brandy that ye drank and ne'er thought of paying for it, (not that I minded it muckle in thae days, though I have felt a lack of it sinayne,) why I will waste an hour on ye at any time.—And where is Captain Redgimlet now? he was a wild chap, like yourself, though they are nae sae keen after you poor bodies for these some years bygone; the heading and hanging is weel over now—awful job—awful job—will ye try my sneeshing?"

He concluded his desultory speech by thrusting out his large bony paw, filled with a Scottish mull of huge dimensions, which Herries, who had been standing like one petrified by the assurance of this unexpected address, rejected with a contemptuous motion of his hand, which spilled some of the contents of the box.

"Aweel, aweel," said Peter Peebles, totally unabashed by the repulse, "e'en as ye like, a wilful man maun hae his way; but," he added, stooping down, and endeavouring to gather the spilt snuff from the polished floor, "I canna afford to lose my sneeshing for a' that ye are gumple-foisted wi' me."

My attention had been keenly awakened, during this extraordinary and unexpected scene. I watched, with as much attention as my own agitation permitted me to command, the effect produced on the parties concerned. It was evident that our friend, Peter Peebles, had unwarily let out something which altered the sentiments of Justice Foxley and his clerk towards Mr. Herries, with whom, until he was known and acknowledged under that name, they had appeared to be so intimate. They talked with each other aside, looked at a paper or two which the clerk selected from the contents of a huge black pocketbook and seemed under the influence of fear and uncertainty, totally at a loss what line of conduct to adopt.

Herries made a different and a far more interesting figure. However little Peter Peebles might resemble the angel Ithuriel, the appearance of Herries, his high and scornful demeanour, vexed at what seemed detection, yet fearless of the consequences, and regarding the whispering magistrate and his clerk with looks in which contempt predominated over anger or anxiety, bore, in my opinion, no slight resemblance to

—"the regal port
And fiered splendour wan"

with which the poet has invested the detected King of the Powers of the Air.

As he glanced round, with a look which he had endeavoured to compose to haughty indifference, his eye encountered mine, and, I thought, at the first glance sunk beneath it. But he instantly rallied his natural spirit, and returned me one of those extraordinary looks, by which he could contort so strangely the wrinkles on his forehead. I started; but, angry at myself for my pusillanimity, I answered him by a look of the same kind, and, catching the reflection of my countenance in a large antique mirror which stood before me, I started again at the real or imaginary resemblance which my countenance, at that moment, bore to that of Herries. Surely my fate is somehow strangely interwoven with that of this mysterious individual. I had no time at present to speculate upon the subject, for the subsequent conversation demanded all my attention.

The Justice addressed Herries, after a pause of about five minutes, in which all parties seemed at some loss how to proceed. He spoke with embarrassment, and his faltering voice, and the long intervals which divided his sentences, seemed to indicate fear of him whom he addressed.

"Neighbour," he said, "I could not have thought this; or, if I—eh—did think—in a corner of my own mind as it were—that you, I say—that you might have unluckily engaged in—eh—the matter of the forty-five—there was still time to have forgot all that."

"And is it so singular that a man should have been out in the forty-five?" said Herries, with contemptuous composure—"your father, I think, Mr. Foxley, was out with Derwentwater in the fifteen."

"And lost half of his estate," answered Foxley, with more rapidity than usual; "and was very near—hem—being hanged into the boot. But this is—another guess job—for—eh—fifteen is not forty-five; and my father had a remission, and you, I take it, have not."

"Perhaps I have," said Herries, indifferently; "or, if I have not, I am but in the case of half a dozen others whom government do not think worth looking after at this time of day, so they give no offence or disturbance."

"But you have given both, sir," said Nicholas Faggot, the clerk, who, having some petty provincial situation, as I have since understood, deemed himself bound to be zealous for government. "Mr. Justice Foxley cannot be answerable for letting you pass free, now your name and surname have been spoken plainly out. There are warrants out against you from the Secretary of State's office."

"A proper allegation, Mr. Attorney! that, at the distance of so many years, the Secretary of State should trouble himself about the unfortunate relics of a ruined cause!" answered Mr. Herries.

"But if it be so," said the clerk, who seemed to assume more confidence upon the composure of Herries's demeanour; "and if cause has been given by the conduct of a gentleman himself, who hath been, it is alleged, raking up old matters, and mixing them with new subjects of disaffection—I say, if it be so, I should advise the party, in his wisdom, to surrender himself quietly into the lawful custody of the next Justice of Peace—Mr. Foxley, suppose—where, and by whom, the matter should be regularly inquired into. I am only putting a case," he added, watching with apprehension the effect which his words were likely to produce upon the party to whom they were addressed.

"And were I to receive such advice," said Herries, with the same composure as before—"putting the case, as you say, Mr. Faggot—I should request to see the warrant which countenanced such a scandalous proceeding."

Mr. Nicholas, by way of answer, placed in his hand a paper, and seemed anxiously to expect the consequences which were to ensue. Mr. Herries looked it over with the same equanimity as before, and then continued, "And were such a scrawl as this presented to me in my own house, I would throw it into the chimney, and Mr. Faggot upon the top of it."

Accordingly, seconding the word with the action, he flung the warrant into the fire with one hand, and fixed the other, with a stern and irresistible gripe, on the breast of the attorney, who, totally unable to contend with him, in either personal strength or mental energy, trembled like a chicken in the raven's clutch. He got off, however, for the fright; for Herries, having probably made him fully sensible of the strength of his grasp, released him with a scornful laugh.

"Deforcement—spulzie—stouthrief—masterful rescue!" exclaimed Peter Peebles, scandalized at the resistance offered to the law in the person of Nicholas Faggot. But his shrill exclamations were drowned in the thundering voice of Herries, who, calling upon Crystal Nixon, ordered him to take the bawling fool down stairs, fill his belly, and then give him a guinea, and thrust him out of doors. Under such injunctions, Peter easily sufficed himself to be withdrawn from the scene.

Herries then turned to the Justice, whose visage, wholly abandoned by the rubicund hue which so lately beamed upon it, hung out the same pale livery as that of his dismayed clerk. "Old friend and acquaintance," he said, "you came here at my request, on a friendly errand, to convince this silly young man of the right which I have over his person for the present. I trust you do not intend to make your visit the pretext of disquieting me about other matters? All the world knows that I have been living at large, in these northern counties, for some months, not to say years, and might have been apprehended at any time, had the necessities of the state required, or my own behaviour deserved it. But no English magistrate has

been ungenerous enough to trouble a gentleman under misfortune, on account of political opinions and disputes, which have been long ended by the success of the reigning powers. I trust, my good friend, you will not endanger yourself, by taking any other view of the subject than you have done ever since we were acquainted?"

The Justice answered with more readiness, as well as more spirit than usual, "Neighbour Ingoldby—what you say—is—eh—in some sort true; and when you were coming and going at markets, horse-races, and cock-fights, fairs, hunts, and such like—it was—eh—neither my business nor my wish to dispel—I say—to inquire into and dispel the mysteries which hang about you; for while you were a good companion in the field, and over a bottle now and then—I did not—eh—think it necessary to ask—into your private affairs. And if I thought you were—ahem—somewhat unfortunate in former undertakings, and enterprises, and connexions, which might cause you to live unsettled and more private, I could have—eh—very little pleasure—to aggravate your case by interfering, or requiring explanations, which are often more easily asked than given. But when there are warrants and witnesses to names—and those names, christian and surname, belong to—eh—an attainted person—charged—I trust falsely—with—ahem—taking advantage of modern broils and heart-burnings to renew our old disturbances, the case is altered; and I must—ah—do my duty."

The Justice got on his feet as he concluded his speech, and looked as bold as he could. I drew close beside him and his clerk, Mr. Faggot, thinking the moment favourable for my own liberation, and intimated to Mr. Foxley my determination to stand by him. But Mr. Herries only laughed at the menacing posture which we assumed. "My good neighbour," said he, "you talk of a witness—Is you crazy beggar a fit witness in an affair of this nature?"

"But you do not deny that you are Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, mentioned in the Secretary of State's warrant?" said Mr. Foxley.

"How can I deny or own any thing about it?" said Herries, with a sneer. "There is no such warrant in existence now; its ashes, like the poor wretch whose doom it threatened, have been dispersed to the four winds of heaven. There is now no warrant in the world."

"But you will not deny," said the Justice, "that you were the person named in it; and that—eh—your own act destroyed it?"

"I will neither deny my name nor my actions," replied Mr. Herries, "when called upon by competent authority to avow or defend them. But I will resist all impertinent attempts either to intrude into my private motives, or to control my person. I am quite well prepared to do so; and I trust that you, my good neighbour and brother sportsman, in your expostulation, and my friend Mr. Nicholas Faggot here, in his humble advice and petition that I should surrender myself, will consider yourselves as having amply discharged your duty to King George and Government."

The cold and ironical tone in which he made this declaration; the look and attitude, so nobly expressive of absolute confidence in his own superior strength and energy, seemed to complete the indecision which had already shewn itself on the side of those whom he addressed.

The Justice looked to the Clerk—the Clerk to the Justice; the former *had* *ch'd*, without bringing forth an articulate syllable; the latter only said, "As the warrant is destroyed, Mr. Justice, I presume you do not mean to proceed with the arrest?"

"Hum—ay—why no—Nicholas—it would not be quite advisable—and as the Forty-five was an old affair—and—hem—as my friend here will, I hope, be his error—that is, if he has not seen it already—and renounce the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender—I mean no harm, neighbour—I think we—as we have no *posse*, or constables, or the like—should order our horses—and, in one word, look the matter over."

"Judiciously resolved," said the person whom this

affected; "but before you go, I trust you will be friends?"

said the Justice, rubbing his brow, "our has been—hem—rather a thirsty one." "I'll get you a glass of wine," said Mr. Herries, "let us have a hard instantly, large enough to quench the whole commission."

Cristal was absent on this genial errand, a pause, of which I endeavoured to avail myself by bringing back the discourse to my own "Sir," I said to Justice Foxley, "I have business with your late discussion with Mr. only just thus far—You leave me, a loyal King George, an unwilling prisoner in the person whom you have reason to believe to be the King's cause. I humbly submit that it is contrary to your duty as a magistrate, and that to make Mr. Herries aware of the illegality of his proceedings, and take steps for my rescue, either by force, or, at least, as soon as possible after I am released from this case."

"I would remember you are under the power, the law—ahem—of your guardian," I replied; "but he has no evidence to establish so absurd a claim; he had, his circumstances, as an attainted convict, would void such a right. I do therefore desire you, Mr. Justice, his clerk, to consider my situation, and afford me relief at your peril."

"I am a young fellow now," said the Justice, with embarrassed looks, "thinks that I carry a statute law of England in my head and a right to execute them in my pocket! Why, I would my interference do—but—hum—I speak to your guardian in your favour."

"I speak to your guardian in your favour," said Mr. Herries aside, and seemed indeed to be speaking to him with much earnestness; and such a species of intercession was all the circumstances, I was entitled to expect.

When I looked at me as they spoke together; Cristal Nixon entered with a huge four-pottle filled with the beverage his master had dejectedly turned away from Mr. Foxley somewhat, saying with emphasis, "I give you of honour, that you have not the slightest apprehend any thing on his account." He

up the tankard, and saying aloud in Gaelic *an Rey*, "just tasted the liquor, and the tankard to Justice Foxley, who, to avoid any of pledging him to what might be the health, drank to Mr. Herries' own, with intended solemnity, but in a draught far less

he imitated the example of his principal, and to follow their example, for anxiety and at least as thirsty as sorrow is said to be. In exhausted the composition of ale, sherry, ice, nutmeg, and other good things, stranded silver bottom of the tankard, the huge toast, as the roasted orange, which had whilome lily upon the brim, and rendered legible Dr. celebrated lines engraved thereon—

see the King!—God bless the Faith's defender!
—No harm in blessing the Pretender
the Pretender is, and who that King,
as us all!—is quite another thing."

time enough to study this effusion of the Justice, while the Justice was engaged in the tedious ceremony of taking leave. That argot was less ceremonious; but I suspect besides empty compliment passed betwixt Mr. Herries; for I remarked that the latter piece of paper into the hand of the former, might perhaps be a little atonement for the with which he had burnt the warrant, and no gentle hand on the respectable minion of whom it was exhibited; and I observed made this proposition in such a manner as to fade from the worthy clerk's principal.

* The King's health.

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When this was arranged, the party took leave of each other, with much formality on the part of Squire Foxley, amongst whose adieus the following phrase was chiefly remarkable:—"I presume you do not intend to stay long in these parts?"

"Not for the present, Justice, you may be sure; there are good reasons to the contrary. But I have no doubt of arranging my affairs, so that we shall speedily have sport together again."

He went to wait upon the Justice to the court-yard; and, as he did so, commanded Cristal Nixon to see that I returned into my apartment. Knowing it would be to no purpose to resist or tamper with that stubborn functionary, I obeyed in silence, and was once more a prisoner in my former quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

LATIMER'S JOURNAL IN CONTINUATION.

I SPENT more than an hour, after returning to the apartment which I may call my prison, in reducing to writing the singular circumstances which I had just witnessed. Methought I could now form some guess at the character of Mr. Herries, upon whose name and situation the late scene had thrown considerable light;—one of those fanatical Jacobites, doubtless, whose arms, not twenty years since, had shaken the British throne, and some of whom, though their party daily diminish in numbers, energy and power, retained still an inclination to renew the attempt they had found so desperate. He was indeed perfectly different from the sort of zealous Jacobites whom I had been my luck hitherto to meet with. Old ladies of family over their hyson, and gray-haired lairds over their punch, I had often heard utter a little harmless treason; while the former remembered having led down a dance with the Chevalier, and the latter recounted the feats they had performed at Preston, Clifton, and Falkirk.

The disaffection of such persons was too unimportant to excite the attention of government. I had heard, however, that there still existed partisans of the Stewart family, of a more daring and dangerous description; men who, furnished with gold from Rome, moved secretly and in disguise, through the various classes of society, and endeavoured to keep alive the expiring zeal of their party.

I had no difficulty in assigning an important post among this class of persons, whose agency and exertion are only doubted by those who look on the surface of things, to this Mr. Herries, whose mental energies, as well as his personal strength and activity, seemed to qualify him well to act so dangerous a part; and I knew that, all along the Western Border, both in England and Scotland, there are so many Non-jurors, that such a person may reside there with absolute safety, unless it becomes, in a very especial degree, the object of the government to secure his person; and which purpose, even then, might be disappointed by early intelligence, or, as in the case of Mr. Foxley, by the unwillingness of provincial magistrates to interfere in what is now considered an invidious pursuit of the unfortunate.

There have, however, been rumours lately, as if the present state of the nation, or at least of some discontented provinces, agitated by a variety of causes, but particularly by the unpopularity of the present administration, may seem to this species of agitators a favourable period for recommending their intrigues; while, on the other hand, government may not, at such a crisis, be inclined to look upon them with the contempt which a few years ago would have been their most appropriate punishment.

That men should be found rash enough to throw away their services and lives in a desperate cause, is nothing new in history, which abounds with instances of similar devotion—that Mr. Herries is such an enthusiast, is no less evident; but all this explains not his conduct towards me. Had he sought to make me a proselyte to his ruinous cause, violence and compulsion were arguments very unlikely to prevail with any generous spirit. But even if such were his object, of what use to him could be the acquisition of a single

reluctant partisan, who could bring only his own person to support any quarrel which he might adopt? He had claimed over me the rights of a guardian; he had more than hinted that I was in a state of mind which could not dispense with the authority of such a person. Was this man, so sternly desperate in his purpose,—he who seemed willing to take on his own shoulders the entire support of a cause which had been ruinous to thousands,—was he the person that had the power of deciding on my fate? Was it from him those dangers flowed, to secure me against which I had been educated under such circumstances of secrecy and precaution?

And if this was so, of what nature was the claim which he asserted?—Was it that of propinquity?—And did I share the blood, perhaps the features, of this singular being?—Strange as it may seem, a thrill of awe, which shot across my mind at that instant, was not unmingled with a wild and mysterious feeling of wonder, almost amounting to pleasure. I remembered the reflection of my own face in the mirror at one striking moment during the singular interview of the day, and I hastened to the outward apartment to consult a glass which hung there, whether it were possible for my countenance to be again contorted into the peculiar frown which so much resembled the terrific look of Herries. But I folded my brows in vain into a thousand complicated wrinkles, and I was obliged to conclude, either that the supposed mark on my brow was altogether imaginary, or that it could not be called forth by voluntary effort; or, in fine, what seemed most likely, that it was such a resemblance as the imagination traces in the embers of a wood fire, or among the varied veins of marble, distinct at one time, and obscure or invisible at another, according as the combination of lines strikes the eye, or impresses the fancy.

While I was moulding my visage like a mad player, the door suddenly opened, and the girl of the house entered. Angry and ashamed at being detected in my singular occupation, I turned round sharply, and, I suppose, chance produced the change on my features which I had been in vain labouring to call forth.

The girl started back, with her "Don't ye look so now—don't ye, for love's sake—you be as like the ould Squoire as—But here a comes," said she, huddling away out of the room; "and if you want a third, there is none but ould Harry, as I know of, that can match ye for a brent broo!"

As the girl muttered this exclamation, and hastened out of the room, Herries entered. He stopped on observing that I had looked again to the mirror; anxious to trace the look by which the wench had undoubtedly been terrified. He seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for, as I turned towards him, he observed, "Doubt not that it is stamped on your forehead—the fatal mark of our race; though it is not now so apparent as it will become when age and sorrow, and the traces of stormy passions, and of bitter penitence, shall have drawn their furrows on your brow."

"Mysterious man," I replied, "I know not of what you speak; your language is as dark as your purposes."

"Sit down, then," he said, "and listen; thus far, at least, must the veil of which you complain be raised. When withdrawn, it will only display guilt and sorrow—guilt, followed by strange penalty, and sorrow, which Providence has entailed upon the posterity of the mourners."

He paused a moment, and commenced his narrative, which he told with the air of one, who, remote as the events were which he recited, took still the deepest interest in them. The tone of his voice, which I have already described as rich and powerful, aided by its inflections the effects of his story, which I will endeavour to write down, as nearly as possible, in the very words which he used.

"It was not of late years that the English nation learned, that their best chance of conquering their independent neighbours must be by introducing amongst them division and civil war. You need not be reminded of the state of thralldom to which Scotland was reduced by the unhappy wars betwixt the

domestic factions of Bruce and Baliol; nor how, after Scotland had been emancipated from a foreign yoke, by the conduct and valour of the immortal Bruce, the whole fruits of the triumphs of Bannockburn were lost in the dreadful defeats of Dupplin and Halidon; and Edward Baliol, the minion and feudatory of his namesake of England, seemed, for a brief season, in safe and uncontested possession of the throne, so lately occupied by the greatest general and wisest prince in Europe. But the experience of Bruce had not died with him. There were many who had shared his martial labours, and all remembered the successful efforts by which, under circumstances as disadvantageous as those of his son, he had achieved the liberation of Scotland.

"The usurper, Edward Baliol, was feasting with a few of his favourite retainers in the Castle of Annan, when he was suddenly surprised by a chosen band of insurgent patriots. Their chiefs were, Douglas, Randolph, the young Earl of Moray, and Sir Simon Fraser; and their success was so complete, that Baliol was obliged to fly for his life, scarcely clothed, and on a horse which there was no leisure to saddle. It was of importance to seize his person, if possible, and his flight was closely pursued by a valiant knight, a Norman descent, whose family had been long settled in the marches of Dumfries-shire. Their Norman appellation was Fitz-Aldin, but this knight, from the great slaughter which he had made of the Southern, and the reluctance which he had shown to admit them to quarter during the former wars of that bloody period, had acquired the name of Redgauntlet, which he transmitted to his posterity."

"Redgauntlet!" I involuntarily repeated.

"Yes, Redgauntlet," said my alleged guardian, looking at me keenly; "does that name recall any associations to your mind?"

"No," I replied, "except that I lately heard it given to the hero of a supernatural legend."

"There are many such current concerning the family," he answered; and then proceeded in his narrative.

"Alberick Redgauntlet, the first of his house so termed, was, as may be supposed from his name, of a stern and implacable disposition, which had been rendered more so by family discord. An only son, now a youth of eighteen, shared so much the haughty spirit of his father, that he became impatient of domestic control, resisted paternal authority, and finally fled from his father's house, renounced his political opinions, and awakened his mortal displeasure by joining the adherents of Baliol. It was said that his father cursed in his wrath his degenerate offspring, and swore that, if they met, he should perish by his hand. Mean time, circumstances seemed to promise atonement for this great deprivation. The lady of Alberick Redgauntlet was again, after many years, in a situation which afforded her husband the hope of a more dutiful heir.

"But the delicacy and deep interest of his wife's condition did not prevent Alberick from engaging in the undertaking of Douglas and Moray. He had been the most forward in the attack of the castle, and was now foremost in the pursuit of Baliol, eagerly engaged in dispersing or cutting down the few daring followers who endeavoured to protect the usurper in his flight.

"As these were successively routed or slain, the formidable Redgauntlet, the mortal enemy of the House of Baliol was within two lances' length of the fugitive Edward Baliol, in a narrow pass, when a youth, one of the last who attended the usurper in his flight, threw himself between them, received the shock of the pursuer, and was unhorsed and overthrown. The helmet rolled from his head, and the beams of the sun, then rising over the Solway, showed Redgauntlet the features of his disobedient son, in the livery, and wearing the cognizance, of the usurper.

"Redgauntlet beheld his son lying before his horse's feet; but he also saw Baliol, the usurper of the Scottish crown, still, as it seemed, within his grasp, and separated from him only by the prostrate body of his overthrown adherent. Without pausing to inquire

whether young Edward was wounded, he dashed his spurs into his horse, meaning to leap over him, but was unhappily frustrated in his purpose. The steed made indeed a bound forward, but was unable to clear the body of the youth, and with its hind foot struck him in the forehead, as he was in the act of rising. The blow was mortal. It is needless to add, that the pursuit was checked, and Balio escaped.

"Redgauntlet, ferocious as he is described, was yet overwhelmed with the thoughts of the crime he had committed. When he returned to his castle, it was to encounter new domestic sorrows. His wife had been prematurely seized with the pangs of labour, upon hearing the dreadful catastrophe which had taken place. The birth of an infant boy cost her her life. Redgauntlet sat by her corpse for more than twenty-four hours without changing either feature or posture, so far as his terrified domestics could observe. The Abbot of Dundrennan preached consolation to him in vain. Douglas, who came to visit in his affliction a patriot of such distinguished zeal, was more successful in rousing his attention. He caused the trumpets to sound an English point of war in the court-yard, and Redgauntlet at once springing to his arms, and seemed restored to the recollection, which had been lost in the extent of his misery.

"From that moment, whatever he might feel inwardly, he gave way to no outward emotion. Douglas caused his infant to be brought; but even the iron-hearted soldiers were struck with horror to observe, that, by the mysterious law of nature, the cause of his mother's death, and the evidence of his father's guilt, was stamped on the innocent face of the babe, whose brow was distinctly marked by the miniature resemblance of a horseshoe. Redgauntlet himself pointed it out to Douglas, saying, with a ghastly smile, 'It should have been bloody.'

"Moved, as he was, to compassion for his brother-in-arms, and steeled against all softer feelings by the habits of civil war, Douglas shuddered at this sight, and displayed a desire to leave the house which was doomed to be the scene of such horrors. As his parting advice, he exhorted Alberick Redgauntlet to make a pilgrimage to Saint Ninian's of Whiteherne, then esteemed a shrine of great sanctity; and departed with a precipitation, which might have aggravated, had that been possible, the forlorn state of his unhappy friend. But that seems to have been incapable of admitting any addition. Sir Alberick caused the bodies of his slaughtered son and the mother to be laid side by side in the ancient chapel of his house, after he had used the skill of a celebrated surgeon of that time to embalm them; and it was said, that for many weeks he spent some hours nightly in the vault where they reposed.

"At length he undertook the proposed pilgrimage to Whiteherne, where he confessed himself for the first time since his misfortune, and was shrived by an aged monk, who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. It is said, that it was then foretold to the Redgauntlet, that on account of his unshaken patriotism, his family should continue to be powerful amid the changes of future times; but that, in detestation of his unrelenting cruelty to his own issue, Heaven had decreed that the valour of his race should always be fruitless, and that the cause which they espoused should never prosper.

"Submitting to such penance as was there imposed, Sir Alberick went, it is thought, on a pilgrimage either to Rome, or to the Holy Sepulchre itself. He was universally considered as dead; and it was not till thirteen years afterwards, that, in the great battle of Durham, fought between David Bruce and Queen Philippa of England, a knight, bearing a horseshoe for his crest, appeared in the van of the Scottish army, distinguished himself by his reckless and desperate valour; who being at length overpowered and slain, was finally discovered to be the brave and unhappy Sir Alberick Redgauntlet."

"And has the fatal sign," said I, when Herries had ended his narrative, "descended on all the posterity of this unhappy house?"

"It has been so handed down from antiquity, and is still believed," said Herries. "But perhaps there

is, in the popular evidence, something of that fancy which creates what it sees. Certainly, as other families have peculiarities by which they are distinguished, this of Redgauntlet is marked in most individuals by a singular indenture of the forehead, supposed to be derived from the son of Alberick, their ancestor, and brother to the unfortunate Edward, who had perished in so piteous a manner. It is certain there seems to have been a fate upon the House of Redgauntlet, which has been on the losing side in almost all the civil broils which have divided the kingdom of Scotland, from David Bruce's days, till the late valiant and unsuccessful attempt of the Chevalier Charles Edward."

He concluded with a deep sigh, as one whom the subject had involved in a train of painful reflections.

"And am I then," I exclaimed, "descended from this unhappy race?—Do you too belong to it?—And if so, why do I sustain restraint and hard usage at the hands of a relation?"

"Inquire no farther for the present," he said. "The line of conduct which I am pursuing towards you, is dictated not by choice, but by necessity. You were withdrawn from the bosom of your family, and the care of your legal guardian, by the timidity and ignorance of a doating mother, who was incapable of estimating the arguments or feelings of those who prefer honour and principle to fortune, and even to life. The young hawk, accustomed only to the fostering care of its dam, must be tamed by darkness and sleeplessness, ere it is trusted on the wing for the purposes of the falconer."

I was appalled at this declaration, which seemed to threaten a long continuance, and a dangerous termination, of my captivity. I deemed it best, however, to show some spirit, and at the same time to mingle a tone of conciliation. "Mr. Herries," I said, "(if I call you rightly by that name), let us speak upon this matter without the tone of mystery and fear in which you seem inclined to envelope it. I have been long, alas! deprived of the care of that affectionate mother to whom you allude—long under the charge of strangers—and compelled to form my own resolutions upon the reasoning of my own mind. Misfortune—early deprivation—has given me the privilege of acting for myself; and constraint shall not deprive me of an Englishman's best privilege."

"The true cant of the day," said Herries, in a tone of scorn. "The privilege of free action belongs to no mortal—we are tied down by the fetters of duty—our moral path is limited by the regulations of honour—our most indifferent actions are but meshes of the web of destiny by which we are all surrounded."

He paced the room rapidly, and proceeded in a tone of enthusiasm which, joined to some other parts of his conduct, seems to intimate an over-excited imagination, were it not contradicted by the general tenor of his speech and conduct.

"Nothing," he said, in an earnest yet melancholy voice—"nothing is the work of chance—nothing is the consequence of free-will—the liberty of which the Englishman boasts, gives as little real freedom to its owner, as the despotism of an Eastern Sultan permits to his slave. The usurper, William of Nassau, went forth to hunt, and thought, doubtless, that it was by an act of his own royal pleasure that the horse of his murdered victim was prepared for his kingly sport. But Heaven had other views; and before the sun was high, a stumble of that very animal over an obstacle so inconsiderable as a mole-hillock, cost the haughty rider his life and his usurped crown. Do you think an inclination of the rein could have avoided that trifling impediment?—I tell you, it crossed his way as inevitably as all the long chain of Caucasus could have done. Yea, young man, in doing and suffering, we play but the part allotted by Destiny, the manager of this strange drama, stand bound to act no more than is prescribed, to say no more than is set down for us; and yet we mouth about free-will, and freedom of thought and action, as if Richard must not die, or Richmond conquer, exactly where the Author has decreed it shall be so!"

He continued to pace the room after this speech,

with folded arms and downcast looks; and the sound of his steps and tone of his voice brought to my remembrance, that I had heard this singular person, when I met him on a former occasion, uttering such soliloquies in his solitary chamber. I observed, that, like other Jacobites, in his inveteracy against the memory of King William, he had adopted the party opinion, that the monarch, on the day he had his fatal accident, rode upon a horse; once the property of the unfortunate Sir John Friend, executed for High Treason in 1696.

It was not my business to aggravate, but, if possible, rather to soothe him in whose power I was so singularly placed. When I conceived that the keenness of his feelings had in some degree subsided, I answered him as follows:—"I will not—indeed I feel myself incompetent to argue a question of such metaphysical subtlety, as that which involves the limits betwixt free-will and predestination. Let us hope we may live honestly and die hopefully, without being obliged to form a decided opinion upon a point so far beyond our comprehension."

"Wisely resolved," he interrupted, with a sneer—"there came a note from some Geneva sermon."

"But," I proceeded, "I call your attention to the fact, that I, as well as you, am acted upon by impulses, the result either of my own free-will, or the consequences of the part which is assigned to me by destiny. These may be—nay, at present they are—in direct contradiction to those by which you are actuated; and how shall we decide which shall have precedence?—You perhaps feel yourself destined to act as my jailer. I feel myself, on the contrary, destined to attempt and effect my escape. One of us must be wrong, but who can say which errs till the event has decided betwixt us?"

"I shall feel myself destined to have recourse to severe modes of restraint," said he, in the same tone of half jest, half earnest, which I had used.

"In that case," I answered, "it will be my destiny to attempt every thing for my freedom."

"And it may be mine, young man," he replied, in a deep and stern tone, "to take care that you should rather die than attain your purpose."

This was speaking out indeed, and I did not allow him to go unanswered. "You threaten me in vain," said I; "the laws of my country will protect me; or whom they cannot protect, they will avenge."

I spoke this firmly, and he seemed for a moment silenced; and the scorn with which he at last answered me, had something of affectation in it.

"The laws!" he said; "and what, stripling, do you know of the laws of your country?—Could you learn jurisprudence under a base born blotter of parchment, such as Saunders Fairford; or from the empty pedantic coxcomb, his son, who now, forsooth, writes himself advocate?—When Scotland was herself, and had her own King and Legislature, such plebeian cubs, instead of being called to the bar of her Supreme Courts, would scarce have been admitted to the honour of bearing a sheepskin process-bag."

Alan, I could not bear this, but answered indignantly, that he knew not the worth and honour from which I was detracting.

"I know as much of these Fairfords as I do of you," he replied.

"As much," said I, "and as little; for you can neither estimate their real worth nor mine. I know you saw them when last in Edinburgh."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, and turned on me an inquisitive look.

"It is true," said I; "you cannot deny it; and having thus shown you that I know something of your motions, let me warn you I have modes of communication with which you are not acquainted. Oblige me not to use them to your prejudice."

"Prejudice me?" he replied. "Young man, I smile at, and forgive your folly. Nay, I will tell you that of which you are not aware, namely, that it was from letters received from these Fairfords that I first suspected, what the result of my visit to them confirmed, that you were the person whom I had sought for years."

"If you learned this," said I, "from the papers

which were about my person on the night when I was under the necessity of becoming your guest at Brokenburn, I do not envy your indifference to the means of acquiring information. It was dishonourable to—"

"Peace, young man," said Herries, more calmly than I might have expected; "the word dishonour must not be mentioned as in conjunction with my name. Your pocketbook was in the pocket of your coat, and did not escape the curiosity of another, though it would have been sacred from mine. My servant, Cristal Nixon, brought me the intelligence after you were gone. I was displeased with the manner in which he had acquired his information; but it was not the less my duty to ascertain its truth, and for that purpose I went to Edinburgh. I was in hopes to persuade Mr. Fairford to have entered into my views; but I found him too much prejudiced to permit me to trust him. He is a wretched, yet a timid slave of the present government, under which our unhappy country is dishonourably enthralled; and I would have been altogether unfit and unsafe to have intrusted him with the secret either of the right which I possess to direct your actions, or of the manner in which I purpose to exercise it."

I was determined to take advantage of his communicative humour, and obtain, if possible, more light upon his purpose. He seemed most accessible to being piqued on the point of honour, and resolved to avail myself, but with caution, of his sensibility upon that topic. "You say," I replied, "that you are not friendly to indirect practices, and disapprove of the means by which your domestic obtained information of my name and quality—Is it honourable to avail yourself of that knowledge which is dishonourably obtained?"

"It is boldly asked," he replied; "but, within certain necessary limits, I dislike not boldness of exploration. You have, in this short conference, displayed more character and energy than I was prepared to expect. You will, I trust, resemble a forest plant, which has indeed, by some accident, been brought up in the greenhouse, and thus rendered delicate and effeminate, but which retains its native firmness and tenacity, when exposed for a season to the winter air. I will answer your question plainly. In business, as in war, spies and informers are necessary evils, which all good men detest; but which yet all practical men must use, unless they mean to fight and be blindfold. But nothing can justify the use of falsehood and treachery in our own person."

"You said to the elder Mr. Fairford," continued I with the same boldness, which I began to find was my best game, "that I was the son of Ralph Laing of Langeote-Hall?—How do you reconcile this with your late assertion that my name is not Latimer?"

He coloured as he replied, "The doting old fellow; or perhaps mistook my meaning. I said that gentleman *might* be your father. To say truth I wished you to visit England, your native country, because, when you might do so, my rights over you would revive."

This speech fully led me to understand a caution which had been often impressed upon me, that I regarded my safety, I should not cross the southern Border; and I cursed my own folly, which kept me fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I was betrayed into the calamity with which I had called.

"What are those rights," I said, "which you claim over me?—To what end do you propose to turn them?"

"To a weighty one, you may be certain," answered Mr. Herries; "but I do not, at present, mean to communicate to you either its nature or extent. You may judge of its importance, when, in order entirely to possess myself of your person, I condescended to mix myself with the fellows who destroyed the fishing station of your wretched Quaker. That I held him in contempt, and was displeased at the gross devices with which he ruined a manly sport, is true enough; but, unless as it favoured my designs on you, he might have, for me, maintained his stake-net at Solway should cease to ebb and flow."

"Alas!" I said, "it doubles my regret to have been

the unwilling cause of misfortune to an honest and friendly man."

"Do not grieve for that," said Herries; "honest Joshua is one of those who, by dint of long prayers, can possess themselves of widows' houses—he will quickly repair his losses. When he sustains any mishap, he and the other canters set it down as a debt against Heaven, and, by way of set-off, practise rogueries without compunction, till they make the balance even, or incline it to the winning side. Enough of this for the present.—I must immediately shift my quarters; for although I do not fear the overzeal of Mr. Justice Foxley or his clerk will lead them to any extreme measure, yet that mad scoundrel's unhappy recognition of me may make it more serious for them to connive at me, and I must not put their patience to an over severe trial. You must prepare to attend me, either as a captive or a companion; if as the latter, you must give your parole of honour to attempt no escape. Should you be so ill advised as to break your word once pledged, be assured that I will blow your brains out, without a moment's scruple."

"I am ignorant of your plans and purposes," I replied, "and cannot but hold them dangerous. I do not mean to aggravate my present situation by any unavailing resistance to the superior force which detains me; but I will not renounce the right of asserting my natural freedom should a favourable opportunity occur. I will, therefore, rather be your prisoner than your confederate."

"That is spoken fairly," he said; "and yet not without the canny caution of one brought up in the Gude Town of Edinburgh. On my part, I will impose no unnecessary hardship upon you, but, on the contrary, your journey shall be made as easy as is consistent with your being kept safely. Do you feel strong enough to ride on horseback as yet, or would you prefer a carriage? The former mode of travelling is best adapted to the country through which we are to travel, but you are at liberty to choose between them."

I said, "I felt my strength gradually returning, and that I should much prefer travelling on horseback. A carriage," I added, "is so close."

"And so easily guarded," replied Herries, with a look as if he would have penetrated my very thoughts,—"that, doubtless, you think horseback better calculated for an escape."

"My thoughts are my own," I answered; "and though you keep my person prisoner, these are beyond your control."

"O, I can read the book," he said, "without opening the leaves. But I would recommend to you to make no rash attempt, and it will be my care to see that you have no power to make any that is likely to be effectual. Linen, and all other necessities for one in your circumstances, are amply provided. Cristal Nixon will act as your valet.—I should rather, perhaps, say, your *femme de chambre*. Your travelling dress you may perhaps consider as singular; but it is such as the circumstances require; and, if you object to use the articles prepared for your use, your mode of journeying will be as personally unpleasant as that which conducted you hither.—Adieu—We now know each other better than we did—it will not be my fault if the consequences of farther intimacy be not a more favourable mutual opinion."

He then left me, with a civil good-night, to my own reflections, and only turned back to say, that we should proceed on our journey at daybreak next morning, at farthest; perhaps earlier, he said; but complimented me by supposing that, as I was a sportsman, I must always be ready for a sudden start.

We are then at issue, this singular man and myself. His personal views are to a certain point explained. He has chosen an antiquated and desperate line of politics, and he claims, from some pretended tie of guardianship, or relationship, which he does not deign to explain, but which he seems to have been able to pass current on a silly country Justice and his knavish clerk, a right to direct and to control my motions. The danger which awaited me in England, and which I might have escaped had I remained in Scotland, was

doubtless occasioned by the authority of this man. But what my poor mother might fear for me as a child—what my English friend, Samuel Griffiths, endeavoured to guard against during my youth and nonage, is now, it seems, come upon me; and, under a legal pretext, I am detained in what must be a most illegal manner, by a person, too, whose own political immunities have been forfeited by his conduct. It matters not—my mind is made up—neither persuasion nor threats shall force me into the desperate designs which this man meditates. Whether I am of the trifling consequence which my life hitherto seems to intimate, or whether I have (as would appear from my adversary's conduct) such importance, by birth or fortune, as may make me a desirable acquisition to a political faction, my resolution is taken in either case. Those who read this Journal, if it shall be perused by impartial eyes, shall judge of me truly; and if they consider me as a fool in encountering danger unnecessarily, they shall have no reason to believe me a coward or a turncoat, when I find myself engaged in it. I have been bred in sentiments of attachment to the family on the throne, and in these sentiments I will live and die. I have, indeed, some idea that Mr. Herries has already discovered that I am made of different and more unamenable metal than he had at first believed. There were letters from my dear Alan Fairford, giving a ludicrous account of my instability of temper, in the same pocket-book, which, according to the admission of my pretended guardian, fell under the investigation of his domestic, during the night I passed at Brokenburn, where, as I now recollect, my wet clothes, with the contents of my pockets, were, with the thoughtlessness of a young traveller, committed too rashly to the care of a strange servant. And my kind friend and hospitable landlord, Mr. Alexander Fairford, may also, and with justice, have spoken of my levities to this man. But he shall find he has made a false estimate upon these plausible grounds, since—

But I must break off for the present.

CHAPTER IX.

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

THERE is at length a halt—at length I have gained so much privacy as to enable me to continue my Journal. It has become a sort of task of duty to me, without the discharge of which I do not feel that the business of the day is performed. True, no friendly eye may ever look upon these labours, which have amused the solitary hours of an unhappy prisoner. Yet, in the mean while, the exercise of the pen seems to act as a sedative upon my own agitated thoughts and tumultuous passions. I never lay it down but I rise stronger in resolution, more ardent in hope. A thousand vague fears, wild expectations, and indigested schemes, hurry through one's thoughts in seasons of doubt and of danger. But by arresting them as they flit across the mind, by throwing them on paper, and even by that mechanical act compelling ourselves to consider them with scrupulous and minute attention, we may perhaps escape becoming the dupes of our own excited imagination; just as a young horse is cured of the vice of starting, by being made to stand still and look for some time without any interruption at the cause of its terror.

There remains but one risk, which is that of discovery. But, besides the small characters in which my residence in Mr. Fairford's house enabled me to excel, for the purpose of transferring as many scroll sheets as possible to a huge sheet of stamped paper, I have, as I have elsewhere intimated, had hitherto the comfortable reflection, that if the record of my misfortunes should fall into the hands of him by whom they are caused, they would, without harming any one, show him the real character and disposition of the person who has become his prisoner—perhaps his victim. Now, however, that other names, and other characters, are to be mingled with the register of my own sentiments, I must take additional care of these papers, and keep them in such a manner that, in case of the least hazard of detection, I may be able to destroy

them at a moment's notice. I shall not soon or easily forget the lesson I have been taught, by the prying disposition which Cristal Nixon, this man's agent and confederate, manifested at Brokenburn, and which proved the original cause of my sufferings.

My laying aside the last sheet of my Journal hastily, was occasioned by the unwonted sound of a violin, in the farm-yard beneath my windows. It will not appear surprising to those who have made music their study, that, after listening to a few notes, I became at once assured that the musician was no other than the itinerant, formerly mentioned as present at the destruction of Joshua Geddes's stake-nets, the superior delicacy and force of whose execution would enable me to swear to his bow amongst a whole orchestra. I had the less reason to doubt his identity, because he played twice over the beautiful Scottish air called Wandering Willie; and I could not help concluding that he did so for the purpose of intimating his own presence, since what the French call the *nom de guerre* of the performer was described by the tune.

Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity. I knew this man, though deprived of sight, to be bold, ingenious, and perfectly capable of acting as a guide. I believed I had won his good-will, by having, in a frolic, assumed the character of his partner; and I remember that, in a wild, wandering, and disorderly course of life, men, as they become loosened from the ordinary bonds of civil society, hold those of comradeship more closely sacred; so that honour is sometimes found among thieves, and faith and attachment in such as the law has termed vagrants. The history of Richard Cœur de Lion and his minstrel, Blondel, rushed, at the same time, on my mind, though I could not even then suppress a smile at the dignity of the example, when applied to a blind fiddler and myself. Still there was something in all this to awaken a hope, that if I could open a correspondence with this poor violer, he might be useful in extricating me from my present situation.

His profession furnished me with some hope that this desired communication might be attained; since it is well known that, in Scotland, where there is so much national music, the words and airs of which are generally known, there is a kind of free-masonry amongst performers, by which they can, by the mere choice of a tune, express a great deal to the hearers. Personal allusions are often made in this manner, with much point and pleasantry; and nothing is more usual at public festivals, than that the air played to accompany a particular health or toast, is made the vehicle of compliment, of wit and sometimes of satire.*

While these things passed through my mind rapidly, I heard my friend beneath recommence, for the third time, the air from which his own name had been probably adopted, when he was interrupted by his rustic auditors.

"If thou canst play no other spring but that, mon, ho hadst best put up ho's pipes and be jogging. Squire will be back anon, or Master Nixon, and we'll see who will pay poiper then."

Oh, thought I, if I have no sharper ears than those of my friends Jan and Dorcas to encounter, I may venture an experiment upon them; and, as most expressive of my state of captivity, I sung two or three lines of the 137th Psalm—

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept."

The country people listened with attention, and when I ceased, I heard them whisper together in tones of commiseration, "Lack-a-day, poor soul! so pretty a man to be beside his wits!"

"An he be that gae," said Wandering Willie, in a tone calculated to reach my ears, "I ken naething will raise his spirits like a spring." And he struck up with great vigour and spirit, the lively Scottish air, the words of which instantly occurred to me,—

"O whistle and I'll come t'ye, my lad,
Oh whistle and I'll come t'ye, my lad;
Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Oh whistle and I'll come t'ye, my lad."

* Every one must remember instances of this festive custom, in which the adaptation to the tune to the toast was remarkably felicitous. Old Niel Gow, and his son Nathaniel, were peculiarly happy on such occasions.

I soon heard a clattering noise of feet in the court-yard, which I concluded to be Jan and Dorcas dancing a jig in their Cumberland wooden clogs. Under cover of this din, I endeavoured to answer Willie's signal by whistling, as loud as I could,

"Come back again and lose me
When a' the lave are gane."

He instantly threw the dancers out by changing us air to

"There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

I no longer doubted that a communication betwixt us was happily established, and that, if I had an opportunity of speaking to the poor musician, I should find him willing to take my letter to the post, to invoke the assistance of some active magistrate, or of the commanding-officer of Carlisle Castle, or, in short, to do whatever else I could point out, in the compass of his power, to contribute to my liberation. But to obtain speech of him, I must have run the risk of alarming the suspicions of Dorcas, if not of her yet more stupid Corydon. My ally's blindness prevented his receiving any communication by signs from the window—even if I could have ventured to make them consistently with prudence—so that notwithstanding the mode of intercourse we had adopted was both circuitous and peculiarly liable to misapprehension, I saw nothing I could do better than to continue it, trusting my own and my correspondent's acuteness, in springing to the airs the meaning they were intended to convey. I thought of singing the words themselves of some significant song, but feared I might, by doing so, attract suspicion. I endeavoured, therefore, to intimate my speedy departure from my present place of residence, by whistling the well-known air with which festive parties in Scotland usually conclude the dance.—

"Good-night and joy be wi' ye a',
For here na langer mair I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe of mine
But wishes that I were away."

It appeared that Willie's powers of intelligence were much more active than mine, and that, like a deaf person, accustomed to be spoken to by signs, he comprehended, from the very first notes the words meaning I intended to convey; and he accompanied me in the air with his violin, in such a manner as at once to show he understood my meaning, and to prevent my whistling from being attended to.

His reply was almost immediate, and was conveyed in the old martial air of "Hey, Johnnie la, cock up your beaver." I ran over the words, and fixed on the following stanza, as most applicable to my circumstances:—

"Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprash,
We'll over the Border and give them a brush;
Where'er somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, Johnnie la, cock up your beaver."

If these sounds alluded, as I hope they do, to any chance of assistance from my Scottish friends, I may indeed consider that a door is open to hope and freedom. I immediately replied with,

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

"Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valour, the cradle of worth;
Where'er I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the highlands for ever I love."

Willie instantly played, with a degree of spirit which might have awakened hope in Despair herself, if Despair could be supposed to understand Scotch music, the fine old Jacobite air,

"For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as much as a' that."

I next endeavoured to intimate my wish to send notice of my condition to my friends; and, despairing to find an air sufficiently expressive of my purpose, I ventured to sing a verse, which, in various forms, occurs so frequently in old ballads—

"Where will I get a bonny boy
That will win hame and cheer;

That will gae down to Dunsinane,
And bid my merry-men come!"

He drowned the latter part of the verse by playing, with much emphasis,

"Kind Robin loes me."

Of this, though I ran over the verses of the song in my mind, I could make nothing; and before I could contrive any mode of intimating my uncertainty, a cry arose in the court-yard that Crystal Nixon was coming. My faithful Willie was obliged to retreat; but not before he had half played, half hummed, by way of farewell,

"Leave thee—leave thee, lad—
I'll never leave thee;
The stars shall gae witherishins
Ere I will leave thee."

I am thus, I think, secure of one trusty adherent in my misfortunes; and, however whimsical it may be to rely much on a man of his idle profession and deprived of sight withal, it is deeply impressed on my mind, that his services may be both useful and necessary. There is another quarter from which I look for succour, and which I have indicated to thee, Alan, in more than one passage of my Journal. Twice, at the early hour of daybreak, I have seen the individual alluded to in the court of the farm, and twice she made signs of recognition in answer to the gestures by which I endeavoured to make her comprehend my situation; but on both occasions, she pressed her finger on her lips, as expressive of silence and secrecy.

The manner in which G. M. entered upon the scene for the first time, seems to assure me of her goodwill, so far as her power may reach; and I have many reasons to believe it is considerable. Yet she seemed hurried and frightened during the very transitory moments of our interview, and I think was, upon the last occasion, startled by the entrance of some one into the farm-yard, just as she was on the point of addressing me. You must not ask whether I am an early riser, since such objects are only to be seen at daybreak; and although I have never again seen her, yet I have reason to think she is not distant. It was not three nights ago, that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of her domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning, the following lines lay on my table; but how conveyed there, I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript:—

"As lords the labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come.
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum."

"Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven."

That these lines were written with the friendly purpose of inducing me to keep up my spirits, I cannot doubt; and I trust the manner in which I shall conduct myself may show that the pledge is accepted.

The dress is arrived in which it seems to be my self-elected guardian's pleasure that I shall travel; and what does it prove to be?—A skirt, or upper-part of a coat of camel, like those worn by country ladies of moderate rank when on horseback, with such a ridge-mask as they frequently use on journeys to preserve their eyes and complexion from the sun and dust, and sometimes, it is suspected, to enable them to play off a little coquetry. From the gayer mode of employing the mask, however, I suspect I shall be secluded; for instead of being only pasteboard, covered with black velvet, I observed with anxiety that mine is thickened with a plate of steel, which, like Quixote's visor, serves to render it more strong and durable.

This apparatus, together with a steel clasp for securing the mask behind me with a padlock, gave me fearful recollections of the unfortunate being, who, never being permitted to lay aside such a visor,

acquired the well-known historical epithet of the Man in the Iron Mask. I hesitated a moment whether I should so far submit to the acts of oppression designed against me as to assume this disguise, which was, of course, contrived to aid their purposes. But then I remembered Mr. Herrie's threat, that I should be kept close prisoner in a carriage, unless I assumed the dress which should be appointed for me; and I considered the comparative degree of freedom which I might purchase by wearing the mask and female dress, as easily and advantageously purchased. Here, therefore, I must pause for the present, and await what the morning may bring forth.

[To carry on the story from the documents before us, we think it proper here to drop the Journal of the captive Darsie Latimer, and adopt, instead, a narrative of the proceedings of Alan Fairford in pursuit of his friend, which forms another series in this history.]

CHAPTER X.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD.

The reader ought, by this time, to have formed some idea of the character of Alan Fairford. He had a warmth of heart which the study of the law and of the world could not chill, and talents which they had rendered unusually acute. Deprived of the personal patronage enjoyed by most of his contemporaries, who assumed the gown under the protection of their aristocratic alliances and descents, he early saw that he should have that to achieve for himself which fell to them as a right of birth. He laboured hard in silence and solitude, and his labours were crowned with success. But Alan doted on his friend Darsie, even more than he loved his profession, and, as we have seen, threw every thing aside when he thought Latimer in danger; forgetting fame and fortune, and hazarding even the serious displeasure of his father, to rescue him whom he loved with an elder brother's affection. Darsie, though his parts were more quick and brilliant than those of his friend, seemed always to the latter a being under his peculiar charge, whom he was called upon to cherish and protect, in cases where the youth's own experience was unequal to the exigency; and now, when the fate of Latimer seemed worse than doubtful, and Alan's whole prudence and energy were to be exerted in his behalf, an adventure which might have seemed perilous to most youths of his age, had no terrors for him. He was well acquainted with the laws of his country, and knew how to appeal to them; and besides his professional confidence, his natural disposition was steady, sedate, reserved, and undaunted. With these requisites he undertook a quest which, at that time, was not unattended with actual danger, and had much in it to appal a more timid disposition.

Fairford's first inquiry concerning his friend was of the chief magistrate of Dumfries, Provost Crosbie, who had sent the information of Darsie's disappearance. On his first application, he thought he discerned in the honest dignitary a desire to get rid of the subject. The Provost spoke of the riot at the fishing station as an "outbreak among those lawless loons the fishermen, which concerned the Sheriff," he said, "more than us poor Town-Council bodies, that have enough to do to keep peace within burgh, amongst such a set of commoners as the town are plagued with."

"But this is not all, Provost Crosbie," said Mr. Alan Fairford; "a young gentleman of rank and fortune has disappeared amongst their hands—you know him. My father gave him a letter to you—Mr. Darsie Latimer."

"Lack-a-day, yes! lack-a-day, yes!" said the Provost; "Mr. Darsie Latimer—he dined at my house—I hope he is well?"

"I hope so too," said Alan, rather indignantly; "but I desire more certainty on that point. You yourself wrote my father that he had disappeared."

"Troth, yes, and that is true," said the Provost.

"But did he not go back to his friends in Scotland? it was not natural to think he would stay here."

"Not unless he is under restraint," said Fairford, surprised at the coolness with which the Provost seemed to take up the matter.

"Rely on it, sir," said Mr. Crosbie, "that if he has not returned to his friends in Scotland, he must have gone to his friends in England."

"I will rely on no such thing," said Alan; "if there is law or justice in Scotland, I will have the thing cleared to the very bottom."

"Reasonable, reasonable," said the Provost, "so far as is possible; but you know I have no power beyond the ports of the burgh."

"But you are in the commission besides, Mr. Crosbie; a Justice of Peace for the county."

"True, very true—that is," said the cautious magistrate, "I will not say but my name may stand on the list, but I cannot remember that I have ever qualified."

"Why, in that case," said young Fairford, "there are ill-natured people might doubt your attachment to the Protestant line, Mr. Crosbie."

"God forbid, Mr. Fairford! I who have done and suffered in the Forty-five! I reckon the Highlandmen did me damage to the amount of 100*l.* Scots, forby all they ate and drank—no, no, sir, I stand beyond challenge: but as for plaguing myself with county business, let them that aught the mare shoe the mare. The Commissioners of Supply would see my back broken before they would help me in the burgh's work, and all the world kens the difference of the weight between public business in burgh and landward. What are their riots to me? have we not riots enough of our own?—But I must be getting ready, for the council meets this forenoon. I am blithe to see your father's son on the causeway of our ancient burgh, Mr. Alan Fairford. Were you a twelve-month aulder, we would make a burgess of you, man. I hope you will come and dine with me before you go away. What think you of to-day at two o'clock—just a roasted chucky and a drappit egg?"

Alan Fairford resolved that his friend's hospitality should not, as it seemed the inviter intended, put a stop to his queries. "I must delay you for a moment," he said, "Mr. Crosbie; this is a serious affair; a young gentleman of high hopes, my own dearest friend, is missing—you cannot think it will be passed over slightly, if a man of your high character, and known zeal for the government, do not make some active inquiry. Mr. Crosbie, you are my father's friend, and I respect you as such—but to others it will have a bad appearance."

The withers of the Provost were not unwrung; he paced the room in much tribulation, repeating, "But what can I do, Mr. Fairford? I warrant your friend casts up again—he will come back again, like the ill-chilling—he is not the sort of gear that tynes—a hellicat boy, running through the country with a blind fiddler, and playing the fiddle to a parcel of blackguards, who can tell where the like of him may have scampered to?"

"There are persons apprehended, and in the jail of the town, as I understand from the Sheriff-Substitute," said Mr. Fairford; "you must call them before you, and inquire what they know of this young gentleman."

"Ay, ay—the Sheriff-Depute did commit some poor creatures, I believe—wretched, ignorant fishermen bodies, that had been quarrelling with Quaker Geddes and his stake-nets, whilk, under favour of your gown be it spoken, Mr. Fairford, are not over and above lawful, and the Town-Clerk thinks they may be lawfully removed *via facti*—but that is by the by. But, sir, the creatures were a' dismissed for want of evidence; the Quaker would not swear to them, and what could the Sheriff and me do but just let them loose? Come awa, cheer up, Master Alan, and take a walk till dinner time—I must really go to the council."

"Stop a moment, Provost," said Alan; "I lodge a complaint before you, as a magistrate, and you will find it serious to slight it over. You must have these men apprehended again."

* By taking the oaths to Government.

"Ay, ay—easy said; but catch them that can," answered the Provost; "they are ower the March by this time, or by the point of Cairn—Lord help ye! they are a kind of amphibious deevils, neither land nor water beasts—neither English nor Scots—neither county nor stewartry, as we say—they are dispersed like so much quicksilver. You may as well try to whistle a seagull out of the Solway, as to get hold of one of them till all the fray is over."

"Mr. Crosbie this will not do," answered the young counsellor; "there is a person of more importance than such wretches as you describe concerned in this unhappy business—I must name to you a certain Mr. Herries."

He kept his eye on the Provost as he uttered the name, which he did rather at a venture, and from the connexion which that gentleman, and his real or supposed niece seemed to have with the fate of Darsie Latimer, than from any distinct cause of suspicion which he entertained. He thought the Provost seemed embarrassed, though he showed much desire to assume an appearance of indifference, in which he partly succeeded.

"Herries!" he said—"What Herries?—There are many of that name—not so many as formerly, for the old stocks are wearing out; but there is Herries of Heathgill, and Herries of Auchintulloch, and Herries!"

"To save you farther trouble, this person's designation is Herries of Birrennewark."

"Of Birrennewark?" said Mr. Crosbie; "I have never heard of him, Mr. Alan. Could you not as well have said the Laird of Redgauntlet?"

Fairford was too wary to testify any surprise at the identification of names, however unexpected. "I thought," said he, "he was more generally known by the name of Herries. I have seen and been in company with him under that name, I am sure."

"O ay; in Edinburgh, belike. You know Redgauntlet was unfortunate a great while ago, and though he was maybe not deeper in the mire than other folk, yet, for some reason or other, he did not get so easily out."

"He was attainted, I understand; and has no remission," said Fairford.

The cautious Provost only nodded, and said, "Ye may guess, therefore, why it is so convenient he should hold his mother's name, which is also partly his own: when he is about Edinburgh. To bear his proper name might be accounted a kind of flying in the face of government, ye understand. But he has been so connived at—the story is an old story—and the gentleman has many excellent qualities, and is of a very ancient and honourable house—has cousins and the great folk—counts kin with the Advocate and with the Sheriff—hawks, you know, Mr. Alan, will not pick out hawks' een—he is widely connected—my wife is a fourth cousin of Redgauntlet's."

"*Hinc illa lachryma!*" thought Alan Fairford to himself; but the hint presently determined him to proceed by soft means, and with caution. "I beg you to understand," said Fairford, "that in the investigation which I am about to make, I design no harm to Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet—call him what you will. All I wish is, to ascertain the safety of my friend. I know that he was rather foolish in once going upon a meretricious disguise, to the neighbourhood of this same gentleman's house. In his circumstances, Mr. Redgauntlet may have misinterpreted the motives, and considered Darsie Latimer as a spy. His influence, I believe, is great, among the disorderly people you speak of but now?"

The Provost answered with another sagacious shake of his head, that would have done honour to Lord Burleigh in the Critic.

"Well, then," continued Fairford, "is it not possible that, in the mistaken belief that Mr. Latimer was a spy, he may, upon such suspicion, have caused him to be carried off and confined somewhere?—Such things are done at elections, and on occasions less pressing than when men think their lives in danger from an informer."

"Mr. Fairford," said the Provost, very earnestly, "I scarce think such a mistake possible; or if, by any

extraordinary chance, it should have taken place, Redgauntlet, whom I cannot but know well, being, as I have said my wife's first cousin. (fourth cousin, I should say,) is altogether incapable of doing any thing harsh to the young gentleman—he might send him over to Ailsay for a night or two, or maybe land him on the north coast of Ireland, or in Islay, or some of the Hebrides; but depend upon it, he is incapable of harming a hair of his head."

"I am determined not to trust to that, Provost," answered Fairford, firmly; "and I am a good deal surprised at your way of talking so lightly of such an aggression on the liberty of the subject. You are to consider, and Mr. Herries or Mr. Redgauntlet's friends would do very well also to consider, how it will sound in the ears of an English Secretary of State, that an attainted traitor (for such is this gentleman) has not only ventured to take up his abode in this realm—against the King of which he has been in arms—but is suspected of having proceeded, by open force and violence, against the person of one of the lieges, a young man, who is neither without friends nor property to secure his being righted."

The Provost looked at the young counsellor with a face in which distrust, alarm, and vexation, seemed mingled. "A fashious job," he said at last, "a fashious job; and it will be dangerous meddling with it. I should like ill to see your father's son turn informer against an unfortunate gentleman."

"Neither do I mean it," answered Alan, "provided that unfortunate gentleman and his friends give me a quiet opportunity of securing my friend's safety. If I could speak with Mr. Redgauntlet, and hear his own explanation, I should probably be satisfied. If I am forced to denounce him to government, it will be in his new capacity of a kidnapper. I may not be able, nor is it my business, to prevent his being recognised in his former character of an attainted person, excepted from the general pardon."

"Master Fairford," said the Provost, "would ye ruin the poor innocent gentleman on an idle suspicion?"

"Say no more of it, Mr. Crosbie; my line of conduct is determined—unless that suspicion is removed."

"Weel, sir," said the Provost, "since so it be, and since you say that you do not seek to harm Redgauntlet personally, I'll ask a man to dine with us to-day that kens as much about his matters as most folk. You must think, Mr. Alan Fairford, though Redgauntlet be my wife's near relative, and though, doubtless, I wish him weel, yet I am not the person who is like to be intrusted with his incomings and outgoings. I am not a man for that—I keep the kirk, and I abhor Popery—I have stood up for the House of Hanover, and for liberty and property—I carried arms, sir, against the Pretender, when three of the Highlandmen's baggage-carts were stopped at Ecclefechan; and I had an especial loss of a hundred pounds!"

"Scots," interrupted Fairford. "You forget you told me all this before."

"Scots or English, it was too much for me to lose," said the Provost; "so you see I am not a person to pack or peel with Jacobites, and such untreemen as poor Redgauntlet."

"Granted, granted, Mr. Crosbie; and what then?" said Alan Fairford.

"Why, then, it follows, that if I am to help you at this pinch, it cannot be by and through my ain personal knowledge, but through some fitting agent or third person."

"Granted again," said Fairford. "And pray who may this third person be?"

"Wha but Pate Maxwell of Summertrees—him they call Pate-in-Peril."

"An old forty-five man, of course?"

"Ye may swear that," replied the Provost—"as black a Jacobite as the auld leaven can make him; but a soney, merry companion, that none of us think it worth while to break wi' for all his brags and his clavers. You would have thought, if he had had but his own way at Derby, he would have marched Charlie Stewart through between Wade and the Duke, as a thread goes through the needle's ee, and seated him in

Saint James's before you could have said haud your hand. But though he is a windy body when he gets on his auld-warld stories, he has nair gumption in him than most people—knows business, Mr. Alan, being bred to the law; but never took the gown, because of the oaths, which kept more folk out than then they do now—the more's the pity."

"What! are you sorry, Provost, that Jacobitism is upon the decline?" said Fairford.

"No, no," answered the Provost—"I am only sorry for folks losing the tenderness of conscience which they used to have. I have a son breeding to the bar, Mr. Fairford; and, no doubt, considering my services and sufferings, I might have looked for some bit postio to him; but if the muckle tikes come in—I mean a' these Maxwells, and Johnstones, and great lairds, that the oaths used to keep out lang syne—the bits o' messan dogies, like my son, and may be like your father's son, Mr. Alan, will be sair put to the wall."

"But to return to the subject, Mr. Crosbie," said Fairford, "do you really think it likely that this Mr. Maxwell will be of service in this matter?"

"It's very like he may be, for he is the tongue of the trumpet to the whole squad of them," said the Provost; "and Redgauntlet, though he will not stick at times to call him a fool, takes more of his counsel than any man's else that I am aware of. If Pate can bring him to a communing, the business is done. He's a sharp chieft, Pate-in-Peril."

"Pate-in-Peril!" repeated Alan; "a very singular name."

"Ay, and it was in as queer a way he got it; but I'll say naething about that," said the Provost, "for fear of forestalling his market; for ye are sure to hear it once at least, however often, before the punch-bowl gives place to the tea-pot.—And now, fare ye weel; for there is the council-bell clinking in earnest; and if I am not there before it jows in, Bailie Laurie will be trying some of his manoeuvres."

The Provost, repeating his expectation of seeing Mr. Fairford at two o'clock, at length effected his escape from the young counsellor, and left him at a considerable loss how to proceed. The Sheriff, it seems, had returned to Edinburgh, and he feared to find the visible repugnance of the Provost to interfere with this Laird of Birkenstock, or Redgauntlet, much stronger amongst the country gentlemen, many of whom were Catholics as well as Jacobites, and most others unwilling to quarrel with kinsmen and friends, by prosecuting with severity political offences which had almost run a prescription.

To collect all the information in his power, and not to have recourse to the higher authorities until he could give all the light of which the case was capable, seemed the wiser proceeding in a choice of difficulties. He had some conversation with the Procurator-Fiscal, who, as well as the Provost, was an old correspondent of his father. Alan expressed to that officer a purpose of visiting Brokenburn, but was assured by him, that it would be a step attended with much danger to his own person, and altogether fruitless; that the individuals who had been ringleaders in the riot were long since safely sheltered in their various lurking-holes in the Isle of Man, Cumberland, and elsewhere; and that those who might remain would undoubtedly commit violence on any who visited their settlement with the purpose of inquiring into the late disturbances.

There were not the same objections to his hastening to Mount Sharon, where he expected to find the latest news of his friend; and there was time enough to do so, before the hour appointed for the Provost's dinner. Upon the road, he congratulated himself on having obtained one point of almost certain information. The person who had in a manner forced himself upon his father's hospitality, and had appeared desirous to induce Darsie Latimer to visit England, against whom, too, a sort of warning had been received from an individual connected with and residing in his own family, proved to be a promoter of the disturbance in which Darsie had disappeared.

What could be the cause of such an attempt on the liberty of an inoffensive and amiable man? It was impossible it could be merely owing to Redgauntlet's

mistaking Darsie for a spy; for though that was the solution which Fairford had offered to the Provost, he well knew that, in point of fact, he himself had been warned by his singular visitor of some danger to which his friend was exposed, before such suspicion could have been entertained; and the injunctions received by Latimer from his guardian, or him who acted as such, Mr. Griffiths of London, pointed to the same thing. He was rather glad, however, that he had not let Provost Crosbie into his secret, farther than was absolutely necessary; since it was plain that the connexion of his wife with the suspected party was likely to affect his impartiality as a magistrate.

When Alan Fairford arrived at Mount Sharon, Rachel Geddes hastened to meet him, almost before the servant could open the door. She drew back in disappointment when she beheld a stranger, and said, to excuse her precipitation, that "she had thought it was her brother Joshua returned from Cumberland."

"Mr. Geddes is then absent from home?" said Fairford, much disappointed in his turn.

"He hath been gone since yesterday, friend," answered Rachel, once more composed to the quietude which characterizes her sect, but her pale cheek and red eye giving contradiction to her assumed equanimity.

"I am," said Fairford, hastily, "the particular friend of a young man not unknown to you, Miss Geddes—the friend of Darsie Latimer—and am come hither in the utmost anxiety, having understood from Provost Crosbie, that he had disappeared in the night when a destructive attack was made upon the fishing-station of Mr. Geddes."

"Thou dost afflict me, friend by thy inquiries," said Rachel, more affected than before; "for although the youth was like those of the worldly generation, wise in his own conceit, and lightly to be moved by the breath of vanity, yet Joshua loved him, and his heart clave to him as if he had been his own son. And when he himself escaped from the sons of Belial, which was not until they had tired themselves with reviling, and with idle reproach, and the jests of the waffer, Joshua, my brother, returned to them once and again, to give ransom for the youth called Darsie Latimer, with offers of money and with promise of remission, but they would not hearken to him. Also, he went before the Head Judge, whom men call the Sheriff, and would have told him of the youth's peril; but he would in no way hearken to him unless he would swear unto the truth of his words, which thing he might not do without sin, seeing it is written, Swear not at all—also, that our conversation shall be yea or nay. Therefore, Joshua returned to me disconsolate, and said, 'Sister Rachel, this youth hath run into peril for my sake; assuredly I shall not be guiltless if a hair of his head be harmed, seeing I have sinned in permitting him to go with me to the fishing-station when such evil was to be feared. Therefore, I will take my horse, even Solomon, and ride swiftly into Cumberland, and I will make myself friends with Mammon of Unrighteousness, among the magistrates of the Gentiles, and among their mighty men; and it shall come to pass that Darsie Latimer shall be delivered, even if it were at the expense of half my substance.' And I said, 'Nay, my brother, go not, for they will but scoff at and revile thee; but hire with thy silver one of the scribes, who are eager as hunters in pursuing their prey, and he shall free Darsie Latimer from the men of violence by his cunning, and thy soul shall be guiltless of evil towards the lad.' But he answered and said, 'I will not be controlled in this matter.' And he is gone forth, and hath not returned, and I fear me that he may never return; for though he be peaceful, as becometh one who holds all violence as offence against his own soul, yet neither the floods of water, nor the fear of the snare, nor the drawn sword of the adversary brandished in the path, will overcome his purpose. Wherefore the Solway may swallow him up, or the sword of the enemy may devour him—nevertheless, my hope is better in Him who directeth all things, and ruleth over the waves of the sea, and overruleth the devices of the wicked, and who can redeem us even as a bird from the fowler's net."

This was all that Fairford could learn from Miss Geddes; but he heard with pleasure, that the good Quaker, her brother, had many friends among those of his own profession in Cumberland, and without exposing himself to so much danger as his sister seemed to apprehend, he trusted he might be able to discover some traces of Darsie Latimer. He himself rode back to Dumfries, having left with Miss Geddes his direction in that place, and an earnest request that she would forward thither whatever information she might obtain from her brother.

On Fairford's return to Dumfries, he employed the brief interval which remained before dinner-time, in writing an account of what had befallen Latimer, and of the present uncertainty of his condition, to Mr. Samuel Griffiths, through whose hands the remittances for his friend's service had been regularly made, desiring he would instantly acquaint him with such parts of his history as might direct him in the search which he was about to institute through the border counties, and which he pledged himself not to give up until he had obtained news of his friend, alive or dead. The young lawyer's mind felt easier while he had despatched this letter. He could not conceive any reason why his friend's life should be aimed at; he knew Darsie had done nothing by which his liberty could be legally affected; and although, even of late years, there had been singular histories of men and women also, who had been trepanned, and concealed in solitudes and distant islands, in order to serve some temporary purpose, such violence had been their practice by the rich on the poor, and by the strong on the feeble; whereas, in the present case, this Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet, being amenable, for more reasons than one, to the censure of the law, must be the weakest in any struggle in which it could be appealed to. It is true that his friendly anxiety whispered, that the very cause which rendered this oppressor less formidable, might make him more desperate. Still, recalling his language, so strikingly that of the gentleman, and even of the man of honour, Alan Fairford concluded, that though, in his feudal pride, Redgauntlet might venture on the deeds of violence exercised by the aristocracy in other times, he could not be capable of any action of deliberate atrocity. And these convictions he went to dine with Provost Crosbie, with a heart more at ease than might have been expected.*

CHAPTER XI.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

FIVE minutes had elapsed after the town-dock struck two, before Alan Fairford, who had made small detour to put his letter into the post-box, reached the mansion of Mr. Provost Crosbie, and was at once greeted by the voice of that civil dignitary, and the rural dignitary his visitor, as by the voices of men impatient for their dinner.

"Come away, Mr. Fairford—the Edinburgh man is later than ours," said the Provost.

And, "Come away, young gentleman," said the Laird; "I remember your father well, at the Cross thirty years ago—I reckon you are as late in Edinburgh as at London, four o'clock hours—eh?"

"Not quite so degenerate," replied Fairford; "but certainly many Edinburgh people are so ill-advised, as to postpone their dinner till three, that they may have full time to answer their London correspondents."

* Scotland, in its half civilized state, exhibited too many examples of the exertion of arbitrary force and violence, rendered easy by the dominion which lairds exerted over their tenants and chiefs over their clans. The captivity of Lady Grange at the desolate cliffs of Saint Kilda, is in the recollection of every one. At the supposed date of the novel also, a man of the name of Merriens, a tanner in Leith, absconded from his country to escape his creditors; and after having slain his own mother, and put a bit of red cloth in its mouth, as if it had died in a contest with soldiers, and involved his own existence in as much mystery as possible, made his escape into Yorkshire. Here he was detected by persons sent in search of him, to whom he gave a portentous account of his having been carried off and concealed in various places. Mr. Merriens was, in short, a kind of male Elizabeth Canning, but did not trespass on the public credulity quite so long.

"London correspondents!" said Mr. Maxwell; "and pray, what the devil have the people of Auld Reekie to do with London correspondents?"

"The tradesmen must have their goods," said Fairford.

"Can they not buy our own Scottish manufactures, and pick their customers' pockets in a more patriotic manner?"

"Then the ladies must have fashions," said Fairford.

"Can they not bask the plaid over their heads, as their mothers did? A tartan screen, and once a year a new cockermory from Paris, should serve a Countess. But ye have not many of them left, I think—Mareschal, Airley, Winton, Wemyss, Balmerino, all passed and gone—ay, ay, the countesses and ladies of quality will scarce take up too much of your ball-room floor with their quality hoops now-a-days."

"There is no want of crowding, however, sir," said Fairford; "they begin to talk of a new Assembly-Room."

"A new Assembly-Room!" said the old Jacobite Laird—"Umph—I mind quartering three hundred men in the old Assembly-Room!—But come, come—I'll ask no more questions—the answers all smell of new lords new lands, and do but spoil my appetite, which were a pity, since here comes Mrs. Crosbie to say our mutton's ready."

It was even so. Mrs. Crosbie had been absent, like Eve, "on hospitable cares intent," a duty which she did not conceive herself exempted from, either by the dignity of her husband's rank in the municipality, or the splendour of her Brussels silk gown, or even by the more highly prized lustre of her birth; for she was born a Maxwell, and allied, as her husband often informed his friends, to several of the first families in the county. She had been handsome, and was still a portly good-looking woman of her years; and though her peep into the kitchen had somewhat heightened her complexion, it was no more than a modest touch of rouge might have done.

The Provost was certainly proud of his lady, nay, some said he was afraid of her; for, of the females of the Redgauntlet family there went a rumour, that, ally where they would, there was a gray mare as surely in the stables of their husbands, as there is a white horse in Wouvermans' pictures. The good dame, too, was supposed to have brought a spice of politics into Mr. Crosbie's household along with her; and the Provost's enemies at the Council-table of the burgh used to observe, that he uttered there many a bold harangue against the Pretender, and in favour of King George and government, of which he dared not have pronounced a syllable in his own bedchamber; and that, in fact, his wife's predominating influence had now and then occasioned his acting, or forbearing to act, in a manner very different from his general professions of zeal for Revolution principles. If this was in any respect true, it was certain, on the other hand, that Mrs. Crosbie, in all external points, seemed to acknowledge the "lawful away and right supremacy" of the head of the house, and if she did not in truth reverence her husband, she at least seemed to do so.

This stately dame received Mr. Maxwell (a cousin of course) with cordiality, and Fairford with civility; answering, at the same time, with respect, to the material complaints of the Provost, that dinner was not coming up. "But since you changed poor Peter MacAlpin, that used to take care of the town-clock, my dear, it has never gone well a single day."

"Peter MacAlpin, my dear," said the Provost, "made himself too busy for a person in office, and brunk healths and so forth, which it became no man to drink or to pledge, far less one that is in point of office a servant of the public. I understand that he

* Not much in those days, for within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart; and men are still alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company.

† I remember hearing this identical answer given by an old Edinburgh gentleman of the Forty-Five, when he heard of the opening of the New Assembly-Rooms in George Street.

lost the music-bells in Edinburgh, for playing 'Over the water to Charlie,' upon the tenth of June. He is a black sheep, and deserves no encouragement."

"Not a bad tune, though, after all," said Summertrees; and, turning to the window, he half hummed, half whistled the air in question, then sang the last verse aloud:

"Oh I loe weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But oh to see the deil gang hame
Wi' a' the Whigs before him!
Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come we, we'll gather, and go,
And live or die with Charlie."

Mrs. Crosbie smiled furtively on the Laird, wearing an aspect at the same time of deep submission; while the Provost, not choosing to hear his visitor's ditty, took a turn through the room, in unquestioned dignity and independence of authority.

"Aweel, aweel, my dear," said the lady, with a quiet smile of submission, "ye ken these matters best, and you will do your pleasure—they are far above my hand—only, I doubt if ever the town-clock will go right, or your meals be got up so regular as I should wish, till Peter MacAlpin gets his office back again. The body's auld, and can neither work nor want, but he is the only hand to set a clock."

It may be noticed in passing, that, notwithstanding this prediction, which, probably, the fair Cassandra had the full means of accomplishing, it was not till the second council-day thereafter that the misdemeanours of the Jacobite clock-keeper were passed over, and he was once more restored to his occupation of fixing the town's time, and the Provost's dinner-hour.

Upon the present occasion the dinner passed pleasantly away. Summertrees talked and jested with the easy indifference of a man who holds himself superior to his company. He was indeed an important person, as was testified by his portly appearance; his hat laced with *point d'Espagne*; his coat and waistcoat once richly embroidered, though now almost threadbare; the splendour of his solitaire, and laced ruffles, though the first was sorely creased, and the other sullied; not to forget the length of his silver-hilted rapier. His wit, or rather humour, bordered on the sarcastic, and intimated a discontented man; and although he showed no displeasure when the Provost attempted a repartee, yet it seemed that he permitted it upon mere suffrance, as a fencing-master, engaged with a pupil, will sometimes permit the tyro to hit him, solely by way of encouragement. The Laird's own jests, in the mean while, were eminently successful, not only with the Provost and his lady, but with the red-checked and red-ribboned servant-maid who waited at table, and who could scarce perform her duty with propriety, so effectual were the explosions of Summertrees. Alan Fairford alone was unmoved among all this mirth; which was the less wonderful, that, besides the important subject which occupied his thoughts, most of the Laird's good things consisted in sly allusions to little parochial or family incidents, with which the Edinburgh visitor was totally unacquainted; so that the laughter of the party sounded in his ear like the idle crackling of thorns under the pot, with this difference, that they did not accompany or second any such useful operation as the boiling thereof.

Fairford was glad when the cloth was withdrawn; and when Provost Crosbie (not without some points of advice from his lady, touching the precise mixture of the ingredients) had accomplished the compounding of a noble bowl of punch, at which the old Jacobite's eyes seemed to glisten, the glasses were pushed round it, filled, and withdrawn each by its owner, when the Provost emphatically named the toast, "The King," with an important look to Fairford, which seemed to say, You can have no doubt whom I mean, and therefore there is no occasion to particularize the individual.

Summertrees repeated the toast with a sly wink to the lady, while Fairford drank his glass in silence.

"Well, young advocate," said the landed proprietor, "I am glad to see there is some shame, if there is

little honesty, left in the Faculty. Some of your black-gowns, now-a-days, have as little of the one as of the other."

"At least, sir," replied Mr. Fairford, "I am so much of a lawyer as not willingly to enter into disputes which I am not retained to support—it would be but throwing away both time and argument."

"Come, come," said the lady, "we will have no argument in this house about Whig or Tory—the Provost kens what he main say, and I ken what he should think; and for a' that has come and gane yet, there may be a time coming when honest men may say what they think, whether they be Provosts or not."

"D'ye hear that, Provost?" said Summertrees; "your wife's a witch, man; you should nail a horse-shoe on your chamber-door—Ha, ha, ha!"

This silly did not take quite so well as former efforts of the Laird's wit. The lady drew up, and the Provost said half aside, "The sooth baird is nae baird.* You will find the horseshoe hissing hot, Summertrees."

"You can speak from experience, doubtless, Provost," answered the Laird; "but I crave pardon—I need not tell Mrs. Crosbie that I have all respect for the auld and honourable House of Redgauntlet."

"And good reason ye have, that are sae sib to them," quoth the lady, "and kend weel baith them that are here, and them that are gane."

"In troth, and ye may say sae, madam," answered the Laird; "for poor Harry Redgauntlet that suffered at Carlisle, was hand and glove with me; and yet we parted on short leave-taking."

"Ay, Summertrees," said the Provost; "that was when you played Cilent-the-woodie, and gat the by-name of Pate-in-Peril. I wish you would tell the story to my young friend here. He likes weel to hear of a sharp trick, as most lawyers do."

"I wonder at your want of circumspection, Provost," said the Laird, "much after the manner of a singer, when declining to sing the song that is quivering upon his tongue's very end. 'Ye should mind there are some auld stories that cannot be ripped up again with entire safety to all concerned.' *Tace is Latin for a candle.*"

"I hope," said the lady, "you are not afraid of any thing being said out of this house to your prejudice, Summertrees? I have heard the story before; but the oftener I hear it, the more wonderful I think it."

"Yes, madam; but it has been now a wonder of more than nine days, and it is time it should be ended," answered Maxwell.

Fairford now thought it civil to say, "that he had often heard of Mr. Maxwell's wonderful escape, and that nothing could be more agreeable to him than to hear the right version of it."

But Summertrees was obdurate, and refused to take up the time of the company with such "auld waird nonsense."

"Weel, weel," said the Provost, "a wilful man maun hae his way.—What do your folk in the county think about the disturbances that are beginning to spunk out in the colonies?"

"Excellent, sir, excellent. When things come to the worst they will mend; and to the worst they are coming.—But as to that nonsense ploy of mine, if ye insist on hearing the particulars,"—said the Laird, who began to be sensible that the period of telling his story gracefully was gliding fast away.

"Nay," said the Provost, "it was not for myself, but this young gentleman."

"Aweel, what for should I not pleasure the young gentleman?—I'll just drink the honest folk at hame and abroad, and deil ene else. And then—but you have heard it before, Mrs. Crosbie?"

"Not so often as to think it tiresome, I assure ye," said the lady; and without further preliminaries, the Laird addressed Alan Fairford.

"Ye have heard of a year they call the *forty-five*, young gentleman; when the Southrons' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores? There was a set of rampaging chields in the country

* The true joke is no joke.

then that they called rebels—I never could find out what for—Some men should have been w' them that never came, Provost—Skye and the Bush about Traquair for that, ye ken—Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns were plenty, and razed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was doing, swaggering about the country with d'ik and pistol at my belt for five or six months, or thereabout; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot in a mair morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, as they call it with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened to the other; and there we were, trudging along, with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a sergent's guard of redcoats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet, and give us heart to the road. Now, if this mode of travelling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it; for you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tripped by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though we would have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all; but they believe, to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folk had been so frightened, that had you brought whole Highland clan at once into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een, and cried 'hang them a', just to be quit of them."

"Ay, ay," said the Provost, "that was a snell, I grant ye."

"Snell!" said his wife, "snell! I wish they had passed it had the jury I would recommend them to."

"I suppose the young lawyer thinks it all very right," said Summertrees, looking at Fairford—"an old lawyer might have thought otherwise. However the cudgel was to be found to beat the dog, and I chose a heavy one. Well, I kept my spirits better than my companion, poor fellow; for I had the luck to have neither wife nor child to think about, and Harry Redgauntlet had both one and t'other.—You saw seen Harry, Mrs. Crosbie?"

"In troth have I," said she, with the sigh which we give to early recollections, of which the objects are no more. "He was not so tall as his brother, and gentler lad every way. After he married the great English fortune, folk called him less of a Scot than Edward."

"Folk leed, then," said Summertrees; "poor Harry was none of your bold-speaking, razed reivers, that talk about what they did yesterday; what they will do to-morrow: it was when something was to do at the moment that you should be looked at Harry Redgauntlet. I saw him at Culloden, when all was lost, doing more than twent of these bleezing braggarts, till the very soldiers that took him, cried not to hurt him—for all somebodies orders, Provost—for he was the bravest fellow of them all. Weel, as I went by the side of Harry, and felt him raise my hand up in the mist of the morning, as if he wished to wipe his eye—for he had not the freedom without my leave—my very heart was like to break for him, poor fellow. In the mean while, I had been trying and trying to make my hand as fine as a lady's, to see if I could slip it out of my iron wrist-band. You may think," he said, laying his broad bony hand on the table, "I had work enough with such a shoulder of mutton fist; but if you observe, the shank-bones are of the largest, and so they were obliged to keep the handcuff wide; at length I got my hand slipped out, and slipped in again; and poor Harry was sae deep in his ain thoughts, I could not make him sensible what I was doing."

"Why not?" said Alan Fairford, for whom the tale began to have some interest.

"Because there was an unchancy beast of a dragoon riding close beside us on the other side; and if I had led him into my confidence as well as Harry, it would not have been long before a pistol-ball slipped through my bonnet.—Well, I had little for it but to do the best I could for myself; and, by my conscience, it was time, when the gallows was staring me in the face. We were to halt for breakfast at Moffat. Well did I know the moors were march-

ing over, having hunted and hawked on every acre of ground in very different times. So I waited, you see, till I was on the edge of Erickstane brae—Ye ken the place they call the Marquis's Reef-stand, because the Anandale loons used to put their stolen cattle in there?"

Fairford intimated his ignorance.

"Ye must have seen it as ye cam this way; it looks as if four hills were laying their heads together, to shut out daylight from the dark hollow space between them. A d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the road-side, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom, there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it."

"A bad pass indeed," said Alan.

"You may say that," continued the Laird. "Bad as it was, sir, it was my only chance; and though my very flesh creeped when I thought what a rumble I was going to get, yet I kept my heart up all the same. And so just when we came on the edge of this Reef-stand of the Johnstones, I slipped out my hand from the handcuff, cried to Harry Gauntlet, 'Follow me!'—whisked under the belly of the dragon horse—flung my plaid round me with the speed of lightning—threw myself on my side, for there was no keeping my feet, and down the brae hurried I, over hether and fern, and blackberries, like a barrel down Chalmers's Cloose, in Auld R'okie. G—, sir, I never could help laughing when I think how the scoundrel redcoats must have been dumfounded; for the mist being, as I said, thick, they had little notion, I take it, that they were on the verge of such a dilemma. I was half way down—for rowing is faster work than running—ere they could get at their arms; and then it was flash, flash—rap, rap, rap—from the edge of the road; but my head was too jumbled to think any thing either of that or the hard knocks I got among the stones. I kept my senses together, while has been thought wonderful by all that ever saw the place; and I helped myself with my hands as gallantly as I could, and to the bottom I came. There I lay for half a moment; but the thoughts of a gallows is worth all the salts and scent-bottles in the world, for bringing a man to himself. Up I sprung, like a four-year-old colt. All the hills were spinning round with me, like so many great big humming-tops. But there was nae time to think of that neither; more especially as the mist had risen a little with the firing. I could see the villains, like sae many craws on the edge of the brae; and I reckon that they saw me; for some of the loons were beginning to crawl down the hill, but liker auld wives in their red-cloaks, coming frae a field-preaching, than such a sould lad as I was. Accordingly, they soon began to stop and load their pieces. Good-e'en to you, gentlemen, thought I, if that is to be the gate of it. If you have any further word with me, you maun come as far as Carriefraw-gauns. And so off I set, and never buck went faster ower the braes than I did; and I never stopped till I had put three waters, reasonably deep, as the season was rainy, half-a-dozen mountains, and a few thousand acres of the worst moss and ling in Scotland, betwixt me and my friends the redcoats."

"It was that job which got you the name of Pat-in-Peril," said the Provost, filling the glasses, and exclaiming with great emphasis, while his guest, much animated with the recollections which the exploit excited, looked round with an air of triumph for sympathy and applause.—"Here is to your good health; and may you never put your neck in such a venture again."

"Humph!—I do not know," answered Summertrees. "I am not like to be tempted with another

opportunity.—Yet who knows?" And then he made a deep pause.

"May I ask what became of your friend, sir?" said Alan Fairford.

"Ah, poor Harry!" said Summertrees. "I'll tell you what, sir, it takes time to make up one's mind to such a venture, as my friend the Provost calls it; and I was told by Neil Maclean,—who was next file to us, but had the luck to escape the gallows by some slight-of-hand trick or other,—that, upon my breaking off, poor Harry stood like one motionless, although all our brethren in captivity made as much tumult as they could, to distract the attention of the soldiers. And run he did at last; but he did not know the ground, and either from confusion, or because he judged the descent altogether perpendicular, he fled up the hill to the left, instead of going down at once, and so was easily pursued and taken. If he had followed my example, he would have found enough among the shepherds to hide him, and feed him, as they did me, on bearmal scones and braxy mutton, till better days came round again."

"He suffered then for his share in the insurrection?" said Alan.

"You may swear that," said Summertrees. "His blood was too red to be spared when that sort of paint was in request. He suffered, sir, as you call it—that is, he was murdered in cold blood, with many a pretty fellow besides.—Well, we may have our day next—what is fristed is not forgiven—they think us all dead and buried—but" Here he filled his glass, and muttering some indistinct denunciations, drank it off, and assumed his usual manner, which had been a little disturbed towards the end of the narrative.

"What became of Mr. Redgauntlet's child?" said Fairford.

"Mister Redgauntlet!—He was Sir Henry Redgauntlet, as his son, if the child now lives, will be Sir Arthur—I called him Harry from intimacy, and Redgauntlet, as the chief of his name—His proper style was Sir Henry Redgauntlet."

"His son, therefore, is dead?" said Alan Fairford.

"It is a pity so brave a line should draw to a close."

"He has left a brother," said Summertrees, "Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, who has now the representation of the family. And well it is; for though he be unfortunate in many respects, he will keep up the honour of the house better than a boy bred up amongst these bitter Whigs, the relations of his elder brother Sir Henry's lady. Then they are on no good terms with the Redgauntlet line—bitter Whigs they are, in every sense. It was a runaway match betwixt Sir Henry and his lady. Poor thing, they would not allow her to see him when in confinement—they had even the meanness to leave him without pecuniary assistance; and as all his own property was seized upon and plundered, he would have wanted common necessities, but for the attachment of a fellow who was a famous fiddler—a blind man—I have seen him with Sir Henry myself, both before the affair broke out and while it was going on. I have heard that he fiddled in the streets of Carlisle, and carried what money he got to his master, while he was confined in the castle."

"I do not believe a word of it," said Mrs. Croobie, kindling with indignation. "A Redgauntlet would have died twenty times before he had touched a fiddler's wages."

"Hout fye—hout fye—all nonsense and pride," said the Laird of Summertrees. "Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, cousin Croobie—ye little ken what some of your friends were obliged to do yon time for a

* The escape of a Jacobite gentleman while on the road to Carlisle to take his trial for his share in the affair of 1745, took place at Erickstane-brae, in the singular manner ascribed to the Laird of Summertrees in the text. The author has seen in his youth the gentleman to whom the adventure actually happened. The distance of time makes some indistinctness of recollection, but it is believed the real name was MacEwen, or Macmillan.

* An old gentleman of the author's name was engaged in the affair of 1715, and with some difficulty was saved from the gallows, by the intercession of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Montmouth. Her Grace, who maintained a good deal of authority over her clan, sent for the object of her intercession, and warning him of the risk which he had run, and the trouble she had taken on his account, wound up her lecture by intimating, that in case of such disloyalty again, he was not to expect her interest in his favour. "An it please your Grace," said the stout old Tory, "I fear I am too old to see another opportunity."

† BRAXY MUTTON.—The flesh of sheep that has died of disease, not by the hand of the butcher. In pastoral countries it is used as food with little scruple.

soup of brose, or a bit of bannock.—G—d, I carried a cutler's wheel for several weeks, partly for need, and partly for disguise—there I went bizz—bizz—whizz—sizz, at every auld wife's door; and if ever you want your shears sharpened, Mrs. Crosbie, I am the lad to do it for you, if my wheel was but in order."

"You must ask my leave first," said the Provost; "for I have been told you had some queer fashions of taking a kiss instead of a penny, if you liked your customer."

"Come, come, Provost," said the lady, rising, "if the maist gets abune the meal with you, it is time for me to take myself away—And you will come to my room, gentlemen, when you want a cup of tea."

Alan Fairford was not sorry for the lady's departure. She seemed too much alive to the honour of the house of Redgauntlet, though only a fourth cousin, not to be alarmed by the inquiries which he proposed to make after the whereabouts of its present head. Strange confused suspicions arose in his mind, from his imperfect recollection of the tale of Wandering Willie, and the idea forced itself upon him, that his friend Darsie Latimer might be the son of the unfortunate Sir Henry. But before indulging in such speculations, the point was to discover what had actually become of him. If he were in the hands of his uncle, might there not exist some rivalry in fortune, or rank, which might induce so stern a man as Redgauntlet to use unfair measures towards a youth whom he would find himself unable to mould to his purpose? He considered these points in silence, during several revolutions of the glasses as they wheeled in galaxy round the bowl, waiting until the Provost, agreeably to his own proposal, should mention the subject for which he had expressly introduced him to Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.

Apparently the Provost had forgot his promise, or at least was in no great haste to fulfil it. He debated with great earnestness upon the stamp act, which was then impending over the American colonies, and upon other political subjects of the day, but said not a word of Redgauntlet. Alan soon saw that the investigation he meditated must advance, if at all, on his own special motion, and determined to proceed accordingly.

Acting upon this resolution, he took the first opportunity afforded by a pause in the discussion of colonial politics, to say, "I must remind you, Provost Crosbie, of your kind promise to procure some intelligence upon the subject I am so anxious about."

"Gadso!" said the Provost, after a moment's hesitation, "it is very true.—Mr. Maxwell, we wish to consult you on a piece of important business. You must know—indeed I think you must have heard, that the fishermen at Brokenburn, and higher up the Solway, have made a raid upon Quaker Geddes's stake-nets, and levelled all with the sands."

"In troth I heard it, Provost, and I was glad to hear the scoundrels had so much pluck left, as to right themselves against a fashion which would make the upper heritors a sort of clocking-hens, to hatch the fish that folk below them were to catch and eat."

"Well, sir," said Alan, "that is not the present point. But a young friend of mine was with Mr. Geddes at the time this violent procedure took place, and he has not since been heard of. Now, our friend, the Provost, thinks that you may be able to advise."

Here he was interrupted by the Provost and Summertrees speaking out both at once, the first endeavouring to disclaim all interest in the question, and the last to evade giving an answer.

"Me think!" said the Provost; "I never thought twice about it, Mr. Fairford; it was neither fish, nor flesh, nor salt herring of mine."

"And I able to advise!" said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees; "what the devil can I advise you to do, excepting to send the bellman through the town to cry your lost sheep, as they do spaniel dogs or stray ponies?"

"With your pardon," said Alan, calmly, but resolutely, "I must ask a more serious answer."

"Why, Mr. Advocate," answered Summertrees, "I thought it was your business to give advice to the

liege, and not to take it from poor stupid country gentlemen."

"If not exactly advice, it is sometimes our duty to ask questions, Mr. Maxwell."

"Ay, sir, when you have your bag-wig and your gown on, we must allow you the usual privilege of both gown and petticoat, to ask what questions you please. But when you are out of your canonicals the case is altered. How come you, sir, to suppose that I have any business with this riotous proceeding, or should know more than you do what happened there? The question proceeds on an uncivil supposition."

"I will explain," said Alan, determined to give Mr. Maxwell no opportunity of breaking off the conversation. "You are an intimate of Mr. Redgauntlet—he is accused of having been engaged in this affray, and of having placed under forcible restraint the person of my friend, Darsie Latimer, a young man of property and consequence, whose fate I am here for the express purpose of investigating. This is the plain state of the case; and all parties concerned,—your friend in particular,—will have reason to be thankful for the temperate manner in which it is my purpose to conduct the matter, if I am treated with proportionate frankness."

"You have misunderstood me," said Maxwell, with a tone changed to more composure; "I told you I was the friend of the late Sir Henry Redgauntlet, who was executed, in 1745, at Hairiebie, near Carisbie, but I know no one who at present bears the name of Redgauntlet."

"You know Mr. Herries of Birrenswark," said Alan, smiling, "to whom the name of Redgauntlet belongs?"

Maxwell darted a keen reproachful look towards the Provost, but instantly smoothed his brow, and changed his tone to that of confidence and candour.

"You must not be angry, Mr. Fairford, that the poor persecuted nonjurors are a little upon the fire when such clever young men as you are making inquiries after us. I myself now, though I am quit out of the scrape, and may cock my hat at the Cross as I best like, sunshine or moonshine, have been let so much accustomed to walk with the lap of my cloak cast over my face, that, faith, if a redcoat walk suddenly up to me, I wish for my wheel and whetstone again for a moment. Now Redgauntlet, poor fellow, is far worse off—he is, you may have heard, still on the lash of the law,—the mark of the beast is still on his forehead, poor gentleman,—and that makes us cautious—very cautious—which I am sure there is no occasion to be towards you, as no-one of your appearance and manners would wish to trepan a gentleman under misfortune."

"On the contrary, sir," said Fairford, "I wish to afford Mr. Redgauntlet's friends an opportunity to get him out of the scrape, by procuring the instant liberation of my friend Darsie Latimer. I will engage, that if he has sustained no greater bodily harm than a short confinement, the matter may be passed over quietly, without inquiry; but to attain this end, so desirable for the man who has committed a great and recent infraction of the laws, which he had before grievously offended, very speedy reparation of the wrong must be rendered."

Maxwell seemed lost in reflection, and exchanged a glance or two, not of the most comfortable or congratulatory kind, with his host the Provost. Fairford rose and walked about the room, to allow them an opportunity of conversing together; for he was so hopes that the impression he had visibly made upon Summertrees was likely to ripen into something favourable to his purpose. They took the opportunity, and engaged in whispers to each other, eagerly and reproachfully on the part of the Laird, while the Provost answered in an embarrassed and apologetic tone. Some broken words of the conversation reached Fairford, whose presence they seemed to forget, as he stood at the bottom of the room, apparently intent upon examining the figures upon a fine Indian screen, a present to the Provost from his brother, captain of a vessel in the Company's service. What he overheard made it evident that his errand, and the obli-

pace with which he pursued it, occasioned altercation between the whisperers.

Maxwell at length let out the words, "A good fright; and so send him home with his tail scalded, like a dog, that has come a privateering on strange premises."

The Provost's negative was strongly interposed—"Not to be thought of"—"making bad worse"—"my situation"—"my utility"—"you cannot conceive how obstinate—just like his father."

They then whispered more closely, and at length the Provost raised his drooping crest, and spoke in a cheerful tone. "Come, sit down to your glass, Mr. Fairford: we have laid our heads together, and you shall see it will not be our fault if you are not quite pleased, and Mr. Darsie Latimer let loose to take his fiddle under his neck again. But Summertrees thinks it will require you to put yourself into some bodily risk, which maybe you may not be so keen of."

"Gentlemen," said Fairford, "I will not certainly shun any risk by which my object may be accomplished; but I bind it on your consciences—on yours, Mr. Maxwell, as a man of honour and a gentleman; and on yours, Provost, as a magistrate and a loyal subject, that you do not mislead me in this matter."

"Nay, as for me," said Summertrees, "I will tell you the truth at once, and fairly own that I can certainly find you the means of seeing Redgauntlet, poor man; and that I will do, if you require it, and conjure him also to treat you as your errand requires; but poor Redgauntlet is much changed—indeed, to say truth, his temper never was the best in the world; however, I will warrant you from any very great danger."

"I will warrant myself from such," said Fairford, "by carrying a proper force with me."

"Indeed," said Summertrees, "you will do no such thing; for, in the first place, do you think that we will deliver up the poor fellow into the hands of the Philistines, when, on the contrary, my only reason for furnishing you with the clew I aim to put into your hands, is to settle the matter amicably on all sides? And secondly, his intelligence is so good, that were you coming near him with soldiers, or constables, or the like, I shall answer for it, you will never lay salt on his tail."

Fairford mused for a moment. He considered, that to gain sight of this man, and knowledge of his friend's condition, were advantages to be purchased at every personal risk; and he saw plainly, that were he to take the course most safe for himself, and call in the assistance of the law, it was clear he would either be deprived of the intelligence necessary to guide him, or that Redgauntlet would be apprized of his danger, and might probably leave the country, carrying his captive along with him. He therefore repeated, "I put myself on your honour, Mr. Maxwell; and I will go alone to visit your friend. I have little doubt I shall find him amenable to reason; and that I shall receive from him a satisfactory account of Mr. Latimer."

"I have little doubt that you will," said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees; "but still I think it will be only in the long run, and after having sustained some delay and inconvenience. My warrant goes no farther."

"I will take it as it is given," said Alan Fairford. "But let me ask, would it not be better, since you value your friend's safety so highly, and surely would not willingly compromise mine, that the Provost or you should go with me to this man, if he is within any reasonable distance, and try to make him hear reason?"

"Me—I will not go my foot's length," said the Provost; "and that, Mr. Alan, you may be well assured of, Mr. Redgauntlet is my wife's fourth cousin, that is undeniable; but were he the last of her kin and mine both, it would ill befit my office to be commingling with rebels."

"Ay, or drinking with nonjurors," said Maxwell, filling his glass. "I would as soon expect to have met Cleverhouse at a field-preaching. And as for myself, Mr. Fairford, I cannot go, for just the opposite reason. It would be *infra dig.* in the Provost of this

most flourishing and loyal town to associate with Redgauntlet; and for me, it would be *nocturne a sociis*. There would be post to London, with the tidings that two such Jacobites as Redgauntlet and I had met on a brace-side—the Habeas Corpus would be suspended—fame would sound a charge from Carlisle to the Land's-End—and who knows but the very wind of the rumour might blow my estate from between my fingers, and my body over Errickstane-brae again? No, no; hide a gift—I will go into the Provost's closet, and write a letter to Redgauntlet, and direct you how to deliver it."

"There is pen and ink in the office," said the Provost, pointing to the door of an inner apartment, in which he had his walnut-tree desk, and east-country cabinet.

"A pen that can write, I hope?" said the old Laird.

"It can write and spell baith,—in right hands," answered the Provost as the Laird retired and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER XII.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

THE room was no sooner deprived of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees's presence, than the Provost looked very warily above, beneath, and around the apartment, hitched his chair towards that of his remaining guest, and began to speak in a whisper which could not have startled "the smallest mouse that creeps on floor."

"Mr. Fairford," said he, "you are a good lad; and, what is more, you are my auld friend your father's son. Your father has been agent for this burgh for years, and has a good deal to say with the council; so there have been a sort of obligations between him and me; it may have been now on this side and now on that; but obligations there have been. I am but a plain man, Mr. Fairford; but I hope you understand me?"

"I believe you mean me well, Provost; and I am sure," replied Fairford, "you can never better show your kindness than on this occasion."

"That's it—that's the very point I would be at, Mr. Alan," replied the Provost; "besides, I am, as becomes well my situation, a staunch friend to Kirk and King, meaning this present establishment in church and state; and so, as I was saying, you may command my best—advice."

"I hope for your assistance and co-operation also," said the youth.

"Certainly, certainly," said the wary magistrate. "Well, now, you see one may love the Kirk, and yet not ride on the rigging of it; and one may love the King, and yet not be cramming him eternally down the throat of the unhappy folk that may chance to like another King better. I have friends and connexions among them, Mr. Fairford, as your father may have clients—they are flesh and blood like ourselves, these poor Jacobite bodies—sons of Adam and Eve, after all; and therefore—I hope you understand me?—I am a plain-spoken man."

"I am afraid I do not quite understand you," said Fairford; "and if you have any thing to say to me in private, my dear Provost, you had better come quickly out with it, for the Laird of Summertrees must finish his letter in a minute or two."

"Not a bit, man—Pate is a lang-headed fellow, but his pen does not clear the paper as his greyhound does the Tynwald-furs. I gave him a wipe about that, if you noticed; I can say any thing to Pate-in-Peril—Indeed, he is my wife's near kinsman."

"But your advice, Provost," said Alan, who perceived that, like a shy horse, the worthy magistrate always started off from his own purpose just when he seemed approaching to it.

"Well, you shall have it in plain terms, for I am a plain man.—Ye see, we will suppose that any friend like yourself were in the deepest hole of the Nith, and making a sprattle for your life. Now you see, such being the case, I have little chance of helping you, being a fat, short-armed man, and no swimmer.

too young a man yet for stoup and bicker; but I hope you will not tell the Edinburgh fine folk that the Provost has scrimped you of your cogie, as the sang says?"

"I am much obliged for the Provost's kindness, and yours, madam," replied Alan; "but the truth is, I have still a long ride before me this evening, and the sooner I am on horseback the better."

"This evening?" said the Provost, anxiously; "had you not better take daylight with you to-morrow morning?"

"Mr. Fairford will ride as well in the cool of the evening," said Summertrees, taking the word out of Alan's mouth.

The Provost said no more, nor did his wife ask any questions, nor testify any surprise at the suddenness of their guest's departure.

Having drank tea, Alan Fairford took leave with the usual ceremony. The Laird of Summertrees seemed studious to prevent any further communication between him and the Provost, and remained lounging on the landing-place of the stair while they made their adieu—heard the Provost ask if Alan proposed a speedy return, and the latter reply, that his stay was uncertain, and witnessed the parting shake of the hand, which, with a pressure more warm than usual, and a tremulous, "God bless and prosper you!" Mr. Crosbie bestowed on his young friend. Maxwell even strolled with Fairford as far as the George, although resisting all his attempts at further inquiry into the affairs of Redgauntlet, and referring him to Tom Trumbull, alias Turnpenny, for the particulars which he might find it necessary to inquire into.

At length Alan's hack was produced; an animal long in neck, and high in bone, accoutred with a pair of saddle-bags containing the rider's travelling wardrobe. Proudly surmounting his small stock of necessities, and no way ashamed of a mode of travelling which a modern Mr. Silvertongue would consider as the last of degradations, Alan Fairford took leave of the old Jacobite, Pate-in-Peril, and set forward on the road to the royal burgh of Annan. His reflections during his ride were none of the most pleasant. He could not disguise from himself that he was venturing rather too rashly into the power of outlawed and desperate persons; for with such only, a man in the situation of Redgauntlet could be supposed to associate. There were other grounds for apprehension. Several marks of intelligence betwixt Mrs. Crosbie and the Laird of Summertrees had not escaped Alan's acute observation; and it was plain that the Provost's inclinations towards him, which he believed to be sincere and good, were not firm enough to withstand the influence of this league between his wife and friend. The Provost's adieu, like Macbeth's amen, had stuck in his throat, and seemed to intimate that he apprehended more than he dare give utterance to.

Laying all these matters together, Alan thought, with no little anxiety, on the celebrated lines of Shakespeare,

— "A drop
That in the ocean seeks another drop," &c.

But pertinacity was a strong feature in the young lawyer's character. He was, and always had been, totally unlike the "horse hot at hand," who tires before noon through his own over eager exertions in the beginning of the day. On the contrary, his first efforts seemed frequently inadequate to accomplishing his purpose, whatever that for the time might be; and it was only as the difficulties of the task increased, that his mind seemed to acquire the energy necessary to combat and subdue them. If, therefore, he went anxiously forward upon his uncertain and perilous expedition, the reader must acquit him of all idea, even in a passing thought, of the possibility of abandoning his search, and resigning Darsie Latimer to his destiny.

A couple of hours riding brought him to the little town of Annan, situated on the shores of the Solway, between eight and nine o'clock. The sun had set, but the day was not yet ended; and when he had alighted and seen his horse properly cared for at the principal inn of the place, he was readily directed to Mr. Maxwell's friend, old Tom Trumbull, with whom

every body seemed well acquainted. He endeavoured to fish out from the lad that acted as a guide, something of this man's situation and profession; but the general expressions of "a very decent man"—"a very honest body"—"weel to pass in the world," and such like, were all that could be extracted from him; and while Fairford was following up the investigation with closer interrogatories, the lad put an end to them by knocking at the door of Mr. Trumbull, whose decent dwelling was a little distance from the town, and considerably nearer to the sea. It was one of a little row of houses running down to the water-side, and having gardens and other accommodations behind. There was heard within the uplifting of a Scottish psalm; and the boy saying, "They are at exercise, sir," gave intimation they might not be admitted till prayers were over.

When, however, Fairford repeated the summons with the end of his whip, the singing ceased, and Mr. Trumbull himself, with his psalm-book in his hand, kept open by the insertion of his forefinger between the leaves, came to demand the meaning of this unseasonable interruption.

Nothing could be more different than his whole appearance seemed to be from the confidant of a desperate man, and the associate of outlaws in their unlawful enterprises. He was a tall, thin, bony figure, with white hair combed straight down on each side of his face, and an iron-gray hue of complexion; where the lines or rather, as Quin said of Macklin, the cordage, of his countenance were so sternly adapted to a devotional and even ascetic expression, that they left no room for any indication of reckless daring, or sly dissimulation. In short, Trumbull appeared a perfect specimen of the rigid old Covenantanter, who said only what he thought right, acted on no other principle but that of duty, and, if he committed errors, did so under the full impression that he was serving God rather than man.

"Do you want me sir?" he said to Fairford, whose guide had slunk to the rear, as if to escape the rebuke of the severe old man,—"We were engaged, and it is the Saturday night."

Alan Fairford's preconceptions were so much deranged by this man's appearance and manner that he stood for a moment bewildered, and would as soon have thought of giving a cant pass-word to a clergyman descending from the pulpit, as to the respectable father of a family just interrupted in his prayers for and with the objects of his care. Hastily concluding Mr. Maxwell had passed some idle jest on him, or rather that he had mistaken the person to whom he was directed, he asked if he spoke to Mr. Trumbull.

"To Thomas Trumbull," answered the old man—"What may be your business, sir?" And he glanced his eye to the book he held in his hand, with a sigh like that of a saint desirous of dissolution.

"Do you know Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees?" said Fairford.

"I have heard of such a gentleman in the country-side, but have no acquaintance with him," answered Mr. Trumbull; "he is, as I have heard, a Papist; for the whore that sitteth on the seven hills ceaseth not yet to pour forth the cup of her abomination on these parts."

"Yet he directed me hither, my good friend," said Alan. "Is there another of your name in this town of Annan?"

"None," replied Mr. Trumbull, "no; worthy father was removed; he was indeed a shining light.—I wish you good-even, sir."

"Stay one single instant," said Fairford; "this is a matter of life and death."

"Not more than the casting the burden of our sins where they should be laid," said Thomas Trumbull, about to shut the door in the inquirer's face.

"Do you know," said Alan Fairford, "the Laird of Redgauntlet?"

"Now Heaven defend me from treason and rebellion!" exclaimed Trumbull. "Young gentleman, you are importunate. I live here among my own people, and do not consort with Jacobites and mass-mongers."

He seemed about to shut the door, but did not

about it, a circumstance which did not escape Alan's notice.

"Mr. Redgauntlet is sometimes," he said, "called Herries of Birrenswark; perhaps you may know him under that name."

"Friend, you are uncivil," answered Mr. Trumbull; "honest men have enough to do to keep one name undefiled. I ken nothing about those who have two. Good-even to you, friend."

He was now about to slam the door in his visiter's face without further ceremony, when Alan, who had observed symptoms that the name of Redgauntlet did not seem altogether so indifferent to him as he pretended, arrested his purpose by saying, in a low voice, "At least you can tell me what age the moon is?"

The old man started, as if from a trance, and, before answering, surveyed the quirit with a keen penetrating glance, which seemed to say, "Are you really in possession of this key to my confidence, or do you speak from mere accident?"

To this keen look of scrutiny, Fairford replied by a smile of intelligence.

The iron muscles of the old man's face did not, however, relax, as he dropped, in a careless manner, the countersign, "Not light enough to land a cargo."

"Then plague of all Aberdeen Almanacks!"

"And plague of all fools that waste time," said Thomas Trumbull. "Could you not have said as much at first?—And standing wasting time, and encouraging lookers-on, in the open street too? Come in by—in by."

He drew his visiter into the dark entrance of the house, and shut the door carefully; then putting his head into an apartment which the murmurs within announced to be filled with the family, he said aloud, "A work of necessity and mercy—Malachi, take the book—you will sing six double verses of the hundred and nineteen—and you may lecture out of the Lamentations. And, Malachi,"—this he said in an under tone,—"*see you give them a screed of doctrine that will last them till I come back; or else these inconsiderate lads will be out of the house, and away to the public-house, wasting their precious time, and, it may be, putting themselves in the way of missing the morning tide.*"

An articulate answer from within intimated Malachi's acquiescence in the commands imposed; and Mr. Trumbull, shutting the door, muttered something about fast bind, fast find, turned the key, and put it into his pocket; and then bidding his visiter have a care of his steps, and make no noise, he led him through the house, and out at a back-door, into a little garden. Here a plained alley conducted them, without the possibility of their being seen by any neighbour, to a door in the garden-wall, which being opened, proved to be a private entrance into a three-stalled stable; in one of which was a horse, that whinnied on their entrance. "Hush, hush!" cried the old man, and presently seconded his exhortations to silence by throwing a handful of corn into the manger, and the horse soon converted his acknowledgement of their presence into the usual sound of munching and grinding his provender.

As the light was now failing fast, the old man, with much more alertness than might have been expected from the rigidity of his figure, closed the window-shutters in an instant, produced phosphorus and matches, and lighted a stable-lantern, which he placed on the cobbin, and then addressed Fairford. "We are private here, young man; and as some time has been wasted already, you will be so kind as to tell me what is your errand. Is it about the way of business, or the other job?"

"My business with you, Mr. Trumbull, is to request you will find me the means of delivering this letter, from Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees to the Laird of Redgauntlet."

"Humph—fashious job!—Pate Maxwell will still be the auld man—always Pate-in-Peril—Craig-in-Peril, for what I know. Let me see the letter from him."

He examined it with much care, turning it up and down, and looking at the seal very attentively. "All's

right, I see; it has the private mark for haste and speed. I bless my Maker that I am no great man, or great man's fellow; and so I think no more of these passages than just to help them forward in the way of business. You are an utter stranger in these parts, I warrant?"

Fairford answered in the affirmative.

"Ay—I never saw them make a wiser choice—I must call some one to direct you what to do—Stay, we must go to him, I believe. You are well recommended to me, friend, and doubtless trust; otherwise you may see more than I would like to show, or am in the use of showing in the common line of business."

Saying this, he placed his lantern on the ground, beside the post of one of the empty stalls, drew up a small spring-bolt which secured it to the floor, and then forcing the post to one side, discovered a small trap-door. "Follow me," he said, and dived into the subterranean descent to which this secret aperture gave access.

Fairford plunged after him, not without apprehensions of more kinds than one, but still resolved to prosecute the adventure.

The descent, which was not above six feet, led to a very narrow passage, which seemed to have been constructed for the precise purpose of excluding every one who chanced to be an inch more in girth than was his conductor. A small vaulted room, of about eight feet square, received them at the end of this lane. Here Mr. Trumbull left Fairford alone, returned for a instant, as he said, to shut his concealed trap-door.

Fairford liked not his departure, as it left him in utter darkness; besides that his breathing was much affected by a strong and stifling smell of spirits, and other articles of a savour more powerful than agreeable to the lungs. He was very glad, therefore, when he heard the returning steps of Mr. Trumbull, who, when once more by his side, opened a strong, though narrow door in the wall, and conveyed Fairford to an immense magazine of spirit-casks, and other articles of contraband trade.

There was a small light at the end of this range of well-stocked subterranean vaults, which, upon a low whistle, began to flicker and move towards them. An undefined figure, holding a dark lantern, with the light averted, approached them, whom Mr. Trumbull thus addressed:—"Why were you not at work? Job; and this Saturday at e'en?"

"Swanston was loading the Jenny, sir; and I stayed to serve out the article."

"True—a work of necessity, and in the way of business. Does the Jumping Jenny sail this tide?"

"Ay, ay, sir; she sails for."

"I did not ask you *where* she sailed for, Job," said the old gentleman, interrupting him. "I thank my Maker, I know nothing of their meetings or outgoings. I sell my article fairly and at the ordinary way of business; and I wash my hands of every thing else. But what I wished to know is, whether the gentleman called the Laird of the Solway Lakes is on the other side of the Border even now?"

"Ay, ay," said Job. "the Laird is something a my own line, you know—a little contraband or so. There is a statute for him—But no matter; he took the sands after the spore at the Quaker's fish-trap yonder; for he has a hal heart the Laird, and is always true to the country-side. But avast—a bit snug here?"

So saying, he suddenly turned on Alan Fairford: the light side of the lantern he carried, who, by the transient gleam which it threw in passing on the man who bore it, saw a huge figure, upwards of six feet high, with a rough hairy cap on his head, and a set of features corresponding to his bulky frame. He thought also he observed pistols at his belt.

"I will answer for this gentleman," said Mr. Trumbull; "he must be brought to speech of the Laird."

"That will be kittle steering," said the subterranean personage; "for I understood that the Laird and his folk were no sooner on the other side than the last."

sharks were on them, and some mounted lobsters from Carlisle; and so they were obliged to split and squander. There are new brooms out to sweep the country of them they say; for the brush was a hard one; and they say there was a lad drowned;—he was not one of the Laird's gang, so there was the less matter."

"Peace! prudence, peace, Job Rutledge," said honest, pacific Mr. Trumbull. "I wish thou couldst remember, man, that I desire to know nothing of your roars and splores, your brooms and brushes. I dwell here among my own people; and I sell my commodity to him who comes in the way of business; and so wash my hands of all consequences, as become a quiet subject and an honest man. I never take payment, save in ready money."

"Ay, ay," muttered he, with the lantern, "your worship, Mr. Trumbull, understands that in the way of business."

"Well, I hope you will one day know, Job," answered Mr. Trumbull. "The comfort of a conscience void of offence, and that fears neither gauger nor collector, neither excise nor customs. The business is to pass this gentleman to Cumberland upon earnest business, and to procure him, as each with the Laird of the Solway Lakes—I suppose that can be done? Now I think Nanty Ewart, if he sails with the brig this morning tide, is the man to set him forward."

"Ay, ay, truly as he," said Job; "never man knew the border, dale and fell, pasture and ploughland, better than Nanty; and he can always bring him to the Laird, too, if you are sure the gentleman's right. But indeed that's his own look-out; for were he the best man in Scotland, and the chairman of the Board to boot, and had fifty men at his back, he were as well not visit the Laird for a thing but good. As for Nanty, he is word and blow, and a deal fiercer than Christie Nixon that they keep such a din about. I have seen them both tried, by—"

Fairford now found himself called upon to say something; yet his feelings, upon finding himself thus completely in the power of a cunning hypocrite, and of his retainer, who had so much the air of a determined ruffian, joined to the strong and abundant fune which they smothered up with and flattery, while it almost deprived him of respiration, combined to render utterance difficult. He staid, however, that he had no evil intentions towards the Laird, as they called him, but was only the bearer of a letter to him on particular business, from Mr. Maxwell of Summerlee.

"Ay, ay," said Job, "that may be well enough; and if Mr. Trumbull is satisfied that the serve is right, why, we will give you a cast in the jumping Jenny this tide, and Nanty Ewart will put you on a way of finding the Laird, I warrant you."

"I tarry for the present return, I presume, to the inn where I have left my horse?" said Fairford.

"With pardon," replied Mr. Trumbull, "you have been over far better with us for that; but Job will take you to a place where you may sleep rough till he calls you. I will bring you what little baggage you can need—for those who go on such grounds must not be dainty. I will myself see after your horse, for a merciful man is more fit to his best, a matter too often forgotten in our way of business."

"Why, Master Trumbull," replied Job, "you know that when we are closed, it's no time to shorten sail, and so the bolder the whin and spur." He stopped in his speech, observing the old man had vanished through the door by which he had entered. "That's always the way with old Turnpenny," he said to Fairford; "he ears for nothing of the trade but the profit—now, d'ye see, if I don't think my fine chap; I must stow you away in safety until it is time to go aboard."

more than once like to have broken his nose, and from thence into what, by the glimpse of the passing lantern upon a desk and writing materials, seemed to be a small office for the despatch of business. Here there appeared no exit; but the smuggler, or smuggler's ally, availing himself of a ladder, seven feet from the ground, and Fairford, still following Job, was involved in another tortuous and dark passage, which involuntarily reminded him of Peter Peble's lawsuit. At the end of this labyrinth, when he had little guess where he had been conducted, and was, according to the French phrase, totally *désorienté*, Job suddenly set down the lantern, and availing himself of the flame to light two candles which stood on the table, asked if Alan would choose any thing to eat, recommending, at all events, a slug of brandy, to keep out the night air. Fairford declined both, but inquired after his baggage.

"The old master will take care of that himself," said Job Rutledge; and drawing back in the direction in which he had entered, he vanished from the farther end of the apartment, by a mode which the candles, still shedding an imperfect light, gave Alan no means of ascertaining. Thus the adventurous young lawyer was left alone in the apartment to which he had been conducted by so singular a passage.

In this condition, it was Alan's first employment to survey, with some accuracy, the place where he was; and accordingly, having trimmed the light, he walked slowly round the apartment, examining its appearance and dimensions. It seemed to be such a small dining-parlour as is usually found in the house of the better class of artisans, shopkeepers, and such persons, having a recess at the upper end, and the usual furniture of an ordinary description. He found a door, which he endeavoured to open, but it was locked on the outside. A corresponding door on the same side of the apartment admitted him into a closet, upon the front shelves of which were punch-bowls, glasses, tea-cups, and the like, while on one side was hung a horse-man's great-coat of the coarsest materials, with two great horse-pistols peeping out of the pocket, and on the floor stood a pair of well-spattered jack-boots, the usual equipment of the time, at least for long journeys.

Not greatly liking the contents of the closet, Alan Fairford shut the door, and resumed his scrutiny round the walls of the apartment, in order to discover the mode of Job Rutledge's retreat. The secret passage was, however, too artificially concealed, and the young lawyer had nothing better to do than to meditate on the singularity of his present situation. He had long known that the excise laws had occasioned an active contraband trade betwixt Scotland and England, which then, as now, existed, and will continue to exist, until the utter abolition of the wretched system which establishes an inequality of duties betwixt the different parts of the same kingdom;—a system, be it said in passing, mightily resembling the conduct of a pugilist, who should tie up one arm that he might fight the better with the other. But Fairford was unprepared for the expensive and regular establishments by which the illicit traffic was carried on, and could not have conceived that the capital employed in it should have been adequate to the erection of these extensive buildings, with all their contrivances for secrecy of communication. He was musing on these circumstances, not without some anxiety for the progress of his own journey, when suddenly, as he lifted his eyes, he discovered old Mr. Trumbull at the upper end of the apartment, bearing in one hand a small bundle, in the other his dark lantern, the light of which, as he advanced, he directed full upon Fairford's countenance.

Though such an apparition was exactly what he expected, yet he did not see the grim, stern old man present himself thus suddenly without emotion; especially when he recollected, what to a youth of his pious education was peculiarly shocking, that the grizzled hypocrite was probably that instant arisen from his knees to Heaven, for the purpose of engaging in the mysterious transactions of a desperate and illegal trade.

CHAPTER XIII.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

FAIRFORD followed his gruff guide among a labyrinth of barrels and punch-bowls, on which he had

The old man accustomed to judge with ready sharpness of the physiognomy of those with whom he had business, did not fail to remark something like agitation in Fairford's demeanour. "Have ye taken the rue?" said he. "Will ye take the sheaf from the mare, and give up the venture?"

"Never!" said Fairford, firmly, stimulated at once by his natural spirit, and the recollection of his friend; "never, while I have life and strength to follow it out!"

"I have brought you," said Trumbull, "a clean shirt and some stockings, which is all the baggage you can conveniently carry, and I will cause one of the lads lend you a horseman's coat, for it is ill sailing or riding without one; and, touching your valise, it will be as safe in my poor house, were it full of the gold of Ophir, as if it were in the depth of the mine."

"I have no doubt of it," said Fairford.

"And now," said Trumbull, again, "I pray you to tell me by what name I am to name you to Nanty [which is Antony] Ewart?"

"By the name of Alan Fairford," answered the young lawyer.

"But that," said Mr. Trumbull, in reply, "is your own proper name and surname."

"And what other should I give?" said the young man; "do you think I have any occasion for an alias? And, besides, Mr. Trumbull," added Alan, thinking a little railleily might intimate confidence of spirit, "you blessed yourself, but a little while since, that you had no acquaintance with those who defiled their names so far as to be obliged to change them."

"True, very true," said Mr. Trumbull; "nevertheless, young man, my gray hairs stand unimproved in this matter; for, in my line of business, when I sit under my vine and my fig-tree, exchanging the strong waters of the north for the gold which is the price thereof, I have, I thank Heaven, no disguise to keep with any man, and wear my own name of Thomas Trumbull, without any chance that the same may be polluted. Whereas, thou, who art to journey in many ways, and amongst a strange people, mayst do well to have two names, as thou hast two shirts, the one to keep the other clean."

Here he emitted a chuckling grunt, which lasted for two vibrations of the pendulum exactly, and was the only approach towards laughter in which old Turnpenny, as he was nicknamed, was ever known to indulge.

"You are witty, Mr. Trumbull," said Fairford; "but jests are no arguments—I shall keep my own name."

"At your own pleasure," said the merchant; "there is but one name which," &c. &c. &c.

We will not follow the hypocrite through the impious cant which he added, in order to close the subject.

Alan followed him, in silent abhorrence to the recess in which the beaufet was placed, and which was so artificially made as to conceal another of those traps with which the whole building abounded. This concealment admitted them to the same winding passage by which the young lawyer had been brought thither. The path which they now took amid these mazes, differed from the direction in which he had been guided by Rutledge. It led upwards, and terminated beneath a garret window. Trumbull opened it, and with more agility than his age promised, clambered out upon the leads. If Fairford's journey had been hitherto in a stifled and subterranean atmosphere, it was now open, lofty, and airy enough; for he had to follow his guide over leads and slates, which the old smuggler traversed with the dexterity of a cat. It is true his course was facilitated by knowing exactly where certain stepping-places and holdfasts were placed, of which Fairford could not so readily avail himself; but, after a difficult and somewhat perilous progress along the roofs of two or three houses, they at length descended by a skylight into a garret room, and from thence by the stairs into a public-house; for such it appeared by the ringing of bells, whistling for waiters and attendance, bawling of "House, house, here!" chorus of sea songs, and the like noises.

Having descended to the second story, and entered a room there, in which there was a light, old Mr. Trumbull rung the bell of the apartment thrice, with an interval betwixt each, during which, he told deliberately the number twenty. Immediately after the third ringing the landlord appeared, with stealthy step, and an appearance of mystery on his buxom visage. He greeted Mr. Trumbull, who was his landlord as it proved, with great respect, and expressed some surprise at seeing him so late, as he termed it, "on Saturday at e'en."

"And I Robin Hastie," said the landlord to the tenant, "am more surprised than pleased, to hear me muckle din in your house, Robin, so near the honourable Sabbath; and I must mind you, that it is contravening the terms of your tack, whilk supulat, that you should shut your public on Saturday at nine o'clock, at latest."

"Yes, sir," said Robin Hastie, no way alarmed at the gravity of the rebuke, "but you must take tact: that I have admitted naeboddy but you, Mr. Trumbull, (who by the way admitted yourself,) since nine o'clock; for the most of the folk have been here for several hours about the lading, and so on, of the breg. It is not full tide yet, and I cannot put the men out into the street. If I did, they would go to some other public and their souls would be nae the better, and my purse muckle the waur; for how am I to pay the rent, if I do not sell the liquor?"

"Nay, then," said Thomas Trumbull, "if it is a work of necessity, and in the honest independent way of business, no doubt there is balm in Gilead. Be priethe, Robin, wilt thou see if Nanty Ewart be as most likely, amongst these unhappy toppers; and let him step this way cannily, and speak to me and this young gentleman. And it's dry talking Robin—you must minister to us a bowl of punch—ye ken my gage."

"From a mutchkin to a gallon, I ken your honours' taste, Mr. Thomas Trumbull," said mine host; "and ye shall hang me over the sign-post if there be a drop mair lemon or a turn less sugar than just suits ye. There are three of you—you will be for the best Scots peremptory pint-stoup* for the success of the voyage?"

"Better pray for it than drink for it, Robin," said Mr. Trumbull. "Yours is a dangerous trade, Robin; it hurts mony a ane—bath host and guest. But ye will get the blue bowl, Robin—the blue bowl—that will shaken all their drouth, and prevent the snaf repetition of whipping for an eke of a Saturday at e'en. Ay, Robin it is a pity of Nanty Ewart—Nanty likes the turning up of his little finger unco weel, and we maunna stint him, Robin, so as we leave him sense to steer by."

"Nanty Ewart could steer through the Pentecost Frith though he were as drunk as the Baluc Ocean," said Robin Hastie; and instantly tripping down stairs he speedily returned with the materials for what he called his *brouzet*, which consisted of two English quarts of spirits, in a huge blue bowl, with all the ingredients for punch, in the same formidable proportion. At the same time he introduced Mr. Antony or Nanty Ewart, whose person, although he was a good deal flustered with liquor, was different from what Fairford expected. His dress was what is euphematically termed the shabby genteel—a frock with tarnished lace—a small cocked-hat, ornamented in a similar way—a scarlet waistcoat, with faded embroidery, breeches of the same, with silver knee-bands and he wore a smart hanger and a pair of pistols in a sullied sword-belt.

"Here! come, patron," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Trumbull. "Well, I see you have got some grog aboard."

"It is not my custom, Mr. Ewart," said the old gentlemen, "as you well know, to become a chabberer or carouser thus late on Saturday at e'en; but I wanted to recommend to your attention a young friend."

*The Scottish pint of liquid measure comprehends four English measures of the same denomination. The just is well known of my poor countryman, who, driven to extremity by the railleury of the Southern, on the small denomination of the Scottish coin, at length answered, "Ay, ay! But the deal is them that has the least pint-stoup."

of cure, that is going upon a something particular journey, with a letter to our friend the Laird, from Fair-in-Peril, as they call him.

"Ay—indeed?—he must be in high trust for so young a gentleman.—I wish you joy, air," bowing to Fairford. "By'r Lady, as Shakspeare says, you are bringing up a neck to a fair end.—Come, patron, we will drink to Mr. What-shall-call-um—What is his name?—Did you tell me?—And have I forgot it already?"

"Mr. Alan Fairford," said Trumbull.

"Ay, Mr. Alan Fairford—a good name for a fair trader—Mr. Alan Fairford; and may he belong withheld from the topmost round of ambition, which I take to be the highest round of a certain ladder."

While he spoke, he seized the punch ladle, and began to fill the glasses. But Mr. Trumbull arrested his hand, until he had, as he expressed himself, sanctified the liquor by a long grace; during the pronunciation of which, he shut indeed his eyes, but his nostrils became dilated, as if he were snuffing up the fragrant beverage with peculiar complacency.

When the grace was at length over, the three friends sat down to their beverage, and invited Alan Fairford to partake. Anxious about his situation, and disgusted as he was with his company, he craved, and with difficulty obtained permission, under the allegation of being fatigued, heated, and the like, to stretch himself on a couch which was in the apartment, and attempted at least to procure some rest before high water, when the vessel was to sail.

He was at length permitted to use his freedom, and stretched himself on the couch, having his eyes for some time fixed on the jovial party he had left, and straining his ears to catch if possible a little of their conversation. This he soon found was to no purpose; for what did actually reach his ears was disguised so completely by the use of cant words, and the thieves Latin called slang, that even when he caught the words, he found himself as far as ever from the sense of their conversation. At length he fell asleep.

It was after Alan had slumbered for three or four hours, that he was awakened by voices bidding him rise up and prepare to be jogging. He started up accordingly, and found himself in presence of the same party of boon companions, who had just despatched their huge bowl of punch. To Alan's surprise, the liquor had made but little innovation on the brains of men, who were accustomed to drink at all hours, and in the most inordinate quantities. The landlord indeed spoke a little thick, and the texts of Mr. Thomas Trumbull stumbled on his tongue; but Nanty was one of those toppers, who, becoming early what *bon vivants* term flustered, remain whole nights and days at the same point of intoxication; and, in fact, as they are seldom entirely sober, can be as rarely seen absolutely drunk. Indeed, Fairford, had he not known how Ewart had been engaged whilst he himself was asleep, would almost have sworn when he awoke, that the man was more sober than when he first entered the room.

He was confirmed in this opinion when they descended below, where two or three sailors and ruffian-looking fellows awaited their commands. Ewart took the whole direction upon himself, gave his orders with brevity and precision, and looked to their being executed with the silence and celerity which that peculiar crisis required. All were now dismissed for the brig, which lay, as Fairford was given to understand, a little farther down the river, which is navigable for vessels of light burden, till almost within a mile of the town.

When they issued from the inn, the landlord bid them good-by. Old Trumbull walked a little way with them, but the air had probably considerable effect on the state of his brain; for, after reminding Alan Fairford that the next day was the honourable Sabbath, he became extremely excursive in an attempt to exhort him to keep it holy. At length, being perhaps sensible that he was becoming unintelligible, he thrust a volume into Fairford's hand—hiccupping at the same time—"Good book—good book—fine hymn-book—fit for the honourable Sabbath, while awaits us to-morrow morning."—Here the iron tongue

of time told five from the town steeple of Annan, to the further confusion of Mr. Trumbull's already disordered ideas. "Ay? is Sunday come and gone already?—Heaven be praised! Only it is a marvel the afternoon is so dark for the time of the year—Sabbath has slipped over quietly, but we have reason to bless ourselves it has not been altogether misemployed. I heard little of the preaching—a cauld moralist, I doubt, served that out—but, eh—the prayer—I mind it as if I had said the words myself."—Here he repeated one or two petitions, which were probably a part of his family devotions, before he was summoned forth to what he called the way of business. "I never remember a Sabbath pass so cannily off in my life."—Then he recollected himself a little, and said to Alan, "You may read that book, Mr. Fairford, to-morrow, all the same, though it be Monday; for, you see, it was Saturday when we were together, and now it's Sunday, and it's dark night—so the Sabbath has slipped clean away through our fingers, like water through a sieve, which abideth not; and we have to begin again to-morrow morning, in the weariful, base, men, earthly employments, which are unworthy of an immortal spirit—always excepting the way of business."

Three of the fellows were now returning to the town, and, at Ewart's command, they cut short the patriarch's exhortation, by leading him back to his own residence. The rest of the party then proceeded to the brig, which only waited their arrival to get under weigh and drop down the river. Nanty Ewart betook himself to steering the brig, and the very touch of the helm seemed to dispel the remaining influence of the liquor which he had drunk, since, through a troublesome and intricate channel, he was able to direct the course of his little vessel with the most perfect accuracy and safety.

Alan Fairford, for some time, availed himself of the clearness of the summer morning to gaze on the dimly seen shores betwixt which they glided, becoming less and less distinct as they receded from each other, until at length, having adjusted his little bundle by way of pillow, and wrapt around him the great-coat with which old Trumbull had equipped him, he stretched himself on the deck, to try to recover the slumber out of which he had been awakened. Sleep had scarce begun to settle on his eyes, ere he found something stirring about his person. With ready presence of mind he recollected his situation, and resolved to show no alarm until the purpose of this became obvious; but he was soon relieved from his anxiety, by finding it was only the result of Nanty's attention to his comfort, who was wrapping around him, as softly as he could, a great boat-cloak, in order to defend him from the morning air.

"Thou art but a cockerel," he muttered, "but 'twere pity thou wert knocked off the perch before seeing a little more of the sweet and sour of this world—though, faith, if thou hast the usual luck of it, the best way were to leave thee to the chance of a seasoning fever."

These words, and the awkward courtesy with which the skipper of the little brig tucked the sea-coat round Fairford, gave him a confidence of safety which he had not yet thoroughly possessed. He stretched himself in more security on the hard planks, and was speedily asleep, though his slumbers were feverish and unrefreshing.

It has been elsewhere intimated that Alan Fairford inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, with a tendency to consumption; and, being an only child, with such a cause for apprehension, care, to the verge of effeminacy, was taken to preserve him from damp beds, wet feet, and those various emergencies, to which the Caledonian boys of much higher birth, but more active habits, are generally accustomed. In man, the spirit sustains the constitutional weakness, as in the winged tribes the feathers bear aloft the body. But there is a bound to these supporting qualities; and as the pinions of the bird must at length grow weary, so the *vis animi* of the human struggler becomes broken down by continued fatigue.

When the voyager was awakened by the light of the sun now riding high in Heaven, he found himself

eagerly, and with so much appearance of being re-freeshed, that Nanty Ewart swore he would have some too, and only laid it, as his phrase went, with a single glass of brandy.*

CHAPTER XIV.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

We left Alan Fairford on the deck of the little smuggling brig, in that disconsolate situation, when sickness and nausea attack a heated and fevered frame, and an anxious mind. His share of sea-sickness, however, was not so great as to engross his sensations entirely, or altogether to divert his attention from what was passing around. If he could not delight in the swiftness and agility with which the "little frigate" walked the waves, or amuse himself by noticing the beauty of the sea-views around him, where the distant Skiddaw raised his brow, as if in defiance of the clouded eminence of Criffel, which lorded it over the Scottish side of the estuary, he had spirits and composure enough to pay particular attention to the master of the vessel, on whose character his own safety in all probability was dependent.

Nanty Ewart had now given the helm to one of his people, a bald-pated, grizzled old fellow, whose whole life had been spent in evading the revenue laws, with now and then the relaxation of a few months' imprisonment, for deforcing officers, resisting seizures, and the like offences.

Nanty himself sat down by Fairford, helped him to his tea, with such other refreshments as he could think of, and seemed in his way sincerely desirous to make his situation as comfortable as things admitted. Fairford had thus an opportunity to study his countenance and manners more closely.

It was plain, Ewart, though a good seaman, had not been bred upon that element. He was a reasonably good scholar, and seemed fond of showing it, by recurring to the subject of Sallust and Juvenal; while, on the other hand, sea-phrases seldom quivered his conversation. He had been in person what is called a smart little man; but the tropical sun had burnt his originally fair complexion to a dusty red; and the bile which was diffused through his system, had stained it with a yellowish black—what ought to have been the white part of his eyes, in particular, had a hue as deep as the topaz. He was very thin, or rather emaciated, and his countenance, though still indicating alertness and activity, showed a constitution exhausted with excessive use of his favourite stimulus.

"I see you look at me hard," said he to Fairford. "Had you been an officer of the d—d customs, my torriers' backs would have been up." He opened his breast, and showed Alan a pair of pistols disposed between his waistcoat and jacket, placing his finger at the same time upon the cock of one of them. "But come, you are an honest fellow, though you're a close

one. I dare say you think me a queer customer; but I can tell you, they that see the ship leave harbour, know but little of the seas she is to sail through. My father, honest old gentleman, never would have thought to see me master of the *Jumping Jenny*."

Fairford said, it seemed very clear indeed that Mr. Ewart's education was far superior to the line he at present occupied.

"O, Criffel to Solway Moss!" said the other. "Why, man, I should have been an expounder of the word, with a wig like a snow-wreath, and a stipend like—like a hundred pounds a-year, I suppose. I can spend thrice as much as that, though, being such as I am." Here he sung a scrap of an old Northumbrian ditty, mimicking the burr of the natives of that county:—

"Willy Foster's gone to sea,
Siller bukkies at his knee,
He'll come back and marry me—
Canny Willy Foster."

"I have no doubt," said Fairford, "your present occupation is more lucrative; but I should have thought the church might have been more."

He stopped, recollecting that it was not his business to say any thing disagreeable.

"More respectable, you mean, I suppose?" said Ewart, with a sneer, and squinting the tobacco-juice through his front teeth; then was silent for a moment, and proceeded in a tone of candour which some internal touch of conscience dictated. "And so it would, Mr. Fairford—and happier, too, by a thousand degrees—though I have had my pleasures too. But there was my father, (God bless the old man!) a true chip of the old Presbyterian block, walked his parish like a captain on the quarter-deck, and was always ready to do good to rich and poor—Off went the laird's hat to the minister, as fast as the poor man's bonnet. When they saw him—Pshaw! what have I to do with that now?—Yes, he was, as Virgil hath it, '*Vir sapientia et pietate gravus*.' But he might have been the wiser man, had he kept me at home, when he sent me at nineteen to study Divinity at the head of the highest stair in the Covenant-Close. It was a cursed mistake in the old gentleman. What though Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket (for she wrote herself no less) was our cousin five times removed, and took me on that account to board and lodging, at six shillings, instead of seven shillings a-week? It was a d—d bad saving, as the case proved. Yet her very dignity might have kept me in order: for she never read a chapter excepting out of a Cambridge Bible, printed by Daniel, and bound in embroidered velvet. I think I see it at this moment! And on Sundays, when we had a quart of twopenny ale, instead of buttermilk, to our porridge, it was always served up in a silver posset-dish. Also she used silver-mounted spectacles, whereas even my father's were cased in mere horn. These things had their impression at first, but we get used to grandeur by degrees. Well, sir!—Gad, I can scarce get on with my story—it sticks in my throat—must take a trifle to wash it down.—Well, this dame had a daughter—Jess Cantrips, a black-eyed, bouncing wench—and, as the devil would have it, there was the d—d five-story stair—her foot was never from it, whether I went out or came home from the Divinity Hall. I would have eschewed her, sir—I would, on my soul; for I was as innocent a lad as ever came from Lammermuir; but there was no possibility of escape, retreat, or flight, unless I could have got a pair of wings, or made use of a ladder seven stories high, to scale the window of my attic. It signifies little talking—you may suppose how all this was to end—I would have married the girl, and taken my chance—I would, by Heaven! for she was a pretty girl, and a good girl, till she and I met; but you know the old song, 'Kirk would not let us be.' A gentleman, in my case, would have settled the matter with the Kirk-treasurer for a small sum of money; but the poor stibbler, the penniless dominie, having married his cousin of Kittlebasket, must next have proclaimed her frailty to the whole parish, by mounting the throne of Presbyterian penance, and proving, as Othello says, 'his love a whore,' in face of the whole congregation.

*I am sorry to say, that the modes of concealment described in the imaginary premises of Mr. Trumbull, are of a kind which have been common on the frontiers of late years. The neighbourhood of two nations having different laws, though united in government, still leads to a multitude of transgressions in the border, and extreme difficulty in apprehending delinquents. About twenty years since, as far as my recollection serves, there was along the frontier an organized gang of coiners, forgers, smugglers, and other malefactors, whose operations were conducted on a scale not inferior to what is here described. The chief of the party was one Richard Mendham, a carpenter, who rose to opulence, although ignorant even of the arts of reading and writing. But he had found a short road to wealth, and had taken singular measures for conducting his operations. Amongst these, he found means to build, in the suburb of Berwick called Spittal, a street of small houses, as if for the investment of property. He himself inhabited one of these; another, a species of public-house, was given to his confederates, who held secret and unsuspected communication with him by crossing the roofs of the intervening houses, and descending by a trap-stair, which admitted them into the alcove of the dining-room of Dick Mendham's private mansion. A vault, too, beneath Mendham's stable, was accessible in the manner mentioned in the novel. The post of one of the stalls turned round on a bolt being withdrawn, and gave admittance to a subterranean place of concealment for contraband and stolen goods, to a great extent. Richard Mendham, the head of this very formidable conspiracy, which involved malefactors of every kind, was tried and executed at Jedburgh, where the author was present as sheriff of Shetkirkshire. Mendham had previously been tried, but escaped by want of proof and the impetuosity of his counsel.

"In this extremity I dared not stay where I was, and so thought to go home to my father. But first I got Jack Hadaway, a lad from the same parish, and who lived in the same infernal stair, to make some inquiries how the old gentleman had taken the matter. I soon, by way of answer, learned, to the great increase of my comfortable reflections, that the good old man made as much clamour, as if such a thing as a man's eating his wedding dinner without saying grace had never happened since Adam's time. He did nothing for six days but cry out, 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed from my house!' and on the seventh he preached a sermon, in which he enlarged on this incident as illustrative of one of the great occasions for humiliation, and causes of national defection. I hope the course he took comforted himself—I am sure it made me ashamed to show my nose at home. So I went down to Leith, and, exchanging my hoddin gray coat of my mother's spinning for such a jacket as this, I entered my name at the rendezvous as an able-bodied landsman, and sailed with the tender round to Plymouth, where they were fitting out a squadron for the West Indies. There I was put aboard the *Fearnought*, Captain Daredevil—among whose crew I soon learned to fear Satan, (the terror of my early youth,) as little as the toughest Jack on board. I had some qualms at first, but I took the remedy" (tapping the case-bottle) "which I recommended to you, being as good for sickness of soul as for sickness of the stomach—What, you won't?—very well, I must, then—here is to ye."

"You would, I am afraid, find your education of little use in your new condition?" said Fairford.

"Pardon me, sir," resumed the Captain of the *Jumping Jenny*; "my handful of Latin, and small pinch of Greek, were as useless as old junk, to be sure; but my reading, writing, and accounting, stood me in good stead, and brought me forward. I might have been schoolmaster—ay, and master, in time; but that valiant liquor, rum, made a conquest of me rather too often, and so, make what sail I could, I always went to leeward. We were four years broiling in that blasted climate, and I came back at last with a little prize-money.—I always had thoughts of putting things to rights in the Covenant-Close, and reconciling myself to my father. I found out Jack Hadaway, who was *Tuplowing* away with a dozen of wretched boys, and a fine string of stories he had ready to regale my ears withal. My father had lectured on what he called 'my falling away,' for seven Sabbaths, when, just as his parishioners began to hope that the course was at an end, he was found dead in his bed on the eighth Sunday morning. Jack Hadaway assured me, that if I wished to atone for my errors, by undergoing the fate of the first martyr, I had only to go to my native village, where the very stones of the street would rise up against me as my father's murderer. Here was a pretty item—well, my tongue clove to my mouth for an hour, and was only able at last to utter the name of Mrs. Cantrips. O this was a new theme for my Job's comforter. My sudden departure—my father's no less sudden death—had prevented the payment of the arrears of my board and lodging—the landlord was a haberdasher, with a heart as rotten as the muslin wares he dealt in. Without respect to her age, or gentle kin, my Lady Kittlebasket was ejected from her airy habitation—her porridge-pot, silver posset-dish, silver-mounted spectacles, and Daniel's Cambridge Bible, sold, at the Cross of Edinburgh, to the cadie who would bid highest for them, and she herself driven to the work-house, where she got in with difficulty, but was easily enough lifted out, at the end of the month, as dead as her friends could desire. Merry tidings this to me, who had been the d—d" (he paused a moment) "*origo mali*—Gad, I think my confession would sound better in Latin than in English!"

"But the best jest was behind—I had just power to stammer out something about Jess—by my faith he had an answer! I had taught Jess one trade, and, like a prudent girl, she had found out another for herself; unluckily, they were both contraband, and Jess Cantrips, daughter of the Lady Kittlebasket, had the honour to be transported to the plantations, for

street-walking and pocket-picking, about six months before I touched shore."

He changed the bitter tone of affected pleasantry into an attempt to laugh; then drew his swarthy hand across his swarthy eyes, and said in a more natural accent, "Poor Jess!"

There was a pause—until Fairford, pitying the poor man's state of mind, and believing he saw something in him that, but for early error and subsequent profligacy, might have been excellent and noble, helped on the conversation by asking, in a tone of commiseration, how he had been able to endure such a load of calamity.

"Why, very well," answered the seaman; "exceedingly well—like a tight ship in a brisk gale.—Let me recollect.—I remember thanking Jack, very composedly, for the interesting and agreeable communication; I then pulled out my canvass pouch, with my hoard of moldores, and taking out two pieces I bid Jack keep the rest till I came back, as I was for a cruise about Auld Reekie. The poor devil looked anxiously, but I shook him by the hand and ran down stairs, in such confusion of mind, that notwithstanding what I had heard, I expected to see Jess at every turning."

"It was market-day, and the usual number of rogues and fools were assembled at the Cross. I observed every body looked strange on me, and I thought some laughed. I fancy I had been making faces enough, and perhaps talking to myself. When I saw myself used in this manner, I held out my clenched fists straight before me, stooped my head, and, like a ram when he makes his race, darted right down the street, scattering groups of weather-beaten lairds and periwigg'd burghesses, and beating down all before me. I heard the cry of 'Seize that madman!' echoed, in Celtic sounds, from the City Guard, with 'Cease to matman!'—but pursuit and opposition were in vain. I pursued my career; the smell of the sea, I suppose, led me to Leith, where soon after, I found myself walking very quietly on the shore, admiring the tough round and sound rigging of the vessels, and thinking how a loop, with a man at the end of one of them, would look by way of tassel."

"I was opposite to the rendezvous, formerly the place of refuge—in I bolted—found one or two acquaintances, made half-a-dozen new ones—grazed for two days—was put aboard the tender—off to Portsmouth—then landed at the Hasleair hospital, a fine hissing-hot fever. Never mind—I got better—nothing can kill me—the West Indies were mine again, for since I did not go where I deserved to be next world, I had something as like such quarters as can be had in this—black devils for inhabitants—flames and earthquakes, and so forth, for amusement. Well, brother, something or other I did say—I can't tell what—How the devil should I? I was as drunk as David's sow, you know?—But I was punished, my lad—made to kiss the wench who never speaks but when she scolds, and that's my gunner's daughter, comrade. Yes, the minister's son of—no matter where—has the cat's scratches on his back! This roused me—and when we were aboard with the boat, I gave three inches of the dirk, she's about tussle, to the fellow I blamed most, and so took the bush for it. There were plenty of wild cats along shore—and, I don't care who knows—I went on the account, look you—sailed under the black flag and marrow-bones—was a good friend to the sea and an enemy to all that sailed on it."

Fairford, though uneasy in his mind at finding himself, a lawyer, so close to a character so lawless, thought it best, nevertheless, to put a good face on the matter, and asked Mr. Ewart, with as much unconcern as he could assume, "whether he was forward as a rover?"

"No, no—d—n it, no," replied Nanty; "the devil's crumb of butter was ever churned that would stick upon my bread. There was no order among us—that was captain to-day, was swabber to-morrow; and as for plunder—they say old Avery, and one or two close hunks, made money; but in my time it went as it came: and reason good, for if a fellow has

saved five dollars, his throat would have been cut in his hammock. And then it was a cruel, bloody work—Pah—we'll say no more about it. I broke with them at last, for what they did on board of a bit of a snow—no matter what it was—bad enough, since it frightened me—I took French leave, and came in upon the proclamation, so I am free of all that business. And here I sit, the skipper of the *Jumping Jenny*—a nutshell of a thing, but goes through the water like a dolphin. It it not for your hypocritical scoundrel at Annan, who has the best end of the profit, and takes none of the risk, I should be well enough—as well as I want to be. Here is no lack of my best friend.”—touching his ease-bottle;—“but, to tell you a secret, he and I have got so used to each other, I begin to think he is like a professed joker, that makes your sales sore with laughing. I you see him but now and then; but if you take up house with him, he can only make your head stupid. But I warrant the old fellow is doing the best he can for me, after all.”

“And what may that be?” said Fairford.

“He is kidding me,” replied Nanty Ewart; “and I am only sorry he is so long about it.”

So saying, he jumped on his feet, and tripping up and down the deck, gave his orders with his usual clearness and decision, notwithstanding the considerable quantity of spirits which he had contrived to swallow while recounting his history.

Although far from feeling well, Fairford endeavoured to rouse himself, and walk to the head of the brig, to enjoy the beautiful prospect, as well as to take some note of the course which the vessel held. To his great surprise, instead of standing across to the opposite shore from which she had departed, the brig was going down the Frith, and apparently steering into the Irish sea. He called to Nanty Ewart, and expressed his surprise; at the course she was pursuing, and asked why they did not stand straight across the Frith for some port in Cumberland.

“Why, this is what I call a reasonable question, now,” answered Nanty; “as if a sap could go as straight to its port, as a horse to the stable, or a horse-trader could sail the Solway as smoothly as a King’s cutter! Why, I’ll tell ye, brother—‘I do not see a smoke on Bowmoor, that is the village upon the headland yonder, I must stand out to sea for twenty-four hours at least, for we must keep the weather-gage if there are hawks abroad.”

“And if you do see the signal of safety, Master Ewart, what is to be done then?”

“Why then, and in that case, I must keep off till night, and then run you, with the kegs and the rest of the lumber, ashore at Skunburness.”

“And then I am to meet with this same Laird whom I have the letter for?” continued Fairford.

“That,” said Ewart, “is thereafter as it may be; the ship has its course—the fair-trader has his port—but it is not so easy to say where the Laird may be found. But he will be within twenty miles of us, off or on—and it will be my business to guide you to him.”

Fairford could not withstand the passing impulse of terror which crossed him, when this reminded that he was so absolutely in the power of a man, who, by his own account, had been a pirate, and who was at present, in all probability, an outlaw as well as a contraband trader. Nanty Ewart guessed the cause of his involuntary shuddering.

“What the devil should I go on,” he said, “by passing so poor a card as you are?—Have I not had ace of trumps in my hand, and did I not play it fairly? Ay, I say the *Jumping Jenny* can run in other ways as well as kegs. Put *Jenny* and *kegs* to Ewart, and see how that will spell. I’ve taken me now?”

“No, indeed,” said Fairford; “I am utterly ignorant of what you allude to.”

“Now, by Jove!” said Nanty Ewart, “thou art either the dearest or the shallowest fellow I ever met with—or you are not right after all. I wonder when Summertrees could pick up such a tender along shore. Will you let me see his letter?”

Fairford did not hesitate to grant his wish, which, he was aware, he could not astutely resist. The master of the *Jumping Jenny* looked at the direction very at-

tentively, then turned the letter to and fro, and examined each flourish of the pen, as if he were judging of a piece of ornamental manuscript; then handed it back to Fairford, without a single word of remark.

“And I read now?” said the young lawyer.

“Why, for that matter,” answered Nanty, “the letter is right, sure enough; but whether *you* are right or not, is your own business, rather than mine.”—And, striking upon a flint with the back of a knife, he kindled a cigar as thick as his finger, and began to smoke away with great perseverance.

Alan Fairford continued to regard him with a melancholy feeling divided between the interest he took in the unhappy man, and a not unnatural apprehension for the issue of his own adventure.

Ewart, notwithstanding the stupor of his pastime, seemed to guess what was working in his passenger’s mind; for, after they had remained some time engaged in silently observing each other, he suddenly dashed his cigar on the deck, and said to him,

“Well then, if you are sorry for me, I am sorry for you. Do I not see, I have cared a button for man or mother’s son, since two years since, when I had another piece of Jack Hadeaway. The fellow was got as fat as a Norway whale—married to a great Dutch-bell woman that had brought him six children. I believe he did not know me, and thought I was come to rob his house; however, I made up a poor face, and told him who I was. Poor Jack would have given me shelter and clothes, and begun to tell me of the mortgages that were in bank, when I wanted them. Lord, he changed his note when I told him what my life had been, and only wanted to pay me my cash and get rid of me. I never saw so terrified a visage.

I burst out a laughing at his face, told him it was all a humbug, and that the mortgages were all his own, henceforth and for ever, and so ran off. I caused one of our people to lend him a bag of tea and a keg of brandy, to let poor Jack—I think you are the second person these ten years, that has cared a tobacco-stopper for Nanty Ewart.”

“Perhaps, Mr. Ewart,” said Fairford, “you live chiefly with men too deeply interested for their own immediate safety, to think much upon the distress of others?”

“And with whom do you yourself consort, I pray?” replied Nanty, smartly. “Why with plotters, that can make no plot to better purpose than their own hanging; and with robbers, that are snatching the flint upon wet rocks. You’ll as soon raise the dead as rack the Highlands—they’d as soon get a grant from a dead rook as any comfort from Wales or Cheshire. You think because the pot is boiling, that no scum but yours can come up;—most—I know better by—All these rackets and mors that you think are trending your way, have no relation at all to your interests; and the best way to make the whole kingdom friends again at once, would be the alarm of such an undertaking as these mad old fellows are trying to launch into.”

“I really am not in such secrets as you seem to allude to,” said Fairford; and determined at the same time to avail himself as far as possible of Nanty’s communicative disposition, he added, with a smile, “And if I were, I should not hold it prudent to make them much the subject of conversation. But I am sure, so sensible men as Summertrees and the Laird may correspond together with discretion to the state.”

“I take you, brother—I take you,” said Nanty Ewart, upon whom, at length, the liquor and tobacco-smoke began to make considerable innovation. “As to what gentleman may or may not correspond about, why we may permit the question, as the old Professor used to say, at the Hall; and as to Summertrees, I will say a cunning, know-nothing man to be an old fox. But I say that this fellow the Laird is a fair brand in the country; that he is surging up all the honest fellows who should be drinking their brandy quietly, by telling them stories about the rancorous and the forty-five; and that he is trying to turn all waters into his own mill-race, and to set his sails to all winds. And because the London people are roaring about for some pinches of their own, he thinks to win them to his turn with a wet finger. And he gets encouragement from some,

because they want a spell of money from him; and from others, because they fought for the cause once, and are ashamed to go back; and others, because they have nothing to lose; and others, because they are discontented fools. But if he has brought you, or any one, I say not whom, into this scrape, with the hope of doing any good, he's a d—d decoy-duck, and that's all I can say for him; and you are geese, which is worse than being decoy-ducks, or lame-ducks either. And so here is to the prosperity of King George the Third, and the true Presbyterian religion, and confusion to the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender!—I'll tell you what, Mr. Fairbairn, I am but tenth owner of this bit of a craft, the Jumping Jenny—but tenth owner—and must sail her by my owners' directions. But if I were whole owner, I would not have the brig be made a ferry-boat for your jacobitical, old-fashioned Popish riff-raff, Mr. Fairport—I would not, by my soul; they should walk the plank, by the gods, as I have seen better men do when I sailed under the What-d'ye-callum colours. But being contraband goods, and on board my vessel, and I with my sailing orders in my hand, why, I am to forward them as directed—I say, John Roberts, keep her up a bit with the helm.—And so, Mr. Fairweather, what I do is—as the d—d villain Turnpenny says—all in the way of business."

He had been speaking with difficulty for the last five minutes, and now at length dropped on the deck, fairly silenced by the quantity of spirits which he had swallowed, but without having shown any glimpse of the gayety, or even of the extravagance, of intoxication.

The old sailor stepped forward and flung a sea-cloak over the slumberer's shoulders, and added, looking at Fairford, "Pity of him he should have this fault; for without it, he would have been as clever a fellow as ever trode a plank with ox leather."

"And what are we to do now?" said Fairford.

"Stand off and on, to be sure, till we see the signal, and then obey orders."

So saying, the old man turned to his duty, and left the passenger to amuse himself with his own meditations. Presently afterward a light column of smoke was seen rising from the little headland.

"I can tell you what we are to do now, master," said the sailor. "We'll stand out to sea, and then run in again with the evening tide, and make Skinburness; or, if there's not light, we can run into the Wampool river, and put you ashore about Kirkbride or Leatha, with the long-boat."

Fairford, unwell before, felt this destination condemned him to an agony of many hours, which his disordered stomach and aching head were ill able to endure. There was no remedy, however, but patience, and the recollection that he was suffering in the cause of friendship. As the sun rose high, he became worse; his sense of smell appeared to acquire a morbid degree of acuteness, for the mere purpose of inhaling and distinguishing all the various odours with which he was surrounded, from that of pitch, to all the complicated smells of the hold. His heart, too, throbbled under the heat, and he felt as if in full progress towards a high fever.

The seamen, who were civil and attentive, considering their calling, observed his distress, and one contrived to make an awning out of an old sail, while another compounded some lemonade, the only liquor which their passenger could be prevailed upon to touch. After drinking it off, he obtained, but could not be said to enjoy, a few hours of troubled slumber.

CHAPTER XV.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

ALAN FAIRFORD'S spirit was more ready to encounter labour than his frame was adequate to support it. In spite of his exertions, when he awoke, after five or six hours' slumber, he found that he was so much disabled by dizziness in his head, and pains in his limbs, that he could not raise himself without assistance. He heard with some pleasure that they were now running right for the Wampool river, and that

he would be put on shore in a very short time. The vessel accordingly lay to, and presently showed a weft in her ensign, which was hastily answered by signals from on shore. Men and horses were seen to come down the broken path which leads to the shore; the latter all properly tackled for carrying their loading. Twenty fishing barks were pushed afloat at once, and crowded round the brig with much clamour, laughter, cursing, and jesting. Amidst all this apparent confusion there was the essential regularity. Nanty Ewart again walked his quarter-deck as if he had never tasted spirits in his life, issued the necessary orders with precision, and saw them executed with punctuality. In half an hour the loading of the brig was in a great measure disposed in the boats; in a quarter of an hour more, it was landed on the beach, and another interval of about the same duration was sufficient to distribute it on the various strings of packhorses which waited for that purpose, and which instantly disappeared, each on its own proper adventure. More mystery was observed, in loading the ship's boat with a quantity of small barrels, which seemed to contain ammunition. This was not done until the commercial customers had been dismissed; and it was not until this was performed that Ewart proposed to Alan, as he lay stunned with pain and noise, to accompany him ashore.

It was with difficulty that Fairford could get over the side of the vessel, and he could not seat himself on the stern of the boat without assistance from the captain and his people. Nanty Ewart, who saw nothing in this worse than an ordinary fit of seasickness, applied the usual topics of consolation. He assured his passenger that he would be quite well by and by, when he had been half an hour on terra firma, and that he hoped to drink a can and smoke a pipe with him at Father Crackenthorp's, for all that he felt a little out of the way for riding the wooden horse.

"Who is Father Crackenthorp?" said Fairford, though scarcely able to articulate the question.

"As honest a fellow as is of a thousand," answered Nanty. "Ah, how much good brandy he and I have made little of in our day! By my soul, Mr. Fairford, he is the prince of skinkers, and the father of the free trade—not a stingy hypocritical devil like old Turnpenny Skinkflint, that drinks drunk on other folk's cost, and thinks it sin when he has to pay for it—be a real hearty old cock;—the sharks have been at and about him this many a day, but Father Crackenthorp knows how to trim his sails—never a warrant but he hears of it before the ink's dry. He is *bonus socius* with headborough and constable. The King's Exchequer could not bribe a man to inform against him. If any such rascal were to cast up, why, he would miss his ears next morning, or be sent to seek them in the Solway. He is a statesman,* though he keeps a public; but, indeed, that is only for convenience, and to excuse his having cellarage and folk about him; his wife's a canny woman—and his daughter Doll too. Gad, you'll be in port there till you get round again; and I'll keep my word with you, as bring you to speech of the Laird. Gad, the only trouble I shall have is to get you out of the house; for Doll is a rare wench, and my dame a funny old one, and Father Crackenthorp the rarest companion. He'll drink you a bottle of rum, or brandy without starting, but never wet his lips with that nasty Scottish stuff that the canning old scoundrel Turnpenny has brought into fashion. He is a gentleman, every inch of him, old Crackenthorp; in his own way, that is; and besides, he has a share in the Jumping Jenny, and many a moonlight outfit besides. He can give Doll a pretty penny, if he likes the tight fellow that would turn in with her for life."

In the midst of this prolonged panegyric on Father Crackenthorp, the boat touched the beach, the rowers backed their oars to keep her afloat, whilst the other fellows jumped into the surf, and, with the most rapid dexterity began to hand the barrels ashore.

"Up with them higher on the beach, my hearties," exclaimed Nanty Ewart—"High and dry—high and dry—this gear will not stand wetting. Now,

* A small landed proprietor.

out with our spare hand here—high and dry with him too. What's that?—the galloping of horse! Oh, I hear the jingle of the packsaddles—they are our own folk."

By this time all the boat's load was ashore, consisting of the little barrels; and the boat's crew, standing to their arms, ranged themselves in front, waiting the advance of the horses which came clattering along the beach. A man, overgrown with corpulence, who might be distinguished in the moonlight, panting with his own exertions, appeared at the head of the cavalcade, which consisted of horses linked together, and accommodated with packsaddles, and chains for securing the kegs, which made a dreadful clattering.

"How now, Father Crackenthorp?" said Ewart—"Why this hurry with your horses?—We mean to stay a night with you, and taste your old brandy, and my dame's home-brewed. This signal is up, man, and all is right."

"All is wrong, Captain Nanty," cried the man to whom he spoke; "and you are the lad that is like to find it so, unless you bundle off—there are new brooms bought at Carlisle yesterday to sweep the country of you and the like of you—so you were better be jogging inland."

"How many rogues are the officers?—If not more than ten, I will make fight."

"The devil you will!" answered Crackenthorp. "You were better not, for they have the bloody-backed dragoons from Carlisle with them."

"Nay, then, said Nanty, we must make sail.—Come, Master Fairford, you must mount and ride.—He does not hear me—he has fainted, I believe.—What the devil shall I do?—Father Crackenthorp, I must leave this young fellow with you till the gale blows out—hark ye—goes between the Laird and the t'other old one; he can neither ride nor walk—I must send him up to you."

"Send him up to the gallows!" said Crackenthorp; "there is Quartermaster Thwacker, with twenty men, up yonder; an he had not some kindness for Doll, I had never got hither for a start—but you must get off, or they will be here to seek us, for his orders are woundy particular; and these kegs contain worse than whisky—a hanging matter, I take it."

"I wish they were at the bottom of Wampool river, with them they belong to," said Nanty Ewart. "But they are part of cargo, and what to do with the poor young fellow?"

"Why, many a better fellow has roughed it on the grass, with a cloak o'er him," said Crackenthorp. "If he hath a fever, nothing is so cooling as the night air."

"Yes, he would be cold enough in the morning, no doubt; but it's a kind heart, and shall not cool so soon, if I can help it," answered the captain of the Jumping Jenny.

"Well, Captain, an ye will risk your own neck for another man's, why not take him to the old girls at Fairladies?"

"What, the Miss Arthurets!—The Papist jades! But never mind; it will do—I have known them take in a whole sloop's crew that were stranded on the sands."

"You may run some risk, though, by turning up to Fairladies; for I tell you they are all up through the country."

"Never mind—I may chance to put some of them down again," said Nanty, cheerfully.—"Come, lads, bundle to your tackle. Are you all loaded?"

"Ay, ay, Captain; we will be ready in a jiffy," answered the gang.

"D—n your captains!—Have you a mind to have me hanged if I am taken?—All's hail-fellow, here."

"A sup at parting," said Father Crackenthorp, extending a flask to Nanty Ewart.

"Not the twentieth part of a drop," said Nanty. "No Dutch courage for me—my heart is always high enough when there's a chance of fighting; besides, if I live drunk, I should like to die sober.—Here, old Jephson—you are the best-natured brute amongst

them—get the lad between us on a quiet horse, and we will keep him upright, I warrant."

As they raised Fairford from the ground, he groaned heavily, and asked faintly where they were taking him to.

"To a place where you will be as snug and quiet as a mouse in his hole," said Nanty, "if so be that we can get you there safely.—Good by, Father Crackenthorp—poison the quartermaster, if you can."

The loaded horses then sprang forward at a hard trot, following each other in a line, and every second horse being mounted by a stout fellow in a smock-frock, which served to conceal the arms with which most of these desperate men were provided. Ewart followed in the rear of the line, and, with the occasional assistance of old Jephson, kept his young charge erect in the saddle. He groaned heavily from time to time; and Ewart, more moved with compassion for his situation than might have been expected from his own habits, endeavoured to amuse him and comfort him, by some account of the place to which they were conveying him—his words of consolation being, however, frequently interrupted by the necessity of calling to his people, and many of them being lost amongst the rattling of the barrels, and clinking of the tackle and small chains by which they are secured on such occasions.

"And you see, brother, you will be in safe quarters at Fairladies—good old scrambling house—good old maids enough, if they were not Papists.—Hollo, you Jack Lowther; keep the line, can't ye, and shut your rattle-trap, you broth of a—! And so, being of a good family, and having enough, the old lasses have turned a kind of saints, and nuns, and so forth. The place they live in was some sort of a nun-shop long ago, as they have them still in Flanders; so folk call them the Vestals of Fairladies—that may be or may not be; and I care not whether it be or no.—Blinkinsop, hold your tongue, and be d—d!—And so, betwixt great alms and good dinners, they are well thought of by rich and poor, and their trucking with Papists is looked over. There are plenty of priests, and stout young scholars, and such like, about the house—it's a hive of them.—More shame that government send dragoons out after a few honest fellows that bring the old women of England a drop of brandy, and let these ragamuffins smuggle in as much papistry and—Hark!—was that a whistle?—No, it's only a plover. You, Jem Collier, keep a look-out a-head—we'll meet them at the High Whins, or Brothole bottom, or nowhere. Go a furlong a-head, I say, and look sharp.—These Miss Arthurets feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and such like acts—which my poor father used to say were filthy rags, but he dressed himself out with as many of them as most folk.—D—n that stumbling horse! Father Crackenthorp should be d—d himself for putting an honest fellow's neck in such jeopardy."

Thus, and with much more to the same purpose, Nanty ran on, increasing, by his well-intended annoyance, the agony of Alan Fairford, who, tormented by racking pain along the back and loins, which made the rough trot of the horse torture to him, had his aching head still further rendered and split by the hoarse voice of the sailor, close to his ear. Perfectly passive, however, he did not even essay to give any answer; and indeed his own bodily distress was now so great and engrossing, that to think of his situation was impossible, even if he could have mended it by doing so.

Their course was inland; but in what direction, Alan had no means of ascertaining. They passed at first over heaths and sandy downs; they crossed more than one brook, or beck, as they are called in that country—some of them of considerable depth—and at length reached a cultivated country, divided, according to the English fashion of agriculture, into very small fields or closes, by high banks, overgrown with underwood, and surmounted by hedge-row trees, amongst which winded a number of impracticable and complicated lanes, where the boughs projecting from the embankments on each side, intercepted the light of the moon, and endangered the safety of the horsemen. But, through this labyrinth the experience of the guides

conducted them without a blunder, and without even the slackening of their pace. In many places, however, it was impossible for three men to ride abreast; and therefore the burden of supporting Alan Fairford fell alternately to old Jephson, and to Nanty; and it was with much difficulty that they could keep him upright in his saddle.

At length when his powers of sufferance were quite worn out, and he was about to implore them to leave him to his fate in the first cottage or shed—or under a haystack or a hedge—or any where, so he was left at ease, Collier, who rode a-head, passed back the word that they were at the avenue to Fairladies—“Was he to turn up?”

Committing the charge of Fairford to Jephson, Nanty dashed up to the head of the troop, and gave his orders.—“Who knows the house best?”

“Sam Skelton’s a Catholic,” said Lowther.
“A d—d bad religion,” said Nanty, of whose Presbyterian education, a hatred of Popery seemed to be the only remnant. “But I am glad there is one amongst us, any how.—You, Sam, being a Papist, know Fairladies, and the old maidens, I dare say; so do you fall out of the line, and wait here with me; and do you Collier, carry on to Wainford bottom, then turn down the beck till you come to the old mill, and Goodman Grist the Miller or old Peel-the-Causeway, will tell you where to stow; but I will be up with you before that.”

The string of loaded horses then struck forward at their former pace, while Nanty, with Sam Skelton, waited by the road-side till the rear came up, when Jephson and Fairford joined them, and, to the great relief of the latter, they began to proceed at an easier pace than formerly, suffering the gang to precede them, till the clatter and clang attending their progress began to die away in the distance. They had not proceeded a pistol-shot from the place where they parted, when a short turning brought them in front of an old mouldering gate-way, whose heavy pinnacles were decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, with clumsy architectural ornaments; several of which had fallen down from decay, and lay scattered about, no further care having been taken than just to remove them out of the direct approach to the avenue. The great stone pillars, glimmering white in the moonlight, had some fanciful resemblance to supernatural apparitions, and the air of neglect all around, gave an uncomfortable idea of the habitation to those who passed its avenue.

“There used to be no gate here,” said Skelton, finding their way unexpectedly stopped.

But there is a gate now, and a porter too,” said a rough voice from within. “Who be you, and what do you want at this time of night?”

“We want to come to speech of the ladies—of the Miss Arthurets,” said Nanty; “and to ask lodging for a sick man.”

“There is no speech to be had of the Miss Arthurets at this time of night, and you may carry your sick man to the doctor,” answered the fellow from within, gruffly; “for as sure as there is savour in salt, and scent in rosemary, you will get no entrance—put your pipes up and be joggng on.”

“Why, Dick Gardener,” said Skelton, “be thou then turned porter?”

“What, do you know who I am?” said the domestic sharply.

“I know you, by your by-word,” answered the other; “What, have you forgot little Sam Skelton, and the brock in the barrel?”

“No, I have not forgotten you,” answered the acquaintance of Sam Skelton; “but my orders are peremptory to let no one up the avenue this night, and therefore—”

“But we are armed, and will not be kept back,” said Nanty. “Hark ye, fellow, were it not better for you to take a guinea and let us in, than to have us break the door first, and thy pate afterwards? for I won’t see my comrade die at your door—be assured of that.”

“Why, I dunna know,” said the fellow; “but what cattle were those that rode by in such hurry?”

“Why, some of our folk from Bowness, Stopiccul-

trum, and thereby,” answered Skelton; “Jack Lowther, and old Jephson, and broad Will Lamplugh, and such like.”

“Well,” said Dick Gardener, “as sure as there is savour in salt, and scent in rosemary, I thought it had been the troopers from Carlisle and Wigton, and the sound brought my heart to my mouth.”

“Had thought thou wouldst have known the clatter of a cask from the clash of a broadsword, as well as e’er a quaffer in Cumberland,” answered Skelton.

“Come, brother, less of your jaw, and more of your legs, if you please,” said Nanty; “every moment we stay is a moment lost. Go to the ladies, and tell them that Nanty Ewart, of the Jumping Jenny, has brought a young gentleman, charged with letters from Scotland, to a certain gentleman of consequence in Cumberland—that the soldiers are out, and the gentleman is very ill, and if he is not received at Fairladies, he must be left either to die at the gate, or to be taken with all his papers about him, by the redcoats.”

Away ran Dick Gardener with this message; and in a few minutes, lights were seen to flit about, which convinced Fairford, who was now, in consequence of the halt, a little restored to self-possession, that they were traversing the front of a tolerably large mansion-house.

“What if thy friend, Dick Gardener, comes back again?” said Jephson to Skelton.

“Why, then,” said the person addressed, “I shall owe him just such a licking as thou, old Jephson, hadst from Dan Cooke, and will pay as duly and truly as he did.”

The old man was about to make an angry reply, when his doubts were silenced by the return of Dick Gardener who announced that Miss Arthuret was coming herself as far as the gateway to speak with them.

Nanty Ewart cursed, in a low tone, the suspicion of old maids and the churlish scruples of Catholics that made so many obstacles to helping a fellow-creature, and wished Miss Arthuret a hearty rheumatism or toothache as the reward of her excursion; but the lady presently appeared, to cut short farther grumbling. She was attended by a waiting-maid with a lantern, by means of which she examined the party on the outside, as closely as the imperfect light, and the spars of the newly-erected gate, would permit.

“I am sorry we have disturbed you so late, madam Arthuret,” said Nanty; “but the case is this.”

“Holy Virgin,” said she “why do you speak so loud? Pray, are you not the Captain of the Saint Genevieve?”

“Why, ay, ma’am,” answered Ewart, “they call the brig so at Dunkirk, sure enough; but along shore here, they call her the Jumping Jenny.”

“You brought over the holy Father Buonaventura, did you not?”

“Ay, ay, madam, I have brought over enough o’ them black cattle,” answered Nanty.

“Fie! fie! friend,” said Miss Arthuret; “it is a pity that the saints should commit these good men to heretic’s care.”

“Why, no more they would, ma’am,” answered Nanty, “could they find a Papish lubber that knew the coast as I do; then I am trusty as steel to owners and always look after cargo—live lumber, or dead fish or spirits, all is one to me; and your Catholics have such d—d large hoods, with pardon, ma’am, that they can sometimes hide two faces under them. But here is a gentleman dying, with letters about him from the Laird of Summertrees to the Laird of the Lochs, as they call him, along Solway; and every minute he lies here is a nail in his coffin.”

“Saint Mary! what shall we do?” said Miss Arthuret; “we must admit him, I think, at all risks. You, Richard Gardener, help one of these men to carry the gentleman up to the Place; and you, Solby, see him lodged at the end of the long gallery.—You are a heretic, Captain, but I think you are trusty, and I know you have been trusted—but if you are imposing on me—”

“Not I, madam—never attempt to impose on ladies of your experience—my practice that way has been all

among the young ones.—Come, cheerly, Mr. Fairford—you will be taken good care of—try to walk.”

Alan did so; and, refreshed by his halt, declared himself able to walk to the house with the sole assistance of the gardener.

“Why, that’s hearty. Thank thee, Dick, for lending him thine arm,”—and Nanty slipped into his hand the guinea he had promised.—“Farewell then, Mr. Fairford, and farewell, Madam Arthuret, for I have been too long here.”

So saying, he and his two companions threw themselves on horseback, and went off at a gallop. Yet, even above the clatter of their hoofs did the incorrigible Nanty halloo out the old ballad—

“A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confession a-morning early :—
‘In what, my dear, are you to blame?’
‘Come tell me most sincerely!’
‘Alas! my fault I dare not name—
But my lad he loved me dearly.’”

“Holy Virgin!” exclaimed Miss Seraphina, as the unhallowed sounds reached her ears; “what profane heathens be these men, and what frights and pinches we be put to among them! The saints be good to us, what a night has this been!—the like never seen at Fairladies.—Help me to make fast the gate, Richard, and thou shalt come down again to wait on it, lest there come more unwelcome visitors.—Not that you are unwelcome young gentleman, for it is sufficient that you need such assistance as we can give you, to make you welcome to Fairladies—only, another time would have done as well—but, hem! I dare say it is all for the best. The avenue is none of the smoothest, sir, look to your feet. Richard Gardener should have had it mown and levelled, but he was obliged to go on a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred’s Well, in Wales.”—(Here Dick gave a short dry cough, which, as if he had found it betrayed some internal feeling a little at variance with what the lady said, he converted into a muttered *Sancita Winifreda, ora pro nobis*. Miss Arthuret, mean time, proceeded)—“We never interfere with our servants’ vows or penances, Master Fairford—I know a very worthy father of your name, perhaps a relation—I say, we never interfere with our servants’ vows. Our Lady forbid they should not know some difference between our service and a heretic’s.—Take care, sir, you will fall if you have not a care. Alas! by night and day there are many stumbling-blocks in our paths!”

With more talk to the same purpose, all of which tended to show a charitable, and somewhat silly woman, with a strong inclination to her superstitious devotion, Miss Arthuret entertained her new guest, as, stumbling at every obstacle which the devotion of his guide, Richard, had left in the path, he at last, by ascending some stone steps, decorated on the side with griffins, or some such heraldic anomalies, attained a terrace extending in front of the Place of Fairladies; an old-fashioned gentleman’s house of some consequence, with its range of notched gable-ends and narrow windows, relieved by here and there an old turret about the size of a pepper-box. The door was locked, during the brief absence of the mistress; a dim light glimmered through the sashed door of the hall, which opened beneath a huge stone porch, loaded with jessamine and other creepers. All the windows were dark as pitch.

Mrs. Arthuret tapped at the door. “Sister, sister Angelica?”

“Who is there?” was answered from within; “is it you, sister Seraphina?”

“Yes, yes, under the door; do you not know my voice?”

“No doubt, sister,” said Angelica, undoing bolt and bar; “but you know our charge, and the enemy is watchful to surprise us—*incedit sicut leo vorans*, saith the breviary.—Whom have you brought here? Oh, sister, what have you done?”

“It is a young man,” said Seraphina, hastening to interrupt her sister’s remonstrance, “a relation, I believe, of our worthy Father Fairford; left at the gate by the captain of that blessed vessel the Saint Genevieve—almost dead—and charged with despatches to”—

She lowered her voice as she mumbled over the last words.

“Nay, then, there is no help,” said Angelica; “but it is unlucky.”

During this dialogue between the vestals of Fairladies, Dick Gardener deposited his burden in a chair, where the young lady, after a moment of hesitation, expressing a becoming reluctance to touch the hand of a stranger, put her finger and thumb upon Fairford’s wrist, and counted his pulse.

“There is fever here, sister,” she said; “Richard must call Ambrose, and we must send some of the febrifuge.”

Ambrose arrived presently, a plausible and respectable-looking old servant, bred in the family, and who had risen from rank to rank in the Arthuret service, till he was become half-physician, half-almoner, half-butler, and entire governor; that is, when the Father Confessor, who frequently eased him of the toils of government, chanced to be abroad. Under the direction, and with the assistance, of this venerable personage, the unlucky Alan Fairford was conveyed to a decent apartment at the end of a long gallery, and, to his inexpressible relief, consigned to a comfortable bed. He did not attempt to resist the prescription of Mr. Ambrose, who not only presented him with the proposed draught, but proceeded so far as to take a considerable quantity of blood from him, by which last operation he probably did his patient much service.

CHAPTER XVI.

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED.

On the next morning, when Fairford awoke, after no very refreshing slumbers, in which were mingled many wild dreams of his father, and of Darsie Lathmer,—of the damsel in the green mantle, and the vestals of Fairladies,—of drinking small beer with Nanty Ewart, and being immersed in the Solway with the Jumping Jenny,—he found himself in no condition to dispute the order of Mr. Ambrose, that he should keep his bed, from which, indeed, he could not have raised himself without assistance. He became sensible that his anxiety, and his constant efforts for some days past, had been too much for his health, and that, whatever might be his impatience, he could not proceed in his undertaking until his strength was re-established.

In the mean while, no better quarters could have been found for an invalid. The attendants spoke under their breath, and moved only on tiptoe—nothing was done unless *par ordonnance du medecin*—Esculapius reigned paramount in the premises at Fairladies. Once a-day, the ladies came in great state to wait upon him, and inquire after his health, and it was then that Alan’s natural civility, and the thankfulness which he expressed for their timely and charitable assistance, raised him considerably in their esteem. He was on the third day removed to a better apartment than that in which he had been at first accommodated. When he was permitted to drink a glass of wine, it was of the first quality; one of those curious old-fashioned cob-webbed bottles being produced on the occasion, which are only to be found in the crypts of old country seats, where they may have lurked undisturbed for more than half a century.

But however delightful a residence for an invalid, Fairladies, as its present inmate became soon aware, was not so agreeable to a convalescent. When he dragged himself to the window so soon as he could crawl from bed, behold it was closely grated, and commanded no view except of a little paved court. This was nothing remarkable, most old Border-houses having their windows so secured; but then Fairford observed, that whoever entered or left the room, always locked the door with great care and circumspection; and some proposals which he made to take a walk in the gallery, or even in the garden, were so coldly received, both by the ladies and their prime minister, Mr. Ambrose, that he saw plainly

such an extension of his privileges as a guest would not be permitted.

Anxious to ascertain whether this excessive hospitality would permit him his proper privilege of free-agency, he announced to this important functionary, with grateful thanks for the care with which he had been attended, his purpose to leave Fairladies next morning, requesting only, as a continuance of the favours with which he had been loaded, the loan of a horse to the next town; and, assuring Mr. Ambrose that his gratitude would not be limited by such a trifle, he slipped three guineas into his hand, by way of seconding his proposal. The fingers of that worthy domestic closed as naturally upon the *honorarium*, as if a degree in the learned faculty had given him a right to clutch it; but his answer concerning Alan's proposed departure was at first evasive, and when he was pushed, it amounted to a peremptory assurance that he could not be permitted to depart to-morrow; it was as much as his life was worth, and his ladies would not authorize it.

"I know best what my own life is worth," said Alan; "and I do not value it in comparison to the business which requires my instant attention."

Receiving still no satisfactory answer from Mr. Ambrose, Fairford thought it best to state his resolution to the ladies themselves, in the most measured, respectful, and grateful terms; but still such as expressed a firm determination to depart on the morrow, or next day at farthest. After some attempts to induce him to stay, on the alleged score of health, which were so expressed that he was convinced they were only used to delay his departure, Fairford plainly told them that he was intrusted with despatches of consequence to the gentleman known by the name of Herries, Redgauntlet, and the Laird of the Lochs; and that it was matter of life and death to deliver them early.

"I dare say, Sister Angelica," said the elder Miss Arthuret, "that the gentleman is honest; and if he is really a relation of Father Fairford, we can run no risk."

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the younger. "Oh fie, Sister Seraphina! Fie, fie!—*Vade retro*—get thee behind me!"

"Well, well; but sister—Sister Angelica—let me speak with you in the gallery."

So out the ladies rustled in their silks and tissues, and it was a good half hour ere they rustled in again, with importance and awe on their countenances.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Fairford, the cause of our desire to delay you is—there is a religious gentleman in this house at present!"

"A most excellent person indeed!"—said the sister Angelica.

"An anointed of his Master!" echoed Seraphina,—"and we should be glad that, for conscience' sake, you would hold some discourse with him before your departure."

"Oho!" thought Fairford, "the murder is out—here is a design of conversion!—I must not affront the good old ladies, but I shall soon send off the priest, I think."—He then answered aloud, "that he should be happy to converse with any friend of theirs—that in religious matters he had the greatest respect for every modification of Christianity, though, he must say, his belief was made up to that in which he had been educated; nevertheless, if his seeing the religious person they recommended could in the least show his respect!"

"It is not quite that," said Sister Seraphina, "although I am sure the day is too short to hear him—Father Buonaventure, I mean—speak upon the concerns of our souls; but"

"Come, come, sister Seraphina," said the younger, "it is needless to talk so much about it. His—his Eminence—I mean Father Buonaventure—will himself explain what he wants this gentleman to know."

"His Eminence," said Fairford, surprised—"Is this gentleman so high in the Catholic Church?—The title is given only to Cardinals, I think."

"He is not a Cardinal as yet," answered Seraphina; "but I assure you, Mr. Fairford, he is as high in rank as he is eminently endowed with good gifts, and"

"Come away," said Sister Angelica. "Holy Virgin, how you do talk!—What has Mr. Fairford to do with Father Buonaventure's rank?—Only, sir, you will remember that the Father has been always accustomed to be treated with the most profound deference;—indeed!"

"Come away, sister," said Sister Seraphina, in her turn; "who talks now, I pray you? Mr. Fairford will know how to comport himself."

"And we had best both leave the room," said the younger lady, "for here his Eminence comes."

She lowered her voice to a whisper as she pronounced the last words; and as Fairford was about to reply, by assuring her that any friend of hers should be treated by him with all the ceremony he could expect, she imposed silence on him, by holding up her finger.

A solemn and stately step was now heard in the gallery; it might have proclaimed the approach not merely of a bishop or cardinal, but of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Nor could the sound have been more respectfully listened to by the two ladies, had it announced that the Head of the Church was approaching in person. They drew themselves, like sentinels on duty, one on each side of the door by which the long gallery communicated with Fairford's apartment, and stood there immovable, and with countenances expressive of the deepest reverence.

The approach of Father Buonaventure was so slow, that Fairford had time to notice all this, and to marvel in his mind what wily and ambitious priest could have contrived to subject his worthy but simple-minded hostesses to such superstitious trammels. Father Buonaventure's entrance and appearance a some degree accounted for the whole.

He was a man of middle life, about forty or upwards; but either care, or fatigue, or indulgence, had brought on the appearance of premature old age, and given to his fine features a cast of seriousness or even sadness. A noble countenance, however, still remained; and though his complexion was altered, and wrinkles stamped upon his brow in many a melancholy fold, still the lofty forehead, the full and well-opened eye, and the well-formed nose, showed how handsome in better days he must have been. He was tall, but lost the advantage of his height by stooping; and the cane which he wore always in his hand, and occasionally used, as well as his slow though majestic gait, seemed to intimate that his form and limbs felt already some touch of infirmity. The colour of his hair could not be discovered, as according to the fashion, he wore a periwig. He was handsomely, though gravely dressed in a secular habit, and had a cockade in his hat; circumstances which did not surprise Fairford, who knew that a military disguise was very often assumed by the secondary priests, whose visits to England, or residence there subjected them to legal penalties.

As this stately person entered the apartment, the two ladies facing inward, like soldiers on their post when about to salute a superior officer, dropped on either hand of the Father a courtesy so profound, that the hoop petticoats which performed the feat seemed to sink down to the very floor, nay, through it, as if a trapdoor had opened for the descent of the dame who performed this act of reverence.

The Father seemed accustomed to such homage profound as it was; he turned his person a little way first towards one sister, and then towards the other while, with a gracious inclination of his person, which certainly did not amount to a bow, he acknowledged their courtesy. But he passed forward without addressing them, and seemed by doing so, to intimate that their presence in the apartment was unnecessary.

They accordingly glided out of the room, retreating backwards, with hands clasped and eyes cast upwards, as if imploring blessings on the religious man whom they venerated so highly. The door of the apartment was shut after them, but not before Fairford had perceived that there were one or two men in the gallery, and that, contrary to what he had before observed, the door, though shut, was not locked on the outside.

"Can the good souls apprehend danger from me?"

as this god of their idolatry?" thought Fairford. But he had no time to make farther observations, for the stranger had already reached the middle of the apartment.

Fairford rose to receive him respectfully, but as he fixed his eyes on the visitor, he thought that the Father avoided his looks. His reasons for remaining incognito were cogent enough to account for this, and Fairford hastened to relieve him, by looking downwards in his turn; but when again he raised his face, he found the broad light eye of the stranger so fixed on him, that he was almost put out of countenance by the steadiness of his gaze. During this time they remained standing.

"Take your seat, sir," said the Father; "you have been an invalid."

He spoke with the tone of one who desires an inferior to be seated in his presence, and his voice was full and melodious.

Fairford, somewhat surprised to find himself overawed by the airs of superiority, which could be only properly exercised towards one over whom religion gave the speaker influence, sat down at his bidding, as if moved by springs, and was at a loss how to assert the footing of equality on which he felt that they ought to stand. The stranger kept the advantage which he had obtained.

"Your name, sir, I am informed, is Fairford?" said the Father.

Alan answered by a bow.

"Called to the Scottish bar," continued his visitor. "There is, I believe, in the West, a family of birth and rank called Fairford of Fairford."

Alan thought this a strange observation from a foreign ecclesiastic, as his name intimated Father Buonaventure to be; but only answered, he believed there was such a family.

"Do you count kindred with them, Mr. Fairford?" continued the inquirer.

"I have not the honour to lay such a claim," said Fairford. "My father's industry has raised his family from a low and obscure situation—I have no hereditary claim to distinction of any kind.—May I ask the cause of these inquiries?"

"You will learn it presently," said Father Buonaventure, who had given a dry and dissatisfied *hem* at the young man's acknowledging a plebeian descent. He then motioned him to be silent, and proceeded with his queries.

"Although not of condition, you are, doubtless, by sentiments and education, a man of honour and a gentleman?"

"I hope so, sir," said Alan, colouring with displeasure. "I have not been accustomed to have it questioned."

"Patience, young man," said the unperturbed questioner; "we are on serious business, and no idle etiquette must prevent its being discussed seriously.—You are probably aware, that you speak to a person proscribed by the severe and unjust laws of the present government?"

"I am aware of the statute 1700, chapter 3," said Alan. "banishing from the realm Priests and traffickers, Papists, and punishing by death, on summary conviction, any such person who being so banished return. The English law, I believe, is equally severe. But I have no means of knowing you, sir, be one of those persons; and I think your prudence may recommend to you to keep your own counsel."

"It is sufficient, sir; and I have no apprehensions of disagreeable consequences from your having seen me in this house," said the Priest.

"Assuredly no," said Alan. "I consider myself as indebted for my life to the Mistresses of Fairladies; and it would be a vile requital on my part to pry into make known what I may have seen or heard under this hospitable roof. If I were to meet the Pretender himself in such a situation, he should, even the risk of a little stretch to my loyalty, be free from any danger from my indiscretion."

"The Pretender!" said the Priest, with some angry emphasis; but immediately softened his tone and said, "No doubt, however, that person is a pretender; and some people think his pretensions are not

ill founded. But before running into politics, give me leave to say, that I am surprised to find a gentleman of your opinions in habits of intimacy with Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees and Mr. Redgauntlet, and the medium of conducting the intercourse betwixt them."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Alan Fairford; "I do not aspire to the honour of being reputed their confidant or go-between. My concern with those gentlemen is limited to one matter of business, deeply interesting to me, because it concerns the safety—perhaps the life—of my dearest friend."

"Would you have any objections to intrust me with the cause of your journey?" said Father Buonaventure. "My advice may be of service to you, and my influence with one or both these gentlemen is considerable."

Fairford hesitated a moment, and hastily revolving all circumstances, concluded that he might perhaps receive some advantage from propitiating this personage; while, on the other hand, he endangered nothing by communicating to him the occasion of his journey. He, therefore, after stating shortly, that he hoped Mr. Buonaventure would render him the same confidence which he required on his part, gave a short account of Darsie Latimer—of the mystery which hung over his family—and of the disaster which had befallen him. Finally, of his own resolution to seek for his friend, and to deliver him, at the peril of his own life.

The Catholic Priest, whose manner it seemed to be to avoid all conversation which did not arise from his own express motion, made no remarks upon what he had heard, but only asked one or two abrupt questions, where Alan's narrative appeared less clear to him; then rising from his seat, he took two turns through the apartment, muttering between his teeth, with emphasis, the word "Madman!" But apparently he was in the habit of keeping all violent emotions under restraint; for he presently addressed Fairford with the most perfect indifference.

"If," said he, "you thought you could do so with out breach of confidence, I wish you would have the goodness to show me the letter of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees. I desire to look particularly at the address."

Seeing no cause to decline this extension of his confidence, Alan, without hesitation, put the letter into his hand. Having turned it round as old Trumbull and Nanty Ewart had formerly done, and, like them, having examined the address with much minuteness, he asked whether he had observed these words, pointing to a pencil-writing upon the under side of the letter. Fairford answered in the negative, and, looking at the letter, read with surprise, "*Cave ne litteras Belierophonis adferres*;" a caution which coincided so exactly with the Provost's admonition, that he would do well to inspect the letter of which he was bearer, that he was about to spring up and attempt an escape, he knew not wherefore or from whom.

"Sit still, young man," said the Father, with the same tone of authority which reigned in his whole manner, although mingled with stately courtesy. "You are in no danger—my character shall be a pledge for your safety.—By whom do you suppose these words have been written?"

Fairford could have answered, "by Nanty Ewart," for he remembered seeing that person scribble something with a pencil, although he was not well enough to observe with accuracy where, or upon what. But not knowing what suspicions, or what worse consequences, the seaman's interest in his affairs might draw upon him, he judged it best to answer that he knew not the hand.

Father Buonaventure was again silent for a moment or two, which he employed in surveying the letter with the strictest attention; then stepped to the window, as if to examine the address and writing of the envelope with the assistance of a stronger light, and Alan Fairford beheld him, with no less amazement than high displeasure, coolly and deliberately break the seal, open the letter, and peruse the contents.

"Stop, sir, hold!" he exclaimed, as soon as his astonishment permitted him to express his resentment in words: "by what right do you dare"—

"Peace, young gentleman," said the Father, repelling him with a wave of his hand; "be assured I do not act without warrant—nothing can pass betwixt Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Redgauntlet that I am not fully entitled to know."

"It may be so," said Alan, extremely angry; "but though you may be these gentlemen's father confessor, you are not mine; and in breaking the seal of a letter intrusted to my care, you have done me!"

"No injury, I assure you," answered the unperturbed priest; "on the contrary, it may be a service."

"I desire no advantage at such a rate, or to be obtained in such a manner," answered Fairford; "restore me the letter instantly, or!"

"As you regard your own safety," said the priest, "forbear all injurious expressions, and all menacing gestures. I am not one who can be threatened or insulted with impunity; and there are enough within hearing to chastise any injury or affront offered to me, in case I may think it unbecoming to protect or avenge myself with my own hand."

In saying this, the Father assumed an air of such fearlessness and calm authority, that the young lawyer, surprised and overawed, forbore, as he had intended, to snatch the letter from his hand, and confined himself to bitter complaints of the impropriety of his conduct, and of the light in which he himself must be placed to Redgauntlet, should he present him a letter with a broken seal.

"That," said Father Buonaventure, "shall be fully cared for. I will myself write to Redgauntlet, and enclose Maxwell's letter, provided always you continue to desire to deliver it, after perusing the contents."

He then restored the letter to Fairford, and, observing that he hesitated to peruse it, said emphatically, "Read it, for it concerns you."

This recommendation, joined to what Provost Crosbie had formerly recommended, and to the warning, which he doubted not that Nanty intended to convey by his classical allusion, decided Fairford's resolution.

"If these correspondents," he thought, "are conspiring against my person, I have a right to counterplot them; self-preservation, as well as my friend's safety, require that I should not be too scrupulous."

So thinking, he read the letter, which was in the following words:—

"DEAR RUGGED AND DANGEROUS,

"WILL you never cease meriting your old nickname? You have sprang your dottle, I find, and what is the consequence?—why, that there will be hue and cry after you presently. The bearer is a pert young lawyer, who has brought a formal complaint against you, which, luckily, he has preferred in a friendly court. Yet, favourable as the judge was disposed to be, it was with the utmost difficulty that cousin Jenny and I could keep him to his tackle. He begins to be timid, suspicious, and intractable, and I fear Jenny will soon bend her brows on him in vain. I know not what to advise—the lad who carries this is a good lad—active for his friend—and I have pledged my honour he shall have no personal ill-usage—Pledged my honour, remark these words, and remember I can be rugged and dangerous as well as my neighbours. But I have not insured him against a short captivity, and as he is a stirring active fellow, I see no remedy but keeping him out of the way till this business of the good Father B—— is safely blown over, which God send it were!—Always thine, even should I be once more
CRAIG-IN-PERI."

"What think you, young man, of the danger you have been about to encounter so willingly?"

"As strangely," replied Alan Fairford, "as of the extraordinary means which you have been at present pleased to use for the discovery of Mr. Maxwell's purpose."

"Trouble not yourself to account for my conduct," said the Father; "I have a warrant for what I do, and fear no responsibility. But tell me what is your present purpose?"

"I should not perhaps name it to you, whose own safety may be implicated."

"I understand you," answered the Father; "you

would appeal to the existing government?—That can at no rate be permitted—we will rather detain you at Fairladies by compulsion."

"You will probably," said Fairford, "first weigh the risk of such a proceeding in a free country."

"I have incurred more formidable hazard," said the priest, smiling; "yet I am willing to find a milder expedient. Come; let us bring the matter to a compromise."—And he assumed a conciliating graciousness of manner, which struck Fairford as being rather too condescending for the occasion; "I presume you will be satisfied to remain here in seclusion for a day or two longer, provided I pass my solemn word to you, that you shall meet with the person whom you seek after—meet with him in perfect safety, and I trust, in good health, and be afterwards both at liberty to return to Scotland, or dispose of yourselves as each of you may be minded?"

"I respect the *verbum sacerdotis* as much as can reasonably be expected from a Protestant," answered Fairford; "but, methinks, you can scarce expect me to repose so much confidence in the word of an unknown person, as is implied in the guarantee which you offer me."

"I am not accustomed, sir," said the Father, in a very haughty tone, "to have my word disputed. But," he added, while the angry hue passed from his cheek after a moment's reflection, "you know me not, and ought to be excused. I will repose more confidence in your honour than you seem willing to repose upon mine; and since we are so situated that one must rely upon the other's faith, I will cause you to be presently at liberty, and furnished with the means of delivering your letter as addressed, provided that you, knowing the contents, you think it safe for yourself to execute the commission."

Alan Fairford paused. "I cannot see," he at length replied, "how I can proceed with respect to the accomplishment of my sole purpose, which is the liberation of my friend, without appealing to the law, and obtaining the assistance of a magistrate. If I present the singular letter of Mr. Maxwell, with the contents of which I have become so unexpectedly acquainted, I shall only share his captivity."

"And if you apply to a magistrate, young man, you will bring ruin on these hospitable ladies, to whom, in all human probability, you owe your life. You cannot obtain a warrant for your purpose, without giving a clear detail of all the late scenes through which you have passed. A magistrate would oblige you to give a complete account of yourself, before arming you with his authority against a third party; and in giving such an account, the safety of these ladies will necessarily be compromised. A hundred spies have had, and still have, their eyes upon the mansion; but God will protect his own."—He crossed himself devoutly, and then proceeded.—"You can take an hour to think of your best plan, and I will pledge myself to forward it thus far, provided it be not asking you to rely more on my word than your prudence can warrant. You shall go to Redgauntlet—I name him plainly, to show my confidence in you—and you shall deliver him this letter of Mr. Maxwell's, with one from me, in which I will enjoin him to set your friend at liberty, or at least to make no attempts upon your own person, either by detainer or otherwise. If you can trust me thus far," he said, with a proud emphasis on the words, "I will on my side see you depart from this place with the most perfect confidence that you will not return armed with powers to drag its inmates to destruction. You are young and inexperienced—bred to a profession in which sharpens suspicion, and gives false views of human nature. I have seen much of the world, and have known better than most men, how far mutual confidence is requisite in managing affairs of consequence."

He spoke with an air of superiority, even of authority, by which Fairford, notwithstanding his own internal struggles, was silenced and overawed so much, that it was not till the Father had turned to leave the apartment that he found words to ask him what the consequences would be, should he decline to depart on the terms proposed.

"You must then, for the safety of all parties, remain for some days an inhabitant of Fairladies, where we have the means of detaining you, which self-preservation will in that case compel us to make use of. Your captivity will be short; for matters cannot long remain as they are.—The cloud must soon rise, or it must sink upon us for ever.—*Benedicite!*"

With these words he left the apartment.

Fairford, upon his departure, felt himself much at a loss what course to pursue. His line of education, as well as his father's tenets in matters of church and state, had taught him a holy horror for Papists, and a devout belief in whatever had been said of the punic faith of Jesuits, and of the expedients of mental reservation, by which the Catholic priests in general were supposed to evade keeping faith with heretics. Yet there was something of majesty, depressed indeed, and overclouded, but still grand and imposing, in the manner and words of Father Buonaventure, which it was difficult to reconcile with those preconceived opinions which imputed sulkiness and fraud to his sect and order. Above all, Alan was aware, that if he accepted not his freedom upon the terms offered him, he was likely to be detained by force; so that, in every point of view, he was a gainer by adopting them.

A qualm, indeed, came across him, when he considered as a lawyer, that this Father was, probably, in the eye of law, a traitor; and that there was an ugly crime on the Statute Book, called Misprision of Treason. On the other hand, whatever he might think or suspect, he could not take upon him to say that the man was a priest, whom he had never seen in the dress of his order, or in the act of celebrating mass; so that he felt himself at liberty to doubt of that, respecting which he possessed no legal proof. He therefore arrived at the conclusion, that he would do well to accept his liberty, and proceed to Redgauntlet under the guarantee of Father Buonaventure, which he scarce doubted would be sufficient to save him from personal inconvenience. Should he once obtain speech of that gentleman, he felt the same confidence as formerly, that he might be able to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, should he not consent to liberate Darsie Latimer. At all events, he should learn where his friend was, and how circumstanced.

Having thus made up his mind, Alan waited anxiously for the expiration of the hour which had been allowed him for deliberation. He was not kept on the tenter-hooks of impatience an instant longer than the appointed moment arrived, for, even as the clock struck, Ambrose appeared at the door of the gallery, and made a sign that Alan should follow him. He did so, and after passing through some of the intricate avenues common in old houses, was ushered into a small apartment, commodiously fitted up, in which he found Father Buonaventure reclining on a couch, in the attitude of a man exhausted by fatigue or indisposition. On a small table beside him, a silver embossed salver sustained a Catholic book of prayer, a small flask of medicine, a cordial, and a little tea-cup of old china. Ambrose did not enter the room—he only bowed profoundly, and closed the door with the least possible noise, so soon as Fairford had entered.

"Sit down, young man," said the Father, with the same air of condescension which had before surprised, and rather offended Fairford. "You have been ill, and I know too well by my own case, that indisposition requires indulgence.—Have you," he continued, so soon as he saw him seated, "resolved to remain, or to depart?"

"To depart," said Alan, "under the agreement that you will guarantee my safety with the extraordinary person who has conducted himself in such a lawless manner towards my friend, Darsie Latimer."

"Do not judge hastily, young man," replied the Father. "Redgauntlet has the claims of a guardian over his ward, in respect to the young gentleman, and a right to dictate his place of residence, although he may have been injudicious in selecting the means by which he thinks to enforce his authority."

"His situation as an attainted person abrogates such rights," said Fairford, hastily.

"Surely," replied the priest, smiling at the young lawyer's readiness, "in the eye of those who acknowledge the justice of the attainder—but that do not I. However, sir, here is the guarantee—look at its contents, and do not again carry the letters of Utriah."

Fairford read these words:—

"GOOD FRIEND,

"We send you hither a young man desirous to know the situation of your ward, since he came under your paternal authority, and hopeful of dealing with you for having your relative put at large. This we recommend to your prudence, highly disapproving, at the same time, of any force or coercion, when such can be avoided, and wishing, therefore, that the bearer's negotiation may be successful. At all rates, however, the bearer hath pledged word for his safety and freedom, which, therefore, you are to see strictly observed, as you value our honour and your own. We farther wish to converse with you, with as small loss of time as may be, having matters of the utmost confidence to impart. For this purpose we desire you to repair hither with all haste, and thereupon we bid you heartily farewell.

P. B."

"You will understand, sir," said the Father, when he saw that Alan had perused his letter, "that, by accepting charge of this missive, you bind yourself to try the effect of it before having recourse to any legal means, as you term them, for your friend's release."

"There are a few ciphers added to this letter," said Fairford, when he had perused the paper attentively,—"may I inquire what their import is?"

"They respect my own affairs," answered the Father, briefly; "and have no concern whatever with yours."

"It seems to me, however," replied Alan, "natural to suppose—"

"Nothing must be supposed incompatible with my honour," replied the priest, interrupting him; "when such as I am confer favours, we expect that they shall be accepted with gratitude, or declined with thankful respect—not questioned or discussed."

"I will accept your letter, then," said Fairford, after a minute's consideration, "and the thanks you expect shall be most liberally paid, if the result answer what you teach me to expect."

"God only commands the issue," said Father Buonaventure. "Man uses means.—You understand, that, by accepting this commission, you engage yourself in honour to try the effect of my letter upon Mr. Redgauntlet, before you have recourse to informations or legal warrants?"

"I hold myself bound, as a man of good faith and honour, to do so," said Fairford.

"Well, I trust you," said the Father. "I will now tell you, that an express, despatched by me last night, has, I hope, brought Redgauntlet to a spot many miles nearer this place, where he will not find it safe to attempt any violence on your friend, should he be rash enough to follow the advice of Mr. Maxwell of Summerlee rather than my commands. We now understand each other."

He extended his hand towards Alan, who was about to pledge his faith in the usual form by grasping it with his own, when the Father drew back hastily. Ere Alan had time to comment upon this repulse, a small side-door, covered with tapestry, was opened; the hangings were drawn aside, and a lady, as if by sudden apparition, glided into the apartment. It was neither of the Miss Arthurs, but a woman in the prime of life, and in the full-blown expansion of female beauty, tall, fair, and commanding in her aspect. Her locks, of paly gold, were taught to fall over a brow, which, with the stately glance of the large, open, blue eyes, might have become Juno herself; her neck and bosom were admirably formed, and of a dazzling whiteness. She was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but not more than became her age, of apparently thirty years. Her step was that of a queen, but it was of Queen Vashti, not Queen Esther—the bold and commanding, not the retiring beauty.

Father Buonaventure raised himself on the couch,

angrily, as if displeased by this intrusion. "How now, madam," he said, with some sternness; "why have we the honour of your company?"

"Because it is my pleasure," answered the lady, composedly.

"Your pleasure, madam!" he repeated in the same angry tone.

"My pleasure, sir," she continued, "which always keeps exact pace with my duty. I had heard you were unwell—let me hope it is only business which produces this seclusion."

"I am well," he replied; "perfectly well, and I thank you for your care—but we are not alone, and this young man!"

"That young man?" she said, bending her large and serious eye on Alan Fairford, as if she had been for the first time aware of his presence—"may I ask who he is?"

"Another time, madam; you shall learn his history after he is gone. His presence renders it impossible for me to explain further."

"After he is gone may be too late," said the lady; "and what is his presence to me, when your safety is at stake? He is the heretic lawyer whom those silly fools, the Arthurets, admitted into this house, at a time when they should have let their own father knock at the door in vain, though the night had been a wild one. You will not surely dismiss him?"

"Your own impudence can alone make that step perilous," said the Father; "I have resolved to take it—do not let your indiscreet zeal, however excellent its motive, add any unnecessary risk to the transaction."

"Even so?" said the lady, in a tone of reproach, yet mingled with respect and apprehension. "And thus you will still go forward, like a stag upon the hunter's snares, with undoubting confidence, after all that has happened?"

"Peace, madam," said Father Buonaventura, rising up; "be silent, or quit the apartment; my designs do not admit of female criticism."

To this peremptory command the lady seemed about to make a sharp reply; but she checked herself, and pressing her lips strongly together, as if to secure the words from bursting from them which were already forced upon her tongue, she made a deep reverence, partly as it seemed in reproach, partly in respect, and left the room as suddenly as she had entered it.

The Father looked disturbed at this incident, which he seemed sensible could not but fill Fairford's imagination with an additional throng of bewildering suspicions; he bit his lip, and muttered something to himself as he walked through the apartment; then suddenly turned to his visitor with a smile of much sweetness, and a countenance in which every rougher expression was exchanged for those of courtesy and kindness.

"The visit we have been just honoured with, my young friend, has given you," he said, "more secrets to keep than I would have wished you burdened with. The lady is a person of condition—of rank and fortune—but nevertheless, is so circumstanced, that the mere fact of her being known to be in this country, would occasion many evils. I should wish you to observe secrecy on this subject, even to Redgauntlet or Maxwell, however much I trust them in all that concerns my own affairs."

"I can have no occasion," replied Fairford, "for holding any discussion with these gentlemen, or with any others, on the circumstance which I have just witnessed—it could only have become the subject of my conversation by mere accident, and I will now take care to avoid the subject entirely."

"You will do well, sir, and I thank you," said the Father, throwing much dignity into the expression of obligation which he meant to convey. "The time may perhaps come when you will learn what it is to have obliged one of my condition. As to the lady, she has the highest merit, and nothing can be said of her justly which would not redound to her praise. Nevertheless—in short, sir, we wander at present as in a morning mist—the sun will, I trust, soon rise and dispel it, when all that now seems mysterious will

be fully revealed—or it will sink into rain," he added, in a solemn tone, "and then explanation will be of little consequence.—Adieu, sir; I wish you well."

He made a graceful obeisance, and vanished through the same side-door by which the lady had entered; and Alan thought he heard their voices high in dispute in the adjoining apartment.

Presently afterwards, Ambrose entered, and told him that a horse and guide waited him beneath the terrace.

"The good Father Buonaventura," added the butler, "has been graciously pleased to consider your situation, and desired me to inquire whether you have any occasion for a supply of money?"

"Make my respects to his reverence," answered Fairford, "and assure him I am provided in that particular. I beg you also to make my acknowledgments to the Misses Arthurets, and assure them that their kind hospitality, to which I probably owe my life, shall be remembered with gratitude as long as that life lasts. You yourself, Mr. Ambrose, must accept of my kindest thanks for your skill and attention."

Mid these acknowledgments they left the house, descended the terrace, and reached the spot where the gardener, Fairford's old acquaintance, waited for him, mounted upon one horse, and leading another.

Bidding adieu to Ambrose, our young lawyer mounted, and rode down the avenue, often looking back to the melancholy and neglected dwelling which he had witnessed such strange scenes and amusing upon the character of its mysterious inmates especially the noble and almost regal seeming priest, and the beautiful but capricious dame who, if she was really Father Buonaventura's penitent, seemed less docile to the authority of the church, than as Alan conceived, the Catholic discipline permitted. He could not indeed help being sensible that the whole deportment of these persons differed much from his preconceived notions of a priest and devotee. Father Buonaventura, in particular, had more natural dignity and less art and affectation in his manner, than accorded with the idea which Calvinists were taught to entertain of that wily and formidable person, a Jesuitical missionary.

While reflecting on these things, he looked back frequently at the house, that Dick Gardener, the forward, talkative fellow, who began to tire of silence at length said to him, "I think you will know Fairladies when you see it again, sir?"

"I dare say I shall, Richard," answered Fairford, good-humouredly. "I wish I knew as well where I am to go next. But you can tell me, perhaps?"

"Your worship should know better than I," said Dick Gardener; "nevertheless, I have a notion you are going where all you Scotsmen should be sent, whether you will or no."

"Not to the devil, I hope, good Dick?" said Fairford.

"Why, no. That is a road which you may mark as heretics; but as Scotsmen, I would only send you three-fourths of the way—and that is back to Scotland again—always craving your honour's pardon."

"Does our journey lie that way?" said Fairford.

"As far as the water side," said Richard. "I am to carry you to old Father Crackenrhop's, and so you are within a spit and a stride of Scotland, as the saying is. But mayhap you may think twice of going thither, for all that; for Old England is fast finding ground for north-country cattle."

CHAPTER XVII.

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER.

Our history must now, as the old romancers used to say, "leave to tell" of the quest of Alan Fairford and instruct our readers of the adventures which befell Darsie Latimer, left as he was in the precious custody of his self-named tutor, the Laird of the Lochs of Solway, to whose arbitrary pleasure he found it necessary for the present to conform himself.

In consequence of this prudent resolution, and although he did not assume such a disguise without

sensations of shame and degradation. Darsie permitted Cristal Nixon to place over his face, and secure by a string, one of those silk masks which ladies frequently wore to preserve their complexions, when exposed to the air during long turns on horseback. He remonstrated somewhat more vehemently against the long riding-skirt, which converted his person from the waist into the female guise, but was obliged to concede this point also.

The metamorphosis was then complete; for the fair rider must be informed, that in those rude times, the ladies, when they honoured the masculine dress by assuming any part of it, wore just such hats, coats, and waisteats, as the male animals themselves made use of, and had no notion of the elegant compromise between male and female attire, which has now acquired *par excellence*, the name of a *habit*. Trolloping thence our motiers must have looked, with long square-cut coats, lacking collars, and with waisteats plentifully surged with a length of pocket, which hung far downwards from the middle. But then they had some advantage from the splendent colours, lace, and gay embroidery, which masculine attire then exhibited; and, as happens in many similar instances, the finery of the materials made amends for the want of symmetry and grace of form in the garments themselves. But this is a digression.

In the court of the old mansion, half manor-place, half farm-house, or rather a decayed manor-house, converted into an abode for a Cumberland tenant, stood several saddle horses. Four or five of these were mounted by servants or inferior retainers, all of whom were well-armed with sword, pistol, and carbine. But two had riding furniture for the use of females—the one being accoutred with a side-saddle, the other with a pillion attached to the saddle.

Darsie's heart beat quicker within him; he easily comprehended that one of these was intended for his own use; and his hopes staggered that the other was designed for that of the fair Green-Mantle, whom, according to his established practice, he had adopted for the queen of his affections, although his opportunities of holding communication with her had not exceeded the length of a silent supper on one occasion, and the going down a country-dance on another. This, however, was no unwanted mood of passion with Darsie Latimer, upon whom Cupid was used to triumph only in the degree of a Mahrahn conqueror, who overruns a province with the rapidity of lightning, but finds it impossible to retain it beyond a very brief space. Yet this new love was rather more serious than the scarce skinned-up wounds which his friend Fairford used to ridicule. The damsel had shown a sincere interest in his behalf; and the air of mystery with which that interest was veiled, gave her, to his lively imagination, the character of a benevolent and protecting spirit, as much as that of a beautiful female.

At former times, the romance attending his short-lived attachments had been of his own creating, and had disappeared soon as ever he approached more closely to the object with which he had invested it. On the present occasion, it really flowed from external circumstances, which might have interested less susceptible feeling, and an imagination less lively than that of Darsie Latimer, young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic as he was.

He watched, therefore, anxiously to whose service the palfrey bearing the lady's saddle was destined. But ere any female appeared to occupy it, he was himself summoned to take his seat on the pillion behind Cristal Nixon, amid the grins of his old acquaintance Jan, who helped him to horse, and the unrestrained laughter of Cicely, who displayed on the occasion a case of teeth which might have rivalled

Jory.

Latimer was at an age when being an object of general ridicule even to clowns and milkmaids, was not a matter of indifference, and he lenced heartily to have laid his horse-whip across Jan's shoulders. That, however, was a solacement of his feelings which was not at the moment to be thought of; and Cristal Nixon presently put an end to his unpleasant situation, by ordering the riders to go on. He himself

kept the centre of the troop, two men riding before and two behind him, always, as it seemed to Darsie, having their eye upon him, to prevent any attempt to escape. He could see from time to time, when the straight line of the road, or the advantage of an ascending permit, dimly, that another troop of three or four riders followed them at about a quarter of a mile's distance, amongst whom he could discover the tall form of Redgauntlet, and the powerful action of his gallant black horse. He had little doubt that Green-Mantle made one of the party, though he was unable to distinguish her from the others.

In this manner they travelled from six in the morning until nearly ten of the clock, without Darsie's exchanging a word with any one; for he loathed the very idea of entering into conversation with Cristal Nixon, against whom he seemed to feel an insinuating aversion; nor was that domestic's saturnine and sullen disposition such as to have encouraged advances, had he thought of making them.

At length the party halted for the purpose of refreshment; but as they had hitherto avoided all villages and inhabited places upon their route, so they now stopped at one of those large ruinous Dutch barns, which are sometimes found in the fields, at a distance from the farm-houses to which they belong. Yet in this desolate place some preparations had been made for their reception. There were in the end of the barn, racks filled with provender for the horses, and plenty of provisions for the party were drawn from the trusses of straw, under which the baskets that contained them had been deposited. The choicest of these were selected and arranged apart by Cristal Nixon, while the men of the party threw themselves upon the rest, which he abandoned to their discretion. In a few minutes afterwards the rearward party arrived and dismounted, and Redgauntlet himself entered the barn with the green-mantled maiden by his side. He presented her to Darsie with these words:—

"It is time you two should know each other better. I promised you my confidence, Darsie, and the time is come for repaying it. But first we will have our breakfast; and then, when once more in the saddle, I will tell you that which it is necessary that you should know. Salute Lilius, Darsie."

The command was sudden, and surprised Latimer, whose confusion was increased by the perfect ease and frankness with which Lilius offered at once her check and her hand, and pressing his, as she rather took it than gave her own, said very frankly, "Dearest Darsie, how rejoiced I am that our uncle has at last permitted us to become acquainted!"

Darsie's head turned round; and it was perhaps well that Redgauntlet called on him to sit down, as even that movement served to hide his confusion. There is an old song which says—

— "when ladies are willing,
A man can but look like a fool!"

And on the same principle Darsie Latimer's looks at this unexpected frankness of reception, would have formed an admirable vignette for illustrating the passage. "Dearest Darsie," and such a ready, nay, eager salute of lip and hand!—It was all very gracious, no doubt—and ought to have been received with much gratitude; but, constituted as our friend's temper was, nothing could be more inconsistent with his tone of feeling. If a hermit had proposed to him to club for a pot of beer, the illusion of his reverend sanctity could not have been dispelled more effectually than the divine qualities of Green-Mantle faded upon the ill-mingled frank-heartedness of poor Lilius. Vexed with her forwardness, and affronted at having once more cheated himself, Darsie could hardly help muttering two lines of the song we have already quoted:

"The fruit that must fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me."

And yet it was pity of her too—she was a very pretty young woman—his fancy had scarce overrated her in that respect—and the slight derangement of the beautiful brown locks which escaped in natural ringlets from under her riding-hat, with the bloom which exercise had brought into her cheek, made her even

more than usually fascinating. Redgauntlet missed the sternness of his look when it was turned towards her, and, in addressing her, used a softer tone than his usual deep bass. Even the grim features of Cristal Nixon relaxed when he attended on her, and it was then, if ever, that his misanthropical visage expressed some sympathy with the rest of humanity.

"How can she," thought Latimer, "look so like an angel, yet be so mere a mortal after all?—How could so much seeming modesty have so much forwardness of manner, when she ought to have been most reserved? How can her conduct be reconciled to the grace and ease of her general deportment?"

The confusion of thoughts which occupied Darsie's imagination, gave to his looks a disordered appearance, and his inattention to the food which was placed before him, together with his silence and absence of mind, induced Lillias solicitously to inquire, whether he did not feel some return of the disorder under which he had suffered so lately. This led Mr. Redgauntlet, who seemed also lost in his own contemplations, to raise his eyes, and join in the same inquiry with some appearance of interest. Latimer explained to both, that he was perfectly well.

"It is well it is so," answered Redgauntlet; "for we have that before us which will brook no delay from indisposition—we have not, as Hotspur says, leisure to be sick."

Lillias, on her part, endeavoured to prevail upon Darsie to partake of the food which she offered him, with a kindly and affectionate courtesy, corresponding to the warmth of the interest she had displayed at their meeting; but so very natural, innocent, and pure in its character, that it would have been impossible for the vainest coxcomb to have mistaken it for coquetry, or a desire of captivating a prize so valuable as his affections. Darsie, with no more than the reasonable share of self-opinion common to most youths when they approach twenty-one, knew not how to explain her conduct.

Sometimes he was tempted to think that his own merits had, even during the short intervals when they had seen each other, secured such a hold of the affections of a young person, who had probably been bred up in ignorance of the world and its forms, that she was unable to conceal her partiality. Sometimes he suspected that she acted by her guardian's order, who, aware that he, Darsie, was entitled to a considerable fortune, might have taken this bold stroke to bring about a marriage betwixt him and so near a relative.

But neither of these suppositions was applicable to the character of the parties. Miss Lillias's manners, however soft and natural, displayed in their ease and versatility considerable acquaintance with the habits of the world, and in the few words she said during the morning repast, there were mingled a shrewdness and good sense, which could scarce belong to a Miss capable of playing the silly part of a love-smitten maiden so broadly. As for Redgauntlet, with his stately bearing, his fatal frown, his eye of threat and of command, it was impossible, Darsie thought, to suspect him of a scheme having private advantage for its object;—he could as soon have imagined Cassius picking Cæsar's pocket, instead of drawing his poniard on the Dictator.

While he thus mused, unable either to eat, drink, or answer to the courtesy of Lillias, she soon ceased to speak to him, and sat silent as his friend.

They had remained nearly an hour in their halting-place, when Redgauntlet said aloud, "Look out, Cristal Nixon. If we hear nothing from Fairladies, we must continue our journey."

Cristal went to the door, and presently returned and said to his master, in a voice as harsh as his features, "Gilbert Gregson is coming, his horse as white with foam as if a fiend had ridden him."

Redgauntlet threw from him the plate on which he had been eating, and hastened towards the door of the barn, which the courier at that moment entered; a smart jockey with a black velvet hunting-cap, and a broa; belt drawn tight round his waist, to which was secured his express-bag. The variety of mud with which he was splashed from cap to spur, showed

he had had a rough and rapid ride. He delivered a letter to Mr. Redgauntlet, with an obeisance, and then retired to the end of the barn, where the other attendants were sitting or lying upon the straw, in order to get some refreshment.

Redgauntlet broke the letter open with haste, and read it with anxious and discomposed looks. On a second perusal, his displeasure seemed to increase, his brow darkened, and was distinctly marked with the fatal sign peculiar to his family and house. Darsie had never before observed his frown bear such a close resemblance to the shape which tradition assigned it.

Redgauntlet held out the open letter with one hand, and struck it with the forefinger of the other, as in a suppressed and displeased tone, he said to Cristal Nixon, "Countermanded—ordered northward once more!—Northward, when all our hopes lie to the south—a second Derby direction, when we turned our back on glory, and marched in quest of ruin!"

Cristal Nixon took the letter and ran it over, then returned it to his master with the cold observation, "a female influence predominates."

"But it shall predominate no longer," said Redgauntlet; "it shall wane as ours rises in the horizon. Mean while, I will on before—and you, Cristal, will bring the party to the place assigned in the letter. You may now permit the young persons to have unreserved communication together; only mark that you watch the young man closely enough to prevent his escape, if he should be idiot enough to attempt it, but not approaching so close as to watch their free conversation."

"I care naught about their conversation," said Nixon, surlily.

"You hear my commands, Lillias," said the Laird, turning to the young lady. "You may use my permission and authority to explain so much of our family matters as you yourself know. At our next meeting I will complete the task of disclosure, and I trust shall restore our Redgauntlet more to the bosom of our ancient family. Let Latimer, as he calls him—I have a horse to himself; he must for some time retain his disguise.—My horse—my horse!"

In two minutes they heard him ride off from the door of the barn, followed at speed by two of the armed men of his party.

The commands of Cristal Nixon, in the mean while, put all the remainder of the party in motion, but the Laird himself was long out of sight ere they were ready to resume their journey. When at length they set out, Darsie was accommodated with a horse and side-saddle, instead of being obliged to resume his place on the pillion behind the detestable Nixon. He was obliged, however, to retain his riding skirt, and to renounce his mask. Yet notwithstanding this disagreeable circumstance, and although he observed that they gave him the heaviest and slowest horse of the party, and that, as a farther precaution against escape, he was closely watched on every side, yet riding in company with the pretty Lillias was an advantage which overbalanced these inconveniences.

It is true, that this society, to which that very morning he would have looked forward as a glimpse of heaven, had, now that it was thus unexpectedly indulged, something much less rapturous than he had expected.

It was in vain that, in order to avail himself of a situation so favourable for indulging his romantic disposition, he endeavoured to coax back, if I may so express myself, that delightful dream of ardent tender passion; he felt only such a confusion of ideas at the difference between the being whom he had imagined, and her with whom he was now in contact, that it seemed to him like the effect of witchcraft. What most surprised him was, that this sudden flame should have died away so rapidly, notwithstanding that the maiden's personal beauty was even greater than he had expected—her demeanour, unless it should be deemed over kind towards himself, as graceful and becoming as he could have fancied it, even in his gayest dreams. It was judging hardly of him to suppose that the mere belief of his having attracted her affections more easily than he expected, was the cause of

his ungratefully undervaluing a prize too lightly won, or that his transient passion played around his heart with the flitting radiance of a wintry sunbeam flashing against an icicle, which may brighten it for a moment, but cannot melt it. Neither of these was precisely the case, though such fickleness of disposition might also have some influence in the change.

The truth is, perhaps, that the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase; and that the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the fairest flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt—there must be danger—there must be difficulty; and if, as the poet says, the course of ardent affection never does run smooth, it is perhaps because, without some intervening obstacle, that which is called the romantic passion of love, in its high poetical character and colouring, can hardly have an existence;—any more than there can be a current in a river, without the stream being narrowed by steep banks, or checked by opposing rocks.

Let not those, however, who enter into a union for life without those embarrassments which delight a Darsie Latimer, or a Lydia Languish, and which are perhaps necessary to excite an enthusiastic passion in breasts more firm than theirs, augur worse of their future happiness, because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, seen, as in their case, undisguised by the mists of too partial passion—a suitable proportion of parties in rank and fortune, in taste and pursuits—are more frequently found in a marriage of reason, than in a union of romantic attachment; where the imagination, which probably created the virtues and accomplishments with which it invested the beloved object, is frequently afterwards employed in magnifying the mortifying consequences of its own delusion, and exasperating all the stings of disappointment. Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalion which, wearing a more sober uniform, and making a less dazzling show, than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honour, in the conflicts of human life. All this, however, is foreign to our present purpose.

Uncertain in what manner to address her whom he had been lately so anxious to meet with, and embarrassed by a *l'été-à-été* to which his own timid inexperience gave some awkwardness, the party had proceeded more than a hundred yards before Darsie assumed courage to accost, or even to look at, his companion. Sensible, however, of the impropriety of his silence, he turned to speak to her; and observing that, although she wore her mask, there was something like disappointment and dejection in her manner, he was moved by self-reproach for his own coldness, and hastened to address her in the kindest tone he could assume.

"You must think me cruelly deficient in gratitude, Miss Lillias, that I have been thus long in your company, without thanking you for the interest which you have deigned to take in my unfortunate affairs?"

"I am glad you have at length spoken," she said, "though I own it is more coldly than I expected.—Miss Lillias! *Deign* to take interest.—In whom, dear Darsie, can I take interest but in you? and why do you put this barrier of ceremony betwixt us, whom adverse circumstances have already separated for such a length of time?"

Darsie was again confounded at the extra candour, if we may use the term, of this frank avowal—"One must love partridge very well," thought he, "to accept it when thrown in one's face—if this is not plain speaking, there is no such place as downright Dunstable in being!"

Embarrassed with these reflections, and himself of a nature fancifully, almost fastidiously, delicate, he could only in reply stammer forth an acknowledgment of his companion's goodness, and his own gratitude. She answered in a tone partly sorrowful and partly impatient, repeating, with displeased emphasis, the only distinct words he had been able to bring forth—

"Goodness—gratitude!—O Darsie, should these be the phrases between you and me?—Alas! I am too

sure you are displeased with me, though I cannot even guess on what account. Perhaps you think I have been too free in venturing upon my visit to your friend. But then remember it was in your behalf, and that I knew no better way to put you on your guard against the misfortunes and restraint which you have been subjected to, and are still enduring."

"Dear lady!"—said Darsie, rallying his recollection, and suspicious of some error in apprehension,—a suspicion which his mode of address seemed at once to communicate to Lillias, for she interrupted him,—

"*Lady!* dear lady!—For whom, or for what, in Heaven's name, do you take me, that you address me so formally?"

Had the question been asked in that enchanted hall in Fairy-land, where all interrogations must be answered with absolute sincerity, Darsie had certainly replied that he took her for the most frank-hearted and ultra-liberal lass that had ever lived since Mother Eve eat the pippin without paring. But as he was still on middle-earth, and free to avail himself of a little polite deceit, he barely answered, that he believed he had the honour of speaking to the niece of Mr. Redgauntlet.

"Surely," she replied; "but were it not as easy for you to have said, to your own only sister?"

Darsie started in his saddle, as if he had received a pistol-shot.

"My sister!" he exclaimed.

"And you did not know it, then?" said she. "I thought your reception of me was cold and indifferent."

A kind and cordial embrace took place betwixt the relatives; and so light was Darsie's spirit, that he really felt himself more relieved, by getting quit of the embarrassments of the last half hour, during which he conceived himself in danger of being persecuted by the attachment of a forward girl, than disappointed by the vanishing of so many day-dreams as he had been in the habit of encouraging during the time when the green-mantled maiden was goddess of his idollatry. He had been already flung from his romantic Pegasus, and was too happy at length to find himself with bones unbroken, though with his back on the ground. He was, besides, with all his whims and follies, a generous, kind-hearted youth, and was delighted to acknowledge so beautiful and amiable a relative, and to assure her in the warmest terms of his immediate affection and future protection, so soon as they should be extricated from their present situation. Smiles and tears mingled on Lillias's cheeks, like showers and sunshine in April weather.

"Out on me," she said, "that I should be so childish as to cry at what makes me so sincerely happy! since, God knows, family-love is what my heart has most longed after, and to which it has been most a stranger. My uncle says that you and I, Darsie, are but half Redgauntlets, and that the metal of which our father's family was made, has been softened to effeminacy in our mother's offspring."

"Alas!" said Darsie, "I know so little of our family story, that I almost doubted that I belonged to the House of Redgauntlet, although the chief of the family himself intimated so much to me."

"The Chief of the family!" said Lillias. "You must know little of your own descent indeed, if you mean my uncle by that expression. You yourself, my dear Darsie, are the heir and representative of our ancient House, for our father was the elder brother—that brave and unhappy Sir Henry Darsie Redgauntlet, who suffered at Carlisle in the year 1744. He took the name of Darsie, in conjunction with his own, from our mother, heiress to a Cumberland family of great wealth and antiquity, of whose large estates you are the undeniable heir, although those of your father have been involved in the general doom of forfeiture. But all this must be necessarily unknown to you."

"Indeed I hear it for the first time in my life," answered Darsie.

"And you knew not that I was your sister?" said Lillias. "No wonder you received me so coldly. What a strange, wild, forward young person you must

have thought me—mixing myself in the fortunes of a stranger whom I had only once spoken to—corresponding with him by signs—Good Heaven! what can you have supposed me?"

"And how should I have come to the knowledge of our connexion?" said Darsie. "You are aware I was not acquainted with it when we danced together at Brokenburn."

"I saw that with concern, and fain I would have warned you," answered Lilius; "but I was closely watched, and before I could find or make an opportunity of coming to a full explanation with you on a subject so agitating, I was forced to leave the room. What I did say was, you may remember, a caution to leave the southern border, for I foresaw what has since happened. But since my uncle has had you in his power, I never doubted he had communicated to you our whole family history."

"He has left me to learn it from you, Lilius; and assure yourself that I will hear it with more pleasure from your lips than from his. I have no reason to be pleased with his conduct towards me."

"Of that," said Lilius, "you will judge better when you have heard what I have to tell you;" and she began her communication in the following manner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED.

"THE House of Redgauntlet," said the young lady, "has for centuries been supposed to lie under a doom, which has rendered vain their courage, their talents, their ambition, and their wisdom. Often making a figure in history, they have been ever in the situation, of men striving against both wind and tide, who distinguish themselves by their desperate exertions of strength, and their persevering endurance of toil, but without being able to advance themselves upon their course, by either vigour or resolution. They pretend to trace this fatality to a legendary history, which I may tell you at a less busy moment."

Darsie intimated, that he had already heard the tragic story of Sir Alberick Redgauntlet.

"I need only say, then," proceeded Lilius, "that our father and uncle felt the family doom in its full extent. They were both possessed of considerable property, which was largely increased by our father's marriage, and were both devoted to the service of the unhappy House of Stewart; but (as our mother at least supposed) family considerations might have withheld her husband from joining openly in the affair of 1746, had not the high influence which the younger brother possessed over the elder, from his more decided energy of character, hurried him along with himself into that undertaking."

"When, therefore, the enterprise came to the fatal conclusion, which bereaved our father of his life, and consigned his brother to exile, Lady Redgauntlet fled from the north of England, determined to break off all communication with her late husband's family, particularly his brother, whom she regarded as having, by his insane political enthusiasm, been the means of his untimely death; and determined that you, my brother, an infant, and that I, to whom she had just given birth, should be brought up as adherents of the present dynasty. Perhaps she was too hasty in this determination—too timidly anxious to exclude, if possible, from the knowledge of the very spot where we existed, a relation so nearly connected with us as our father's only brother. But you must make allowance for what she had suffered. See, brother," she said, pulling her glove off, "these five blood-specks on my arm are a mark by which mysterious Nature has impressed, on an unborn infant, a record of its father's violent death and its mother's miseries."*

* Several persons have brought down to these days the impressions which Nature had thus recorded, when they were yet babes unborn. One lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death, previous to the rebellion, was marked on the back of the neck by the sign of a broad axe. Another, whose kinsmen had been slain in battle, and died on the scaffold to the number of seven, bore a child spattered on the right shoulder, and down the arm, with scarlet drops, as if of blood. Many other instances might be quoted.

"You were not then born when my father suffered?" said Darsie.

"Alas, no!" she replied; "nor were you a twelve-month old. It was no wonder that my mother, after going through such scenes of agony, became irresistibly anxious for the sake of her children—of her son in particular; the more especially as the late Sir Henry, her husband, had, by a settlement of his affairs, confided the custody of the persons of her children, as well as the estates which descended to them, independently of those which fell under his forfeiture, to his brother Hugh, in whom he placed unlimited confidence."

"But my mother had no reason to fear the operation of such a deed, conceived in favour of an attainted man," said Darsie.

"True," replied Lilius; "but our uncle's attainer might have been reversed, like that of so many other persons, and our mother, who both feared and hated him, lived in continual terror that this would be the case, and that she should see the author, as she thought him, of her husband's death, come armed with legal powers, and in a capacity to use them for the purpose of tearing her children from her protector. Besides, she feared, even in his incapacitated condition, the adventurous and pertinacious spirit of her brother-in-law, Hugh Redgauntlet, and felt assured that he would make some attempt to possess himself of the persons of the children. On the other hand, our uncle, whose proud disposition might, perhaps have been soothed by the offer of her confidence, revolted against the distrustful and suspicious manner in which Lady Darsie Redgauntlet acted towards him. She basely abused, he said, the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, in order to deprive him of his natural privilege of protecting and educating the infants, whom nature and law, and the will of their father, had committed to his charge, and he swore solemnly he would not submit to such an injury. Report of his threats was made to Lady Redgauntlet, and tended to increase those fears which proved but too well founded. While you and I, children at that time of two or three years old, were playing together in a walled orchard, adjacent to our mother's residence, which she had fixed somewhere in Devonshire, my uncle suddenly scaled the wall with several men, and I was snatched up and carried off to a boat which waited for them. My mother, however, flew to your rescue, and as she seized on me held you fast, my uncle could not, as he has since told me, possess himself of your person, without using unmanly violence to his brother's widow. Of this he was incapable; and, as people began to assemble upon my mother's screaming, he withdrew, she darting upon you and her one of those fearful looks which, it is said, remain with our family, as a fatal bequest of Sir Alberick, our ancestor."

"I have some recollection of the scuffle which you mention," said Darsie; "and I think it was my uncle himself (since my uncle he is) who recalled the circumstance to my mind on a late occasion. I can now account for the guarded seclusion under which my poor mother lived—for her frequent tears, her starts of hysterical alarm, and her constant and deep melancholy. Poor lady! what a lot was hers, and what must have been her feelings when it approached to a close!"

"It was then that she adopted," said Lilius, "every precaution her ingenuity could suggest, to keep your very existence concealed from the person whom she feared—nay, from yourself; for she dreaded, as she said often to have expressed herself, that the wild blood of Redgauntlet would urge you to unite your fortunes to those of your uncle, who was well known still to carry on political intrigues, which most other persons had considered as desperate. It was also possible that he, as well as others, might get his pardon, as government showed every year more lenity towards the remnant of the Jacobites, and then he might claim the custody of your person, as your legal guardian. Either of these events she considered as the direct road to your destruction."

"I wonder she had not claimed the protection of Chancery for me," said Darsie; "or confided me in the care of some powerful friend."

"She was on indifferent terms with her relations, on account of her marriage with our father," said Lilius, "and trusted more to secreting you from your uncle's attempts, than to any protection which law might afford against them. Perhaps she judged unwisely, but surely not unnaturally, for one rendered irritable by so many misfortunes and so many alarms. Samuel Griffiths, an eminent banker, and a worthy clergyman now dead, were, I believe, the only persons who she intrusted with the execution of her last will; and my uncle believes that she made them both swear to observe profound secrecy concerning your birth and pretensions, until you should come to the age of majority, and, in the mean time to breed you up in the most private way possible, and that which was most likely to withdraw you from my uncle's observation."

"And I have no doubt," said Darsie, "that betwixt change of name and habitation, they might have succeeded perfectly, but for the accident—lucky or unlucky, I know not which to term it—which brought me to Brokenburn, and into contact with Mr. Redgauntlet. I see also why I was warned against England, for in England!"

"In England alone, if I understand rightly," said Miss Redgauntlet, "the claims of your uncle to the custody of your person could have been enforced, in case of his being replaced in the ordinary rights of citizenship, either by the lenity of the government or by some change in it. In Scotland, where you possess no property, I understand his authority might have been resisted, and measures taken to put you under the protection of the law. But, pray, think it not unlucky that you have taken the step of visiting Brokenburn—I feel confident that the consequences must be ultimately fortunate, for, have they not already brought us in contact with each other?"

So saying, she held out her hand to her brother, who grasped it with a fondness of pressure very different from the manner in which they first clasped hands that morning. There was a moment's pause, while the hearts of both were overflowing with a feeling of natural affection, to which circumstances had hitherto rendered them strangers.

At length Darsie broke silence: "I am ashamed," he said, "my dearest Lilius, that I have suffered you to talk so long about matters concerning myself only, while I remain ignorant of your story, and your present situation."

"The former is none of the most interesting, nor the latter the most safe or agreeable," answered Lilius; "but now, my dearest brother, I shall have the inestimable support of your countenance and affection; and were I but sure that we could weather the formidable crisis which I find so close at hand, I should have little apprehensions for the future."

"Let me know," said Darsie, "what our present situation is; and rely upon my utmost exertions both in your defence and my own. For what reason can my uncle desire to detain me a prisoner?—If in mere opposition to the will of my mother, she has long been no more; and I see not why he should wish, at so much trouble and risk, to interfere with the free will of one, to whom a few months will give a privilege of acting for himself, with which he will have no longer any pretence to interfere."

"My dearest Arthur," answered Lilius—"for that name, as well as Darsie, properly belongs to you—it is the leading feature in my uncle's character, that he has applied every energy of his powerful mind to the service of the exiled family of Stewart. The death of his brother, the dilapidation of his own fortunes, have only added to his hereditary zeal for the House of Stewart, a deep and almost personal hatred against the present reigning family. He is, in short, a political enthusiast of the most dangerous character, and proceeds in his agency with as much confidence, as if he felt himself the very Atlas, who is alone capable of supporting a sinking cause."

"And where or how did you, my Lilius, educated, doubtless, under his auspices, learn to have a different view of such subjects?"

"By a singular chance," replied Lilius, "in the manery where my uncle placed me. Although the Abbess was a person exactly after his own heart, my

education as a pensioner devolved much on an excellent old mother who had adopted the tenets of the Jansenists, with perhaps a still further tendency towards the reformed doctrines, than those of Porte-Royale. The mysterious secrecy with which she inculcated these tenets, gave them charms to my young mind, and I embraced them the rather that they were in direct opposition to the doctrines of the Abbess, whom I hated so much for her severity, that I felt a childish delight in setting her control at defiance, and contradicting in my secret soul all that I was openly obliged to listen to with reverence. Freedom of religious opinion brings on, I suppose, freedom of political creed; for I had no sooner renounced the Pope's infallibility, than I began to question the doctrine of hereditary and indefeasible right. In short, strange as it may seem, I came out of a Parisian convent, not indeed an instructed Whig and Protestant, but with as much inclination, to be so as if I had been bred up, like you, within the presbyterian sound of Saint Giles's chimneys."

"More so, perhaps," replied Darsie; "for the nearer the church—the proverb is somewhat musty. But how did these liberal opinions of yours agree with the very opposite prejudices of my uncle?"

"They would have agreed like fire and water," answered Lilius, "had I suffered mine to become visible; but as that would have subjected me to constant reproach and upbraiding, or worse, I took great care to keep my own secret; so that occasional censures for coldness, and lack of zeal for the good cause, were the worst I had to undergo; and these were bad enough."

"I applaud your caution," said Darsie.

"You have reason," replied his sister; "but I got so terrible a specimen of my uncle's determination of character, before I had been acquainted with him for much more than a week, that it taught me at what risk I should contradict his humour. I will tell you the circumstances; for it will better teach you to appreciate the romantic and resolved nature of his character, than any thing which I could state of his rashness and enthusiasm."

"After I had been many a long year at the convent, I was removed from thence, and placed with a messenger old Scottish lady of high rank, the daughter of an unfortunate person, whose head had in the year 1715 been placed on Temple-bar. She subsisted on a small pension from the French Court, aided by an occasional gratuity from the Stewarts; to which the annuity paid for my board formed a desirable addition. She was not ill-tempered, nor very covetous—neither beat me nor starved me—but she was so completely trammelled by rank and prejudices, so awfully profound in genealogy, and so bitterly keen, poor lady, in British politics, that I sometimes thought it pity that the Hanoverians, who murdered, as she used to tell me, her poor dear father, had left his dear daughter in the land of the living. Delighted, therefore, was I, when my uncle made his appearance, and abruptly announced his purpose of conveying me to England. My extravagant joy at the idea of leaving Lady Rachel Rougedragon, was somewhat qualified by observing the melancholy look, lofty demeanour, and commanding tone of my near relative. He held more communication with me on the journey, however; than consisted with his taciturn demeanour in general, and seemed anxious to ascertain my tone of character, and particularly in point of courage. Now, though I am a tamed Redgauntlet, yet I have still so much of our family spirit as enables me to be as composed in danger as most of my sex; and upon two occasions in the course of our journey—a threatened attack by banditti, and the overturn of our carriage—I had the fortune so to conduct myself, as to convey to my uncle a very favourable idea of my intrepidity. Probably this encouraged him to put in execution the singular scheme which he had in agitation."

"Ere we reached London we changed our means of conveyance, and altered the route by which we approached the city, more than once; then, like a hare which doubles repeatedly at some distance from the seat she means to occupy, and at last leaps into

her form from a distance as great as she can clear by a spring, we made a forced march, and landed in private and obscure lodgings in a little old street in Westminster, not far distant from the Cloisters.

"On the morning of the day on which we arrived my uncle went abroad, and did not return for some hours. Mean time I had no other amusement than to listen to the tumult of noises which succeeded each other, or reigned in confusion together, during the whole morning. Paris I had thought the most noisy capital in the world, but Paris seemed midnight silence compared to London. Cannon thundered near and at a distance—drums, trumpets, and military music of every kind, rolled, flourished, and pierced the clouds, almost without intermission. To fill up the concert, bells pealed incessantly from a hundred steeples. The acclamations of an immense multitude were heard from time to time, like the roaring of a mighty ocean, and all this without my being able to glean the least idea of what was going on, for the windows of our apartment looked upon a waste back-yard, which seemed totally deserted. My curiosity became extreme, for I was satisfied, at length, that it must be some festival of the highest order which called forth these incessant sounds.

"My uncle at length returned, and with him a man of an exterior singularly unprepossessing. I need not describe him to you, for—do not look round—he rides behind us at this moment."

"That respectable person, Mr. Cristal Nixon, I suppose?" said Darsie.

"The same," answered Lilius; "make no gesture that may intimate we are speaking of him."

Darsie signified that he understood her, and she pursued her relation.

"They were both in full dress, and my uncle, taking a bundle from Nixon, said to me, 'Lilius, I am come to carry you to see a grand ceremony—put on as hastily as you can the dress you will find in that parcel, and I prepare to attend me.' I found a female dress, splendid and elegant, but somewhat bordering upon the antique fashion. It might be that of England, I thought, and I went to my apartment full of curiosity, and dressed myself with all speed.

"My uncle surveyed me with attention—'She may pass for one of the flower-girls,' he said to Nixon, who only answered with a nod.

"We left the house together, and such was their knowledge of the lanes, courts, and bypaths, that though there was the roar of a multitude in the broad streets, those which we traversed were silent and deserted; and the strollers whom we met, tired of gazing upon gayer figures, scarcely honoured us with a passing look, although, at any other time, we should, among these vulgar suburbs, have attracted a troublesome share of observation. We crossed at length a broad street, where many soldiers were at guard, while others, exhausted with previous duty, were eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping beside their piled arms.

"One day, Nixon, whispered my uncle, 'we will make these redcoated gentry stand to their muskets more watchfully.'

"Or it will be the worse for them," answered his attendant, in a voice as unpleasant as his physiognomy.

"Unquestioned and unchallenged by any one, we crossed among the guards, and Nixon tapped thrice at a small postern door in a huge ancient building which was straight before us. It opened, and we entered without my perceiving by whom we were admitted. A few dark and narrow passages at length conveyed us into an immense Gothic hall, the magnificence of which baffles my powers of description.

"It was illuminated by ten thousand wax lights, whose splendour at first dazzled my eyes, coming as we did from these dark and secret avenues. But when my sight began to become steady, how shall I describe what I beheld! Beneath were huge ranges of tables, occupied by princes and nobles in their robes of state—high officers of the crown, wearing their dresses and badges of authority—reverend prelates and judges, the sages of the church and law, in their

more sombre, yet not less awful robes—with others whose antique and striking costume announced their importance, though I could not even guess who they might be. But at length the truth burst on me at once—it was, and the murmur around confirmed it, the Coronation Feast. At a table above the rest, and extending across the upper end of the hall, sat enthroned the youthful Sovereign himself, surrounded by the princes of the blood, and other dignitaries, and receiving the suit and homage of his subjects. Harbalds and pursuivants, blazing in their fantastic yet splendid armorial habits, and pages of honour, gorgeously arrayed in the garb of other days, waited upon the princely banqueters. In the galleries with which this spacious hall was surrounded, shone all and more than all, that my poor imagination could conceive, of what was brilliant in riches, or captivating in beauty. Countless rows of ladies, whose diamonds, jewels, and splendid attire, were their least powerful charms, looked down from their lofty seats on the rich scene beneath, themselves forming a show as dazzling and as beautiful as that of which they were spectators. Under these galleries, and behind the banquet tables, were a multitude of gentlemen, dressed as if to attend a court, but whose garb, although not enough to have adorned a royal drawing-room, could not distinguish them in such a high scene as this. Amongst these we wandered for a few minutes, undistinguished and unregarded. I saw several young persons dressed as I was, so was under no embarrassment from the singularity of my habit, and only rejoiced as I hung on my uncle's arm, at the magical splendour of such a scene, and at his goodness for procuring me the pleasure of beholding it.

"By and by, I perceived that my uncle had acquaintances among those who were under the galleries, and seemed, like ourselves, to be mere spectators of the solemnity. They recognised each other with a sage word, sometimes only with a gripe of the hand—exchanged some private signs, doubtless—and gradually formed a little group, in the centre of which we were placed.

"Is it not a grand sight, Lilius?" said my uncle. 'All the noble, and all the wise, and all the wealthy of Britain, are there assembled.'

"It is indeed," said I, 'all that my mind could have fancied of regal power and splendour.'

"Girl," he whispered, "and my uncle can make his whispers as terribly emphatic as his thundering voice or his blighting look,—all that is noble and worthy in this fair land are there assembled—but it is to bend like slaves and sycophants before the throne of a new usurper."

"I looked at him, and the dark hereditary frown of our unhappy ancestor was black upon his brow.

"For God's sake," I whispered, "consider what we are."

"Fear nothing," he said; "we are surrounded by friends.—As he proceeded, his strong and muscular frame shook with suppressed agitation.—'See,' he said, 'yonder bends Norfolk, renegade to his Catholic faith; there stoops the Bishop of ———, traitor to the Church of England; and,—shame of shames! yonder the gigantic form of Errol bows his head before the grandson of his father's murderer! But a sign shall be seen this night amongst them—*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, shall be read on these walls, as distinctly as the spectral handwriting made them visible on those of Belshazzar!'

"For God's sake," said I, dreadfully alarmed, "is it impossible you can meditate violence in such a presence?"

"None is intended, fool," he answered, "nor on the slightest mischance happen, provided you will only your boasted courage, and obey my directions. But do it coolly and quickly, for there are a hundred lives at stake."

"Alas! what can I do?" I asked in the utmost terror.

"Only be prompt to execute my bidding," said he; "it is but to lift a glove—Here, hold this in your hand—throw the train of your dress over it, be firm, composed, and ready—or, at all events, I step forward myself."

act of 1748, abolishing vassalage and hereditary jurisdictions."

"Ay, but that my uncle considers as the act of a usurping government," said Lilius.

"Like enough he may think so," answered her brother, "for he is a superior, and loses his authority by the enactment. But the question is, what the vassals will think of it, who have gained their freedom from feudal slavery, and have now enjoyed that freedom for many years? However, to cut the matter short, if five hundred men would rise at the waving of my finger, that finger should not be raised in a cause which I disapprove of, and upon that my uncle may reckon."

"But you may temporize," said Lilius, upon whom the idea of her uncle's displeasure made evidently a strong impression,—"you may temporize, as most of the gentry in this country do, and let the bubble burst of itself; for it is singular how few of them venture to oppose my uncle directly. I entreat you to avoid direct collision with him. To hear you, the head of the house of Redgauntlet, declare against the family of Stewart, would either break his heart, or drive him to some act of desperation."

"Yes, but, Lilius, you forget that the consequences of such an act of complaisance might be, that the House of Redgauntlet and I might lose both our heads at one blow."

"Alas!" said she, "I had forgotten that danger. I have grown familiar with perilous intrigues, as the nurses in a pest-house are said to become accustomed to the air around them, till they forget even that it is noisome."

"And yet," said Darsie, "if I could free myself from him without coming to an open rupture—Tell me Lilius, do you think it possible that he can have any immediate attempt in view?"

"To confess the truth," answered Lilius, "I cannot doubt that he has. There has been an unusual bustle among the Jacobites of late. They have hopes, as I told you, from circumstances unconnected with their own strength. Just before you came to the country, my uncle's desire to find you out, became, if possible, more eager than ever—he talked of men to be presently brought together, and of your name and influence for raising them. At this very time, your first visit to Brokenburn took place. A suspicion arose in my uncle's mind, that you might be the youth he sought, and it was strengthened by papers and letters which the rascal Nixon did not hesitate to take from your pocket. Yet a mistake might have occasioned a fatal explosion; and my uncle therefore posted to Edinburgh to follow out the clew he had obtained, and fished enough of information from old Mr. Fairford to make him certain that you were the person he sought. Mean while, and at the expense of some personal, and perhaps too bold exertion, I endeavoured, through your friend young Fairford, to put you on your guard."

"Without success," said Darsie, blushing under his mask, when he recollected, how he had mistaken his sister's meaning.

"I do not wonder that my warning was fruitless," said she; "the thing was doomed to be. Besides, your escape would have been difficult. You were dogged the whole time you were at the Shepherd's Bush and at Mount Sharon, by a spy who scarcely ever left you."

"The wretch little Benjie!" exclaimed Darsie. "I will wring the monkey's neck round, the first time we meet."

"It was he indeed who gave constant information of your motions to Cristal Nixon," said Lilius.

"And Cristal Nixon—I owe him, too, a day's work in harvest," said Darsie; "for I am mistaken if he is not the person that struck me down when I was made prisoner among the rioters."

"Like enough; for he has a broad and hand for any villany. My uncle was very angry about it; for though the riot was made to have an opportunity of carrying you off in the confusion, as well as to put the fishermen at variance with the public law, it would have been his last thought to have injured a hair of your head. But Nixon has insinuated himself into all my uncle's secrets, and some of these are so dark

and dangerous, that though there are few things he would not dare, I doubt if he dare quarrel with him.—And yet I know that of Cristal, would move my uncle to pass his sword through his body."

"What is it, for Heaven's sake?" said Darsie, "I have a particular desire for wishing to know."

"The old brutal desperado, whose face and mind are a libel upon human nature, has had the insolence to speak to his master's niece as one whom he was at liberty to admire; and when I turned on him with the anger and contempt he merited, the wretch grumbled out something, as if he held the destiny of our family in his hand."

"I thank you, Lilius," said Darsie, eagerly.—"I thank you with all my heart for this communication. I have blamed myself as a Christian man for the indescribable longing I felt from the first moment I saw that rascal, to send a bullet through his head; and now you have perfectly accounted for and justified this very laudable wish. I wonder my uncle, with the powerful sense you describe him to be possessed of, does not see through such a villain."

"I believe he knows him to be capable of much evil," answered Lilius—"selfish, obdurate, brutal, and a man-hater. But then he conceives him to possess the qualities most requisite for a conspirator—undaunted courage, imperturbable coolness and address, and inviolable fidelity. In the last particular he may be mistaken. I have heard Nixon blamed for a manner in which our poor father was taken to Culloden."

"Another reason for my innate aversion," said Darsie; "but I will be on my guard with him."

"See, he observes us closely," said Lilius. "Way a thing is conscience!—He knows we are now speaking of him, though he cannot have heard a word that we have said."

It seemed as if she had guessed truly; for Cristal Nixon at that moment rode up to them, and sat with an affectation of jocularly, which sat very upon his sullen features. "Come, young ladies; we have had time enough for your chat this morn'g, and your tongues, I think, must be tired. We are going to pass a village, and I must beg you to separate—you, Miss Lilius, to ride a little behind—and you, Mrs., or Miss, or Master, which ever you choose to be called, to be jogging a little bit before."

Lilius checked her horse without speaking, but until she had given her brother an expressive recommending caution; to which he replied by a signal, indicating that he understood and would comply with her request.

CHAPTER XIX.

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED.

LEFT to his solitary meditations, Darsie (for we still term Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that is by the name to which the reader is habituated) was surprised not only at the alteration of his own sex and condition, but at the equanimity with which he felt himself disposed to view all these vicissitudes.

His fever-fit of love had departed like a morning's dream, and left nothing behind but a painful sense of shame, and a resolution to be more cautious and again indulged in such romantic visions. His station in society was changed from that of a wand'ring, unowned youth, in whom none appeared to take interest, excepting the strangers by whom he had been educated, to the heir of a noble house, possessed of such influence and such property, that it seemed as if the progress or arrest of important political events were likely to depend upon his resolution. Even the sudden elevation, the more than fulfilment of those wishes which had haunted him ever since he was able to form a wish on the subject, was contemplated by Darsie, volatile as his disposition was, with more than a few thrills of gratified vanity.

It is true, there were circumstances in his present situation to counterbalance such high advantages. To be a prisoner in the hands of a man so determined as his uncle, was no agreeable consideration, when he was calculating how he might best dispose of

pleasure, and refuse to join him in the perilous enterprise which he seemed to meditate. Outlawed and desperate himself, Darsie could not doubt that his uncle was surrounded by men capable of any thing—that he was restrained by no personal considerations—and therefore what degree of compulsion he might apply to his brother's son, or in what manner he might feel at liberty to punish his contumacy, should be disavowed the Jacobite cause, must depend entirely upon the limits of his own conscience; and who was to answer for the conscience of a heated enthusiast, who considers opposition to the party he has espoused, as treason to the welfare of his country? After a short interval, Cristal Nixon was pleased to throw some light upon the subject which agitated him.

When that grim satellite rode up without ceremony close to Darsie's side, the latter felt his very flesh creep with abhorrence, so little was he able to endure his presence, since the story of Liliat had added to his instinctive hatred of the man. His voice, too, sounded like that of a screech-owl, as he said, "So, my young cock of the north, you now know it all, and no doubt are blessing your uncle for stirring you up to such an honourable action."

"I will acquaint my uncle with my sentiments on the subject, before I make them known to any one else," said Darsie, scarcely prevailing on his tongue to utter even these few words in a civil manner.

"Umph," murmured Cristal between his teeth. "Close as wax, I see; and perhaps not quite so pliable.—But take care, my pretty youth," he added, scornfully: "Hugh Redgauntlet will prove a rough colt-breaker—he will neither spare whip-cord nor spur-rowel, I promise you."

"I have already said, Mr. Nixon," answered Darsie, "that I will canvass those matters of which my sister has informed me, with my uncle himself, and with no other person."

"Nay, but a word of friendly advice would do you no harm, young master," replied Nixon. "Old Redgauntlet is apter at a blow than a word—likely to bite before he barks—the true man for giving Scarborough warning, first knock you down, then bid you stand.—So, methinks, a little kind warning as to consequences were not amiss, lest they come upon you unawares."

"If the warning is really kind, Mr. Nixon," said the young man, "I will hear it thankfully; and indeed, if otherwise, I must listen to it whether I will or no, since I have at present no choice of company or of conversation."

"Nay, I have but little to say," said Nixon, affecting to give to his sullen and dogged manner the appearance of an honest bluntness; "I am as little apt to throw away words as any one. But here is the question—Will you join heart and hand with your uncle, or no?"

"What if I should say Ay?" said Darsie, determined, if possible, to conceal his resolution from this man.

"Why, then," said Nixon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of his answer, "all will go smooth, of course—you will take share in this noble undertaking, and, when it succeeds, you will exchange your open helmet for an Earl's coronet perhaps."

"And how if it fails?" said Darsie.

"Thereafter as it may be," said Nixon; "they who play at bowls must meet with rubbers."

"Well, but suppose, then, I have some foolish tenderness for my windpipe, and that, when my uncle proposes the adventure to me, I should say No—how then, Mr. Nixon?"

"Why, then, I would have you look to yourself, young master—There are sharp laws in France against refractory pupils—*lettres de cachet* are easily come by, when such men as we are concerned, with interest themselves in the matter."

"But we are not in France," said poor Darsie, through whose blood ran a cold shivering at the idea of a French prison.

"A fast-sailing lugger will soon bring you there though, snug stowed under hatches, like a cask of moonlight."

"But the French are at peace with us," said Darsie, "and would not dare"—

"Why, who would ever hear of you?" interrupted Nixon; "do you imagine that a foreign Court would call you up for judgment, and put the sentence of imprisonment in the *Courier de l'Europe*, as they do at the Old Bailey?—No, no, young gentleman—the gates of the Bastille, and of Mont Saint Michel, and the Castle of Vincennes, move on d-d easy hinges when they let folk in—not the least jar is heard. There are cool cells there for hot heads—as calm, and quiet, and dark, as you could wish in Bedlam—and the dismissal comes when the carpenter brings the prisoner's coffin, and not sooner."

"Well, Mr. Nixon," said Darsie, affecting a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, "mine is a hard case—a sort of hanging choice, you will allow—since I must either offend our own government here, and run the risk of my life for doing so, or be doomed to the dungeons of another country, whose laws I have never offended, since I have never trod its soil—Tell me what you would do if you were in my place."

"I'll tell you that when I am there," said Nixon, and, checking his horse, fell back to the rear of the little party.

"It is evident," thought the young man, "that the villain believes me completely noosed, and perhaps has the ineffable impudence to suppose that my sister must eventually succeed to the possessions which have occasioned my loss of freedom, and that his own influence over the destinies of our unhappy family may secure him possession of the heiress; but he shall perish by my hand first—I must now be on the alert to make my escape, if possible, before I am forced on shipboard—Blind Willie will not, I think, desert me without an effort on my behalf, especially if he has learned that I am the son of his late unhappy patron.—What a change is mine! Whilst I possessed neither rank nor fortune, I lived safely and unknown, under the protection of the kind and respectable friends whose hearts Heaven had moved towards me—Now that I am the head of an honourable house, and that enterprises of the most daring character wait my decision, and retainers and vassals seem ready to rise at my beck, my safety consists chiefly in the attachment of a blind stroller!"

While he was revolving these things in his mind, and preparing himself for the interview with his uncle, which could not but be a stormy one, he saw Hugh Redgauntlet come riding slowly back to meet them, without any attendants. Cristal Nixon rode up as he approached, and, as they met, fixed on him a look of inquiry.

"The fool, Crackenthorn," said Redgauntlet, "has let strangers into his house. Some of his smuggling comrades, I believe; we must ride slowly, to give him time to send them packing."

"Did you see any of your friends?" said Cristal.

"Three, and have letters from many more. They are unanimous on the subject you wot of—and the point must be conceded to them, or far as the matter has gone, it will go no farther."

"You will hardly bring the Father to stoop to his flock," said Cristal, with a sneer.

"He must, and shall!" answered Redgauntlet, briefly. "Go to the front, Cristal—I would speak with my nephew.—I trust, Sir Arthur Redgauntlet, you are satisfied with the manner in which I have discharged my duty to your sister?"

"There can be no fault found to her manners or sentiments," answered Darsie; "I am happy in knowing a relative so amiable."

"I am glad of it," answered Mr. Redgauntlet. "I am no nice judge of women's qualifications, and my life has been dedicated to one great object; so that since she left France she has had but little opportunity of improvement. I have subjected her, however, as little as possible to the inconveniences and privations of my wandering and dangerous life. From time to time she has resided for weeks and months with families of honour and respectability, and I am glad that she has, in your opinion, the manners and behaviour which become her birth."

Darsie expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and

there was a little pause, which Redgauntlet broke by solemnly addressing his nephew.

"For you, my nephew, I also hoped to have done much. The weakness and timidity of your mother sequestered you from my care, or it would have been my pride and happiness to have trained up the son of my unhappy brother in those paths of honour in which our ancestors have always trod."

"Now comes the storm," thought Darsie to himself, and began to collect his thoughts, as the cautious master of a vessel furls his sails, and makes his ship snug, when he discerns the approaching squall.

"My mother's conduct, in respect to me, might be misjudged," he said, "but it was founded on the most anxious affection."

"Assuredly," said his uncle, "and I have no wish to reflect on her memory, though her mistrust has done so much injury, I will not say to me, but to the cause of my unhappy country. Her scheme was, I think, to have made you that wretched pettifogging being, which they still continue to call in derision by the once respectable name of a Scottish Advocate; one of those mongrel things, that must creep to learn the ultimate decision of his causes to the bar of a foreign Court, instead of pleading before the independent and august Parliament of his own native kingdom."

"I did prosecute the study of law for a year or two," said Darsie, "but I found I had neither taste nor talents for the science."

"And left it with scorn, doubtless," said Mr. Redgauntlet. "Well, I now hold up to you, my dearest nephew, a more worthy object of ambition. Look eastward—do you see a monument standing on yonder plain, near a hamlet?"

Darsie replied that he did.

"The hamlet is called Burgh-upon-sands, and yonder monument is erected to the memory of the tyrant Edward I. The just hand of Providence overtook him on that spot, as he was leading his hands to complete the subjugation of Scotland, whose civil dissensions began under his accursed policy. The glorious career of Bruce might have been stopped in its outset; the field of Bannockburn might have remained a bloodless turf, if God had not removed, in the very crisis, the crafty and bold tyrant who had so long been Scotland's scourge. Edward's grave is the cradle of our national freedom. It is within sight of that great landmark of our liberty that I have to propose to you an undertaking, second in honour and importance to none since the immortal Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, and grasped, with his yet bloody hand, the independent crown of Scotland."

He paused for an answer; but Darsie, overawed by the energy of his manner, and unwilling to commit himself by a hasty explanation, remained silent.

"I will not suppose," said Hugh Redgauntlet, after a pause, "that you are either so dull as not to comprehend the import of my words—or so dastardly as to be dismayed by my proposal—or so utterly degenerate from the blood and sentiments of your ancestors, as not to feel my summons as the horse hears the war-trumpet."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, sir," said Darsie; "but an enterprise directed against a dynasty now established for three reigns requires strong arguments, both in point of justice and of expediency, to recommend it to men of conscience and prudence."

"I will not," said Redgauntlet, while his eyes sparkled with anger,—"I will not hear you speak a word against the justice of that enterprise, for which your oppressed country calls with the voice of a parent, entreating her children for aid—or against that noble revenge which your father's blood demands from his dishonoured grave. His skull is yet standing over the Rikargate,* and even its bleak and mouldered jaws command you to be a man. I ask you, in the name of God, and of your country, will you draw your sword, and go with me to Carlisle, were it but to lay your father's head, now the perch

of the obscene owl and carrion crow, and the scoff of every ribald clown, in consecrated earth, as befits his long ancestry?"

Darsie, unprepared to answer an appeal urged with so much passion, and not doubting a direct refusal would cost him his liberty or life, was again silent.

"I see," said his uncle, in a more composed tone, "that it is not deficiency of spirit, but the grovelling habits of a confined education, among the poor-spirited class you were condemned to herd with, that keeps you silent. You scarce yet believe yourself a Redgauntlet: your pulse has not yet learned the genuine throb that answers to the summons of honour and patriotism."

"I trust," replied Darsie, at last, "that I shall never be found indifferent to the call of either; but to answer them with effect—even were I convinced that they now sounded in my ear—I must see some reasonable hope of success in the desperate enterprise which you would involve me. I look around me, and I see a settled government—an established authority—a born Briton on the throne—the very Highland mountaineers, upon whom alone the trust of the exiled family reposed, assembled into regiments, which act under the orders of the existing dynasty.* France has been utterly dismayed by the tremendous losses of the last war, and will hardly provoke another. All without and within the kingdom is adverse to encountering a hopeless struggle, and you alone, as soon willing to undertake a desperate enterprise."

"And would undertake it were it ten times more desperate; and have agitated it when ten times the obstacles were interposed.—Have I forgot my father's blood?—Can I—dare I even now repeat the Pater Noster, since my enemies and the murders remain unforgotten?—Is there an art I have not practised—a privation to which I have not submitted?—bring on the crisis which I now behold arrived!—Have I not been a vowel and a devoted man, foregoing every comfort of social life, renouncing the exercise of devotion unless when I might aid in prayer my prince and country, submitting to every thing to make converts to this noble cause?—Have I done all this, and shall I now stop short?—Darsie was about to interrupt him, but he pressed his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and enjoining rather imploring silence,—"Peace," he said, "be it my ancestor's fame—heir of all my hopes and wishes—Peace, son of my slaughtered brother! I have sought for thee, and mourned for thee, as a mother for an only child. Do not let me again lose you, at the moment when you are restored to my hopes. Believe me, I distrust so much my own impatient temper, that I entreat you, as the dearest boon, do naught to awaken it at this crisis."

Darsie was not sorry to reply, that his respect for the person of his relation would induce him to listen to all which he had to apprise him of, before he formed any definite resolution upon the weighty subject of deliberation which he proposed to him.

"Deliberation!" repeated Redgauntlet, impatiently; and yet it is not ill said.—I wish there had been more warmth in thy reply, Arthur; but I must recollect were an eagle bred in a falcon's mew, and hooded like a reclaimed hawk, he could not at first gaze steadily on the sun. Listen to me my dearest Arthur. The state of this nation no more implies prosperity, than the florid colour of a feverish patient is a symptom of health. All is false and hollow—the apparent success of Chatham's administration has plunged the country deeper in debt than all the barren acres of Canada are worth, were they as fertile as Yorkshire—the dazzling lustre of the victories of Minden and Quebec have been dimmed by the disgrace of the hasty peace—by the war, England, at immense expense, gained nothing but honour, and that she has gratuitously resigned. Many eyes, formerly cold and indifferent, are now looking towards the line of our ancient and rightful monarchs, as the only refuge

* The northern gate of Carlisle was long garnished with the heads of the Scottish rebels executed in 1746.

* The Highland regiments were first employed by the celebrated Earl of Chatham, who assumed to himself no small degree of praise for having called forth to the support of his country and the government, the valour which had hitherto been often directed against both.

in the approaching storm—the rich are alarmed—the nobles are disgusted—the populace are inflamed—and a band of patriots, whose measures are more safe than their numbers are few, have resolved to set up King Charles's standard."

"But the military," said Darsie—"how can you, with a body of untrained and disorderly insurgents, propose to encounter a regular army? The Highlanders are now totally disarmed."

"In a great measure, perhaps," answered Redgauntlet; "but the policy which raised the Highland regiments has provided for that. We have already fringed in these corps; nor can we doubt for a moment what their conduct will be, when the white cockade is once more mounted. The rest of the standing army has been greatly reduced since the peace; and we reckon confidently on our standard being joined by thousands of the dis-banded troops."

"Alas!" said Darsie, "and is it upon such vague hopes as these, the momentary humour of a crowd, or of a disbanded soldier, that men of honour are invited to risk their families, their property, their life?"

"Men of honour, boy," said Redgauntlet, his eyes glancing with impatience, "set life, property, family, and all at stake, when that honour commands it! We are not now weaker than when seven men, landing in the wilds of Moriaht, shook the throne of the usurper till it tottered—won two pitched battles, besides overrunning one kingdom and the half of another, and, but for treachery, would have achieved what their venturesome successors are now to attempt in their turn."

"And will such an attempt be made in serious earnest?" said Darsie. "Excuse me, my uncle, if I can scarce believe a fact so extraordinary. Will there really be found men of rank and consequence sufficient to renew the adventure of 1715?"

"I will not give you my confidence by halves, Sir Arthur," replied his uncle—"Look at that scroll—what say you to these names?—Are they not the flower of the Western shires—of Wales—of Scotland?"

"The paper contains indeed the names of many that are great and noble," replied Darsie, after perusing it; "but—"

"But what?" asked his uncle impatiently; "do you doubt the ability of those nobles and gentlemen to furnish the aid in men and money, at which they are rated?"

"Not their ability certainly," said Darsie, "for of that I am no competent judge;—but I see in this scroll the name of Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that ilk, rated at a hundred men and upwards—I certainly am ignorant how he is to redeem that pledge."

"I will be responsible for the men," replied Hugh Redgauntlet.

"But, my dear uncle," added Darsie, "I hope for your sake, that the other individuals, whose names are here written, have had more acquaintance with your plan than I have been indulged with."

"For thee and thine I can be myself responsible," said Redgauntlet; "for if thou hast not the courage to head the force of thy house, the leading shall pass to other hands, and thy inheritance shall depart from thee, like vigour and verdure from a rotten branch. For these honourable persons a slight condition there is which they annex to their friendship—something so trifling that it is scarce worthy of mention. This boon is granted to them by him who is most interested, there is no question they will take the field in the manner there stated."

Again Darsie perused the paper, and felt himself still less inclined to believe that so many men of family and fortune were likely to embark in an enterprise so fatal. It seemed as if some rash plotter had put down at a venture the names of all whom common report tainted with Jacobitism; or if it was really the act of the individuals named, he suspected they must be aware of some mode of excusing themselves from compliance with its purport. It was impossible, he thought, that Englishmen, of large fortune, who had failed to join Charles when he broke into England at the head

of a victorious army, should have the least thoughts of encouraging a descent when circumstances were so much less propitious. He therefore concluded the enterprise would fail to pieces of itself, and that his best way was, in the mean time, to remain silent, unless the actual approach of a crisis (which might, however, never arrive) should compel him to give a downright refusal to his uncle's proposition; and if, in the interim, some door for escape should be opened, he resolved within himself not to omit availing himself of it.

Hugh Redgauntlet watched his nephew's looks for some time, and then, as if arriving from some other process of reasoning at the same conclusion, he said, "I have told you, Sir Arthur, that I do not urge your immediate accession to my proposal; indeed the consequences of a refusal would be so dreadful to yourself, so destructive to all the hopes which I have nursed, that I would not risk, by a moment's impatience, the object of my whole life. Yes, Arthur, I have been a self-denying hermit at one time—at another, the apparent associate of outlaws and desperadoes—at another, the subordinate agent of men whom I felt every way my antithesis—not for any selfish purpose of my own, no, not even to win for myself the renown of being the principal instrument in restoring my King and freeing my country. My fast wish on earth is for that restoration and that freedom—my next, that my nephew, the representative of my house, and of the brother of my love, may have the advantage and the credit of all our efforts in the good cause. But," he added, turning on Darsie one of his withering looks, "if Scotland and my father's House cannot stand and flourish together, then perish the very name of Redgauntlet! I wish the son of my brother, with every recollection of the glories of my family, of the affections of my youth, rather than my nephew's cause should be injured in the trifling of a barleycorn! The spirit of Sir Albemarle is alive within me at this moment," he continued, drawing up his stately form, and sitting erect in his saddle, while he pressed his finger against his forehead; "and if you yourself crossed my path in opposition, I swear, by the mark that darkens my brow, that a new deed should be done—a new doom should be deserved!"

He was silent, and his threats were uttered in a tone of voice so deeply solemn; that Darsie's heart sunk within him, when he reflected on the storm of passion which he must encounter, if he declined to join his uncle in a project to which prudence and principle made him equally adverse. He had scarce any hope left but in procrastinating until he could make his escape, and resolved to avail himself for that purpose of the delay which his uncle seemed not unwilling to grant. The stern, gloomy look of his companion became relaxed by degrees, and presently afterwards he made a sign to Miss Redgauntlet to join the party, and began a forced conversation on ordinary topics; in the course of which Darsie observed that his sister seemed to speak under the most cautious restraint, weighing every word before she uttered it, and always permitting her uncle to give the tone to the conversation, though of the most trifling kind. This seemed to him (such an opinion had he already entertained of his sister's good sense and firmness) the strongest proof he had yet received of his uncle's presumptuous character, since he saw it observed with so much deference by a young person whose sex might have given her privileges, and who seemed by no means deficient either in spirit or firmness.

The little cavalcade was now approaching the house of Father Crackenthorn, situated, as the reader knows, by the side of the Solway, and not far distant from a rude pier, near which lay several fishing-boats, which frequently acted in a different capacity. The house of the worthy publican was also adapted to the various occupations which he carried on, being a large scrambling assemblage of cottages attached to a house of two stories, roofed with flags of sandstone—the original mansion, to which the extension of Master Crackenthorn's trade had occasioned his making many additions. Instead of the single long watering-trough, which usually distinguishes the front of the English public-house of the second class, there

were three conveniences of that kind, for the use, as the landlord used to say, of the troop-horses, when the soldiers came to search his house; while a knowing leet and a nod, let you understand what species of troops he was thinking of. A huge ash-tree before the door, which had reared itself to a great size and height, in spite of the blasts from the neighbouring Solway, overshadowed, as usual, the ale-bench, as our ancestors called it, where, though it was still early in the day, several fellows, who seemed to be gentlemen's servants, were drinking beer and smoking. One or two of them wore liveries, which seemed known to Mr. Redgauntlet, for he muttered between his teeth, "Fools, fools! were they on a march to hell, they must have their rascals in livery with them, that the whole world might know who were going to be damned."

As he thus muttered, he drew bridle before the door of the place, from which several other lounging guests began to issue, to look with indolent curiosity, as usual, upon an arrival.

Redgauntlet sprang from his horse, and assisted his niece to dismount; but, forgetting, perhaps, his nephew's disguise, he did not pay him the attention which his female dress demanded.

The situation of Darsie was indeed something awkward; for Cristal Nixon, out of caution perhaps to prevent escape, had muffled the extreme folds of the riding-skirt with which he was accoutred, around his ankles and under his feet, and there secured it with large corking-pins. We presume that gentlemen-cavaliers may sometimes cast their eyes to that part of the person of the fair equestrians whom they chance occasionally to escort; and if they will conceive their own feet, like Darsie's, muffled in such a labyrinth of folds and amplitude of robe, as modestly doubtless induces the fair creatures to assume upon such occasions, they will allow that, on a first attempt, they might find some awkwardness in dismounting. Darsie, at least, was in such a predicament, for, not receiving adroit assistance from the attendant of Mr. Redgauntlet, he stumbled as he dismounted from the horse, and might have had a bad fall, had it not been broken by the gallant interposition of a gentleman, who probably was, on his part, a little surprised at the solid weight of the distressed fair one whom he had the honour to receive in his embrace. But what was his surprise to that of Darsie's, when the hurry of the moment, and of the accident, permitted him to see that it was his friend Alan Fairford in whose arms he found himself! A thousand apprehensions rushed on him, mingled with the full career of hope and joy, inspired by the unexpected appearance of his beloved friend, at the very crisis, it seemed, of his fate.

He was about to whisper in his ear, cautioning him at the same time to be silent; yet he hesitated for a second or two to effect his purpose, since, should Redgauntlet take the alarm from any sudden exclamation on the part of Alan, there was no saying what consequences might ensue.

Ere he could decide what was to be done, Redgauntlet, who had entered the house, returned hastily, followed by Cristal Nixon. "I'll release you of the charge of this young lady, sir," he said, haughtily, to Alan Fairford, whom he probably did not recognise.

"I had no desire to intrude, sir," replied Alan; "the lady's situation seemed to require assistance—and—but have I not the honour to speak to Mr. Herries of Birrenswark?"

"You are mistaken, sir," said Redgauntlet, turning short off, and making a sign with his hand to Cristal, who hurried Darsie, however unwillingly, into the house, whispering in his ear, "Come, miss, let us have no making of acquaintance from the windows. Ladies of fashion must be private. Show us a room, Father Crackenthorp."

So saying, he conducted Darsie into the house interposing at the same time his person betwixt the supposed young lady and the stranger of whom he was so suspicious, as to make communication by signs impossible. As they entered, they heard the sound of a fiddle in the stone-floored and well sanded kitchen,

through which they were about to follow their corpulent host, and where several people seemed engaged in dancing to its strains.

"D—n thee," said Nixon to Crackenthorp, "would you have the lady go through all the mob of the parish?—Hast thou no more private way to our sitting room?"

"None that is fit for my travelling," answered the landlord, laying his hand on his portly stomach. "I am not Tom Turnpenny, to creep like a lizard through keyholes."

So saying, he kept moving on through the revellers, in the kitchen; and Nixon holding Darsie by his arm, as if to offer the lady support, but in all probability to frustrate any effort at escape, moved through the crowd, which presented a very motley appearance, consisting of domestic servants, country fellows, seamen, and other idlers, whom Wandering Willie was regaling with his music.

To pass another friend without intimation of his presence would have been actual pusillanimity; and just when they were passing the blind man's elevated seat, Darsie asked him, with some emphasis, whether he could not play a Scottish air?—The man's face had been the instant before devoid of all sort of expression, going through his performance like a clow through a beautiful country, too much accustomed to consider it as a task, to take any interest in the performance, and, in fact, scarce seeming to hear the noise that he was creating. In a word, he might at the time have made a companion to my friend Wilkie's inimitable blind crowder. But with Wandering Willie this was only an occasional, and a rare fit of dulness, such as will at times creep over all the professors of the fine arts, arising either from fatigue, or contempt of the present audience, or that caprice which so often tempts painters and musicians, and great actors in the phrase of the latter, to *walk through their part*, instead of exerting themselves with the energy which acquired their fame. But when the performer heard the voice of Darsie, his countenance became at once illuminated, and showed the complete mistake of those who suppose that the principal point of expression depends upon the eyes. With his face turned to the point from which the sound came, his upper lip a little curved, and quivering with agitation, and with a colour which surprise and pleasure had brought at once into his faded cheek, he exchanged the humdrum hornpipe which he had been sawing out with reluctant and lazy bow, for the fine Scottish air,

"You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,"

which flew from his strings as if by inspiration, and after a breathless pause of admiration among the audience, was received with a clamour of applause, which seemed to show that the name and tenderest, as well as the execution of the tune, was in the highest degree acceptable to all the party assembled.

In the mean time, Cristal Nixon, still keeping hold of Darsie, and following the landlord, forced his way with some difficulty through the crowded kitchen, and entered a small apartment on the other side of it, where they found Lillias Redgauntlet already seated. Here Nixon gave way to his suppressed resentment, and turning sternly on Crackenthorp, threatened him with his master's severest displeasure, because things were in such bad order to receive his family, when he had given such special advice that he desired to be private. But Father Crackenthorp was not a man to be brow-beaten.

"Why, brother Nixon, thou art angry this morning," he replied; "hast risen from thy wrong side, I think. You know, as well as I, that most of the mob is of the Squire's own making—gentlemen that come with their servants, and so forth, to meet him in the way of business, as old Tom Turnpenny says—the very last that came was sent down with Dick Gardener from Fairladies."

"But the blind scraping scoundrel yonder," said Nixon, "how dared you take such a rasal as that across your threshold at such a time as this?—If the Squire should dream you have a thought of peeping—I am only speaking for your good, Father Crackenthorp."

look ye, brother Nixon," said Crackenthorp, "the very worthy gentleman, and I'll never it I am neither his servant nor his tenant, need send me none of his orders till he be put on his livery. As for turning away my door, I might as well plug up the ale-tap, down the sign—and as for peaching, and he Squire will find the folk here as he full as those he brings with him."

"You impudent lump of tallow," said Nixon, "you mean by that?"

"g," said Crackenthorp, "but that I can s well as another—you understand me—lights in my upper story—know a thing or han most folk in this country. If folk will y house on dangerous errands, egad they find Joe Crackenthorp a cat's-paw. I'll f clear, you may depend on it, and let every er for his own actions—that's my way—wanted, Master Nixon?"

"es—begone!" said Nixon, who seemed d with the landlord's contumacy, yet desir- eal the effect it produced on him.

Redgauntlet, addressing Nixon, com- m to leave the room, and go to his pro-

madam?" said the fellow sullenly, yet with spect, "Would you have your uncle pistol beying his orders?"

ay perhaps pistol you for some other you do not obey mine," said Lilius, com-

use your advantage over me, madam—I not go—I am on guard over this other Miss f I should desert my post, my life were not minutes' purchase."

now your post, sir," said Lilius, "and watch ide of the door. You have no commission our private conversation, I suppose? Be- without further speech or remonstrance, or y uncle that which you would have reason e should know."

w looked at her with a singular expression ized with deference. "You abuse your s, madam," he said, "and act as foolishly), as I did in affording you such a hank But you are a tyrant; and tyrants have short reigns."

g, he left the apartment.

retch's unparalleled insolence," said Lilius her, "has given me one great advantage For, knowing that my uncle would shoot as little remorse as a woodcock, if he but his brazen-faced assurance towards me, he ince that time assume, so far as I am con- air of insolent domination which the pos- my uncle's secrets, and the knowledge of secret plans, have led him to exert over his family."

mean time," said Darsie, "I am happy to e landlord of the house does not seem so lum as I apprehended; and this aids the cape which I am nourishing for you and f. O, Lilius! the trust of friends, Alan s in pursuit of me, and is here at this mo- other humble, but, I think, faithful friend, hin these dangerous walls."

id her finger on her lips, and pointed to the rsie took the hint, lowered his voice, and her in whispers of the arrival of Fairford, e believed he had opened a communication dering Willie. She listened with the utmost and had just begun to reply, when a loud heard in the kitchen, caused by several con- cises, amongst which Darsie thought he nguish that of Alan Fairford.

ng how little his own condition permitted ome the assistant of another, Darsie flew or of the room, and finding it locked and the outside, rushed against it with all his made the most desperate efforts to burst stwithstanding the entreaties of his sister

that he would compose himself, and recollect the condition in which he was placed. But the door, framed to withstand the attacks of excisemen, constables, and other personages, considered as worthy to use what are called the King's keys,* "and there- with to make lockfast places open and patent," set his efforts at defiance. Mean time the noise continued without, and we are to give an account of its origin in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED.

JOE CRACKENTHORB'S public-house had never, since it first reared its chimneys on the banks of the Solway, been frequented by such a miscellaneous group of visitors as had that morning become its guests. Several of them were persons whose quality seemed much superior to their dresses and modes of travelling. The servants who attended them contradicted the inferences to be drawn from the garb of their masters, and, according to the custom of the knights of the rainbow, gave many hints that they were not people to serve any but men of first-rate consequence. These gentlemen, who had come thither chiefly for the purpose of meeting with Mr. Redgauntlet, seemed moody and anxious, conversed and walked together, apparently in deep conversation, and avoided any communication with the chance travellers whom accident brought that morning to the same place of resort.

As if Fate had set herself to confound the plans of the Jacobite conspirators, the number of travellers was unusually great, their appearance respectable, and they filled the public tap-room of the inn, where the political guests had already occupied most of the private apartments.

Amongst others, honest Joshua Geddes had arrived, travelling, as he said, in the sorrow of the soul, and mourning for the fate of Darsie Latimer as he would for his first-born child. He had skirted the whole coast of the Solway, besides making various trips into the interior, not shunning, on such occasions, to expose himself to the laugh of the scorners, nay, even to serious personal risk, by frequenting the haunts of smugglers, horse-jockeys, and other irregular persons, who looked on his intrusion with jealous eyes, and were apt to consider him as an exciseman in the disguise of a Quaker. All this labour and peril, however, had been undergone in vain. No search he could make obtained the least intelligence of Latimer, so that he began to fear the poor lad had been spirited abroad; for the practice of kidnapping was then not infrequent, especially on the western coasts of Britain, if indeed he had escaped a briefer and more bloody fate.

With a heavy heart, he delivered his horse, even Solomon, into the hands of the hostler, and walking into the inn, demanded from the landlord breakfast and a private room. Quakers, and such hosts as old Father Crackenthorp, are no congenial spirits; the latter looked askew over his shoulder, and replied, "If you would have breakfast here, friend, you are like to eat it where other folk eat theirs."

"And wherefore can I not," said the Quaker, "have an apartment to myself, for my money?"

"Because, Master Jonathan, you must wait till your betters be served, or else eat with your equals."

Joshua Geddes argued the point no farther, but sitting quietly down on the seat which Crackenthorp indicated to him, and calling for a pint of ale, with some bread, butter, and Dutch cheese, began to satisfy the appetite which the morning air had rendered unusually alert.

While the honest Quaker was thus employed, another stranger entered the apartment, and sat down near to the table on which his victuals were placed. He looked repeatedly at Joshua, licked his parched and chapped lips as he saw the good Quaker masti- cate his bread and cheese, and sucked up his thin chops when Mr. Geddes applied the tankard to his mouth, as if the discharge of these bodily functions by

* In common parlance, a crowbar and hatchet.

another had awakened his sympathies in an uncontrollable degree. At last, being apparently unable to withstand his longings, he asked, in a faltering tone, the huge landlord, who was tramping through the room in all corpulent impatience, "whether he could have a plack-pie?"

"Never heard of such a thing, master," said the landlord, and was about to trudge onward; when the guest, detaining him, said, in a strong Scottish tone, "Ye will maybe have nae whey then, nor buttermilk, nor ye couldna exhibit a souter's clod?"

"Can't tell what ye are talking about, master," said Crackenorthorp.

"Then ye will have nae breakfast that will come within the compass of a shilling Scots?"

"Which is a penny sterling," answered Crackenorthorp, with a sneer. "Why, no, Sawney, I can't say as we have—we can't afford it; but ye shall have a bellyful for love, as we say in the bull-ring."

"I shall never refuse a fair offer," said the poverty-stricken guest; "and I will say that for the English, if they were deils, that they are a ceveleesed people to gentlemen that are under a clod."

Gentlemen!—humph!" said Crackenorthorp—"not a bluecap among them but halts upon that foot." Then seizing on a dish which still contained a huge cantle of what had been once a princely mutton pasty, he placed it on the table before the stranger, saying, "There, master gentleman; there is what is worth all the black pies, as you call them, that were ever made of sheep's head."

"Sheep's head is a gude thing, for a' that," replied the guest; but not being spoken so loud as to offend his hospitable entertainer, the interjection might pass for a private protest against the scandal thrown out against the standing dish of Calceonia.

This premised, he immediately began to transfer the mutton and pie-crust from his plate to his lips, in such huge gobbets, as if he was refreshing after a three days' fast, and laying in provisions against a whole Lent to come.

Joshua Geddes in his turn gazed on him with surprise, having never, he thought, beheld such a gaunt expression of hunger in the act of eating. "Friend," he said, after watching him for some minutes, "if thou gorgest thyself in this fashion, thou wilt assuredly choke. Wilt thou not take a draught out of my cup to help down all that dry meat?"

"Troth," said the stranger, stopping and looking at the friendly propounder, "that's nae bad overture, as they say in the General Assembly. I have heard waur motions than that frae wiser counsel."

Mr. Geddes ordered a quart of home-brewed to be placed before our friend Peter Peebles; for the reader must have already conceived that this unfortunate litigant was the wanderer in question.

The victim of Themis had no sooner seen the flagon than he seized it with the same energy which he had displayed in operating upon the pie—puffed off the froth with such emphasis, that some of it lighted on Mr. Geddes's head—and then said, as if with a sudden recollection of what was due to civility, "Here's to ye, friend.—What! are ye ower grand to give me an answer, or are ye dull o' hearing?"

"I prithce drink thy liquor, friend," said the good Quaker; "thou meanest it in civility, but we care not for these idle fashions."

"What! ye are a Quaker, are ye?" said Peter; and without further ceremony reared the flagon to his head, from which he withdrew it not while a single drop of "barley-broo" remained.—"That's done you and me muckle gude," he said, sighing as he set down his pot; "but twa mutchkins o' yill between twa folk is a drappie ower little measure. What say ye to another pot? or shall we cry in a blithe Scots pint at nae?—The yill is no amiss."

"Thou mayst call for what thou wilt on thine own charges, friend," said Geddes; "for myself, I willingly contribute to the quenching of thy natural thirst; but I fear it were no such easy matter to relieve thy acquired and artificial drouth."

"That is to say in plain terms, ye are for withholding your caution with the folk of the house? You Quaker folk are but fause comforters; but since

ye have garred me drink sae muckle could yill—me that am no used to the like of it in the forenoon—I think ye might as weel have offered me a glass of brandy or usquebae—I'm nae nice body—I can drink any think that's wet and toothsome."

"Not a drop at my cost, friend," quoth Geddes. "Thou art an old man, and hast, perchance, a heavy and long journey before thee. Thou art, moreover, my countryman, as I judge from thy tongue; and I will not give thee the means of dishonouring thy gray hairs in a strange land."

"Gray hairs, neighbour!" said Peter, with a wink to the bystanders,—whom this dialogue began to interest, and who were in hopes of seeing the Quaker played off by the crazed beggar, for such Peter Peebles appeared to be.—"Gray hairs! The Lord mend your eyesight, neighbour, that disna ken gray hairs frae a tow wig!"

This jest procured a shout of laughter, and, what was still more acceptable than dry applause, a man who stood beside called out, "Father Crackenorthorp, bring a nipperkin of brandy. I'll bestow a dram of this fellow, were it but for that very word."

The brandy was immediately brought by a wench who acted as bar-maid; and Peter, with a grin of delight, filled a glass, quaffed it off, and then saying, "God bless me! I was so unmannerly as not to drink to ye—I think the Quaker has smitten me wi' his unbred havings,"—he was about to fill another, when his hand was arrested by his new friend; who said the same time, "No, no, friend—fair play's a jewel—time about, if you please." And filling a glass for himself, emptied it as gallantly as Peter could have done. "What say you to that, friend?" he continued, addressing the Quaker.

"Nay, friend," answered Joshua, "it went down thy throat, not mine; and I have nothing to say as to what concerns me not; but if thou art a native of humanity, thou wilt not give this poor creature the means of debauchery. Bethink thee that they will spurn him from the door, as they would do a lawless and masterless dog, and that he may die of the sands or on the common. And if he has through means been rendered incapable of helping himself, thou shalt not be innocent of his blood."

"Faith, Broosdbrin, I believe thou art right, and the old gentleman in the flaxen jazy shall have no more of the comforter—Besides, we have business in hand to-day, and this fellow, for as mad as he looks may have a nose on his face after all.—Hark ye, father—what is your name, and what brings you into such an out-of-the-way corner?"

"I am not just free to condescend on my name," said Peter; "and as for my business—there is a wee dribble of brandy in the stoup—it would be wrang to leave it to the lass—it is learning her bad usages."

"Well, thou shalt have the brandy, and be d—d to thee, if thou wilt tell me what you art making here."

"Seeking a young advocate chap that they call Alan Fairford, that has played me a slippery trick, an' ye maun ye, a' about the cause," said Peter.

"An advocate, man!" answered the Captain of the Jumping Jenny—for it was he, and no other, who had taken compassion on Peter's drought; "wae, Lord! help thee, thou art on the wrong side of the Firth to seek advocates, whom I take to be Scottish lawyers not English."

"English lawyers, man!" exclaimed Peter, "the deil a lawyer's in a' England."

"I wish from my soul it were true," said Ewan; "but what the devil put that in your head?"

"Lord, man, I got a grip of one of their attorneys in Carlisle, and he tauld me that there was a lawyer in England, ower mair than himself, that kend the nature of a multiplepoinding! And when I tauld him how this loopy lad, Alan Fairford, had served me, he said I might bring an action on the case—just as if the case hadna as many actions already as one can weel carry. By my word, it is a gude case, and muckle has it borne, in its day, of various procedure—but it's the barley-pickle breaks the naig's back, and wi' my consent it shall not hae any mair burden laid upon it."

"But this Alan Fairford?" said Nanty—"come—

sip up the drop of brandy, man, and tell me some more about him, and whether you are seeking him for good or for harm.

"For my ain gude, and for his harm, to be sure," said Peter. "Think of his having left my cause in the dead-thraw between the tynning and the winning, and capering off into Cumberland here, after a wild loup-the-tether lad they ca' Darsie Latimer."

"Darsie Latimer?" said Mr. Goddes, hastily; "do you know any thing of Darsie Latimer?"

"Maybe I do, and maybe I do not," answered Peter; "I am not free to answer every body's interrogatory, unless it is put judiciously, and by form of law—specially where folk think so much of a cup of sour yill, or a thimblefu' of brandy. But as for this gentleman, that has shown himself a gentleman at breakfast, and will show himself a gentleman at the meridian, I am free to condescend upon any points in the cause that may appear to bear upon the question at issue."

"Wing, all I want to know from you, my friend, is whether you are seeking to do this Mr. Alan Fairford good or harm; because if you come to do him good, I think you could maybe get speech of him—and if to do him harm, I will take the liberty to give you a cast across the Frith, with fair warning not to come back on such an errand, lest worse come of it."

The manner and language of Ewart were such, that Joshua Goddes resolved to keep cautious silence, till he could more plainly discover whether he was likely to aid or impede him in his researches after Darsie Latimer. He therefore determined to listen attentively to what should pass between Peter and the seaman, and to watch for an opportunity of questioning the former, so soon as he should be separated from his new acquaintance.

"I wad by no means," said Peter Peebles, "do any substantial harm to the poor lad Fairford, who has had mony a gowd guinea of mine, as well as his father before him; but I wad hae him brought back to the minding of my business and his ain; and maybe I wadna misst farther in my action of damages against him, than for recompensing the fees, and for some annual rent on the principal sum, due frae the day on which he should have recovered it for me, plack and bawbee, at the ga' at advising; for, ye are aware, that is the least that I can ask *nonne d'any*, and I have nae thought to break down the lad bodily at the gaither—we mairn live and let live—forgie and forget."

"The deuce take me, friend Blandbriem," said Nanty Ewart, looking to the Quaker, "if I can make out what this old scannetrow means. If I thought it was fitting that Master Fairford should see him, why perhaps it is a matter that could be managed. Do you know any thing about the old fellow? you seem to take some charge of him just now."

"No more than I should have done by any one in distress," said Goddes, not sorry to be appealed to; "but I will try what I can do to find out who he is, and what he is about in this country. But are we not a little too public in this open room?"

"It's well thought of," said Nanty; and at his command the bar-maid ushered the party into a side-booth, Peter attending them, in the instinctive hope that there would be more liquor drank among them before parting. They had scarce sat down in their new apartment, when the sound of a violin was heard in the room which they had just left.

"I'll awa back yonder," said Peter, rising up again; "yon's the sound of a fiddle, and where there is music, there's aye something ganging to cat or drink."

"I am just going to order something here," said the Quaker; "but, in the mean time, have you any objection, my good friend, to tell us your name?"

"None in the world, if you are wanting to drink to me by name and surname," answered Peebles; "but otherwise, I would rather exite your interrogatories."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "it is not for thine own health, seeing thou hast drunk enough already—however—Here, handmaiden—bring me a gill of sherry."

"Sherry's but shillpit crink, and a gill's a sma' measure for twa gentlemen to crack over at their first acquaintance.—But let us see your snoking gill of sherry," said Poor Peter, thrusting forth his huge hand to seize on the diminutive pewter measure, which, ac-

cording to the fashion of the time, contained the generous liquor freshly drawn from the butt.

"Nay, hold, friend," said Joshua, "thou hast not yet told me what name and surname I am to call thee by."

"D—d sly in the Quaker," said Nanty, apart, "to make him to pay for his liquor before he gives it him. Now, I am such a fool, that I should have let him get too drunk to open his mouth, before I thought of asking him a question."

"My name is Peter Peebles, then," said the litigant, rather sulkily, as one who thought his liquor too sparingly meted out to him; "and what have you to say to that?"

"Peter Peebles?" repeated Nanty Ewart, and seemed to muse upon something which the words brought to his remembrance, while the Quaker pursued his examination.

"But I prithee, Peter Peebles, what is thy further designation?—Thou knowest, in our country, that some men are distinguished by their craft and calling, as cordwainers, fishers, weavers, or the like, and some by their titles as proprietors of lands, (which savours of vanity). Now, how may you be distinguished from others of the same name?"

"As Peter Peebles of the great plea of Poor Peter Peebles against Plain-stanes, *et per contra*—if I am laird of naething else, I am aye a *dominus litis*."

"It's but a poor landskip, I doubt," said Joshua.

"Pray, Mr. Peebles," said Nanty, interrupting the conversation abruptly, "were not you once a burges of Edinburgh?"

"Was I a burges?" said Peter, indignantly, "and am I not a burges even now? I have done nothing to forfeit my right. I trow—once provost and aye my lord."

"Well, Mr. Burges, tell me farther, have you not some property in the Gude Town?" continued Ewart.

"Troth have I—that is, before my misfortunes, I had twa or three bonny bits of mailings among the closes and wynds forby the shop and the story abune it. But Plain-stanes has put me to the cause-way now. Never mind though, I will be upsides with him yet."

"Had not you once a tenement in the Covenant Close?" again demanded Nanty.

"You have hit it, lad, though ye look not like a Covenantanter," said Peter; "we'll drink to its memory—(Hout! the heart's at the mouth of that ill-fair'd bit stoup already!)—it brought a rent, reckoning from the crawstop to the groundsill, that ye might ca' fourteen punds a year, forby, the laigh cellar that was let to Lucky Littleworth."

"And do you not remember that you had a poor old lady for your tenant, Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket?" said Nanty, suppressing his emotion with difficulty.

"Remember! G—d, I have gude cause to remember her," said Peter, "for she turned a dyvour on my hands, the auld besom! and, after a' that the law could do to make me satisfied and paid, in the way of ponding and destreuzing, and sae forth, as the law will, she ran away to the Charity Workhouse, a matter of twenty punds Scots in my debt—it's a great shame and oppression that Charity Workhouse, taking in bankrupt dyvors that canna pay their honest creditors."

"Me thinks, friend," said the Quaker, "thine own rage might teach thee compassion for other people's nakedness."

"Razes!" said Peter, taking Joshua's words literally; "does any wise body put on their best coat when they are travelling, and keepin company with Quakers, and such other cattle as the road affords?"

"The old lady *died*, I have heard," said Nanty, affecting a moderation which was belied by accents that faltered with passion.

"She might live or die, for what I care," answered Peter the Crawl; "what business have folk to do to live, that canna live as law will, and satisfy their just and lawful creditors?"

"And you—you that are now yourself trodden down in the very kennel, are you not sorry for what you have done? Do you not repent having occasioned the poor widow-woman's death?"

manner. I entreat you to reflect that this usage releases me from all promises of secrecy or connivance at what I am apt to think are very dangerous practices, and that."

"Hark ye, Mr. Fairford," said Redgauntlet; "I must here interrupt you for your own sake. One word of betraying what you may have seen, or what you may have suspected, and your seclusion is like to have either a very distant or a very brief termination; in either case a most undesirable one. At present, you are sure of being at liberty in a very few days—perhaps much sooner."

"And my friend," said Alan Fairford, "for whose sake I have run myself into this danger, what is to become of him?—Dark and dangerous man!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, "I will not be again cajoled by deceitful promises."

"I give you my honour that your friend is well," interrupted Redgauntlet; "perhaps I may permit you to see him, if you will but submit with patience to a fate which is inevitable."

But Alan Fairford, considering his confidence as having been abused, first by Maxwell, and next by the Priest, raised his voice, and appealed to all the King's lieges within hearing, against the violence with which he was threatened. He was instantly seized on by Nixon and two assistants, who holding down his arms, and endeavouring to stop his mouth, were about to hurry him away."

The honest Quaker, who had kept out of Redgauntlet's presence, now came boldly forward.

"Friend," said he, "thou dost more than thou canst answer. Thou knowest me well, and thou art aware, that in me thou hast a deeply injured neighbour, who was dwelling beside thee in the honesty and simplicity of his heart."

"Tush, Jonathan," said Redgauntlet; "talk not to me, man; it is neither the craft of a young lawyer, nor the simplicity of an old hypocrite, can drive me from my purpose."

"By my faith," said the Captain, coming forward in his turn, "this is hardly fair, General; and I doubt," he added, "whether the will of my owners can make me a party to such proceedings.—Nay, never fumble with your sword-hilt, but out with it like a man, if you are for a tilting."—He unsheathed his hanger, and continued,—"I will neither see my comrade Fairford, nor the old Quaker abused. D—n all warrants, false or true—curse the justice—confound the constable!—and here stands little Nanty Ewart to make good what he says against gentle and simple, in spite of horse-shoe or horsecradle either."

The cry of "Down with all warrants!" was popular in the ears of the militia of the inn, and Nanty Ewart was no less so. Fishers, ostlers, seamen, smugglers, began to crowd to the spot. Crackenthorp endeavoured in vain to mediate. The attendants of Redgauntlet began to handle their fire-arms; but their master shouted to them to forbear, and, unsheathing his sword as quick as lightning, he rushed on Ewart in the midst of his bravado, and struck his weapon from his hand with such address and force, that it flew three yards from him. Closing with him at the same moment, he gave him a severe fall, and waved his sword over his head, to show he was absolutely at his mercy.

"There, you drunken vagabond," he said, "I give you your life—you are no bad fellow, if you could keep from brawling among your friends.—But we all know Nanty Ewart," he said to the crowd around, with a forgiving laugh, which, joined to the awe his prowess had inspired, entirely confirmed their wavering allegiance.

They shouted "The Laird for ever!" while poor Nanty, rising from the earth, on whose lap he had been stretched so rudely, went in quest of his hanger, lifted it, wiped it, and, as he returned the weapon to the scabbard, muttered between his teeth, "It is true they say of him, and the devil will stand his friend till his hour come; I will cross him no more."

So saying he slunk from the crowd, cowed and disheartened by his defeat.

"For you Joshua Geddes," said Redgauntlet, ap-

proaching the Quaker, who with lifted hands and eyes, had beheld the scene of violence, "I shall take the liberty to arrest thee for a breach of the peace, altogether unbecoming thy pretended principles; and I believe it will go hard with thee both in a Court of Justice and among thine own Society of Friends, if they call themselves, who will be but indifferently pleased to see the quiet tenor of their hypocrisy insulted by such violent proceedings."

"Violent!" said Joshua; "I do aught unbecoming the principles of the Friends! I defy thee, man, and I charge thee, as a Christian, to forbear vexing my soul with such charges: it is grievous enough to me to have seen violence which I was unable to prevent."

"Oh, Joshua, Joshua!" said Redgauntlet with a sardonic smile; "thou light of the faithful in the town of Dumfries and the places adjacent, wilt thou thus fall away from the truth? Hast thou not before us all, attempted to rescue a man from the warrant of law? Didst thou not encourage that drunken fellow to draw his weapon—and didst thou not thus flourish thy cudgel in the cause? Think'st thou that the oaths of the injured Peter Peebles, and the conscientious Cristal Nixon, besides those of such gentlemen as look on this strange scene, who not only put on swearing as a garment, but to whom is Custom-House matters oaths are literally meat and drink,—dost thou not think, I say, that these men's oaths will go farther than thy Yea and Nay in this matter?"

"I will swear to any thing," said Peter, "All's fair when it comes to an oath *ad litem*."

"You do me foul wrong," said the Quaker unmoved by the general laugh. "I encourage no drawing of weapons, though I attempted to move an unjust man by some use of argument—I brandish no cudgel, although it may be that the ancient Arm struggled within me, and caused my hand to grasp mine oaken staff firmer than usual, when I see innocence borne down with violence.—But why talk what is true and just to thee, who hast been a man of violence from thy youth upwards? Let me rather speak to thee such language as thou canst comprehend. Deliver these young men up to me," he said, when he had led Redgauntlet a little apart from the crowd, "and I will not only free thee from the heavy charge of damages which thou hast incurred by this outrage upon my property, but I will add ransom for them and for myself. What would it profit thee to do the youths wrong, by detaining them in captivity?"

"Mr. Geddes," said Redgauntlet in a tone more respectful than he had hitherto used to the Quaker, "your language is disinterested, and I respect the fidelity of your friendship. Perhaps we have mistaken each other's principles and motives; but if so, we have not at present time for explanation. Make yourself easy. I hope to raise your friend Darsie Lamer to a pitch of eminence which you will witness with pleasure;—nay, do not attempt to answer me. The other young man shall suffer restraint a few days, probably only a few hours,—it is not more than due for his imprudent interference in what concerned him not. Do you, Mr. Geddes, be so prudent as to take your horse and leave this place, which is growing every moment more unfit for the abode of a man of peace. You may wait the event in safety at Mount Sharon."

"Friend," replied Joshua, "I cannot comply with thy advice; I will remain here even as thy prisoner, as thou didst but now threaten, rather than leave the youth, who hath suffered by and through me and my misfortunes, in his present state of doubtful safety. Wherefore I will not mount my steed Solomon; neither will I turn his head towards Mount Sassa until I see an end of this matter."

"A prisoner, then, you must be," said Redgauntlet. "I have no time to dispute the matter farther with you—but tell me for what you fix your eyes so actively on yonder people of mine?"

"To speak the truth," said the Quaker, "I admit to be hold among them a little wretch of a boy called Benjie, to whom I think Satan has given the power of transporting himself wheresoever mischief is going forward; so that it may be truly said, there is no evil

in this land wherein he hath not a finger, if not a whole hand."

The boy, who saw their eyes fixed on him as they spoke, seemed embarrassed, and rather desirous of making his escape; but at a signal from Redgauntlet he advanced, assuming the sheepish look and rustic manner with which the jacksnaps covered much sentences and roquetry.

"How long have you been with the party, sirrah," said Redgauntlet.

"Since the raid on the stake-nets," said Benjie, with his finger in his mouth.

"And what made you follow us?"

"I dauredna stay at hame for the constables," replied the boy.

"And what have you been doing all this time?"

"Doing, sir? I dinna ken what ye ca' doing—I have been doing naething," said Benjie; then seeing something in Redgauntlet's eye which was not to be trifled with, he added, "Naething but waiting on Maister Cristal Nixon."

"Hun!—ay—indeed?" muttered Redgauntlet. "Must Maister Nixon bring his own retinue into the field?—This must be seen to."

He was about to pursue his inquiry, when Nixon himself came to him with looks of anxious haste. "The Father is come," he whispered and the gentlemen are getting together in the largest room of the house, and they desire to see you. Yonder is your acquaintance, too, making a noise like a man in Bedlam."

"I will look to it all instantly," said Redgauntlet. "Is the Father lodged as I directed?"

Cristal nodded.

"Now, then, for the final trial," said Redgauntlet. He folded his hands—looked upwards—crossed himself—and after this act of devotion, (almost the first which any one had observed him make use of,) he commanded Nixon to keep good watch—have his horse and men ready for every emergency—look after the safe custody of the prisoners—but treat them at the same time well and civilly. And these orders given, he darted hastily into the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

REDGAUNTLET'S first course was to the chamber of his nephew. He unlocked the door, entered the apartment, and asked what he wanted, that he made so much noise.

"I want my liberty," said Darsie, who had wrought himself up to a pitch of passion in which his uncle's wrath had lost its terrors. "I desire my liberty, and to be assured of the safety of my beloved friend, Alan Fairford, whose voice I heard but now."

"Your liberty shall be your own within half an hour from this period—your friend shall be also set at freedom in due time—and you yourself be permitted to have access to his place of confinement."

"This does not satisfy me," said Darsie; "I must see my friend instantly; he is here, and he is here endangered on my account only—I have heard violent exclamations—the clash of swords. You will gain no point with me unless I have ocular demonstration of his safety."

"Arthur—dearest nephew," answered Redgauntlet. "Drive me not mad! Thine own fate—that of thy house—that of thousands—that of Britain herself, are at this moment in the scale; and you are only occupied about the safety of a poor insignificant pettifer!"

"He has sustained injury at your hands, then?" said Darsie, fiercely. "I know he has; but if so, not even our relationship shall protect you."

"Pence, ungrateful and obstinate fool!" said Redgauntlet. "Yet stay—Will you be satisfied if you see this Alan Fairford, the bundle of bombazine, this precious friend of yours—well and sound?—Will you, I say, be satisfied with seeing him in perfect safety, without attempting to speak to or converse with him?"—Darsie signified his assent. "Take hold of my arm, then," said Redgauntlet; "and do you, niece Lillias, take the other; and beware. Sir Arthur, how do you bear yourself?"

Darsie was compelled to acquiesce, sufficiently aware that his uncle would permit him no interview with a friend whose influence would certainly be used against his present earnest wishes, and in some measure contented with the assurance of Fairford's personal safety.

Redgauntlet led them through one or two passages, (for the house, as we have before said, was very irregular, and built at different times,) until they entered an apartment, where a man with shouldered carbine kept watch at the door, but readily turned the key for their reception. In this room they found Alan Fairford and the Quaker, apparently in deep conversation with each other. They looked up as Redgauntlet and his party entered; and Alan pulled off his hat and made a profound reverence, which the young lady, who recognised him, though masked as she was, he could not know her,—returned with some embarrassment, arising probably from the recollection of the bold step she had taken in visiting him.

Darsie longed to speak, but dared not. His uncle only said, "Guth men, I know you are as anxious on Mr. Darsie Latimer's account as he is upon yours. I am commissioned by him to inform you, that he is as well as you are—I trust you will all meet soon. Mean time, although I cannot suffer you to be at large, you shall be as well treated as is possible under your temporary confinement."

He passed on, without pausing to hear the answers which the lawyer and the Quaker were hastening to prefer; and only waving his hand by way of adieu, made his exit, with the real and the sewing lady whom he had under his charge, through a door at the upper end of the apartment, which was fastened and guarded like that by which they entered.

Redgauntlet next led the way into a very small room; adjoining which, but divided by a partition, was one of apparently larger dimensions; for they heard the tramping of the heavy boots of the guard, as if several persons were walking to and fro, and conversing in low and anxious whispers.

"Here," said Redgauntlet to his nephew, as he disengaged him from the riding-skirt and the mask, "I restore you to yourself, and trust you will lay aside all effeminate thoughts with this feminine dress. Do not blush at having worn a disguise to which kings and heroes have been reduced. It is when female craft or female cowardice find their way into a manly bosom, that he who entertains these sentiments should take eternal shame to himself for thus having resembled womankind. Follow me, while Lillias remains here. I will introduce you to those whom I hope to see associated with you in the most glorious cause that hand ever drew sword in."

Darsie paused. "Uncle," he said, "my person is in your hands; but remember, my will is my own. I will not be hurried into any resolution of importance. Remember what I have already said—what I now repeat—that I will take no step of importance but upon conviction."

"But cannot thou be convinced, thou foolish boy, without hearing and understanding the grounds on which we act?"

So saying, he took Darsie by the arm, and walked with him to the next room—a large apartment, partly filled with miscellaneous articles of commerce, chiefly connected with contraband trade; where, among bales and barrels, sat, or walked to and fro, several gentlemen, whose manners and looks seemed superior to the plain riding-dresses which they wore.

There was a grave and stern anxiety upon their countenances, when, on Redgauntlet's entrance, they drew from their separate conversations into one group around him, and saluted him with a formality, which had something in it of ominous melancholy. As Darsie looked around the circle, he thought he could discern in it few traces of that adventurous hope which urges men upon desperate enterprises; and began to believe that the conspiracy would dissolve of itself, without the necessity of his placing himself in direct opposition to so violent a character as his uncle, and incurring the hazard with which such opposition must needs be attended.

Mr. Redgauntlet, however, did not, or would not,

see any such marks of depression of spirit amongst his coadjutors, but met them with cheerful countenance, and a warm greeting of welcome. "Happy to meet you here, my lord," he said, bowing low to a slender young man. "I trust you come with the pledges of your noble father, of B—, and all that loyal house.—Sir Richard, what news in the west? I am told you had two hundred men on foot to have joined when the fatal retreat from Derby was commenced. When the White Standard is again displayed, it shall not be turned back so easily, either by the force of its enemies, or the falsehood of its friends.—Doctor Grumball, I bow to the representative of Oxford, the mother of learning and loyalty.—Penguinion, you Cornsheborgh, has this good wind blown you North?—Ay, my brave Cambro-Britons, when was Wales last in the race of honour?"

Such and such-like compliments he dealt around, which were in general answered by silent bows; but when he saluted one of his own countrymen by the name of MacKellar, and greeted Maxwell of Summerres by that of Pate-in-Perk, the latter replied, "that if Pate were not a fool, he would be Pate-in-Safety;" and the former, a thin old gentleman in tarnished embroidery, said bluntly, "Ay, troth, Redgauntlet, I am here just like yourself; I have little to lose—they that took my land the last time, may take my life this; and that is all I care about it."

The English gentlemen, who were still in possession of their paternal estates, looked doubtfully on each other, and there was something whispered among them of the fox which had lost his tail.

Redgauntlet hastened to address them. "I think, my lords and gentlemen," he said, "that I can account for something like sadness which has crept upon an assembly gathered together for so noble a purpose. Our numbers seem, when thus assembled, too small and inconsiderable to shake the firm-seated usurpation of a half century. Put do not count us by what we are in twice and muscle, but by what our summons can do among our countrymen. In this small party are those who have power to raise battalions, and those who have wealth to pay them. And do not believe our friends who are absent are cold or indifferent to the cause. Let us once light the signal, and it will be hailed by all who retain love for the Stewart, and by all—a more numerous body—who hate the Elector. Here I have letters from—"

Sir Richard Glencairn interrupted the speaker. "We all confide, Redgauntlet, in your valour and skill—we admire your perseverance; and probably nothing short of your strenuous exertions, and the emulation awakened by your noble and disinterested conduct, could have brought so many of us, the scattered remnant of a disheartened party, to meet together once again in solemn consultation;—for I take it, gentlemen," he said, looking round, "this is only a consultation."

"Nothing more," said the young lord.

"Nothing more," said Doctor Grumball, shaking his large academical poke.

And "Only a consultation," was echoed by the others.

Redgauntlet bit his lip. "I had hopes," he said, "that the discourses I have held with the most of you, from time to time, had ripened into more maturity than your words imply, and that we were here to execute as well as to deliberate; and for this we stand prepared. I can raise five hundred men with my whistle."

"Five hundred men!" said one of the Welsh squares, "God bless us! and pray you, what could five hundred men do?"

"All that the priming does for the cannon, Mr. Meredith," answered Redgauntlet; "it will enable us to seize Carlisle, and you know what our friends have engaged for in that case."

"Yes—but," said the young nobleman, "you must not hurry us on too fast, Mr. Redgauntlet; we are all, I believe, as sincere and true-hearted in this business as you are, but we will not be driven forward blindfold. We owe caution to ourselves and our families, as well as to those whom we are empowered to represent on this occasion."

"Who hurries you my lord? Who is it that would drive this meeting forward blindfold? I do not understand your lordship," said Redgauntlet.

"Nay," said Sir Richard Glencairn, "at least do not let us fall under our old reproach of designing among ourselves. What my lord means, Redgauntlet, is, that we have this morning here it is uncertain whether you could even bring that body of whom you count upon; your countryman, Mr. MacKellar, seemed just before you came in to enquire whether your people would rise in any force which you could produce the authority of your name."

"I might ask," said Redgauntlet, "what party MacKellar, or any one, has to dole my being able to accomplish what I stand pledged for?—But let us consist in our unity.—He restands my nephew, the gentlemen, I present to you my kinsman, Sir Angus Darsie Redgauntlet of that ilk."

"Gentlemen," said Darsie, with a flashing brow, "for he left the crisis a very painful one, and let me say, that I suspect, expressing my solicitude on the important subject under discussion, and I have heard those of the present meeting."

"Proceed in your deliberations, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet; "I will show my nephew such respect for acquiescing in the result, as will entirely free any scruples which may hang around his mind."

Dr. Grumball now coughed, "shook his adobe curls," and addressed the assembly.

"The principles of Oxford," he said, "have well understood, since she was the first to resist the Arch-Usurper—since she has condemned the sovereign authority, the blasphemous abuses, the anarchical tenets of Locke, and other delectables to the public mind. Oxford will give no money, and no assistance, to the cause of the national monarch, but we have been often deluded by foreign powers, who have availed themselves of our zeal to stir up dissensions in Britain, not for the advantage of our king, though banished monarch, but to engender dissensions by which they might profit, while our tools are sure to be ruined. Oxford therefore will not rise, unless our Sovereign comes to request our allegiance, in which case, God for us should refuse him our best obedience."

"It is a very good advice," said Mr. MacKellar.

"In troth," said Sir Richard Glencairn, "this is very keystone of our enterprise, and the foundation upon which I myself and others could ever dream of taking up arms. No insurance will ever last longer than till a single foot-candle of redcoats march to disperse it."

"This is my own opinion, and that of the family," said the young nobleman already mentioned; "and I own I am somewhat distressed being summoned to attend a dangerous business such as this, before something certain could have been stated to us on this most important point."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Redgauntlet; "I am not been so unjust either to myself or my friends had no means of communicating to our confederates (without the greatest risk of detection) what is known to some of my household. As courageous, and as resolved, as when thirty years since, he threw himself into the arms of Edward, Charles Edward has instantly obeyed the wishes of his faithful subjects. Charles Edward is in this country—Charles Edward is at this moment—Charles Edward waits but your consent to receive the homage of those who have offered themselves his loyal liegemen. He that will turn his coat, and change his name, must do so at the eye of his sovereign."

There was a deep pause. These anonymous separatists whom mere habit, or a desired party consistency, had engaged in the affair, now, at the terror their retreat cut off; and others who had taken part in the proposed enterprise, were so full, troubled when the moment of action was near, it was thus unexpectedly and almost unawares precipitated.

"How now, my lords and gentlemen?" said Sir

tle; "Is it delight and rapture that keep you silent? where are the eager welcomes that should be paid to your rightful King, who a second confides his person to the care of his subjects, terrified by the hairbreadth escapes and severities of his former expedition? I hope there is a gentleman here that is not ready to redeem, in his presence, the pledge of fidelity which he offers in his absence?"

"at least," said the young nobleman, resolutely, laying his hand on his sword, "will not be that!" "If Charles is come to these shores, I will be first to give him welcome, and to devote my fortune to his service."

"before God," said Mr. Meredith. "I do not see Mr. Redgauntlet has left us any thing else to do." "Ay," said Summerrtrees, "there is yet one question. Has he brought any of those Irish treasurers with him, who broke the neck of our last affair?"

"Not a man of them," said Redgauntlet.

"trust," said Dr. Grumball, "that there are no oligarchic priests in his company? I would not intrude on the private conscience of your Sovereign, but, as a worthy son of the Church of England, it is my duty to consider her security."

"Not a Popish dog or cat is there, to bark or mew at his Majesty," said Redgauntlet. "Old Shaftesbury could not wish a prince's person more free from Popery—which may not be the worst on in the world, notwithstanding.—Any more, gentlemen? can no more plausible reasons be discovered for postponing the payment of our duty, the discharge of our oaths and engagements? Mean while your King waits your declaration—by my faith, with but a frozen reception!"

"Redgauntlet," said Sir Richard Glendale, calmly, "approaches shall not goad me into any thing which my reason disapproves. That I respect engagements as much as you do, is evident, since here, ready to support it with the best blood in veins. But has the King really come hither unannounced?"

"He has no man with him but young —, as aid-camp, and a single valet-de-chambre."

"No man;—but, Redgauntlet, as you are a gentleman, has he no woman with him?"

"Redgauntlet cast his eyes on the ground and replied, "I am sorry to say—he has."

"The company looked at each other, and remained silent for a moment. At length Sir Richard produced. "I need not repeat to you, Mr. Redgauntlet, that is the well-grounded opinion of his Majesty's friends concerning that most unhappy connexion;—is but one sense and feeling amongst us upon the subject. I must conclude that our humble remonstrances were communicated by you, sir, to the King?"

"In the same strong terms in which they were used," replied Redgauntlet. "I love his Majesty's honour more than I fear his displeasure."

"But, apparently, our humble expostulation has been without effect. This lady, who has crept into the room, has a sister in the Elector of Hanover's service, and yet we are well assured that every point of most private communication is placed in her hands."

"*Carum et mutabile semper femina*," said Dr. Grumball.

"She puts his secrets into her work-bag," said Redgauntlet; "and out they fly whenever she opens it. I must hang, I would wish it to be in some other, a better rope than the string of a lady's garter."

"Are you, too, turning dastard, Maxwell?" said Redgauntlet in a whisper.

"Not I," said Maxwell; "let us fight for it, and let us win and wear us; but to be betrayed by a brimstone like that!"

"Be temperate, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet; "the object of which you complain so heavily has always been that of kings and heroes; which I feel strongly confident the King will surmount, upon the humble aid of his best servants, and when he sees them

ready to peril their all in his cause, upon the slight condition of his reigning the society of a female favourite, of whom I have seen reason to think he hath been himself for some time wearied. But let us not press upon him rashly with our well-meant zeal. He has a princely will, as becomes his princely birth, and we, gentlemen, who are royalists, should be the last to take advantage of circumstances to limit his exercise. I am as much surprised and hurt as you can be, to find that he has made her the companion of this journey, increasing every chance of treachery and detection. But do not let us insist upon a sacrifice so humiliating, while he has scarce placed a foot upon the beach of his kingdom. Let us act generously by our Sovereign; and when we have shown what we will do for him, we shall be able, with better face, to state what it is we expect him to concede."

"Indeed, I think it is but a pity," said MacKellar, "when so many pretty gentlemen are got together, that they should part without the flash of a sword among them."

"I should be of that gentleman's opinion," said Lord —, "had I nothing to lose but my life; but I frankly own, that the conditions on which our family agreed to join having been, in this instance, left unfulfilled, I will not peril the whole fortunes of our house on the doubtful fidelity of an artful woman."

"I am sorry to see your lordship," said Redgauntlet, "take a course, which is more likely to secure your house's wealth than to augment its honours."

"How am I to understand your language, sir?" said the young nobleman, haughtily.

"Nay, gentlemen," said Dr. Grumball, interposing, "do not let friends quarrel; we are all zealous for the cause—but truly, although I know the license claimed by the great in such matters, and can, I hope, make due allowance, there is, I may say, an indecorum in a prince who comes to claim the allegiance of the Church of England, arriving on such an errand with such a companion—*si non castè, caute, tamen*."

"I wonder how the Church of England came to be so heartily attached to his merry old namesake," said Redgauntlet.

Sir Richard Glendale then took up the question, as one whose authority and experience gave him right to speak with much weight.

"We have no leisure for hesitation," he said; "it is full time that we decide what course we are to hold. I feel as much as you, Mr. Redgauntlet, the delicacy of capitulating with our Sovereign in his present condition. But I must also think of the total ruin of the cause, the confiscation and bloodshed which will take place among his adherents, and all through the infatuation with which he adheres to a woman who is the pensionary of the present minister, as she was for years Sir Robert Walpole's. Let his Majesty send her back to the continent, and the sword on which I now lay my hand shall instantly be unsheathed, and, I trust, many hundred others at the same moment."

The other persons present testified their unanimous acquiescence in what Sir Richard Glendale had said.

"I see you have taken your resolutions, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet; "unwisely, I think, because I believe that, by softer and more generous proceedings, you would have been more likely to carry a point which I think as desirable as you do. But what is to be done if Charles should refuse, with the inflexibility of his grandfather, to comply with this request of yours? Do you mean to abandon him to his fate?"

"God forbid!" said Sir Richard, hastily; "and God forgive you, Mr. Redgauntlet, for breathing such a thought. No! I for one will, with all duty and humility, see him safe back to his vessel, and defend him with my life, against whoever shall assail him. But when I have seen his sails spread, my next act will be to secure, if I can, my own safety, by retiring to my house; or, if I find our engagement, as is too probable, has taken wind, by surrendering myself to the next Justice of Peace, and giving security

that hereafter I shall live quiet, and submit to the ruling powers."

Again the rest of the persons present, intimidated their agreement in opinion with the speaker.

"Well, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, "it is not for me to oppose the opinion of every one; and I must do you the justice to say, that the King has, in the present instance, neglected a condition of your agreement, which was laid before him in very distinct terms. The question now is, who is to acquaint him with the result of this conference? for I presume you would not wait on him in a body to make the proposal, that he should dismiss a person from his family as the price of your allegiance."

"I think Mr. Redgauntlet should make the explanation," said Lord ——. "As he has, doubtless, done justice to our remonstrances by communicating them to the King, no one can, with such propriety and force, state the natural and inevitable consequence of their being neglected."

"Now, I think," said Redgauntlet, "that those who make the objection should state it; for I am confident the King will hardly believe, on less authority than that of the heir of the loyal House of B—, that he is the first to seek an evasion of his pledge to join him."

"An evasion, sir?" repeated Lord ——, fiercely. "I have borne too much from you already, and this I will not endure. Favour me with your company to the downs yonder."

Redgauntlet laughed scornfully, and was about to follow the fiery young man, when Sir Richard again interposed. "Are we to exhibit," he said, "the last symptoms of the dissolution of our party, by turning our swords against each other?—Be patient Lord ——; in such conferences as this, much must pass unquestioned which might brook challenge elsewhere. There is a privilege of party as of parliament—men cannot, in emergency, stand upon picking phrases.—Gentlemen, if you will extend your confidence in me so far, I will wait upon his majesty, and I hope my Lord —— and Mr. Redgauntlet will accompany me. I trust the explanation of this unpleasant matter will prove entirely satisfactory, and that we shall find ourselves at liberty to render our homage to our Sovereign without reserve, when I for one will be the first to peril all in his just quarrel."

Redgauntlet at once stepped forward, "My lord," he said, "if my zeal made me say any thing in the slightest degree offensive, I wish it unsaid, and ask your pardon. A gentleman can do no more."

"I could not have asked Mr. Redgauntlet to do so much," said the young nobleman, willingly accepting the hand which Redgauntlet offered. "I know no man living from whom I could take so much reproof without a sense of degradation, as from himself."

"Let me then hope, my lord, that you will go with Sir Richard and me to the presence. Your warm blood will heat our zeal—our colder resolves will temper yours."

The young lord smiled, and shook his head. "Alas! Mr. Redgauntlet," he said, "I am ashamed to say, that in zeal you surpass us all. But I will not refuse this mission, provided you will permit Sir Arthur, your nephew, also to accompany us."

"My nephew?" said Redgauntlet, and seemed to hesitate, then added, "Most certainly.—I trust," he said, looking at Darsie, "he will bring to his Prince's presence such sentiments as fit the occasion."

It seemed however to Darsie, that his uncle would rather have left him behind, had he not feared that he might in that case have been influenced by, or might perhaps himself influence, the unresolved confederates with whom he must have associated during his absence.

"I will go," said Redgauntlet, "and request admission."

In a moment after he returned, and without speaking, motioned for the young nobleman to advance. He did so, followed by Sir Richard Glendale and Darsie, Redgauntlet himself bringing up the rear. A short passage and a few steps brought them to the door of the temporary presence-chamber, in which the Royal Wanderer was to receive their homage.

It was the upper loft of one of those cottages which made additions to the Old Inn, poorly furnished, dusty, and in disorder; for rash as the enterprise might be considered, they had been still careful not to draw the attention of strangers by any particular attentions to the personal accommodation of the Prince. He was seated, when the deputies, as they might be termed, of his remaining adherents, entered; and as he rose, and came forward and bowed in acceptance of their salutation, it was with a dignified courtesy which at once supplied whatever was deficient in external pomp, and converted the wretched garret into a saloon worthy of the occasion.

"It is needless to add, that he was the same personage already introduced in the character of Father Buonventura, by which name he was distinguished at Fairladies. His dress was not different from what he then wore, excepting that he had a loose riding-coat of camel, under which he carried an efficient cut-and-thrust sword, instead of his walking rapier, and also a pair of pistols."

Redgauntlet presented to him successively the young Lord ——, and his kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, who trembled as, bowing and kissing his hand, he found himself surprised into what might be construed an act of high treason, which yet he saw no safe means to avoid.

Sir Richard Glendale seemed personally known to Charles Edward, who received him with a mixture of dignity and affection, and seemed to sympathize with the tears which rushed into that gentleman's eyes as he bid his Majesty welcome to his new kingdom.

"Yes, my good Sir Richard," said the unfortunate Prince, in a tone melancholy, yet resolved, "Charles Edward is with his faithful friends once more—perhaps, with his former gay hopes which underwent danger, but with the same determined contempt of the worst which can befall him, in claiming his own rights and those of his country."

"I rejoice, sir—and yet, alas! I must also grieve to see you once more on the British shores," said Sir Richard Glendale, and stopped short—a tumult of contradictory feelings preventing his farther utterance.

"It is the call of my faithful and suffering people which alone could have induced me to take once more the sword in my hand. For my own part, Sir Richard, when I have reflected how many of my loyal and devoted friends perished by the sword and by proscription, or died indigent and neglected in a foreign land, I have often sworn that no view to my personal aggrandizement should again induce me to agitate a title which has cost my followers so dear. But now so many men of worth and honour conceive the cause of England and Scotland to be linked with that of Charles Stewart, I must follow their brave example, and, laying aside all other considerations, once more stand forward as their deliverer. I am, however, come hither upon your invitation; and as you are so completely acquainted with circumstances to which my absence must necessarily have rendered me a stranger, I must be a mere tool in the hands of my friends. I know well I never can refer myself implicitly to more loyal hearts or wiser heads, than Herries Redgauntlet, and Sir Richard Glendale. Give me your advice, then, how we are to proceed, and decide upon the fate of Charles Edward."

Redgauntlet looked at Sir Richard, as if to say, "Can you press an additional or unpleasant condition at a moment like this?" And the other shook his head and looked down, as if his resolution was unaltered, and yet as feeling all the delicacy of the situation.

There was a silence, which was broken by the unfortunate representative of an unhappy dynasty with some appearance of irritation. "This is strange, gentlemen," he said; "you have sent for me from the bosom of my family, to head an adventure of doubt and danger; and when I come, your own minds seem to be still irresolute. I had not expected this on the part of two such men."

"For me, sir," said Redgauntlet, "the steel of my sword is not truer than the temper of my mind."

"My Lord —— and mine are equally so," said

Sir Richard; "but you had in charge, Mr. Redgauntlet, to convey our request to his Majesty, coupled with certain conditions."

"And I discharged my duty to his Majesty and to you," said Redgauntlet.

"I looked at no condition, gentlemen," said their King, with dignity, "save that which called me here to assert my rights in person. *That* I have fulfilled at no common risk. Here I stand to keep my word, and I expect of you to be true to yours."

"There was, or should have been, something more than that in our proposal, please your Majesty," said Sir Richard. "There was a condition annexed to it."

"I saw it not," said Charles, interrupting him. "Out of tenderness towards the noble hearts of whom I think so highly, I would neither see nor read any thing which could lessen them in my love and my esteem. Conditions can have no part betwixt Prince and subject."

"Sir," said Redgauntlet, kneeling on one knee, "I see from Sir Richard's countenance he deems it my fault that your Majesty seems ignorant of what your subjects desired that I should communicate to your Majesty. For Heaven's sake! for the sake of all my past services and sufferings, leave not such a stain upon my honour! The note, Number D., of which this is a copy, referred to the painful subject to which Sir Richard again directs your attention."

"You press upon me, gentlemen," said the Prince, colouring highly, "recollections, which, as I hold them most alien to your character, I would willingly have banished from my memory. I did not suppose that my loyal subjects would think so poorly of me, as to use my depressed circumstances as a reason for forcing themselves into my domestic privacies, and stipulating arrangements with their King regarding matters, in which the meanest hinds claim the privilege of thinking for themselves. In affairs of state and public policy, I will ever be guided as becomes a prince, by the advice of my wisest counsellors; in those which regard my private affections, and my domestic arrangements, I claim the same freedom of will which I allow to all my subjects, and without which a crown were less worth wearing than a beggar's bonnet."

"May it please your Majesty," said Sir Richard Glendale, "I see it must be my lot to speak unwilling truths; but believe me, I do so with as much profound respect as deep regret. It is true, we have called you to head a mighty undertaking, and that your Majesty, preferring honour to safety, and the love of your country to your own ease, has condescended to become our leader. But we also pointed out as a necessary and indispensable preparatory step to the achievement of our purpose—and, I must say, as a positive condition of our engaging in it—that an individual, supposed,—I presume not to guess how truly,—to have your Majesty's more intimate confidence, and believed, I will not say on absolute proof, but upon the most pregnant suspicion, to be capable of betraying that confidence to the Elector of Hanover, should be removed from your royal household and society."

"This is too insolent, Sir Richard!" said Charles Edward. "Have you inveigled me into your power to bait me in this unseemly manner?—And you, Redgauntlet, why did you suffer matters to come to such a point as this, without making me more distinctly aware what insults were to be practised on me?"

"My gracious Prince," said Redgauntlet, "I am so far from blaming in this, that I did not think so slight an impediment as that of a woman's society could have readily interrupted an undertaking of this magnitude. I am a plain man, sire, and speak but bluntly; I could not have dreamt but what, within the first five minutes of this interview, either Sir Richard and his friends would have ceased to insist upon a condition so ungrateful to your Majesty, or that your Majesty would have sacrificed this unhappy attachment to the sound advice, or even to the over-anxious suspicions, of so many faithful subjects. I saw no entanglement in such a difficulty, which on either side might not have been broken through like a cobweb."

"You were mistaken, sir," said Charles Edward,

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"entirely mistaken—as much so as you are at this moment, when you think in your heart my refusal to comply with this insolent proposition is dictated by a childish and romantic passion for an individual. I tell you, sir, I could part with that person to-morrow, without an instant's regret—that I have had thoughts of dismissing her from my court, for reasons known to myself; but that I will never betray my rights as a sovereign and a man, by taking this step to secure the favour of any one, or to purchase that allegiance, which, if you owe it to me at all, is due to me as my birthright."

"I am sorry for this," said Redgauntlet; "I hope both your Majesty and Sir Richard will reconsider your resolutions, or forbear this discussion in a conjuncture so pressing. I trust your Majesty will recollect that you are on hostile ground; that our preparations cannot have so far escaped notice as to permit us now with safety to retreat from our purpose; in-somuch, that it is with the deepest anxiety of heart I foresee even danger to your own royal person, unless you can generously give your subjects the satisfaction, which Sir Richard seems to think they are obstinate in demanding."

"And deep indeed your anxiety ought to be," said the Prince. "Is it in these circumstances of personal danger in which you expect to overcome a resolution, which is founded on a sense of what is due to me as a man or a prince? If the axe and scaffold were ready before the windows of Whitehall, I would rather tread the same path with my great-grandfather, than concede the slightest point in which my honour is concerned."

He spoke these words with a determined accent, and looked around him on the company, all of whom (excepting Darsie, who saw, he thought, a fair period to a most perilous enterprise) seemed in deep anxiety and confusion. At length, Sir Richard spoke in a solemn and melancholy tone.

"If the safety," he said, "of poor Richard Glendale were alone concerned in this matter, I have never valued my life enough to weigh it against the slightest point of your Majesty's service. But I am only a messenger—a commissioner, who must execute my trust, and upon whom a thousand voices will cry Curse and wo, if I do it not with fidelity. All of your adherents, even Redgauntlet himself, see certain ruin to this enterprise—the greatest danger to your Majesty's person—the utter destruction of all your party and friends, if they insist not on the point, which, unfortunately, your Majesty is so unwilling to concede. I speak it with a heart full of anguish—with a tongue unable to utter my emotions—but it must be spoken—the fatal truth—that if your royal goodness cannot yield to us a boon which we hold necessary to our security and your own, your Majesty with one word disarms ten thousand men, ready to draw their swords in your behalf; or, to speak yet more plainly, you annihilate even the semblance of a royal party in Great Britain."

"And why do you not add," said the Prince, scornfully, "that the men who have been ready to assume arms in my behalf, will atone for their treason to the Elector, by delivering me up to the fate for which so many proclamations have destined me? Carry my head to St. James's, gentlemen; you will do a more acceptable and a more honourable action, than, having inveigled me into a situation which places me so completely in your power, to dishonour yourselves by propositions which dishonour me."

"My God, sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard, clasping his hands together, in impatience, "of what great and inextinguishable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty, that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their whole generation!—Come, my Lord —, we must to our friends."

"By your leave, Sir Richard," said the young nobleman, "not till we have learned what measures can be taken for his Majesty's personal safety."

"Care not for me, young man," said Charles Edward; "when I was in the society of Highland robbers and cattle-drovers, I was safer than I now hold myself among the representatives of the best blood

in England.—Farewell, gentlemen—I will shift for myself.”

“This must never be,” said Redgauntlet. “Let me that brought you to the point of danger, at least provide for your safe retreat.”

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, followed by his nephew. The Wanderer, averting his eyes from Lord — and Sir Richard Glendale, threw himself into a seat at the upper end of the apartment, while they, in much anxiety, stood together at a distance from him, and conversed in whispers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

WHEN Redgauntlet left the room, in haste and discomposure, the first person he met on the stair, and indeed so close by the door of the apartment that Darnie thought he must have been listening there, was his attendant Nixon.

“What the devil do you here?” he said abruptly and sternly.

“I wait your orders,” said Nixon. “I hope all’s right?—excuse my zeal.”

“All is wrong, sir—Where is the seafaring fellow—Ewart—what do you call him?”

“Nanty Ewart, sir—I will carry your commands,” said Nixon.

“I will deliver them myself to him,” said Redgauntlet: “call him hither.”

“But should your honour leave the presence?” said Nixon, still lingering.

“Sdeath, sir, do you prate to me?” said Redgauntlet, bending his brows. “I, sir, transact my own business; you, I am told, act by a ragged deputy.”

Without farther answer, Nixon departed, rather disconcerted, as it seemed to Darnie.

“That dog turns insolent and lazy,” said Redgauntlet; “but I must bear with him for a while.”

A moment after, Nixon returned with Ewart.

“Is this the smuggling fellow?” demanded Redgauntlet.

Nixon nodded.

“Is he sober now?—he was brawling anon.”

“Sober enough for business,” said Nixon.

“Well then, hark ye, Ewart—man your boat with your best hands, and have her by the pier—get your other fellows on board the brig—if you have any cargo left, throw it overboard; it shall be all paid, five times over—and be ready for a start to Wales or the Hebrides, or perhaps for Sweden or Norway.”

Ewart answered sullenly enough, “Ay, ay, sir.”

“Go with him, Nixon,” said Redgauntlet, forcing himself to speak with some appearance of cordiality to the servant with whom he was offended; “see he does his duty.”

Ewart left the house sullenly, followed by Nixon. The sailor was just in that species of drunken humour which made him jealous, passionate, and troublesome, without showing any other disorder than that of irritability. As he walked towards the beach he kept muttering to himself, but in such a tone that his companion lost not a word, “Smuggling fellow—Ay, smuggler—and, start your cargo into the sea—and be ready to start for the Hebrides, or Sweden—or the devil, I suppose.—Well, and what if I said in answer—Rebel, Jacobite—traitor—I’ll make you and your d—d confederates walk the plank—I have seen better men do it—half-a-score of a morning—when I was across the Line.”

“D—d unhandsome terms those Redgauntlet used to you, brother,” said Nixon.

“Which do you mean?” said Ewart, starting, and recollecting himself. “I have been at my old trade of thinking aloud, have I?”

“No matter,” answered Nixon, “none but a friend heard you. You cannot have forgotten how Redgauntlet disarmed you this morning?”

“Why, I would bear no malice about that—only he is so cursedly high and saucy,” said Ewart.

“And then,” said Nixon, “I know you for a true-hearted Protestant.”

“That I am, by G—,” said Ewart. “No, the Spaniards could never get my religion from me.”

“And a friend to King George, and the Hanover line of succession,” said Nixon, still walking and speaking very slow.

“You may swear I am, excepting in the way of business, as Turnpenny says. I like King George, but I can’t afford to pay duties.”

“You are outlawed, I believe?” said Nixon.

“Am I?—faith, I believe I am,” said Ewart. “I wish I were *inlawed* again with all my heart—But come along, we must get all ready for our peremptory gentleman, I suppose.”

“I will teach you a better trick,” said Nixon. “There is a bloody pack of rebels yonder.”

“Ay, we all know that,” said the smuggler; “but the snowball’s melting, I think.”

“There is some one yonder, whose head is worth—thirty—thousand—pounds—of sterling money,” said Nixon, pausing between each word, as if to enforce the magnificence of the sum.

“And what of that?” said Ewart, quickly.

“Only that if, instead of lying by the pier with your men on their oars, if you will just carry your boat on board just now, and take no notice of any signal from the shore, by G—d, Nanty Ewart, I will make a man of you for life!”

“Oh, ho! then the Jacobite gentry are not so *ské* as they think themselves?” said Nanty.

“In an hour or two,” replied Nixon, “they will be made safer in Carlisle Castle.”

“The devil they will!” said Ewart; “and you have been the informer, I suppose?”

“Yes; I have been ill paid for my service among the Redgauntlets—have scarce got dog’s wages—and been treated worse than ever dog was used. I have the old fox and his cubs in the same trap now, Nanty; and we’ll see how a certain young lady will look then. You see I am frank with you, Nanty.”

“And I will be as frank with you,” said the smuggler. “You are a d—d old scoundrel—traitor to the man whose bread you eat! Me help to betray poor devils, that have been so often betrayed myself—Not if they were a hundred Popes, Devils, and Pretenders I will back and tell them their danger—they are part of cargo—regularly invoiced—put under my charge by the owners—I’ll back!”

“You are not stark mad?” said Nixon, who saw he had miscalculated in supposing Nanty’s wild ideas of honour and fidelity could be shaken even by resentment, or by his Protestant partialities. “Ye shall not go back—it is all a joke.”

“I’ll back to Redgauntlet, and see whether it is a joke he will laugh at.”

“My life is lost if you do,” said Nixon—“hear reason.”

They were in a clump or cluster of tall furze at the moment they were speaking, about half way between the pier and the house, but not in a direct line from which Nixon, whose object it was to gain time, had induced Ewart to diverge insensibly.

He now saw the necessity of taking a desperate resolution. “Hear reason,” he said; and added, as Nanty still endeavoured to pass him, “Or else hear this!” discharging a pocket-pistol into the unfortunate man’s body.

Nanty staggered, but kept his feet. “It has cut my back-bone asunder,” he said; “you have done me the last good office, and I will not die ungrateful.”

As he uttered the last words, he collected his remaining strength, stood firm for an instant, drew his hanger, and fetching a stroke with both hands at Cristal Nixon down. The blow, struck with all the energy of a desperate and dying man, exhibited a force to which Ewart’s exhausted frame might have seemed inadequate;—it cleft the hat which the wretch wore, though secured by a plate of iron within the lining, bit deep into his skull, and threw left a fragment of the weapon, which was broke by the fury of the blow.

One of the scamen of the lugger, who strolled up attracted by the firing of the pistol, though, being a small one, the report was very trifling, found both the unfortunate men stark dead. Alarmed at what

he saw, which he conceived to have been the consequence of some unsuccessful engagement betwixt his late commander and a revenue officer, (for Nixon chanced not to be personally known to him,) the sailor hastened back to the boat, in order to apprise his comrades of Nanty's fate, and to advise them to take off themselves and the vessel.

Mean time Redgauntlet, having, as we have seen, despatched Nixon for the purpose of securing a retreat for the unfortunate Charles in case of extremity, returned to the apartment where he had left the Wanderer. He now found him alone.

"Sir Richard Glendale," said the unfortunate Prince, "with his young friend, has gone to consult their adherents now in the house. Redgauntlet, my friend, I will not blame you for the circumstances in which I find myself, though I am, at once placed in danger, and rendered contemptible. But you ought to have stated to me more strongly the weight which these gentlemen attached to their insolent proposition. You should have told me that no compromise would have any effect—that they desired, not a Prince to govern them, but one, on the contrary, over whom they were to exercise restraint on all occasions, from the highest affairs of the state, down to the most intimate and closest concerns of his own privacy, which the most ordinary men desire to keep secret, and sacred from interference."

"God knows," said Redgauntlet, in much agitation, "I acted for the best when I pressed your Majesty to come hither—I never thought that your Majesty, at such a crisis, would have scrupled, when a kingdom was in view, to sacrifice an attachment, which—"

"Peace, sir!" said Charles; "it is not for you to estimate my feelings upon such a subject."

Redgauntlet coloured high, and bowed profoundly. "At least," he resumed, "I hoped that some middle way might be found, and it shall—and must—Come with me, nephew. We will to these gentlemen, and I am confident I shall bring back heart-stirring tidings."

"I will do much to comply with them, Redgauntlet. I am loath, having again set my foot on British land, to quit it without a blow for my right. But this which they demand of me is a degradation, and compliance is impossible."

Redgauntlet, followed by his nephew, the unwilling spectator of this extraordinary scene, left once more the apartment of the adventurous Wanderer, and was met on the top of the stairs by Joe Crackenthorp. "Where are the other gentlemen?" he said.

"Yonder, in the west barrack," answered Joe; "but Master Ingoldsby,"—that was the name by which Redgauntlet was most generally known in Cumberland.—"I wished to say to you that I must put yonder folk together in one room."

"What folk?" said Redgauntlet, impatiently.

"Why, them prisoner stranger folk, as you bid Cristal Nixon look after. Lord love you! this is a large house enow, but we cannot have separate lock-ups for folks, as they have in Newgate or in Bedlam. Yonder's a mad beggar, that is to be a great man when he wins a lawsuit, Lord help him!—Yonder's a Quaker and a lawyer charged with a riot; and, good, I must make one key and one lock keep them, for we are chokeful, and you have sent off old Nixon, that could have given one some help in this confusion. Besides, they take up every one a room, and call for naughts on earth,—excepting the old man, who calls justly enough,—but he has not a penny to pay shot."

"Do as thou wilt with them," said Redgauntlet, who had listened impatiently to his statement; "so thou dost but keep them from getting out and making some alarm in the country, I care not."

"A Quaker and a lawyer!" said Darsie. "This must be Fairford and Geddes.—Uncle, I must request of you—"

"Nay, nephew," interrupted Redgauntlet, "this is no time for asking questions. You shall yourself decide upon their fate in the course of an hour—no harm whatever is designed them."

So saying, he hurried towards the place where the Jacobite gentlemen were holding their council, and

Darsie followed him, in the hope that the obstacle which had arisen to the prosecution of their desperate adventure would prove insurmountable, and spare him the necessity of a dangerous and violent rupture with his uncle. The discussions among them were very eager; the more daring part of the conspirators, who had little but life to lose, being desirous to proceed at all hazards; while the others, whom a sense of honour and a hesitation to disavow long-cherished principles had brought forward, were perhaps not ill satisfied to have a fair apology for declining an adventure, into which they had entered with more of reluctance than zeal.

Mean while Joe Crackenthorp, availing himself of the hasty permission obtained from Redgauntlet, proceeded to assemble in one apartment those whose safe custody had been thought necessary; and without much considering the propriety of the matter, he selected for the common place of confinement, the room which Lillias had since her brother's departure occupied alone. It had a strong lock, and was double-hinged, which probably led to the preference assigned to it as a place of security.

Into this, Joe, with little ceremony, and a good deal of noise, introduced the Quaker and Fairford; the first decanting on the immorality, the other on the illegality, of his proceedings; and he turning a deaf ear both to the one and the other. Next he pushed in, almost in headlong fashion, the unfortunate litigant, who having made some resistance at the threshold, had received a violent thrust in consequence, and came rushing forward, like a ram in the act of charging, with such impetus, as must have carried him to the top of the room, and struck the cocked hat which sat perched on the top of his tow wig against Miss Redgauntlet's person, had not the honest Quaker interrupted his career by seizing him by the collar, and bringing him to a stand. "Friend," said he, with the real good-breeding which so often subsists independently of ceremonial, "thou art no company for that young person; she is, thou seest, frightened at our being so suddenly thrust in hither; and although that be no fault of ours, yet it will become us to behave civilly towards her. Wherefore come thou with me to this window, and I will tell thee what it concerns thee to know."

"And what for should I no speak to the ledly, friend?" said Peter, who was now about half seas over. "I have spoke to ledlies before now, man.—What for should she be frightened at me?—I am nae bogle, I ween.—What are ye pooin' me that gate for?—Ye will rive my coat, and I will have a good action for having myself made sartum atque tectum at your expenses."

Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Geddes, whose muscles were as strong as his judgment was sound and his temper sedate, led Poor Peter, under the sense of a control against which he could not struggle, to the farther corner of the apartment, where, placing him, whether he would or no, in a chair, he sat down beside him, and effectually prevented his annoying the young lady, upon whom he had seemed bent on conferring the delights of his society.

If Peter had immediately recognised his counsel learned in the law, it is probable that not even the benevolent efforts of the Quaker could have kept him in a state of restraint; but Fairford's back was turned towards his client, whose optics, besides being somewhat dazzled with ale and brandy, were speedily engaged in contemplating a half-crown which Joshua held between his finger and his thumb, saying, at the same time, "Friend, thou art indigent and improvident. This will, well employed, procure thee sustentation of nature for more than a single day; and I will bestow it on thee if thou wilt sit here and keep me company; for neither thou nor I, friend, are fit company for ladies."

"Speak for yourself, friend," said Peter, scornfully; "I was aye kend to be agreeable to the fair sex; and when I was in business I served the ledlies wi' anither sort of decorum than Plainstanes, the d-d awkward scoundrel! It was one of the articles of ditty between us."

"Well, but, friend," said the Quaker, who observed

that the young lady still seemed to fear Peter's intrusion, "I wish to hear thee speak about this great lawsuit of thine, which has been matter of such celebrity."

"Celebrity?—Ye may swear that," said Peter, for the string was touched to which his crazy imagination always vibrated. "And I dinna wonder that folk that judge things by their outward grandeur, should think me something worth their envying. It's very true that it is grandeur upon earth to hear one's name thundered out along the long-arched roof of the Outer-House,—*Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones, et per contra*!—a' the best lawyers in the house fleeing like eagles to the prey; some because they are in the cause, and some because they want to be thought engaged (for there are tricks in other trades by selling muslins)—to see the reporters mending their pens to take down the debate—the Lords themselves pooin' in their chairs, like folk sitting down to a gude dinner, and crying on the clerks for parts and pendicles of the process, who, poor bodies, can do little mair than cry on their closet-keepers to help them. To see a' this," continued Peter in a tone of sustained rapture, "and to ken that naething will be said or done amang a' thae grand folk, for maybe the feck of three hours, saving what concerns you and your business—O, man, nae wonder that ye judge this to be earthly glory!—And yet, neighbour, as I was saying, there be no unco drawbacks—I whities think of my bit house, where dinner, and supper, and breakfast, used to come without the crying for, just as if fairies had brought it—and the gude bed at e'en—and the needfu' penny in the pouch.—And then to see a' ane's warldly substance capering in the air in a pair of weigh-bauks, now up, now down, as the breath of judge or counsel inclines it for pursuer or defender,—troth, man, there are times I rue having ever begun the plea wark, though may be, when ye consider the renown and credit I have by it, ye will hardly believe what I am saying."

"Indeed, friend," said Joshua, with a sigh, "I am glad thou hast found any thing in the legal contention which compensates thee for poverty and hunger; but I believe, were other human objects of ambition looked upon as closely, their advantages would be found as chimerical as those attending thy protracted litigation."

"But never mind, friend," said Peter, "I'll tell you the exact state of the conjunct processes, and make ye sensible that I can bring myself round with a wet finger, now I have my finger and my thumb on this loup-the-dike loon, the lad Fairford."

Alan Fairford was in the act of speaking to the masked lady, (for Miss Redgauntlet had retained her riding vizard,) endeavouring to assure her as he perceived her anxiety, of such protection as he could afford, when his own name, pronounced in a loud tone, attracted his attention. He looked round, and, seeing Peter Peebles, as hastily turned to avoid his notice, in which he succeeded, so earnest was Peter upon his colloquy with one of the most respectable auditors whose attention he had ever been able to engage. And by this little motion, momentary as it was, Alan gained an unexpected advantage; for while he looked round, Miss Lillias, I could never ascertain why, took the moment to adjust her mask, and did it so awkwardly, that when her companion again turned his head, he recognised as much of her features as authorized him to address her as his fair client, and to press his offers of protection and assistance with the boldness of a former acquaintance.

Lillias Redgauntlet withdrew the mask from her crimsoned cheek. "Mr. Fairford," she said, in a voice almost inaudible, "you have the character of a young gentleman of sense and generosity; but we have already met in one situation which you must think singular; and I must be exposed to misconception, at least for my forwardness, were it not in a cause in which my dearest affections were concerned."

"Any interest in my beloved friend, Darsie Latimer," said Fairford, stepping a little back, and putting a marked restraint upon his former advances, "gives me a double right to be useful to"—He stopped short.

"To his sister, your goodness would say," answered Lillias.

"His sister, madam?" replied Alan, in the extremity of astonishment—"Sister, I presume in affection only?"

"No, sir; my dear brother Darsie and I are connected by the bonds of actual relationship; and I am not sorry to be the first to tell this to the friend he most values."

Fairford's first thought was on the violent passion which Darsie had expressed towards the fair unknown. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "how did he bear the discovery?"

"With resignation, I hope," said Lillias, smiling. "A more accomplished sister he might easily have come by, but scarcely could have found one who could love him more than I do."

"I meant—I only meant to say," said the young counsellor, his presence of mind failing him for an instant—"that is, I meant to ask where Darsie Latimer is at this moment."

"In this very house, and under the guardianship of his uncle, whom I believe you knew as a visitor of your father, under the name of Mr. Herries of Barensworth."

"Let me hasten to him," said Fairford; "I have sought him through difficulties and dangers—I must see him instantly."

"You forget you are a prisoner," said the young lady.

"True—true; but I cannot be long detained—the cause alleged is too ridiculous."

"Alas!" said Lillias, "our fate—my brother's and mine, at least—must turn on the deliberations, perhaps of less than an hour.—For you, sir, I believe and apprehend nothing but some restraint; my uncle's neither cruel nor unjust, though few will go far in the cause which he has adopted."

"Which is that of the Pretend—"

"For God's sake speak lower!" said Lillias, approaching her hand, as if to stop him. "The word may cost you your life. You do not know—indeed you do not—the terrors of the situation in which we at present stand, and in which I fear you also are involved by your friendship for my brother."

"I do not indeed know the particulars of our situation," said Fairford; "but be the danger what it may, I shall not grudge my share of it for the sake of my friend; or," he added, with more timidity, "of my friend's sister. Let me hope," he said, "my dear Miss Latimer, that my presence may be of some use to you; and that it may be so, let me entreat a share of your confidence which I am conscious I have otherwise no right to ask."

He led her, as he spoke, towards the recess of the farther window of the room, and observing to her that, unhappily, he was particularly exposed to interruption from the mad old man whose entrance had alarmed her, he disposed of Darsie Latimer's riding skirt, which had been left in the apartment, over the back of two chairs, forming thus a sort of screen behind which he enconced himself with the margin of the green mantle; feeling at the moment, that the danger in which he was placed was almost compensated by the intelligence which permitted those feelings towards her to revive, which justice to his friend had induced him to stifle in the birth.

The relative situation of adviser and advised, of protector and protected, is so peculiarly suited to the respective condition of man and woman, that as progress towards intimacy is often made in very small space; for the circumstances call for confidence on the part of the gentleman, and forbid coyness on that of the lady, so that the usual barriers against intercourse are at once thrown down.

Under these circumstances, securing themselves as far as possible from observation, conversing in whispers, and seated in a corner, where they were brought into so close contact that their faces nearly touched each other, Fairford heard from Lillias Redgauntlet the history of her family, particularly of her uncle; views upon her brother, and the agony which she felt at that very moment he might succeed in engaging Darsie in some desperate scheme, fatal to his friend and perhaps to his life.

Alan Fairford's acute understanding instantly

at he had heard with the circumstances he used at Fairladies. His first thought was, at all risks, his instant escape, and prudence powerful enough to crush, in the very conspiracy of such a determined character, did not consider as difficult; for, though the guarded on the outside, the window, which bove ten feet from the ground, was open for common on which it looked was unenclosed profusely covered with furze. There thought, be little difficulty in effecting his end in concealing his course after he had

ias exclaimed against this scheme. Her said, was a man, who, in his moments of n, knew neither remorse nor fear. He was f visiting upon Darsie any injury which he receive Fairford had rendered him—he was insman also, and not an unkind one, and cated any effort, even in her brother's fa- which his life must be exposed to danger. himself remembered Father Buonaventure, a little question but that he was one of the e old Chevalier de Saint George; and with hich, although contradictory of his public hardly be much censured, his heart recoiled z the agent by whom the last scion of such e of Scottish Princes should be rooted up. ought of obtaining an audience, if possible, oted person, and explaining to him the utter ees of his undertaking, which he judged it e ardour of his partisans might have com- him. But he relinquished this design as ormed. He had no doubt, that any light- could throw on the state of the country, ne too late to be serviceable to one who was ported to have his own full share of the obstinacy which had cost his ancestors so who, in drawing the sword, must have om him the scabbard.

uggested the advice which, of all others, ost suited to the occasion, that yielding, o the circumstances of their situation, they stch carefully when Darsie should obtain e of freedom, and endeavour to open a com- n with him, in which case their joint flight effected, and without endangering the safety e.

utiful deliberation had nearly fixed in this n Fairford, who was listening to the low sweet g tones of Lilius Redgauntlet, rendered yet resting by some slight touch of foreign ac- startled by a heavy hand which descended weight on his shoulder, while the discordant Peter Peebles, who had at length broken i the well-meaning Quaker, exclaimed in the truant counsel—"Aha, lad! I think ye are An' so ye are turned chamber-counsel, are ye have drawn up wi' clients in scarfs and But bide a wee, billie, and see if I dinna sort ny petition and complaint comes to be dis- rith or without answers, under certifica-

airford had never more difficulty in his life a first emotion, than he had to refrain from down the crazy blockhead who had broke im at such a moment. But the length of idress gave him time, fortunately perhaps arties, to reflect on the extreme irregularity proceeding. He stood silent, however, with while Peter went on.

my bonnie man, I see ye are thinking shame l, and nae great wonder. Ye maun leave —the like of her is over light company for ave heard honest Mr. Pest say, that the es ill wi' the petticoat. But come awa hame ir father, and I'll take care of you the haill keep you company, and deil a word we will ut, but just the state of the conjoined pro- the great cause of Poor Peebles against ies."

u canst endure to hear as much of that suit, aid the Quaker, "as I have heard out of n passion for thee, I think verily thou wilt

soon be at the bottom of the matter, unless it be alto- gether bottomless."

Fairford shook off, rather indignantly, the large bony hand which Peter had imposed upon his shoul- der, and was about to say something peevish, upon so unpleasant and insolent a mode of interruption, when the door opened, a treble voice saying to the sentinel, "I tell you I maun be in, to see if Mr. Nixon's here;" and Little Benjie thrust in his mophead and keen black eyes. Ere he could withdraw it, Peter Peebles sprang to the door, seized on the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward into the room.

"Let me see it," he said, "ye ne'er-do-weel limb of Satan—I'll gar you satisfy the production, I trow—I'll hae first and second diligence against you, ye deevil's buckie!"

"What dost thou want?" said the Quaker, inter- fering; "why dost thou frighten the boy, friend Peebles?"

"I gave the bastard a penny to buy me snuff," said the pauper, "and he has rendered no account of his intrusions; but I'll gar him as gude."

So saying, he proceeded forcibly to rifle the pockets of Benjie's ragged jacket, of one or two snare for game, marbles, a half-bitten apple, two stolen eggs, (one of which Peter broke in the eagerness of his re- search,) and various other unconsidered trifles, which had not the air of being very honestly come by. The little rascal, under this discipline, bit and struggled like a fox-cub, but like that vermin, uttered neither cry nor complaint, till a note, which Peter tore from his bosom, flew as far as Lilius Redgaunt- let, and fell at her feet. It was addressed to C. N.

"It is for the villain Nixon," she said to Alan Fair- ford; "open it without scruple; that boy is his emis- sary; we shall now see what the miscreant is driving at."

Little Benjie now gave up all farther struggle, and suffered Peebles to take from him, without resistance, a shilling, out of which Peter declared he would pay himself principal and interest, and account for the balance. The boy, whose attention seemed fixed on something very different, only said, "Maister Nixon will murder me!"

Alan Fairford did not hesitate to read the little scrap of paper, on which was written, "All is pre- pared—keep them in play until I come up—You may depend on your reward.—C. C."

"Alas, my uncle—my poor uncle!" said Lilius; "this is the result of his confidence! Methinks, to give him instant notice of his confidant's treachery, is now the best service we can render all concerned—if they break up their undertaking, as they must now do, Darsie will be at liberty."

In the same breath, they were both at the half- opened door of the room, Fairford entreating to speak with the Father Buonaventure, and Lilius, equally vehemently, requesting a moment's interview with her uncle. While the sentinel hesitated what to do, his attention was called to a loud noise at the door, where a crowd had been assembled in conse- quence of the appalling cry, that the enemy were upon them, occasioned, as it afterwards proved, by some stragglers having at length discovered the dead bodies of Nanty Ewart and of Nixon.

Amid the confusion occasioned by this alarming incident, the sentinel ceased to attend to his duty; and, accepting Alan Fairford's arm, Lilius found no opposition in penetrating even to the inner apartment, where the principal persons in the enterprise, whose conclave had been disturbed by this alarming inci- dent, were now assembled in great confusion, and had been joined by the Chevalier himself.

"Only a mutiny among these smuggling scoun- drels," said Redgauntlet.

"Only a mutiny, do you say?" said Sir Richard Glendale; "and the lugger, the last hope of escape for"—he looked towards Charles,—"stands out to sea under a press of sail!"

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the un- fortunate Prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gen- tlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord—. "Our only hope now is in an honourable resistance."
 "Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and—How now!" he concluded, sternly, as Lillias, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read—and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell, with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, "Now all is indeed over," handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, "Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night."

As if in echo to his thoughts, the violin of the blind man was heard, playing, with spirit, "The Campbells are coming," a celebrated clan-march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said Mac-Kellar; "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord—spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty—let us save him at least."

"True, most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet; "if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well—I will instantly despatch a party in a fishing skiff to bring her to."—He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers.—"Let him be once on board," he said, "and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat."

"Right, right," said Sir Richard. "and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall.—Redgauntlet," continued he, "I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance."

"It is the way of our house," said Redgauntlet; "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first," he said, addressing Charles, "see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then"—

"You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen," again repeated Charles; "yon mountain of Critch shall fly as soon as I will."

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford, drew together, and held each other by the hands, as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding-habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau-de-chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood, almost unarmed, among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale—my Lord—, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you, too, Ingoldsby—I must not call you by any other name—why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand."

"And are prepared for it, General," said Redgauntlet; "we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter."

"Pshaw! you take it too seriously—let me speak but one word with you."

"No words can shake our purpose," said Redgauntlet; "were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house."

"I am certainly not unsupported," said the General; "but if you would hear me!"—

"Hear me, sir," said the Wanderer, stepping forward; "I suppose I am the mark you aim at—I surrender myself willingly, to save these gentlemen's danger—let this at least avail in their favour!"

An exclamation of "Never, never!" broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate Prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look, rather indicating impatience because they would not let him, than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment's silence. "It is not," he said, "know this gentleman!"—(Making a profound bow to the unfortunate Prince)—"I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us."

"Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted," said Charles, unable to suppress even that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollection of fallen royalty.

"In one word, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "is it to be peace or war?—You are a man of honour, and we can trust you."

"I thank you, sir," said the General; "and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-bait or cock-fight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own councils; and was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have, therefore, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry, to do whatever might be necessary, but my commands are—and I am sure they are with my inclination—to make no arrests, nay, to make no farther inquiries of any kind, if this good account will consider their own interest so far as to give to their immediate purpose, and return quietly to their own houses."

"What!—all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—"all, without exception?"

"All, without one single exception," said the General; "such are my orders. If you accept on terms, say so, and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words, from his very lips," replied the General. "I will," said his Majesty, "serve the confidence of my subjects by repaying me security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of a few who continue, from the errors of education, a disown it.—His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides opening bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken men, in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced, that, did ceremony or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his Majesty commiserates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, are any of these gentlemen?"

at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the General,—"all whom the vessel can contain, are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost for ever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honour for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the General.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel, with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby—or I will call you Redgauntlet once more—you may stay in the offing for a tide, until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that, there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer; "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the rope-stone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bull-fight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends—I bid you farewell," (bowing to the General,) "my friendly foe—I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone, and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed, and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a Prince to a subject; not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment—they left the house—an unauthenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who, for one reason or other, were most of them amenable to the arm of power, had either shrunk into stables or corners, or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape, excepting the small party which now moved towards the ride-pier, where a boat lay moored, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stewarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough, and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a Highland hill, as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indiffer-ent; but watching, at the

same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect; and Alan Fairford accompanied them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Half way betwixt the house and the beach, they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent.

"Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet,—"and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the General, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The Prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands—he looked at it, and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprized of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell; "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion—Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you, and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see those shores again; but we will talk of them, and of our disconnected bull-fight."

"I follow you, Sir, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The Prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground, he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account, and on that of your country, than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and, amid sobs and bursting tears, received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The General drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts, and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet.

"I leave England for ever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus.—Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you, that though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning Monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance—a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honourable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on the sleeve, and others in the heart.—You will, from henceforth, be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father—of all that belonged to him—excepting this, his good sword," (laying his hand on the weapon he wore) "which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point,—God knows, with no selfish purpose; and

I am justly punished by this final termination of my views, for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!"

"No, sir," said Lilius, seizing his hand eagerly. "You have been hitherto my protector,—you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile!"

"I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another—If I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the House of God. Once more, farewell both!—The fatal doom," he said, with a melancholy smile, "will, I trust, now depart from the House of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieu to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance; the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

"You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier; "and, on my part, I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner.—Farewell!"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time, or to remember afterwards;—nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal Amen! which resounded from the shore.

CONCLUSION,

BY DR. DRYASDUST,

IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

I AM truly sorry, my worthy and much respected sir, that my anxious researches have neither, in the form of letters, nor of diaries, or other memoranda, been able to discover more than I have hitherto transmitted, of the history of the Redgauntlet family. But I observe in an old newspaper called the Whitehall Gazette, of which I fortunately possess a file for several years, that Sir Arthur Darnley Redgauntlet was presented to his late Majesty at the drawingroom, by Lieutenant-General Campbell—upon which the Editor observes, in the way of comment, that we were going, *remis adque velis*, into the interests of the Pretender, since a Scot had presented a Jacobite at Court. I am sorry I have not room (the frank being only uncial) for his farther observations, tending to show the apprehensions entertained by many well-instructed persons of the period, that the young King might himself be induced to become one of the Stewarts' faction,—a catastrophe from which it has pleased Heaven to preserve these kingdoms.

I perceive also, by a marriage contract in the family repositories, that Miss Lilius Redgauntlet of Redgauntlet, about eighteen months after the transactions you have commemorated, intermarried with Alan Fairford, Esq. Advocate, of Clinkdollar, who, I think, we may not unreasonably conclude to be the same person whose name occurs so frequently in the pages of your narration. In my last excursion to Edinburgh, I was fortunate enough to discover an old cadie, from whom, at the expense of a bottle of whisky, and half a pound of tobacco, I extracted the important information, that he knew Peter Peebles very

well, and had drunk many a mutchkin with him in Cadie Fraser's time. He said that he lived ten years after King George's accession, in the momentary expectation of winning his cause every day in the Session time, and every hour in the day, and at last fell down dead, in what my informer called a "Perplexity fit," upon a proposal for a composition being made to him in the Outer-House. I have chosen to retain my informer's phrase, not being able justly to determine whether it is a corruption of the word *apoplexy*, as my friend Mr. Oldbuck supposes, or the name of some peculiar disorder incidental to those who have concern in the Courts of Law, as many callings and conditions of men have diseases appropriate to themselves. The same cadie also remembered Blind Willie Stevenson, who was called Wandering Willie, and who ended his days "unco beinly, in Sir Arthur Redgauntlet's ha' neuk." "He had done the family some good turn," he said, "specially when one of the Argyle gentlemen was coming down on a wheen of them that had the 'auld leaven' about them, and wad hae taen every man of them, and nae less nor headed, and hanged them. But Willie, and a friend they had, called Robin the Rambler, gae them warning by playing tunes such as, 'the Campbells are coming,' and the like, whereby they got timeous warning to take the wing." I need not point out to your acuteness, my worthy sir, that this seems to refer to some inaccurate account of the transactions in which you seem so much interested.

Respecting Redgauntlet, about whose subsequent history you are more particularly inquisitive, I have learned from an excellent person who was a priest of the Scottish Monastery of Ratisbon, before its suppression, that he remained for two or three years in the family of the Chevalier, and only left it at last in consequence of some discords in that melancholy household. As he had hinted to General Campbell, he exchanged his residence for the cloister, and displayed in the latter part of his life, a strong sense of the duties of religion, which in his earlier days he had too much neglected, being altogether engaged in political speculations and intrigues. He rose to the situation of Prior, in the house which he belonged to, and which was of a very strict order of religion. He sometimes received his countrymen, whom accident brought to Ratisbon, and curiosity induced to visit the Monastery of —. But it was remarked, that though he listened with interest and attention, when Brian or particularly Scotland, became the subject of conversation, he never either introduced or prolonged the subject, never used the English language, never inquired about English affairs, and, above all, never mentioned his own family. His strict observance of the rules of his order gave him, at the time of his death, some pretensions to be chosen a saint, and the brethren of the Monastery of — made great efforts for that effect, and brought forward some plausible proofs of miracles. But there was a circumstance which threw a doubt over the subject, and prevented the consistory from acceding to the wishes of the worthy brethren. Under his habit, and secured in a small silver box, he had worn perpetually around his neck a lock of hair, which the fathers avouched to be a relic. But the Avvocato del Diavolo, in combating (as was his official duty) the pretensions of the candidate for sanctity, made it at least equally probable that the supposed relic was taken from the head of a brother of the deceased Prior, who had been excommunicated for adherence to the Stewart family in 1745-6; and the motto, *Haud oblitiscendum*, seemed to intrude a tone of mundane feeling and recollection of injuries, which made it at least doubtful whether, even in the quiet and gloom of the cloister, Father Hugh had forgotten the sufferings and injuries of the House of Redgauntlet.

THE END OF REDGAUNTLET.

ALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

THE BETROTHED.



INTRODUCTION TO THE BETROTHED

Tales of the Crusaders was determined upon as the title following series of these novels, rather by the advice of friends whom death has now rendered still fewer, than author's own taste. Not but that he saw plainly enough what which might be excited by the very name of the tale, but he was conscious at the same time that that name of a character which it might be more easy to create, satisfy, and that by the mention of so magnificent a each reader might be induced to call up to his imagination sketch so extensive and so grand, that it might not be in the power of the author to fill it up, who would thus stand in the way of the dwarf bringing with him a standard to his own stature, and showing himself, therefore, says "a dwarf more ways than one."

In fact, if it were worth while to examine it, that the publisher, however much their general interests are the same, he said to differ so far as title pages are concerned; a secret of the tale-telling art, if it could be termed a worth knowing, that a taking title, as it is called, best serves the purpose of the bookseller, since it often goes far to risk, and sells an edition not unfrequently before the have well seen it. But the author ought to seek more fame, and wish that his work, when its leaves are open, should be at least fairly judged of. Thus many great novelists have been anxious to give their works such a reader out of the reader's power to conjecture their s, until they should have an opportunity of reading them. We did not prevent the Tales of the Crusaders from being fixed on; and the celebrated year of projects (eighty and twenty-five) being the time of publication, an action was prefixed according to the humour of the day. The first tale of this series was influenced in its structure, rather to avoid the general expectations which might lead from the title, than to comply with any one of them, disappoint the rest. The story was, therefore, less an t belonging to the Crusades, than one which was occasioned by the singular cast of mind introduced and spread wide memorable undertakings. The confusion among fads was not the least concomitant evil of the extraordinary derangement of this superstitious. It was no unusual thing reader, returning from his long toils of war and pilgrimage find his family augmented by some young offshoot, of the deserted matron could give no very accurate account, says to find his marriage-bed filled, and that, instead of a nurse to an old man, his household dame had pre- being the lady-love of a young one. Numerous are the of this kind told in different parts of Europe; and the d knight or baron, according to his temper, sat down sturdily contented with the account which his lady gave of the matter, or called in blood and fire to vindicate his , which, after all, had been endangered chiefly by his ne his household gods to seek adventures in Palestine. ish tradition, quoted, I think, in some part of the Borne- nately, ascribes to the claim of Tweedie, a family one and warlike, a descent which would not have misbecome of antiquity. A baron, somewhat elderly we may sup- wedded a buxom young lady, and some months after nion he left her to ply the distaff alone in his old tower, the mountains of the county of Peebles, near the sources Tweed. He returned after seven or eight years, no un- in space for a pilgrimage to Palestine, and found his had not been lonely in his absence, the lady having been d by the arrival of a stranger, (of whose approach she nived the best account of any one,) who hung on her skirts, lled her manner, and was just such as the baron would ned to call his son, but that he could by no means make correspond, according to the doctrine of civilians, with n departure for Palestine. He applied to his wife, there- r the solution of this dilemma. The lady, after many of tears, which she had reserved for the occasion, in- the honest gentleman, that, walking one day alone by nks of the infant river, a human form arose from a deep still known and termed Tweed-pool, who deigned to in- ter that he was the tataric genius of the stream, and, waldre, became the father of the sturdy fellow, whose and so much surprised her husband. This story, er suitable to Pagan times, would have met with full ce from few of the baron's contemporaries, but the wife ung and beautiful, the husband old and in his dotage; nly (the Fraser, it is believed) were powerful and war- ned the baron had had fighting enough in the holy war- ent was, that he believed, or seemed to believe, the tale, mained contented with the child with whom his wife e Tweed had generously presented him. The only cir- cumstance which preserved the memory of the incident was, e youth retained the name of Tweedie, or Tweedie. The meanwhile, could not, as the old Scotch song says, e the cradle rowing," and the Tweed apparently thought tural son was family enough for a decent Presbyterian and so little gall had the baron in his composition, that bred up the young Tweed as his heir while he lived, he m in that capacity when he died, and the son of the rid founded the family of Drummezier and others, from have flowed, in the phrase of the Ettrick Shepherd, y a brave fellow, and many a bauld feat."

The tale of the noble Moringer is somewhat of the same nature—it exists in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, Sammling Deutschen Volkslieder, Berlin, 1807; published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen. The song is supposed to be extracted from a manuscript chronicle of Nicolas Thomann, chaplain to St. Leonard in Wissemborn, and dated 1533. The ballad, which is popular in Germany, is supposed, from the language, to have been composed in the fifteenth century. The Noble Moringer, a powerful baron of Germany, about to set out on a pilgrimage to the land of St. Thomas, with the geography of which we are not made acquainted, resolves to commit his castle, dominions, and lady, to the vassal who should pledge him to keep watch over them till the seven years of his pilgrimage were accomplished. His chamberlain, an elderly and a cautious man, declines the trust, observing, that seven days, instead of seven years, would be the utmost space to which he would consent to pledge himself for the fidelity of any woman. The squire of the Noble Moringer confidently accepts the trust refused by the chamberlain, and the baron departs on his pilgrimage. The seven years are now elapsed, all save a single day and night, when, behold, a vision descends on the noble pilgrim as he sleeps in the land of the stranger.

"It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept,
And whispered in his ear a voice, 'Tis time, thy Knight, to wake—
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take."

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night, within thy father's hall, she weds Marwetten's heir."

The Moringer starts up and prays to his patron St. Thomas, to rescue him from the impending shame, which his devotion to his patron had placed him in danger of incurring. St. Thomas, who must have felt the justice of the imputation, performs a miracle. The Moringer's senses were drowned in oblivion, and when he waked he lay in a well-known spot of his own domain; on his right the Castle of his fathers, and on his left the mill, which, as usual, was built not far distant from the Castle.

"He leaned upon his pilgrim's staff, and to the mill he drew—
So altered was his goodly form that none their master knew.
The baron to the miller said, 'Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor pilgrim, in your land, what tidings may there be?'"

"The miller answered him again—'He knew of little news,
Save that the lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy lord."

"Of him I held the little mill, which wins me living bread—
God rest the baron in his grave, he says was kind to me!
And when St. Martin's tide comes round, and millers take their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

The baron proceeds to the Castle gate, which is bolted to prevent his entrance while the inside of the mansion rung with preparations for the marriage of the lady. The pilgrim prayed the porter for entrance, conjuring him by his own sufferings, and for the sake of the late Moringer; by the orders of his lady, the warder gave him admittance.

"Then up the hall paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow;
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seemed their lord to know.
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppressed with woe and wrong;
Short while he sat, but ne'er to him seemed little space so long."

"Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour
The time was nigh when new made brides retire to nuptial bower.
'Our Castle's wont,' a bride's man said, 'hath been both firm and long
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song."

When thus called upon, the disguised baron sung the following melancholy ditty:—

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age, 'twas thus the pilgrim sung
'Nor golden need, nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue.
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride, with all her charms, was mine.
'But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-haired,
For locks of burn and cheeks of youth, she left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

The lady, moved at the doleful recollections which the palmer's song recalled, sent to him a cup of wine. The palmer, having exhausted the goblet, returned it, and having first dropped in the cup his nuptial ring, requested the lady to pledge her venerable guest.

"The ring hath caught the lady's eye, she views it close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, 'The Moringer is here!'
Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell,
But if she wept for joy or woe, the ladies best can tell."

"Full loud she uttered thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power
That had restored the Moringer before the midnight hour;
And loud she uttered vow on vow, that never was there bride,
That had like her preserved her truth, or been so sorely tried."

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to constant matrons due,
Who keep the truth that they have plighted so steadfastly and true;
For count the term how'er you will, so that you count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve at night."

"It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneeled before the Moringer, and down his weapon threw;
My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words he said;
Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's head;
"The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roamed seven twelvemonths and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fair;
I give her for the bruis you lose, and name her for my heir.
"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told; [old,
But blessings on the warden kind that oped my castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late.""]

There is also, in the rich field of German romance, another edition of this story, which has been converted by M. Tieck (whose labours of that kind have been so remarkable) into the subject of one of his romantic dramas. It is, however, unnecessary to detail it, as the present author adopted his idea of the tale chiefly from the edition preserved in the mansion of Haighhall, of old the mansion-house of the family of Bradshaigh, now possessed by their descendants on the female side, the Earls of Balcarнас. The story greatly resembles that of the Noble Moringer, only there is no miracle of St. Thomas to shock the belief of good Protestants. I am permitted, by my noble friends, the lord and lady of Haighhall, to print the following extract from the family genealogy.

Sir Wm Bradshaigh & Mabel daughter and
Sonne to Sir John was A Sole heir of Hugh
great traveller and A Norris de Baghe and
Souldier and married Blackrode & had issue
To KN. 8. B. 2.

of this Mabel is a story by tradition of undoubted
verity that in Sir William Bradshaigh's absence
(being 10 yeares away in the wares) she married a
welch kt. Sir William returning from the wares
came in a Palmers habit amongst the Poore to
bagge. Who when she saw & congetreinge that he
favoured her former husband wept, for which the
kt chastised her at which Sir William went and
made him selfe knowne to his Nennants in wch
space the kt died. but neare to Newton Parke Sir
William overtooke him and slue him. The said
Dame Mabel was enloved by her confessor to
doe Penances by going onest every week bare-
foot and bare leggd to a Crosse near Wigan
from the bagge wildest she lived & is called Mabb &
to this day; & ther monument lyes in wigan
Church as you see ther Portred.

An. Dom: 1315.



There were many vestiges around Haighhall, both of the
Catholic penances of the Lady Mabel, and of this melancholy
transaction in particular; the whole history was within the
memory of man portrayed upon a glass window in the hall,
where unfortunately it has not been preserved. Mabel's Cross is
still extant. An old decayed building is said to have been the
place where the Lady Mabel was condemned to render penance,
by walking hither from Haighhall barefooted and barelegged
for the performance of her devotions. This relic, to which an
anecdote so curious is annexed, is now unfortunately ruinous.
Time and whitewash, says Mr. Roby, have altogether defaced
the effigies of the knight and lady on the tomb. The particu-
lars are preserved in Mr. Roby's Traditions of Lancashire * to

which the reader is referred for farther particulars. It does not
appear that Sir William Bradshaigh was irreparably offended
against the too hasty Lady Mabel, although he certainly was
himself of a more very mould than the Scottish and German
barons who were heroes of the former tales. The tradition
which the author knew very early in life, was told to him by
the late Lady Balcarнас. He was so much struck with the
being at that time profuse of legendary lore, he inserted in
the shape of a note to Waverley, the first of his romantic
fancies. Had he then known, as he now does, the value of
a story, it is likely that, as directed in the inimitable poem
for making an epic poem, preserved in the Guardian, he would
have kept it for some future opportunity.

As, however, the tale had not been completely told, and was
a very interesting one, and as it was sufficiently interwoven
with the Crusades, the wars between the Welsh and the
Norman lords of the Marches were selected as a period when
freedoms might be taken with the strict truth of history
without encountering any well-known fact, which might render
the narrative improbable. Perhaps, however, the period which
vindicates the probability of the tale, will, with its various
murders, be best found described in the following passage of
Griffyth Ap Idris's wars.

This prince, in conjunction with Algar, Earl of Chester, who
had been banished from England as a traitor, in the reign of
Edward the Confessor, marched into Herefordshire and was
all that fertile country with fire and sword, to revenge the death
of his brother Rhees, whose head had been brought to him
in pursuance of an order sent by that King, on account of the
degradations which he had committed against the English
the borders. To stop these ravages the Earl of Hereford, who
was nephew to Edward, advanced with an army, not of Welsh
alone, but of mercenary Normans and French, whom he
had entertained in his service, against Griffyth and Algar. He
met them near Hereford, and offered them battle, which the
Welsh monarch, who had won five pitched battles before he
never had fought without conquering, joyfully accepted. The
earl had commanded his English forces to fight on foot, in
imitation of the Normans, against their usual custom: he
the Welsh making a furious and desperate charge, that made
himself, and the foreign cavalry led by him, were vanquished
at the view of them, that they shamefully fled without fight-
ing; which being seen by the English, they also turned their
backs on the enemy, who, having killed or wounded many
of them as they could come up with in their flight, entered
triumphantly into Hereford, spoiled and fired the city, and
walled to the ground, slaughtered some of the citizens, burnt
down the towers, and so used the words of the Welsh Chronicler
left nothing in the town but blood and ashes. After this suc-
cess they immediately returned into Wales, undoubtedly from
a desire of securing their prisoners, and the rich plunder they
had gained. The King of England hereupon commanded his
Harold to collect a great army from all parts of the kingdom,
and assembling them at Gloucester, advanced from thence
to invade the dominions of Griffyth in North Wales. He re-
formed his orders, and penetrated into that country without
resistance from the Welsh; Griffyth and Algar retired to
some parts of South Wales. What were their reasons for
this conduct we are not well informed; nor why Harold did
not pursue his advantage against them; but it appears that
he thought it more advisable at this time to treat with the
subdue them; for he left North Wales, and employed himself
in rebuilding the walls of Hereford, while negotiations
were carrying on with Griffyth, which soon after produced
the restoration of Algar, and a peace with that king, so very
honourable to England, as he made no satisfaction for the
mischief he had done in the war, nor any submission to Har-
old. Harold must doubtless have had some private and irre-
concilable motives to conclude such a treaty. The very next year
the Welsh monarch, upon what quarrel we know not, made a
new incursion into England, and killed the Bishop of Hereford,
the sheriff of the county, and many more of the English, not
ecclesiastics and laymen. Edward was counselled by Harold
and Godrick, Earl of Mercia, to make peace with him, and
which he again broke: nor could he be restrained by any means
from these barbarous incursions, before the year one thousand
sixty-three; when Edward, whose patience and pacific dispo-
sition had been too much abused, commissioned Harold to as-
semble the whole strength of the kingdom, and make war upon
him in his own country, till he had subdued or destroyed him.
That general acted so vigorously, and with so much concert,
that he had like to have surprised him in his palace: but just
before the English forces arrived at his gate, having notice of
the danger that threatened him, and seeing no other means
of safety, he threw himself with a few of his household men
out of his ships, which happened at the instant to be ready to
sail, and put to sea. — LYTTON'S Hist. of England, vol. ii. p. 38.
This passage will be found to bear a general resemblance to
the fictitious tale told in the Romance.

* A very elegant work, 2 vols. 1829. By J. Roby, M. E. & L.
† Waverley, Chap. iv. p. 24, and note.

INTRODUCTION.

MINUTES

OF A GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHARE-HOLDERS
TO FORM A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY, UNITED FOR
THE PURPOSE OF WRITING AND PUBLISHING THE CLASS OF
NOVELLS CALLED THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, HELD IN THE WA-
VERLEY, REGENT'S BRIDGE, *Edinburgh, 1st June, 1825.*

It must have remarked, that the various editions of the minutes at this meeting were given in the public papers rather more than usual inaccuracy. The cause of this ill-timed delicacy on the part of the gentlemen of the secret their privilege of universal presence wherever they met together, and to commit to the public prints what was not their own, and there pass of the most private nature. But the arbitrary methods were resorted to on the part of the committee, and the right of the public to be informed is to be secured by almost all meetings, whether of a political or commercial description. Our own reporter, indeed enough to secrete himself under the Secretary's cloak as not discovered till the meeting was well-nigh over, so sorry to say, he suffered much in person from the heat, and two or three principal pages were torn out of his book, which occasions his report to break off abruptly, and cannot but consider this behaviour as more particularly the part of the committee are themselves a kind of a secret, and they must consider the conduct of the minute that the misused reporter has sought no notice than from the tone of acidity with which he has his account of the proceedings. Edinburgh.

G of the gentlemen and others interested in the publications called the Waverley Novels, having been solicited to advertise the same was respectfully attended to. The literary characters of eminence. And it being in the understanding that individuals were to be denominated as assigned to them in the publications in question, the name, or image of the author, was unanimously called for, and Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbarrow, was appointed to act as Secretary.

1 then addressed the meeting to the following pur-

ERSEN, care remind you, that we have a joint interest in the property which has accumulated under our common name. While the public have been idly engaged in one individual or another the immense mass of value which the hours of many had accumulated, you were showing that every person in this number as well as its share in the honours and profits of our common name. It is, indeed, to me a mystery how the sharp intellect suppose so huge a mass of sense and nonsense next, humorous and pathetic, good, bad, and indifferently to scores of volumes, could be the work of men we know the doctrine so well laid down by the most illustrious of the divines of our country, who entertained an opinion so strange, not to say now that it requires twenty pains of labour to make trifling as a pin—twenty couple of dogs to kill as significant as a fox?"—"I am not," said the stout courtier, "I have a growing name will worry the best toad in Pomoragrain, before I jump."—"I am not," said the Preece, with some warmth to us.

"Dandy Dinmont's," answered the unabashed rustic, "may mind him, I think!—ane o' the best in you ken. And, ye see, I am come into the farm, an' aething mair, and a wheen shares in this buik-trade."

all," replied the Preses, "peace, I pray thee, peace," when, thus interrupted, I was on the point of introducing the business of this meeting, being, as is known to you, the discussion of a proposition now on your table, I myself had the honour to suggest at last meeting, that we do apply to the Legislature for an Act of Parliament, to associate us into a corporate body, and *persona standi in judicio*, with full power to prosecute, and conviction all encroachers upon our exclusive privilege, in the manner therein to be made and provided. In the ingenious Mr. Dousterswivel which I have re-

warmly—"I object to that fellow's name being
he is a common swindler."
me, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Preses, "to use such
ing the ingenious inventor of the great patent ma-
at Groningen, where they put in raw hemp at once
ke out ruffled shirts at the other, without the aid of
ipping-comb, loom, shuttle, or weaver, scissors,
eamstress. He had just completed it by the addi-

tion of a piece of machinery to perform the work of the laundress; but when it was exhibited before his honour the burgo-master, it had the inconvenience of heating the smoothing-irons red-hot; excepting which, the experiment was entirely satisfactory. He will become as rich as a Jew."

"Well," added Mr. Oldbuck, "if the scoundrel!"——
 "Scoundrel, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Preace, "is a most un-
 seemly expression, and I must call you to order. Mr. Douster-
 swivel is only an eccentric genius."

"Pretty much the same in the Greek," muttered Mr. Oldbuck; and then said aloud, "and if this eccentric genius has work enough in singeing the Dutchman's linen, what the devil has he to do here?"

"Why, he is of opinion, that at the expense of a little mechanism, some part of the labour of composing these novels might be saved by the use of steam."

There was a murmur of disapprobation at this proposal, and the words, "Blown up," and "Bread taken out of our mouths;" and "They might as well construct a steam parson," were whispered. And it was not without repeated calls to order, that the Press obtained an opportunity of resuming his address.

"Order!—Order! Pray, support the chair! Hear, hear, hear the chair!"

"Gentlemen, it is to be premised, that this mechanical operation can only apply to those parts of the narrative which are at present composed out of commonplace, such as the love-speeches of the hero, the description of the heroine's person, the moral observations of all sorts, and the distribution of happy accidents, and the like. I have, therefore, in the following, presented you some drawings, which go far to show, that, by placing the words and phrases technically employed on these subjects, in a sort of framework, like that of the Sage of Laputa, and changing them by such a mechanical process as that by which the weavers of damask alter their patterns, many new and happy combinations cannot fail to occur, while the author, tired of his own language, may have an agreeable relaxation in the change of his flowers."

"I speak for information, Mr. Presses," said the Rev. Mr. Lawrence Templeton; "but I am inclined to suppose the late publication of Walladmor to have been the work of Douster-swail, by the help of the steam-engine."

"For shame, Mr. Templeton," said the Princess; "there are good things in Walladron, I assure you, had the writer known any thing about the country in which he laid the scene."

"Or had he had the wit, like some of ourselves, to lay the scene in such a remote or distant country that nobody should be able to back-sneer him," said Mr. Oldbuck.

"Why, as to that," said the Presses, "you must consider the thing was got up for the German market, where folks are no better judges of Welsh manners than of Welsh crw."

"I make it my prayer that this be not found the fault of our own next venture," said Dr. Dryadust, pointing to some books which lay on the table. "I fear the manners expressed in that 'Brethren of ours, will scarce meet the approbation of the Cymmrodder; I could have wished that Llyrhad had been looked into—that Powell had been consulted—that Lewis' History had been quoted—Llewellyn's preliminary dissertations particularly in order to give due weight to the work."

"Weight!" said Captain Clutterbuck; "by my soul, it is heavy enough already, Doctor."

"To the chair, then," said the Prosses, rather peevishly.
"That 'The Betrothed' is heavy enough to break down the chair of John of Gaunt, or Cadogan-Edris itself. I must add, however, that, in my poor mind, 'The Talisman' goes more tripping off."

"It is not for me to speak," said the worthy minister of Saint Ronan's Well; "but yet I must say, that being so long engaged upon the Siege of Ptolemais, my work ought to have been brought out, humble though it be, before any other upon a similar subject at least."

"Your Siege, Parson!" said Mr. Oldbuck, with great contempt; "will you speak of your paltry proe-doings in my presence, whose great Historical Poem, in twenty books, with notes in proportion, has been postponed *ad Græcas Kalendas*?"

The Presses, who appeared to suffer a great deal during this discussion, now spoke with dignity and determination. "Gentlemen," he said, "this sort of discussion is highly irregular."

There is a question before you, and to that, gentlemen, I must confine your attention. Priority of publication, let me remind you, gentlemen, is always referred to the Committee of Criticism, whose determination on such subjects is without appeal. I declare I will leave the chair, if any more extraneous matter

* A Romance, by the Author of Waverley, having been expected about this time at the great commercial mart of literature, the Fair of Leipzig, an ingenious gentleman of Germany, finding that none were

Leipzig, an ingenious gentleman of Germany, stating that none was
appeared, was so kind as to supply its place with a work, in three vol-
umes, called Walladmor, to which he prefixed the Christian and sur-
name at full length. The character of this work is given with tolerable
fidelity in the text.

† Scottish for cross-examine him.

! This was an opinion universally entertained among the friends of the author.

be introduced.—And now, gentlemen, that we are once more in order, I would wish to have some gentleman speak upon the question, whether, as associated to carry on a joint-stock trade in fictitious narrative, in prose and verse, we ought not to be incorporated by Act of Parliament? What say you, gentlemen, to the proposal? *Vix unta fortior*, is an old and true adage."

"*Societas mater discordiarum*, is a brocard as ancient and as veritable," said Oldbuck, who seemed determined, on this occasion, to be pleased with no proposal that was countenanced by the chair.

"Come, Monkbarrow," said the Preses, in his most coaxing manner, "you have studied the monastic institutions deeply, and know there must be a union of persons and talents to do any thing respectable, and attain a due ascendance over the spirit of the age. *Tres faciunt collegium*—it takes three monks to make a convent."

"And nine tailors to make a man," replied Oldbuck, not in the least softened in his opposition; "a quotation as much to the purpose as the other."

"Come, come," said the Preses, "you know the Prince of Orange said to Mr. Seymour, 'Without an association, we are a rope of sand.'"

"I know," replied Oldbuck, "it would have been as seemly that none of the old leaven had been displayed on this occasion, though you be the author of a Jacobite novel. I know nothing of the Prince of Orange after 1688; but I have heard a good deal of the immortal William the Third."

"And, to the best of my recollection," said Mr. Templeton, whispering Oldbuck, "it was Seymour made the remark to the Prince, not the Prince to Seymour. But this is a specimen of our friend's accuracy, poor gentleman: He trusts too much to his memory! of late years—failing fast, sir—breaking up."

"And breaking down too," said Mr. Oldbuck. "But what can you expect of a man too fond of his own hasty and flashy compositions, to take the assistance of men of reading and of solid parts?"

"No whispering—no caballing—no private business, gentlemen," said the unfortunate Preses—who reminded us somewhat of a Highland drover, engaged in gathering and keeping in the straight road his excursive black cattle.

"I have not yet heard," he continued, "a single reasonable objection to applying for the Act of Parliament, of which the draught lies on the table. You must be aware that the extremes of rude and of civilized society are, in these our days, on the point of approaching to each other. In the patriarchal period, a man is his own weaver, tailor, butcher, shoemaker, and so forth; and, in the age of Stock-companies, as the present may be called, an individual may be said, in one sense, to extend the same plurality of trades. In fact, a man who has dipped largely into these speculations, may combine his own expenditure with the improvement of his own income, just like the ingenious hydraulic machine, which, by its very waste, raises its own supplies of water. Such a person buys his bread from his own Baking Company, his milk and cheese from his own Dairy Company, takes off a new coat for the benefit of his own Clothing Company, illuminates his house to advance his own Gas Establishment, and drinks an additional bottle of wine for the benefit of the General Wine Importation Company, of which he is himself a member. Every act, which would otherwise be one of mere extravagance, is, to such a person, seasoned with the odor *lucri*, and reconciled to prudence. Even if the price of the article consumed be extravagant, and the quality indifferent, the person, who is in a manner his own customer, is only imposed upon for his own benefit. Nay, if the Joint-stock Company of Undertakers shall unite with the Medical Faculty, as proposed by the late facetious Doctor G——, under the firm of Death and the Doctor, the shareholder might contrive to secure to his heirs a handsome slice of his own death-bed and funeral expenses. In short, Stock-companies are the fashion of the age, and an incorporating Act will, I think, be particularly useful in bringing back the body, over whom I have the honour to preside, to a spirit of subordination, highly necessary to success in every enterprise where joint wisdom, talent, and labour, are to be employed. It is with regret that I state, that, besides several differences amongst yourselves, I have not myself, for some time, been treated with that deference among you which circumstances entitled me to expect."

"*Hinc ille iactantia*," muttered Mr. Oldbuck.

"But," continued the Chairman, "I see other gentlemen impatient to deliver their opinions, and I desire to stand in no man's way. I therefore—my place in this chair forbidding me to originate the motion—beg some gentleman may move a committee for revising the draught of the bill now upon the table, and which has been duly circulated among those having interest, and take the necessary measures to bring it before the House early next session."

There was a short murmur in the meeting, and at length Mr. Oldbuck again rose. "It seems, sir," he said, as dressing the chair, "that no one present is willing to make the motion you point at. I am sorry no more qualified person has taken upon him to show any reasons in the contrary, and that it has fallen on me, as we Scotchmen say, to bell-the-cat with you, *et cathedra*; nor will I charge our worthy Preses with an attempt to obtain over us, *per ambages*, and under colour of an Act of Parliament, a despotic authority, inconsistent with our freedom:

Here a gentleman whispered to the speaker, "Have a care of Pitceottie!" and Mr. Oldbuck, as if taking the hint, went on, "But that's neither here nor there—Well, gentlemen, to be short, I think it unnecessary to enter into the general reasonings which have this day been delivered, as I may say, *et cathedra*; nor will I charge our worthy Preses with an attempt to obtain over us, *per ambages*, and under colour of an Act of Parliament, a despotic authority, inconsistent with our freedom:

But this I will say, that times are so much changed above stairs, that whereas last year you might have obtained an act incorporating a Stock Company for riddling aches, you will now be able to procure one this year for gathering teats. What signifies, then, wasting the time of the meeting, by inquiring whether or not we ought to go in at a door which we know to be bolted and barred in our face, and in the face of all the obstacles for fire or air, land or water, which we have of late so plentifully?"

Here there was a general clamour, seemingly of approbation in which the world might be distinguished. "Needless to say of it!" "Money thrown away!" "Lost before we began!" &c. &c. &c. But above the tumult, the voices of two gentlemen, in different corners of the room, answered each other in a loud and loud, like the blows of the two flukes on Saint Dunstons clock; and although the Chairman, in much agitation, strove to silence them, his interruption had only the effect of cutting their words up into syllables, thus,—

First Voice. "The Lord Chai!"

Second Voice. "The Lord Lau!"

Chairman, (loudly). "Scandalum magnatum!"

First Voice. "The Lord Chancel!"

Second Voice. "The Lord Laudie!"

Chairman, (louder yet). "Branch of Privilege!"

First Voice. "The Lord Chancellor!"

Second Voice. "My Lord Lauderdale!"

Chairman, (at the highest pitch of his voice). "Called before the House!"

Both Voices together. "Will never consent to such a bill!"

A general assent seemed to follow this last proposition, which was propounded with as much emphasis as could be extracted by the united clappers of the whole meeting, uttered to the voices already mentioned.

Several persons present seemed to consider the loss of the meeting as ended, and were beginning to handle their hats and canes, with a view to departure, when the Chairman had thrown himself back in his chair with an air of rustic mortification and displeasure, again drew himself up, as commanded attention. All stopped, though some shrugged their shoulders, as if under the predominating influence of what was called a *bez*. But the tenor of his discourse soon excited their attention.

"I perceive, gentlemen," he said, "that you are like young birds, who are impatient to leave their mothers, and take care your own pen-feathers are strong enough to support you; since, as for my part, I am tired of supporting on my part such a set of ungrateful gulls. But it signifies nothing what I will no longer avail myself of each week mission to you—I will discard you—I will unbet you, as Sir Arthur Absolute says—I will leave you and your whole breed and in trade—your caverns and your castles—your modern sciences and your antiquated moderns—your confusion of times, names, and circumstances—your properties, as player folk say, secretory and dress—the whole of your exhausted respect to the fools who choose to deal with them. I will wipe my own fame with my own right hand, without appearing such halting assistants."

"Whom I have used for sport, rather than as ael—I will lay my foundations better than on quicksand—I will lay my structure of better materials than painted cards—I word, I will write HISTORY!"

There was a tumult of surprise, amid which our reporter detected the following expressions:—"The devil you say!" "You, my dear sir, you?"—"The old gentleman forces that he is the greatest liar since Sir John Mandeville."

"Not the worse historian for that," said Oldbuck, "see history, you know, is half fiction."

"I'll answer for that half being forthcoming," said the first or speaker; "but for the scantling of truth which is necessary after all, Lord help us!—Geoffrey of Monmouth will be let Clarendon to him."

As the confusion began to abate, more than one member of the meeting was seen to touch his forehead significantly, like Captain Clutterbuck humbly.

By his friends advised,
Too rash, too hasty, dead,
Maugre your toils and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

"The world, and you, gentlemen, may think what to please," said the Chairman, elevating his voice; "but I intend to write the most wonderful book which the world ever read, in which every incident shall be incredible, yet true—a work recalling recollections with which the very next generation once tingled, and which shall be read by each of us with an admiration approaching to incredulity. Such was the life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, by the ATTORNEY OF THE VENERABLE."

In the general start and exclamation which followed the announcement, Mr. Oldbuck dropped his snuff box, and the Scottish rappee, which dispersed itself in consequence, had effect upon the nasal organs of our reporter, enconced as he was in the secretary's table, which occasioned his being removed and entailed in the illiberal and unkindness a manner have mentioned, with threats of farther damage to his nose, and other portions of his body, on the part especially of Captain Clutterbuck. Undismayed by these threats, which he deemed those of his profession are accustomed to hold at random, our young man hovered about the door of the tavern, but only bring us the farther intelligence, that the meeting was broken up about a quarter of an hour after his eloquent "in much-admired disorder."

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

TALE I. THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER I.

these days were hotte wars upon the Marches of
Lewis's History.

Chronicles, from which this narrative is ex-
assure us, that during the long period when
ish princes maintained their independence,
1187 was peculiarly marked as favourable to
etwixt them and their warlike neighbours,
ds Marchers, who inhabited those formidable
n the frontiers of the ancient British, on the
which the traveller gazes with wonder. This
time when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canter-
panied by the learned Giraldus de Barri,
rds Bishop of Saint David's, preached the
from castle to castle, from town to town;
ed the inmost valleys of his native Cambria
call to arms for recovery of the Holy Sepul-
nd, while he deprecated the feuds and wars of
n men against each other, held out to the
spirit of the age a general object of ambition,
ene of adventure, where the favour of Hea-
well as of earthly renown, was to reward the
ul champions.

ne British chieftains, among the thousands
his spirit-stirring summons called from their
ind to a distant and perilous expedition, had
the best excuse for declining the summons.
erior skill of the Anglo-Norman knights,
re engaged in constant inroads on the Welsh
and who were frequently detaching from it
ruons, which they fortified with castles, thus
good what they had won, was avenged,
out not compensated, by the furious inroads
ritish, who, like the billows of a retreating tide,
1 successively, with noise, fury, and devasta-
it, on each retreat, yielded ground insensibly
invaders.

on among the native princes might have op-
strong and permanent barrier to the encroach-
f the strangers; but they were, unhappily, as
discord among themselves as they were with
mans, and were constantly engaged in pri-
r with each other, of which the common
ad the sole advantage.

invitation to the Crusade promised something
of novelty to a nation peculiarly ardent in
nper; and it was accepted by many, regard-
the consequences which must ensue to the
which they left defenceless. Even the most
ed enemies of the Saxon and Norman race
le their enmity against the invaders of their
to enrol themselves under the banners of the

get these was reckoned Gwenwyn, (or more
Gwenwynwen, though we retain the briefer
ive,) a British prince who continued exercising
ous sovereignty over such parts of Powys-
had not been subjugated by the Mortimers,
s, Latimers, FitzAlans, and other Norman

nobles, who, under various pretexts, and sometimes
contemning all other save the open avowal of super-
rior force, had severed and appropriated large por-
tions of that once extensive and independent prin-
cipality, which, when Wales was unhappily divided
into three parts on the death of Roderick Mawr, fell
to the lot of his youngest son, Mervyn. The un-
daunted resolution and stubborn ferocity of Gwenwyn,
descendant of that prince, had long made him beloved
among the "Tall men," or Champions of Wales;
and he was enabled, more by the number of those
who served under him, attracted by his reputation,
than by the natural strength of his dilapidated prin-
cipality, to retaliate the encroachments of the English
by the most wasteful inroads.

Yet even Gwenwyn on the present occasion seemed
to forget his deeply sworn hatred against his danger-
ous neighbours. The Torch of Pengwern (for so
Gwenwyn was called, from his frequently laying the
province of Shrewsbury in conflagration) seemed at
present to burn as calmly as a taper in the bower of
a lady; and the Wolf of Plinlimmon, another name
with which the bards had graced Gwenwyn, now
slumbered as peacefully as the shepherd's dog on the
domestic hearth.

But it was not alone the eloquence of Baldwin or
of Girald which had lulled into peace a spirit so rest-
less and fierce. It is true, their exhortations had
done more towards it than Gwenwyn's followers had
thought possible. The Archbishop had induced the
British Chief to break bread, and to mingle in silvan
sports, with his nearest, and hitherto one of his most
determined enemies, the old Norman warrior Sir
Raymond Berenger, who, sometimes beaten, some-
times victorious, but never subdued, had, in spite of
Gwenwyn's hottest incursions, maintained his Castle
of Garde Doloureuse, upon the marches of Wales; a
place strong by nature, and well fortified by art,
which the Welsh prince had found it impossible to
conquer, either by open force or by stratagem, and
which, remaining with a strong garrison in his rear,
often checked his incursions by rendering his retreat
precarious.

On this account, Gwenwyn of Powys-Land had a
hundred times avowed the death of Raymond Beren-
ger, and the demolition of his castle; but the policy
of the sagacious old warrior, and his long experience
in all warlike practice, were such as, with the aid of
his more powerful countrymen, enabled him to defy
the attempts of his fiery neighbour. If there was a
man, therefore, throughout England, whom Gwen-
wyn hated more than another, it was Raymond
Berenger; and yet the good Archbishop Baldwin
could prevail on the Welsh prince to meet him as a
friend and ally in the cause of the Cross. He even
invited Raymond to the autumn festivities of his
Welsh palace, where the old knight, in all honourable
courtesy, feasted and hunted for more than a week in
the dominions of his hereditary foe.

To requite this hospitality, Raymond invited the Prince of Powys, with a chosen but limited train, during the ensuing Christmas, to the Garde Doloureuse, which some antiquaries have endeavoured to identify with the Castle of Colone, on the river of the same name. But the length of time, and some geographical difficulties, throw doubts upon this ingenious conjecture.

As the Welshman crossed the drawbridge, he was observed by his faithful bard to shudder with involuntary emotion; nor did Cadwallon, experienced as he was in life, and well acquainted with the character of his master, make any doubt that he was at that moment strongly urged by the apparent opportunity, to seize upon the strong fortress which had been so long the object of his cupidity, even at the expense of violating his good faith.

Dreading lest the struggle of his master's conscience and his ambition should terminate unfavourably for his fame, the bard arrested his attention by whispering in their native language, that "the teeth which bite hardest are those which are out of sight;" and Gwenwyn, looking around him, became aware that, though only unarmed squires and pages appeared in the court-yard, yet the towers, and battlements connecting them were garnished with archers and men-at-arms.

They proceeded to the banquet, at which Gwenwyn, for the first time, beheld Eveline Berenger, the sole child of the Norman castellane, the inheritor of his domains and of his supposed wealth, aged only sixteen, and the most beautiful damsel upon the Welsh marches. Many a spear had already been shivered in maintenance of her charms; and the gallant Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, one of the most redoubted warriors of the time, had laid at Eveline's feet the prize which his chivalry had gained in a great tournament held near that ancient town. Gwenwyn considered these triumphs as so many additional recommendations to Eveline; her beauty was incontestable, and she was heiress of the fortress which he so much longed to possess, and which he began now to think might be acquired by means more smooth than those with which he was in the use of working out his will.

Again, the hatred which subsisted between the British and their Saxon and Norman invaders; his long and ill-extinguished feud with this very Raymond Berenger; a general recollection that alliances between the Welsh and English had rarely been happy; and a consciousness that the measure which he meditated would be unpopular among his followers, and appear a dereliction of the systematic principles on which he had hitherto acted, restrained him from speaking his wishes to Raymond or his daughter. The idea of the rejection of his suit did not for a moment occur to him; he was convinced he had but to speak his wishes, and that the daughter of a Norman castellane, whose rank or power were not of the highest order among the nobles of the frontiers, must be delighted and honoured by a proposal for allaying his family with that of the sovereign of a hundred mountains.

There was indeed another objection, which in later times would have been of considerable weight—Gwenwyn was already married. But Brengwain was a childless bride; sovereigns (and among sovereigns the Welsh prince ranked himself) marry for lineage, and the Pope was not likely to be scrupulous, where the question was to oblige a prince who had assumed the Cross with such ready zeal, even although, in fact, his thoughts had been much more on the Garde Doloureuse than on Jerusalem. In the mean while, if Raymond Berenger (as was suspected) was not liberal enough in his opinions to permit Eveline to hold the temporary rank of concubine, which the manners of Wales warranted Gwenwyn to offer as an interim arrangement, he had only to wait for a few months, and sue for a divorce through the Bishop of Saint David's, or some other intercessor at the Court of Rome.

Agitating these thoughts in his mind, Gwenwyn prolonged his residence at the Castle of Berenger, from Christmas till Twelfth-day; and endured the

presence of the Norman cavaliers who resorted to Raymond's festal halls, although, regarding themselves, in virtue of their rank of knighthood, equal to the most potent sovereigns, they made small account of the long descent of the Welsh prince, who in their eyes, was but the chief of a semi-barbarous province; while he, on his part, considered them little better than a sort of privileged robbers, and with the utmost difficulty restrained himself from manifesting his open hatred, when he beheld them carousing in the exercises of chivalry, the habitual use of which rendered them such formidable enemies to his country. At length, the term of feasting was ended, and knight and squire departed from the castle, which once more assumed the aspect of a solitary and guarded frontier fort.

But the Prince of Powys-Land, while pursuing his sports on his own mountains and valleys, found that even the abundance of the game, as well as his release from the society of the Norman chivalry, who affected to treat him as an equal, profited him nothing, so long as the light and beautiful form of Eveline, on her white palfrey, was banished from the train of sportsmen. In short, he hesitated no longer, but took into his confidence his chaplain, an abtard sagacious man, whose pride was flattered by his patron's communication, and who, besides, saw in the proposed scheme some contingent advantages for himself and his order. By his counsel, the proceedings for Gwenwyn's divorce were prosecuted under favourable auspices, and the unfortunate Brengwain was removed to a nunnery, which perhaps she found a more cheerful habitation than the lonely retreat to which she had led a neglected life, ever since Gwenwyn had despaired of her bed being blessed with issue. Father Einion also dealt with the chiefs and elders of the land, and represented to them the advantage which in future wars they were certain to obtain by the possession of the Garde Doloureuse, which for more than a century covered and protected a considerable tract of country, rendered their advance difficult, and their retreat perilous, and, in a word, prevented their carrying their incursions as far as the gates of Shrewsbury. As for the union with the Saxon damsel, the fetters which it was to form must not (the good father hinted) be found more permanent than those which had bound Gwenwyn to her predecessor, Brengwain.

These arguments, mingled with others adapted to the views and wishes of different individuals, were prevailing, that the chaplain in the course of a few weeks was able to report to his princely patron, that his proposed match would meet with no opposition from the elders and nobles of his dominions. A golden bracelet, six ounces in weight, was the instant reward of the priest's dexterity in negotiation, and he was appointed by Gwenwyn to commit to paper those proposals, which he doubted not were to show the Castle of Garde Doloureuse, notwithstanding its melancholy name, into an ecstasy of joy. With some difficulty the chaplain prevailed on his patron to say nothing in this letter upon his temporary plan of concubinage, which he wisely judged might be considered as an affront both by Eveline and her father. The matter of the divorce he represented as almost entirely settled, and wound up his letter with a moral application, in which were many allusions to Vasilis, Esther, and Ahasuerus.

Having despatched this letter by a swift and trusty messenger, the British prince opened in all solemnity the feast of Easter, which had come round during the course of these external and internal negotiations.

Upon the approaching Holy-tide, to propitiate the minds of his subjects and vassals, they were invited in large numbers to partake a princely festival at Castell-Coch, or the Red Castle, as it was then called, since better known by the name of Powys-Castle, and in latter times the princely seat of the Duke of Beaufort. The architectural magnificence of the noble residence is of a much later period than that of Gwenwyn, whose palace, at the time we speak of, was a long, low-roofed edifice of red stone, whence the castle derived its name; while a ditch and palisade were, in addition to the commanding situation, its most important defences.

CHAPTER II.

In Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clangour hurried far;
Each hill and dale the note rebounds,
But when return the sons of war!
Thou, born of stern Necessity,
Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee.
And owns thy melancholy sway.—*Wales Poem.*

feasts of the ancient British princes usually had all the rude splendour and liberal indulgence of untutored hospitality, and Gwenwyn was, on the present occasion, anxious to purchase popularity by an unusual display of profusion; for he was well aware that the alliance which he meditated might be tolerated, but could not be approved, by his subjects and followers.

The following incident, trifling in itself, confirmed his apprehensions. Passing one evening, when it was nearly dark, by the open window of a room, usually occupied by some few of his celebrated soldiers, who relieved each other in guarding his palace, he heard Morgan, a man distinguished for strength, courage, and ferocity, say to the knight with whom he was sitting by the watch-fire: "Gwenwyn is turned to a priest, or a woman! was it before these last months, that a follower was obliged to gnaw the meat from the bone itself, as I am now peeling the morsel which I hold in my hand?"

"Nay, but a while," replied his comrade, "till the match be accomplished; and so small will prey we shall then drive from the Saxon churl, he may be glad to swallow, like hungry dogs, the bones themselves."

Gwenwyn heard no more of their conversation; but it was enough to alarm his pride as a soldier, and his jealousy as a prince. He was sensible, that the knight over whom he ruled were at once fickle in disposition, impatient of long repose, and full of red against their neighbours; and he almost dreaded the consequences of the inactivity to which a more moderate rule might reduce them. The risk was now great, however; and to display even more than his wonted splendour and liberality, seemed the best method of reconciling the wavering affections of his subjects.

The Norman would have despised the barbarous licence of an entertainment, consisting of kine and sheep roasted whole, of goats' flesh and deers' tethers in the skins of the animals themselves; but the Normans piqued themselves on the quality rather than the quantity of their food, and, eating delicately than largely, ridiculed the coarser fare of the Britons, although the last were in their tastes much more moderate than were the Saxons.

And the oceans of *Cruw* and *hydromiel*, which the guests like a deluge, have made up, in opinion, for the absence of the more elegant and costly beverage which they had learnt to love in the north of Europe. Milk prepared in various ways, and other material of the British entertainment, would not have received their approbation, but a nutriment which, on ordinary occasions, supplied the want of all others among the inhabitants, whose country was rich in flocks and herds, but poor in agricultural produce.

The banquet was spread in a long low hall, built of wood lined with shingles, having a fire at each end, the smoke of which, unable to find its way to the imperfect chimneys in the roof, rolled in billows above the heads of the revellers, who sat on low seats, purposely to avoid its stifling fumes. The appearance of the company assembled in the hall, and, even in their social hours, almost

resembled in Highland tradition, that one of the Macdonalds, who had suffered his broadsword to remain sheathed for months after his marriage with a beautiful woman, and in a sudden and furious expedition against the main-land, hearing conversation to the above purpose among his friends.

Welsh houses, like those of the cognate tribes in the Highlands of Scotland, were very imperfectly warmed with chimneys. Hence, in the History of the Gwydir, the striking expression of a Welsh chieftain, who, being assailed and set on fire by his enemies, exhorted his men to stand to their defence, saying he had seen as much as the hall upon a Christmas even.

terrific. Their prince himself had the gigantic port and fiery eye fitted to sway an unruly people, whose delight was in the field of battle; and the long mustaches which he and most of his champions wore, added to the formidable dignity of his presence. Like most of those present, Gwenwyn was clad in a simple tunic of white linen cloth, a remnant of the dress which the Romans had introduced into provincial Britain; and he was distinguished by the *Eudorehauw*, or chain of twisted gold links, with which the Celtic tribes always decorated their chiefs. The collar, indeed, representing in form the species of links made by children out of rushes, was common to chieftains of inferior rank, many of whom bore it in virtue of their birth, or had won it by military exploits; but a ring of gold, bent around the head, intermingled with Gwenwyn's hair—for he claimed the rank of one of the three diademed princes of Wales, and his armlets and anklets of the same metal, were peculiar to the Prince of Powys, as an independent sovereign. Two squires of his body, who dedicated their whole attention to his service, stood at the Prince's back; and at his feet sat a page, whose duty it was to keep them warm by chafing and by wrapping them in his mantle. The same right of sovereignty, which assigned to Gwenwyn his golden crownlet, gave him a title to the attendance of the foot-bearer, or youth who lay on the rushes, and whose duty it was to cherish the Prince's feet in his lap or bosom.*

Notwithstanding the military disposition of the guests, and the danger arising from the feuds into which they were divided, few of the feasters wore any defensive armour except the light goat-skin buckler, which hung behind each man's seat. On the other hand, they were well provided with offensive weapons; for the broad, sharp, short, two-edged sword was another legacy of the Romans. Most added a wood-knife or poniard; and there were store of javelins, darts, bows and arrows, pikes, halberds, Danish axes, and Welsh hooks and bills; so in case of ill-blood arising during the banquet, there was no lack of weapons to work mischief.

But although the form of the feast was somewhat disorderly, and that the revellers were unrestrained by the stricter rules of good-breeding which the laws of chivalry imposed, the Eastern banquet of Gwenwyn possessed, in the attendance of twelve eminent bards, one source of the most exalted pleasure, in a much higher degree than the proud Normans could themselves boast. The latter, it is true had their minstrels, a race of men trained to the profession of poetry, song and music; but although those arts were highly honoured, and the individual professors, when they attained to eminence, were often richly rewarded, and treated with distinction, the order of minstrelsy, as such, was held in low esteem, being composed chiefly of worthless and dissolute strollers, by whom the art was assumed, in order to escape from the necessity of labour, and to have the means of pursuing a wandering and dissipated course of life. Such, in all times, has been the censure upon the calling of those who dedicate themselves to the public amusement; among whom those distinguished by individual excellence are sometimes raised high in the social circle, while far the more numerous professors, who only meet mediocrity, are sunk into the lower scale. But such was not the case with the order of bards in Wales, who succeeding to the dignity of the Druids, under whom they had originally formed a subordinate fraternity had many immunities, were held in the highest reverence and esteem, and exer-

* See Madoc for this literal *foot page's* office and duties. Mr. Southey's notes inform us: "The foot-bearer shall hold the feet of the King in his lap, from the time he reclines at the board till he goes to rest, and he shall chafe them with a towel; and during all that time shall watch that no harm befalls the King. He shall eat of the same dish from which the King takes his food: he shall light the first candle before the King." Such are the instructions given for this part of royal ceremonial in the laws of Howell Dda. It may be added, that probably upon this Celtic custom was founded one of those absurd and incredible representations which were propagated at the time of the French Revolution, to stir up the peasants against their feudal superiors. It was pretended that some feudal seigneurs, asserted their right to kill and disembowel a peasant, in order to put their own feet within the expiring body, and so recover them from the chill.

cised much influence with their countrymen. Their power over the public mind even rivalled that of the priests themselves, to whom indeed they bore some resemblance; for they never wore arms, were initiated into their order by secret and mystic solemnities, and homage was rendered to their *Azen*, or flow of poetic inspiration, as if it had been indeed marked with a divine character. Thus possessed of power and consequence, the bards were not unwilling to exercise their privileges, and sometimes, in doing so, their manners frequently savoured of caprice.

This was perhaps the case with Cadwallon, the chief bard of Gwenwyn, and who, as such, was expected to have poured forth the tide of song in the banquetting-hall of his prince. But neither the anxious and breathless expectation of the assembled chiefs and champions—neither the dead silence which stilled the roaring hall, when his harp was reverently placed before him by his attendant—nor even the commands or entreaties of the prince himself—could extract from Cadwallon more than a short and interrupted prelude upon the instrument, the notes of which arranged themselves into an air inexpressibly mournful, and died away in silence. The Prince frowned darkly on the bard, who was himself far too deeply lost in gloomy thought, to offer any apology, or even to observe his displeasure. Again he touched a few wild notes, and raising his looks upward, seemed to be on the very point of bursting forth into a tide of song similar to those with which this master of his art was wont to enchant his hearers. But the effort was in vain—he declared that his right hand was withered, and pushed the instrument from him.

A murmur went round the company, and Gwenwyn read in their aspects that they received the unusual silence of Cadwallon on this high occasion as a bad omen. He called hastily on a young and ambitious bard, named Caradoc of Menwygent, whose rising fame was likely soon to vie with the established reputation of Cadwallon, and summoned him to sing something which might command the applause of his sovereign and the gratitude of the company. The young man was ambitious, and understood the arts of a courtier. He commenced a poem, in which, although under a feigned name, he drew such a poetical picture of *Eveline Berenger*, that Gwenwyn was enraptured; and while all who had seen the beautiful original at once recognised the resemblance, the eyes of the Prince confessed at once his passion for the subject, and his admiration of the poet. The figures of Celtic poetry, in themselves highly imaginative, were scarce sufficient for the enthusiasm of the ambitious bard, rising in his tone as he perceived the feelings which he was exciting. The praises of the Prince mingled with those of the Norman beauty; and "as a lion," said the poet, "can only be led by the hand of a chaste and beautiful maiden, so a chief can only acknowledge the empire of the most virtuous, the most lovely of her sex. Who asks of the noon-day sun, in what quarter of the world he was born? and who shall ask of such charms as hers, to what country they owe their birth?"

Enthusiasts in pleasure as in war, and possessed of imaginations which answered readily to the summons of their poets, the Welsh chiefs and leaders united in acclamations of applause; and the song of the bard went farther to render popular the intended alliance of the Prince, than had all the graver arguments of his priestly precursor in the same topic.

Gwenwyn, himself, in a transport of delight, tore off the golden bracelets which he wore, to bestow them upon a bard whose song had produced an effect so desirable; and said, as he looked at the silent and sullen Cadwallon, "The silent harp was never strung with golden wires."

"Prince," answered the bard, whose pride was at least equal to that of Gwenwyn himself, "you pervert the proverb of *Taliessin*—it is the flattering harp which never lacked golden strings."

Gwenwyn, turning sternly towards him, was about to make an angry answer, when the sudden appearance of *Jorworth*, the messenger whom he had despatched to *Raymond Berenger*, arrested his purpose.

This rude envoy entered the hall barelegged, excepting the sandals of goat-skin which he wore, and having on his shoulder a cloak of the same, and a short javelin in his hand. The dust on his garments and the flush on his brow, showed with what hasty zeal his errand had been executed. Gwenwyn demanded of him eagerly, "What news from *Garc Doloureuse*, *Jorworth ap Jevan*?"

"I hear them in my bosom," said the son of *Jevan*; and, with much reverence, he delivered to the Prince a packet, bound with silk, and sealed with the impression of a swan, the ancient cognizance of the House of *Berenger*. Himself ignorant of writing or reading, Gwenwyn, in anxious haste, delivered the letter to Cadwallon, who usually acted as secretary when the chaplain was not in presence, as chanced then to be the case. Cadwallon, looking at the letter, said briefly, "I read no Latin. Ill beside the Norman, who writes to a Prince of Powys in other language than that of Britain! and well was the hour, when that noble tongue alone was spoken from *Tintadgel* to *Cairleoil*!"

Gwenwyn only replied to him with an angry glance.

"Where is Father *Einion*?" said the impatient Prince.

"He assists in the church," replied one of his attendants, "for it is the feast of Saint"—

"Were it the feast of Saint David," said Gwenwyn, "and were the pyx between his hands, he must come hither to me instantly!"

One of the chief henchmen sprung off, to command his attendance, and, in the mean time, Gwenwyn eyed the letter containing the secret of his sin, but which it required an interpreter to read, with such eagerness and anxiety, that *Caradoc*, easily his former success, threw in a few notes to divert, if possible, the tenor of his patron's thoughts during the interval. A light and lively air, touched by a hand which seemed to hesitate, like the submissiveness of an inferior, fearing to interrupt his master's meditations, introduced a stanza or two applicable to the subject.

"And what though thou, O scroll," he said, appropriating the letter, which lay on the table before his master, "dost speak with the tongue of the stranger? Hath not the cuckoo a harsh note, as yet she tells us of green buds and springing flowers? What if thy language be that of the stolen priest, is it not the same which binds hearts and hands together at the altar? And what though thou delayest a render up thy treasures, are not all pleasures most sweet, when enhanced by expectation? What was the chase, if the deer dropped at our feet the instant he started from the cover—or what value were there in the love of the maiden, were it yielded without coy delay?"

The song of the bard was here broken short by the entrance of the priest, who, hasty in obeying the summons of his impatient master, had not turned to lay aside even the stole, which he had worn in the holy service; and many of the elders thought it was no good omen, that, so habited, a priest should appear in a festive assembly, and amid profane minstrelsy.

The priest opened the letter of the Norman Baron, and, struck with surprise at the contents, lifted his eyes in silence.

"Read it!" exclaimed the fierce Gwenwyn.

"So please you," replied the more prudent chaplain, "a smaller company were a fitter audience."

"Read it aloud!" repeated the Prince, in a still higher tone; "there sit none here who respect not the honour of their prince, or who deserve not thy confidence. Read it, I say, aloud! and by Saint David, if *Raymond* the Norman hath dared"—

He stopped short, and, reclining on his seat, composed himself to an attitude of attention; but it was easy for his followers to fill up the breach in his exclamation which prudence had recommended.

The voice of the chaplain was low and ill-suited as he read the following epistle:—

"*Raymond Berenger*, the noble Norman Knight, Seneschal of the *Garde Doloureuse*, to *Gwenwyn*."

Prince of Powys, (May peace be between them!) sendeth health.

"Your letter, craving the hand of our daughter Eveline Berenger, was safely delivered to us by your servant, Jorworth ap Jevan, and we thank you heartily for the good meaning therein expressed to us and to ours. But, considering within ourselves the difference of blood and lineage, with the impediments and causes of offence which have often arisen in the like cases, we hold it fitter to match our daughter among our own people; and this by no case in disparagement of you, but solely for the weal of you, of ourselves, and of our mutual dependants, who will be the more safe from the risk of quarrel betwixt us, that we essay not to draw the bonds of our intimacy more close than becometh. The sheep and the goats feed together in peace on the same pastures, but they mingle not in blood, or race, the one with the other. Moreover, our daughter Eveline hath been sought in marriage by a noble and potent Lord of the Marches, Hugo de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, to which most honourable suit we have returned a favourable answer. It is therefore impossible that we should in this matter grant to you the boon you seek; nevertheless, you shall at all times find us, in other matters, willing to pleasure you; and herunto we call God, and Our Lady, and Saint Mary Magdalene of Quatford, to witness; to whose keeping we heartily recommend you.

"Written by our command, at our castle of Garde Doloureuse, within the Marches of Wales, by a reverend Priest, Father Aldrovand, a black monk of the house of Wenlock; and to which we have appended our seal, upon the eve of the blessed martyr Saint Alphegius, to whom be honour and glory!"

The voice of Father Einion faltered, and the scroll which he held in his hand trembled in his grasp, as he arrived at the conclusion of this epistle; for well he knew that insults more slight than Gwenwyn would hold the least word it contained, were sure to put every drop of his British blood into the most vehement commotion. Nor did it fail to do so. The Prince had gradually drawn himself up from the posture of repose in which he had prepared to listen to the epistle; and when it concluded, he sprung on his feet like a startled lion, spurning from him as he rose, the foot-bearer, who rolled at some distance on the floor. "Priest," he said, "hast thou read that accursed scroll fairly? for if thou hast added, or diminished one word, or one letter, I will have thine eyes so handled, that thou shalt never read letter more!"

The monk replied, trembling, (for he was well aware that the sacerdotal character was not uniformly respected among the irascible Welshmen,) "By the oath of my order, mighty prince, I have read word for word, and letter for letter."

There was a momentary pause, while the fury of Gwenwyn at this unexpected affront, offered to him in the presence of all his Uckelwyr, (i. e. noble chiefs, literally men of high stature) seemed too big for utterance, when the silence was broken by a few notes from the hitherto mute harp of Cadwallon. The Prince looked round at first with displeasure at the interruption, for he was himself about to speak; but when he beheld the bard bending over his harp with an air of inspiration, and blending together, with unexampled skill, the wildest and most exalted tones of his art, he himself became an auditor instead of a speaker, and Cadwallon, not the Prince seemed to become the central point of the assembly, on whom all eyes were bent, and to whom each ear was turned with breathless eagerness, as if his strains were the responses of an oracle.

"We wed not with the stranger,"—thus burst the song from the lips of the poet. "Yortigern wedded with the stranger; thence came the first wo upon Britain and a sword upon her nobles, and a thunderbolt upon her palace. We wed not with the enslaved Saxon—the free and princely stag seeks not for his bride the heifer whose neck the yoke hath worn. We wed not with the rapacious Norman—the noble hound scorns to seek a mate from the

herd of ravening wolves. When was it heard that the Cymry, the descendants of Brute, the true children of the soil of fair Britain, were plundered, oppressed, bereft of their birthright, and insulted even in their last retreats?—when but since they stretched their hand in friendship to the stranger, and clasped to their bosoms the daughter of the Saxon! Which of the two is feared?—the empty water-course of summer, or the channel of the headlong winter torrent?—A maiden smiles at the summer-shrunk brook while she crosses it, but a barbed horse and his rider will fear to stem the wintry flood. Men of Muthravel and Powys, be the dreaded flood of winter—Gwenwyn son of Cyverlock!—may thy plume be the topmost of its waves!"

All thoughts of peace, thoughts which in themselves were foreign to the hearts of the warlike British, passed before the song of Cadwallon like dust before the whirlwind, and the unanimous shout of the assembly declared for instant war. The Prince himself spoke not, but, looking proudly around him, flung abroad his arm, as one who cheers his followers to the attack.

The priest, had he dared, might have reminded Gwenwyn, that the Cross which he had assumed on his shoulder, had consecrated his arm to the Holy War, and precluded his engaging in any civil strife. But the task was too dangerous for Father Einion's courage, and he shrunk from the hall to the seclusion of his own convent. Caradoc, whose brief hour of popularity was past, also retired, with humbled and dejected looks, and not without a glance of indignation at his triumphant rival, who had so judiciously reserved his display of art for the theme of war, that was ever most popular with the audience.

The chiefs resumed their seats no longer for the purpose of festivity, but to fix, in the hasty manner customary among these prompt warriors, where they were to assemble their forces, which, upon such occasions, comprehended almost all the able-bodied males of the country,—for all, excepting the priests and the bards, were soldiers,—and to settle the order of their descent upon the devoted marches, where they proposed to signalize, by general ravage, their sense of the insult which their Prince had received, by the rejection of his suit.

CHAPTER III.

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Henry VI., Act I., Scene IV.

WHEN Raymond Berenger had despatched his mission to the Prince of Powys, he was not unsuspicious, though altogether fearless, of the result. He sent messengers to the several dependants who held their fiefs by the tenure of *corvage*, and warned them to be on the alert, that he might receive instant notice of the approach of the enemy. These vassals, as is well known, occupied the numerous towers, which, like so many falcon-nests, had been built on the points most convenient to defend the frontiers, and were bound to give signal of any incursion of the Welsh, by blowing their horns; which sounds, answered from tower to tower, and from station to station, gave the alarm for general defence. But although Raymond considered these precautions as necessary, from the fickle and precarious temper of his neighbours, and for maintaining his own credit as a soldier, he was far from believing the danger to be imminent; for the preparations of the Welsh, though on a much more extensive scale than had lately been usual, were as secret, as their resolution of war had been suddenly adopted.

It was upon the second morning after the memorable festival of Castell-Coch, that the tempest broke on the Norman frontier. At first a single, long, and keen bugle-blast, announced the approach of the enemy; presently the signals of alarm were echoed from every castle and tower on the borders of Shropshire, where every place of habitation was then a fortress. Beacons were lighted upon crags and eminences, the bells were rung backward in the churches and towns, while the general and earnest summons to

arms announced an extremity of danger which even the inhabitants of that unsettled country had not hitherto experienced.

Amid this general alarm, Raymond Berenger, having busied himself in arranging his few but gallant followers and adherents, and taken such modes of procuring intelligence of the enemy's strength and motions as were in his power, at length ascended the watch-tower of the castle to observe in person the country around, already obscured in several places by the clouds of smoke, which announced the progress and the ravages of the invaders. He was speedily joined by his favourite squire, to whom the unusual heaviness of his master's looks was cause of much surprise, for till now they had ever been blithest at the hour of battle. The squire held in his hand his master's helmet, for Sir Raymond was all armed, saving the head.

"Dennis Morolt," said the veteran soldier, "are our vassals and liegemen all mustered?"

"All, noble sir, but the Flemings, who are not yet come in."

"The lazy hounds, why tarry they?" said Raymond. "Ill policy it is to plant such sluggish natures in our borders. They are like their own steers, fitter to tug a plough than for aught that requires mettle."

"With your favour," said Dennis, "the knaves can do good service notwithstanding. That Wilkin Flammock of the Green can strike like the hammers of his own fulling-mill."

"He will fight, I believe, when he cannot help it," said Raymond; "but he has no stomach for such exercise, and is as slow and as stubborn as a mule."

"And therefore are his countrymen rightly matched against the Welsh," replied Dennis Morolt, "that their solid and unyielding temper may be a fit foil to the fiery and headlong dispositions of our dangerous neighbours, just as restless waves are best opposed by steadfast rocks.—Hark, sir, I hear Wilkin Flammock's step ascending the turret-stair, as deliberately as ever monk mounted to matins."

Step by step the heavy sound approached, until the form of the huge and substantial Fleming at length issued from the turret-door to the platform where they were conversing. Wilkin Flammock was cased in bright armour, of unusual weight and thickness, and cleaned with exceeding care, which marked the neatness of his nation; but, contrary to the custom of the Normans, entirely plain, and void of carving, gilding, or any sort of ornament. The basenet, or steel-cap, had no visor, and left exposed a broad countenance, with heavy and unpliant features, which announced the character of his temper and understanding. He carried in his hand a heavy mace.

"So, Sir Fleming," said the Castellan, "you are in no hurry, methinks, to repair to the rendezvous."

"So please you," answered the Fleming, "we were compelled to tarry, that we might load our wains with our bales of cloth and other property."

"Ha! wains?—how many wains have you brought with you?"

"Six, noble sir," replied Wilkin.

"And how many men?" demanded Raymond Berenger.

"Twelve, valiant sir," answered Flammock.

"Only two men to each baggage-wain? I wonder you would thus encumber yourself," said Berenger.

"Under your favour, sir, once more," replied Wilkin, "it is only the value which I and my comrades set upon our goods, that inclines us to defend them with our bodies; and, had we been obliged to leave our cloth to the plundering clutches of yonder vagabonds, I should have seen small policy in stopping here to give them the opportunity of adding murder to robbery. Gloucester should have been my first halting-place."

The Norman knight gazed on the Flemish artisan, for such was Wilkin Flammock, with such a mixture of surprise and contempt, as excluded indignation. "I have heard much," he said, "but this is the first time that I have heard one with a beard on his lip avouch himself a coward."

"Nor do you hear it now," answered Flammock, with the utmost composure—"I am always ready to

fight for life and property; and my coming to this country, where they are both in constant danger, shows that I care not much how often I do so. But a sound skin is better than a slashed one, for all that."

"Well," said Raymond Berenger, "fight after thine own fashion, so thou wilt but fight stoutly with that long body of thine. We are like to have need for all that we can do.—Saw you aught of these rascally Welsh?—have they Gwenwyn's banner amongst them?"

"I saw it with the white dragon displayed," replied Wilkin; "I could not but know it, since it was banded in my own loom."

Raymond looked so grave upon this intelligence that Dennis Morolt, unwilling the Fleming should mark it, thought it necessary to withdraw his attention. "I can tell thee," he said to Flammock, "that when the Constable of Chester joins us with his lances, you shall see your handiwork, the dragon fly faster homeward than ever flew the shuttle which wove it."

"It must fly before the Constable comes up, Dennis Morolt," said Berenger, "else it will fly triumphantly over all our bodies."

"In the name of God and the Holy Virgin," said Dennis, "what may you mean, Sir Knight?—not that we should fight with the Welsh before the Constable joins us?"—He paused, and then, well understanding the firm, yet melancholy glance, with which his master answered the question, he proceeded with more vehement earnestness—"You cannot mean it; you cannot intend that we shall quit this castle, which we have so often made good against them, and retreat in the field with two hundred men against thousands?—Think better of it my beloved master, and let not the rashness of your old age blench that character for wisdom and warlike skill, which your former life has so nobly won."

"I am not angry with you for blaming my purpose, Dennis," answered the Norman, "for I know you do it in love to me and mine. But, Dennis Morolt, this thing must be—we must fight the Welshmen within these three hours, or the name of Raymond Berenger must be blotted from the genealogy of his house."

"And so we will—we will fight them, my noble master," said the esquire; "fear not cold counsel from Dennis Morolt, where battle is the theme. But we will fight them under the walls of the castle, with honest Wilkin Flammock and his cross-bows on the wall to protect our flanks, and afford us some balance against the numerous odds."

"Not so, Dennis," answered his master—"in the open field we must fight them, or thy master rust rank but as a mansworn knight. Know, that when I feasted yonder wily savage in my halls at Christmas, and when the wine was flowing fastest around Gwenwyn threw out some praises of the fastness and strength of my castle, in a manner which intimated it was these advantages alone that had secured me in former wars from defeat and captivity. I spoke in answer, when I had far better been silent; for what availed my idle boast, but as a fetter to bind me to a deed next to madness? If, I said, a prince of the Cymry shall again come in hostile fashion before the Garde Doloureuse, let him pitch his standard down in yonder plain by the bridge, and, by the word of a good knight, and the faith of a Christian man, Raymond Berenger will meet him as willingly, be he many or be he few, as ever Welshman was met withal."

Dennis was struck speechless when he heard of a promise so rash, so fatal; but his was not the castidity which could release his master from the fetters with which his unwary confidence had bound him. It was otherwise with Wilkin Flammock. He stared—he almost laughed, notwithstanding the reverence due to the Castellan, and his own insensibility to risible emotions. "And is this all?" he said. "If your honour had pledged yourself to pay one hundred florins to a Jew or to a Lombard, no doubt you must have kept the day, or forfeited your pledge; but surely one day is as good as another to keep a promise for fighting, and that day is best in which the promise is strongest. But indeed, after all, what signifies any promise over a wine flagon?"

"It signifies as much as a promise can do that is given elsewhere. The promiser," said Berenger, "escapes not the sin of a word-breaker, because he hath been a drunken braggart."

"For the sin," said Dennis, "sure I am, that rather than you should do such deed of dole, the Abbot of Glastonbury would absolve you for a florin."

"But what shall wipe out the shame?" demanded Berenger—"how shall I dare to show myself again among press of knights, who have broken my word of battle pledged, for fear of a Welshman and his raked savages? No! Dennis Morolt, speak of it no more. Be it for weal or wo, we fight them to-day, and upon yonder fair field."

"It may be," said Flammock, "that Gwenwyn may have forgotten the promise, and so fail to appear to claim it in the appointed space; for, as we heard, your wines of France flooded his Welsh brains deeply."

"He again alluded to it on the morning after it was made," said the Castellane—"trust me, he will not forget what will give him such a chance of removing me from his path for ever."

As he spoke, they observed that large clouds of dust, which had been seen at different points of the landscape, were drawing down towards the opposite side of the river, over which an ancient bridge extended itself to the appointed place of combat. They were at no loss to conjecture the cause. It was evident that Gwenwyn, recalling the parties who had been engaged in partial devastation, was bending with his whole forces towards the bridge and the plain beyond it.

"Let us rush down and secure the pass," said Dennis Morolt; "we may debate with them with some equality by the advantage of defending the bridge. Your word bound you to the plain as to a field of battle, but it did not oblige you to forego such advantages as the passage of the bridge would afford. Our men, our horses, are ready—let our bowmen secure the banks, and my life on the issue."

"When I promised to meet him in yonder field, I meant," replied Raymond Berenger, "to give the Welshman the full advantage of equality of ground. So meant it—he so understood it; and what avails my word in the letter, if I break it in the sense? We move not till the last Welshman has crossed the bridge; and then"—

"And then," said Dennis, "we move to our death!—May God forgive our sins! But"

"But what?" said Berenger; "something sticks in thy mind that should have vent."

"My young lady, your daughter the Lady Eveline!"

"I have told her what is to be. She shall remain in the castle, where I will leave a few chosen veterans, with you, Dennis, to command them. In twenty-four hours the siege will be relieved, and we have defended it longer with a slighter garrison. Then to her aunt, the Abbess of the Benedictine sisters—thou, Dennis, wilt see her placed there in honour and safety, and my sister will care for her future provision as her wisdom shall determine."

"I leave you at this pinch!" said Dennis Morolt, bursting into tears—"I shut myself up within walls, when my master rides to his last of battles!—I become esquire to a lady, even though it be to the Lady Eveline, when he lies dead under his shield!—Raymond Berenger, is it for this that I have buckled thy armour so often?"

The tears gushed from the old warrior's eyes as fast as from those of a girl who weeps for her lover; and Raymond, taking him kindly by the hand, said, in a soothing tone, "Do not think, my good old servant, that, were honour to be won, I would drive thee from my side. But this is a wild and an inconsiderate deed, to which my fate or my folly has bound me. I die to save my name from dishonour; but, alas I must leave on my memory the charge of imprudence."

"Let me share your imprudence, my dearest master," said Dennis Morolt, earnestly;—"the poor esquire has no business to be thought wiser than his master. In many a battle my valour derived some little fame from partaking in the deeds which won

your renown—deny me not the right to share in that blame which your temerity may incur; let them not say, that so rash was his action, even his old esquire was not permitted to partake in it! I am part of yourself—it is murder to every man whom you take with you, if you leave me behind."

"Dennis," said Berenger, "you make me feel yet more bitterly the folly I have yielded to. I will grant you the boon you ask, sad as it is—But my daughter!"

"Sir Knight," said the Fleming, who had listened to this dialogue with somewhat less than his usual apathy, "it is not my purpose this day to leave this castle; now if you could trust my troth to do what a plain man may for the protection of my Lady Eveline!"

"How, sirrah!" said Raymond; "you do not propose to leave the castle? Who gives you right to propose or dispose in the case, until my pleasure is known?"

"I shall be sorry to have words with you, Sir Castellane," said the imperturbable Fleming;—"but I hold here, in this township, certain mills, tenements, cloth-yards, and so forth, for which I am to pay man-service in defending this Castle of the Garde Doloureuse, and in this I am ready. But if you call on me to march from hence, leaving the same castle defenceless, and to offer up my life in a battle which you acknowledge to be desperate, I must needs say my tenure binds me not to obey thee."

"Base mechanic!" said Morolt, laying his hand on his dagger, and menacing the Fleming.

But Raymond Berenger interfered with voice and hand—"Harm him not, Morolt, and blame him not. He hath a sense of duty, though not after our manner; and he and his knaves will fight best behind stone walls. They are taught also, these Flemings, by the practice of their own country, the attack and defence of walled cities and fortresses, and are especially skilful in working of mangonels and military engines. There are several of his countrymen in the castle, besides his own followers. These I propose to leave behind; and I think they will obey him more readily than any but myself—how think'st thou? Thou wouldst not, I know, from a misconstrued point of honour, or a blind love to me, leave this important place, and the safety of Eveline, in doubtful hands?"

"Wilkin Flammock is but a Flemish clown, noble sir," answered Dennis, as much overjoyed as if he had obtained some important advantage; "but I must needs say he is as stout and true as any whom you might trust; and, besides, his own shrewdness will teach him there is more to be gained by defending such a castle as this, than by yielding it to strangers, who may not be likely to keep the terms of surrender, however fairly they may offer them."

"It is fixed then," said Raymond Berenger. "Then, Dennis, thou shalt go with me, and he shall remain behind.—Wilkin Flammock," he said, addressing the Fleming solemnly, "I speak not to thee the language of chivalry, of which thou knowest nothing; but, as thou art an honest man, and a true Christian, I conjure thee to stand to the defence of this castle. Let no promise of the enemy draw thee to any base composition—no threat to any surrender. Relief must speedily arrive; if you fulfil your trust to me and to my daughter, Hugo de Lacy will reward you richly—if you fail, he will punish you severely."

"Sir Knight," said Flammock, "I am pleased you have put your trust so far in a plain handicraftsman. For the Welsh, I am come from a land for which we were compelled—yearly compelled—to struggle with the sea; and they who can deal with the waves in a tempest, need not fear an undisciplined people in their fury. Your daughter shall be as dear to me as mine own; and in that faith you may prick forth—if, indeed, you will not still, like a wiser man, shut gate, down portcullis, up drawbridge, and tell your archers and my cross-bows man the wall, and tell the knaves you are not the fool that they take you for."

"Good fellow, that must not be," said the Knight. "I hear my daughter's voice," he added hastily; "I would not again meet her, again to part from her.

To Heaven's keeping I commit thee, honest Fleming.—Follow me, Dennis Morolt."

The old Castellane descended the stair of the southern tower hastily, just as his daughter Eveline ascended that of the eastern turret, to throw herself at his feet once more. She was followed by the Father Aldrovand, chaplain of her father; by an old and almost invalid huntsman, whose more active services in the field and the chase had been for some time chiefly limited to the superintendence of the Knight's kennels, and the charge especially of his more favourite hounds; and by Rose Flammock, the daughter of Wilkin, a blue-eyed Flemish maiden, round, plump, and shy as a partridge, who had been for some time permitted to keep company with the high-born Norman damsel, in a doubtful station, betwixt that of an humble friend and superior domestic.

Eveline rushed upon the battlements, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes drowned in tears, and eagerly demanded of the Fleming where her father was.

Flammock made a clumsy reverence, and attempted some answer; but his voice seemed to fail him. He turned his back upon Eveline without ceremony, and, totally disregarding the anxious inquiries of the huntsman and the chaplain, he said hastily to his daughter, in his own language, "Mad work! mad work! look to the poor maiden, Roschen—*Der aller Herr ist verrucht!*"

Without farther speech, he descended the stairs, and never paused till he reached the buttery. Here he called like a lion for the controller of these regions, by the various names of Kammerer, Keller-master, and so forth, to which the old Reinold, an ancient Norman esquire, answered not, until the Netherlander fortunately recollected his Anglo-Norman title of butler. This, his regular name of office, was the key to the buttery hatch, and the old man instantly appeared, with his gray cassock and high rolled hose, a ponderous bunch of keys suspended by a silver chain to his broad leathern girdle, which, in consideration of the emergency of the time, he had thought it right to balance on the left side with a huge falcion, which seemed much too weighty for his old arm to wield.

"What is your will," he said, "Master Flammock? or what are your commands, since it is my lord's pleasure that they shall be laws to me for a time?"

"Only a cup of wine, good Meister Kellar-master—butler, I mean."

"I am glad you remember the name of mine office," said Reinold, with some of the petty resentment of a spoiled domestic, who thinks that a stranger has been irregularly put in command over him.

"A flagon of Rhenish, if you love me," answered the Fleming, "for my heart is low and poor within me, and I must needs drink the best."

"And drink you shall," said Reinold, "if drink will give you the courage which perhaps you may want."—He descended to the secret crypts, of which he was the guardian, and returned with a silver flagon, which might contain about a quart.—"Here is such wine," said Reinold, "as thou hast seldom tasted," and was about to pour it into a cup.

"Nay, the flagon—the flagon, friend Reinold; I love a deep and solemn draught when the business is weighty," said Wilkin. He seized on the flagon accordingly, and drinking a preparatory mouthful, paused as if to estimate the strength and flavour of the generous liquor. Apparently he was pleased with both, for he nodded in approbation to the butler; and, raising the flagon to his mouth once more, he slowly and gradually brought the bottom of the vessel parallel with the roof of the apartment, without suffering one drop of the contents to escape him.

"That hath savour, Herr Keller-master," said he, while he was recovering his breath by intervals, after so long a suspense of respiration; "but, may heaven forgive you for thinking it the best I have ever

tasted! You little know the cellars of Ghent and Ypres."

"And I care not for them," said Reinold; "tho' of gentle Norman blood hold the wines of Gasco and France, generous, light, and cordial, worth the acid potatoes of the Rhine and the Neckar."

"All is matter of taste," said the Fleming; "hark ye—Is there much of this wine in the cellar?"

"Methought but now it pleased not your dai palate?" said Reinold.

"Nay, nay, my friend," said Wilkin. "I said it! savour—I may have drunk better—but this is good, where better may not be had.—Again, I much of it hast thou?"

"The whole butt, man," answered the butler; have broached a fresh piece for you."

"Good," replied Flammock; "get the quart-pot Christian measure; heave the cask up into this buttery, and let each soldier of this castle be served with such a cup as I have here swallowed. I have had done me much good—my heart was sad when I saw the black smoke arising from mine felling-mills yonder. Let each man, I say, have full quart-pot—men defend not castles on liquor."

"I must do as you will, good Wilkin Flammock said the butler; "but I pray remember all men not alike. That which will but warm your Flemish hearts, will put wildfire into Norman brains; what may only encourage your countrymen to the walls, will make ours fly over the battlements."

"Well, you know the conditions of your own countrymen best; serve out to them what wines and sure you list—only let each Fleming have a solid quart of Rhenish.—But what will you do for the English churls, of whom there are a right many left us?"

The old butler paused, and rubbed his brow. "There will be a strange waste of liquor," he said, "and yet I may not deny that the emergency defend the expenditure. But for the English, it is, as you wot, a mixed breed, having much of German sullenness, together with a plentiful touch of the hot blood of yonder Welsh furies. Light will stir them not; strong heavy draughts would make them. What think you of ale, an invigorating strengthening liquor, that warms the heart without inflaming the brain?"

"Ale?" said the Fleming.—"Hum—ha—is it ale mighty, Sir Butler?—is it double ale?"

"Do you doubt my skill?" said the butler.—"March and October have witnessed me ever as they came round, for thirty years, deal with the best barley in Shropshire.—You shall judge."

He filled, from a large hoghead in the corner of the buttery, the flagon which the Fleming had just emptied, and which was no sooner replenished than—Wilkin again drained it to the bottom.

"Good ware," he said, "Master Butler, some stinging ware. The English churls will fight the devils upon it—let them be furnished with mighty ale along with their beef and brown bread. And now, having given you your charge, Master Reinold, it is time I should look after mine own."

Wilkin Flammock left the buttery, and with a mien and judgment alike undisturbed by the deep negotiations in which he had so recently indulged, undisturbed also by the various rumours concerning what was passing without doors, he made the round of the castle and its outworks, mustered the little garrisons, and assigned to each their posts, reserving to his own countrymen the management of the artillery or crossbows, and of the military engines which were contrived by the proud Normans, and were therefore prebensible to the ignorant English, or, more properly, Anglo-Saxons, of the period, but which his more adroit countrymen managed with great address. The jealousies entertained by both the Normans and English, at being placed under the temporary command of a Fleming, gradually yielded to the military and mechanical skill which he displayed, as well as to a sense of the emergency, which became great with every moment.

* The old lord is frantic.

CHAPTER IV.

yon bring out ower yon burn,
 ere the water bickereth bright and sheen,
 many a falling courser spurn,
 knights shall die in battle keen.

Prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer.

After of Raymond Berenger, with the at-
 hom we have mentioned, continued to
 the battlements of the Garde Doloureuse,
 the exhortations of the priest that she would
 the issue of this terrible interval in the
 amid the rites of religion. He perceived,
 that she was incapable, from grief and fear,
 to, or understanding his advice; and, sit-
 beside her, while the huntsman and Rose
 stood by, endeavoured to suggest such
 perhaps he scarcely felt himself.
 out a sally of your noble father's," he said;
 it may seem it is made on great hazard,
 questioned Sir Raymond Berenger's po-
 ?—He is close and secret in his purposes.
 t well he had not marched out as he pro-
 he knew that the noble Earl of Arundel,
 his Constable of Chester, were close at

you this assuredly, good father?—Go,
 my dearest Rose—look to the east—see if
 descrier banners or clouds of dust—Listen
 ar you no trumpets from that quarter?"
 ny lady," said Raoul, "the thunder of
 ld scarce be heard amid the howling of
 sh wolves." Eveline turned as he spoke,
 g towards the bridge, she beheld an ap-
 tacle.

, whose stream washes on three sides the
 proud eminence on which the castle is
 rises away from the fortress and its cor-
 village on the west, and the hill sinks
 to an extensive plain, so extremely level
 to its alluvial origin. Lower down, at the
 of this plain, where the banks again close
 , were situated the manufacturing houses
 of Flemings, which were now burning in a
 e. The bridge, a high, narrow combina-
 tion of unequal size, was about half a mile
 to the castle, in the very centre of the plain.
 self ran in a deep rocky channel, was often
 and at all times difficult of passage, giving
 e advantage to the defenders of the castle,
 ent on other occasions many a dear drop of
 end the pass, which Raymond Berenger's
 ruples now induced him to abandon. The
 seizing the opportunity with the avidity
 men grasp an unexpected benefit, were
 ng over the high and steep arches, while
 collecting from different points upon the
 s, increased the continued stream of war-
 passing leisurely and uninterrupted, formed
 battle on the plain opposite to the castle.
 Father Aldrovand viewed their motu-
 xious nay, with the scornful smile of one
 es an enemy in the act of falling into the
 d for them by superior skill. Raymond
 with his little body of infantry and cavalry,
 up on the easy hill which is betwixt the
 the plain, ascending from the former to
 fortress; and it seemed clear to the Domini-
 not entirely forgotten in the cloister his
 itary experience, that it was the Knight's
 attack the disordered enemy when a certain
 d crossed the river, and the others were
 e farther side, and partly engaged in the
 rious manœuvre of effecting their passage.
 large bodies of the white-mantled Welsh-
 ermitted without interruption to take such
 e plain as their habits of fighting recom-
 e monk's countenance, though he still en-
 to speak encouragement to the terrified
 assumed a different and an anxious ex-
 and his acquired habits of resignation con-
 tinuously with his ancient military ardour.
 t," he said, "my daughter, and be of good
 ne eyes shall behold the dismay of yonder
 enemy. Let but a minute elapse, and thou

shalt see them scattered like dust.—Saint George!
 they will surely cry thy name now, or never!"

The monk's beads passed mean while rapidly
 through his hands, but many an expression of mili-
 tary impatience mingled itself with his orisons. He
 could not conceive the cause why each successive
 throng of mountaineers, led under their different ban-
 ners, and headed by their respective chieftains, was
 permitted, without interruption, to pass the difficult
 defile, and extend themselves in battle array on the
 near side of the bridge, while the English, or rather
 Anglo-Norman cavalry, remained stationary, without
 so much as laying their lances in rest. There re-
 mained, he thought, but one hope,—one only rational
 explanation of this unaccountable inactivity—this vo-
 luntary surrender of every advantage of ground, when
 that of numbers was so tremendously on the side of
 the enemy. Father Aldrovand concluded, that the
 succours of the Constable of Chester, and other Lord
 Marchers, must be in the immediate vicinity, and that
 the Welsh were only permitted to pass the river with-
 out opposition, that their retreat might be the more
 effectually cut off, and their defeat, with a deep river
 in their rear rendered the more signally calamitous.
 But even while he clung to this hope, the monk's
 heart sunk within him, as, looking in every direction
 from which the expected succours might arrive, he
 could neither see nor hear the slightest token which
 announced their approach. In a frame of mind ap-
 proaching more nearly to despair than to hope, the old
 man continued alternately to tell his beads, to gaze
 anxiously around, and to address some words of con-
 solation in broken phrases to the young lady, until the
 general shout of the Welsh, ringing from the bank of
 the river to the battlements of the castle, warned him,
 in a note of exultation, that the very last of the British
 had defiled through the pass, and that their whole
 formidable array stood prompt for action upon the
 hither side of the river.

This thrilling and astounding clamour, to which
 each Welshman lent his voice with all the energy of
 defiance, thirst of battle, and hope of conquest, was
 at length answered by the blast of the Norman trum-
 pets,—the first sign of activity which had been exhi-
 bited on the part of Raymond Berenger. But cheerily
 as they rung, the trumpets, in comparison of the shout
 which they answered, sounded like the silver whistle
 of the stout boatswain amid the howling of the tem-
 pest.

At the same moment when the trumpets were
 blown, Berenger gave signal to the archers to dis-
 charge their arrows, and the men-at-arms to advance
 under a hail-storm of shafts, javelins, and stones,
 shot, darted, and slung by the Welsh against their
 steel-clad assailants.

The veterans of Raymond, on the other hand, sti-
 mulated by many victorious recollections, confident
 in the talents of their accomplished leader, and un-
 dismayed even by the desperation of their circum-
 stances, charged the mass of the Welshmen with
 their usual determined valour. It was a gallant sight
 to see this little body of cavalry advance to the onset,
 their plumes floating above their helmets, their lances
 in rest, and projecting six feet in length before the
 breasts of their coursers; their shields hanging from
 their necks, that their left hands might have freedom
 to guide their horses; and the whole body rushing on
 with an equal front, and a momentum of speed which
 increased with every second. Such an onset might
 have startled naked men, (for such were the Welsh,
 in respect of the mail-sheathed Normans), but it brought
 no terrors to the ancient British, who had long made
 it their boast that they exposed their bare bosoms and
 white tunics to the lances and swords of the men-at-
 arms, with as much confidence as if they had been
 born invulnerable. It was not indeed in their power
 to withstand the weight of the first shock, which,
 breaking their ranks, densely as they were arranged,
 carried the barbed horses into the very centre of their
 host, and well nigh up to the fatal standard, to which
 Raymond Berenger, bound by his fatal vow, had that
 day conceded so much vantage-ground. But they
 yielded like the billows, which give way, indeed, to
 the gallant ship, but only to assail her sides, and to

unite in her wake. With wild and horrible clamours, they closed their tumultuous ranks around Berenger and his devoted followers, and a deadly scene of strife ensued.

The best warriors of Wales had on this occasion joined the standard of Gwenwynn; the arrows of the men of Gwentland, whose skill in archery almost equalled that of the Normans themselves, rattled on the helmets of the men-at-arms; and the spears of the people of Deheubarth, renowned for the sharpness and temper of their steel heads, were employed against the cuirasses not without fatal effect, notwithstanding the protection which these afforded to the rider.

It was in vain that the archery belonging to Raymond's little band, stout yeomen, who, for the most part, held possessions by military tenure, exhausted their quivers on the broad mark afforded them by the Welsh army. It is probable, that every shaft carried a Welshman's life on its point; yet, to have afforded important relief to the cavalry, now closely and inextricably engaged, the slaughter ought to have been twenty-fold at least. Mean time, the Welsh, galled by this incessant discharge, answered it by volleys from their own archers, whose numbers made some amends for their inferiority, and who were supported by numerous bodies of darters and slingers. So that the Norman archers, who had more than once attempted to descend from their position to operate a diversion in favour of Raymond and his devoted band, were now so closely engaged in front, as obliged them to abandon all thoughts of such a movement.

Mean while, that chivalrous leader, who from the first had hoped for no more than an honourable death, laboured with all his power to render his fate signal, by involving in it that of the Welsh Prince, the author of the war. He cautiously avoided the expenditure of his strength by hewing among the British; but, with the shock of his managed horse, repelled the numbers who pressed on him, and leaving the plebeians to the swords of his companions, shouted his war-cry, and made his way towards the fatal standard of Gwenwynn, beside which, discharging at once the duties of a skilful leader and a brave soldier, the Prince had stationed himself. Raymond's experience of the Welsh disposition, subject equally to the highest flood, and most sudden ebb of passion, gave him some hope that a successful attack upon this point, followed by the death or capture of the Prince, and the downfall of his standard, might even yet strike such a panic, as should change the fortunes of the day, otherwise so nearly desperate. The veteran, therefore, animated his comrades to the charge by voice and example; and, in spite of all opposition, forced his way gradually onward. But Gwenwynn in person, surrounded by his best and noblest champions, offered a defence as obstinate as the assault was intrepid. In vain they were borne to the earth by the barbed horses, or hewed down by the invulnerable riders. Wounded and overthrown, the Britons continued their resistance, clung round the legs of the Norman steeds, and cumbered their advance; while their brethren, thrusting with pikes, proved every joint and crevice of the plate and mail, or, grappling with the men-at-arms, strove to pull them from their horses by main force, or beat them down with their bills and Welsh hooks. And wo betide those who were by these various means dismounted, for the long sharp knives worn by the Welsh soon pierced them with a hundred wounds, and were then only merciful when the first inflicted was deadly.

The combat was at this point, and had raged for more than half an hour, when Berenger, having forced his horse within two spears' length of the British standard, he and Gwenwynn were so near to each other as to exchange tokens of mutual defiance.

"Turn thee, Wolf of Wales," said Berenger, "and abide, if thou darest, one blow of a good knight's sword! Raymond Berenger spits at thee and thy banner."

"False Norman churl!" said Gwenwynn, swinging around his head a mace of prodigious weight, and already clotted with blood, "thy iron head-piece shall

ill protect thy lying tongue, with which I will this day feed the ravens!"

Raymond made no farther answer, but pushed his horse towards the Prince, who advanced to meet him with equal readiness. But ere they came within reach of each other's weapons, a Welsh champion, devoted like the Romans who opposed the elephants of Pyrrhus, finding that the armour of Raymond's horse resisted the repeated thrusts of his spear, threw himself under the animal, and stabbed him in the belly with his long knife. The noble horse reared and fell, crushing with his weight the Briton who had wounded him; the helmet of the rider burst its clasps in the fall, and rolled away from his head, giving to view his noble features and gray hairs. He made more than one effort to extricate himself from the fate of the horse, but ere he could succeed, received his death-wound from the hand of Gwenwynn, who hesitated not to strike him down with his mace while in the act of attempting to rise.

During the whole of this bloody day, Dennis Morolt's horse had kept pace for pace, and his arm blow for blow, with his master's. It seemed as if two different bodies had been moving under one act of volition. He husbanded his strength, or put it forth exactly as he observed his knight did, and was close by his side, when he made the last deadly effort. At that fatal moment, when Raymond Berenger rushed on the chief, the brave squire forced his way up to the standard, and, grasping it firmly, struggled for possession of it with a gigantic Briton, to whose care it had been confided, and who now exerted his utmost strength to defend it. But even while engaged in this mortal struggle, the eye of Morolt scarcely left his master; and when he saw him fall, his own force seemed by sympathy to abandon him, and the British champion had no longer any trouble in laying him prostrate among the slain.

The victory of the British was now complete. Upon the fall of their leader, the followers of Raymond Berenger would willingly have fled or surrendered. But the first was impossible, so closely had they been enveloped; and in the cruel wars maintained by the Welsh upon their frontiers, quarter to the vanquished was out of question. A few of the men-at-arms were lucky enough to disentangle themselves from the tumult, and not even attempting to enter the castle, fled in various directions, to carry their own lives among the inhabitants of the marches, by announcing the loss of the battle, and the fate of the far-renowned Raymond Berenger.

The archers of the fallen leader, as they had never been so deeply involved in the combat, which had been chiefly maintained by the cavalry, became now, in their turn, the sole object of the enemy's attack. But when they saw the multitude come roaring towards them like a sea, with all its waves, they abandoned the bank which they had hitherto bravely defended, and began a regular retreat to the castle in the best order which they could, as the only remaining means of securing their lives. A few of their light-footed enemies attempted to intercept them, during the execution of this prudent manœuvre, by outstripping them in their march, and throwing themselves into the hollow way which led to the castle, to oppose their retreat. But the coolness of the English archers, accustomed to extremities of every kind, supported them on the present occasion. While a part of them, armed with glaives and bills, dislodged the Welsh from the hollow way, the others facing in the opposite direction, and parted into divisions, which alternately halted and retreated, maintained such a countenance as to check pursuit, and exchange a severe discharge of missiles with the Welsh, by which both parties were considerable sufferers.

At length, having left more than two-thirds of their brave companions behind, the yeomanry attained the point, which, being commanded by arrows and engines from the battlements, might be considered as that of comparative safety. A volley of large stones and square-headed bolts of great size and thickness, effectually stopped the farther progress of the pursuit, and those who had led it drew back their doubtful forces to the plain, where, with shouts of jubilee and

tion, their countrymen were employed in secure plunder of the field; while some, impelled by love and revenge, mangled and mutilated the limbs of dead Normans, in a manner unworthy of their noble cause and their own courage. The fearful with which this dreadful work was consumed, while it struck horror into the minds of the garrison of the Garde Doloureuse, inspired at the same time with the resolution rather than the fortitude to the last extremity, than to submit to the mercy of so vengeful an enemy.*

CHAPTER V.

That Baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled he
The uttermost walls were eath to win,
The Earls have won them speedilie—
The uttermost walls were stone and brick;
But though they won them soon anon,
Long ere they won the inmost walls,
For they were hewn in rock of stone.

Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry.

The unhappy fate of the battle was soon evident to anxious spectators upon the watch-towers of the Garde Doloureuse, which name the castle had so well deserved. With difficulty the confessor reined his own emotions to control those of the men on whom he attended, and who were now in their lamentation by many others—women, and, and infirm old men, the relatives of those they saw engaged in this unavailing contest. Helpless beings had been admitted to the castle for the unity's sake, and they had now thronged to the windows, from which Father Aldrovand found fault in making them descend, aware that the sight of them on the towers, that should have appeared to the armed men, would be an additional encouragement to the exertions of the assailants. He the Lady Eveline to set an example to this of helpless, yet untractable mourners. Serving, at least endeavouring to preserve, even in the extremity of grief, that composure which the laws of the times enjoined—for chivalry had its code as well as philosophy—Eveline replied with a calm which would have rendered firm, which was tremulous in her despite—"Yes, you say well—here is no longer ought left for us to look upon. Warlike meed and honoured rank when yonder white plume touched the ground.—Come, maidens, there is no longer left us to see—to mass, to mass—the tourney is over!"

There was wildness in her tone, and when she spoke with the air of one who would lead out a procession, she staggered, and would have fallen, but for the support of the confessor. Hastily wrapping around her mantle, as if ashamed of the agony which she could not restrain, and of which the low moaning sounds that issued from the folds enveloping her face, declared the exertion she suffered Father Aldrovand to conduct her as he would.

"For gold," he said, "has changed to brass, our code to dress, our wisdom to folly—it is His will, who founds the councils of the wise, and shortens the days of the mighty. To the chapel—to the chapel, Eveline; and instead of vain repining, let us go to God and the saints to turn away their displeasure, and to save the feeble remnant from the devouring wolf."

As speaking, he half led, half supported Eveline, and as at the moment almost incapable of thought, he sought to the castle-chapel, where, sinking before her, she assumed the attitude of least devotion, and her thoughts, despite the pious words which

her tongue faltered out mechanically, were upon the field of battle, beside the body of her slaughtered parent. The rest of the mourners imitated their young lady in her devotional posture, and in the absence of her thoughts. The consciousness that so many of the garrison had been cut off in Raymond's incautious sally, added to their sorrows the sense of personal insecurity, which was exaggerated by the cruelties which were too often exercised by the enemy, who, in the heat of victory, were accustomed to spare neither sex nor age.

The monk, however, assumed among them the tone of authority which his character warranted, rebuked their wailing and ineffectual complaints, and having, as he thought, brought them to such a state of mind as better became their condition, he left them to their private devotions, to indulge his own anxious curiosity by inquiring into the defences of the castle. Upon the outward walls he found Wilkin Flammock, who, having done the office of a good and skilful captain in the mode of managing his artillery, and beating back, as we have already seen, the advanced guard of the enemy, was now with his own hand measuring out to his little garrison no stinted allowance of wine.

"Have a care, good Wilkin," said the father, "that thou dost not exceed in this matter. Wine is, thou knowest, like fire and water, an excellent servant, but a very bad master."

"It will be long ere it overflow the deep and solid skulls of my countrymen," said Wilkin Flammock. "Our Flemish courage is like our Flanders horses—the one needs the spur, and the other must have a taste of the wine-pot; but, credit me, father, they are of an enduring generation, and will not shrink in the washing.—But indeed, if I were to give the knaves a cup more than enough, it were not altogether amiss, since they are like to have a platter the less."

"How do you mean?" cried the monk, starting; "I trust in the saints the provisions have been cared for?"

"Not so well as in your convent, good father," replied Wilkin, with the same immovable stolidity of countenance. "We had kept, as you know, too jolly a Christmas to have a very fat Easter. Yon Welsh hounds, who helped to eat up our victuals, are now like to get into our hold for the lack of them."

"Thou talkest more folly," answered the monk; "orders were last evening given by our lord (whose soul God assoilzie!) to fetch in the necessary supplies from the country around."

"Ay, but the Welsh were too sharp set to permit us to do that at our ease this morning, which should have been done weeks and months since. Our lord deceased, if deceased he be, was one of those who trusted to the edge of the sword, and even so hath come of it. Commend me to a cross-bow and a well-victualled castle, if I must needs fight at all—You look pale, my good father, a cup of wine will revive you."

The monk motioned away from him the untasted cup, which Wilkin pressed him to with clownish civility. "We have now, indeed," he said, "no refuge, save in prayer!"

"Most true, good father," again replied the impassible Fleming; "pray therefore as much as you will. I will content myself with fasting, which will come whether I will or no."—At this moment a horn was heard before the gate.—"Look to the portcullis and the gate, ye knaves!—What news, Neil Hansen?"

"A messenger from the Welsh carries at the Mill-hill, just within shot of the cross-bows; he has a white flag, and demands admittance."

"Admit him not, upon thy life, till we be prepared for him," said Wilkin. "Send the bonny mangle upon the place, and shoot him if he dare to stir from the spot where he stands till we get all prepared to receive him," said Flammock, in his native language. "And, Neil, thou houndsfoot, beat thyself—let every pike, lance, and pole in the castle be ranged along the battlements, and pointed through the shot-holes—cut up some tapestry into the shape of banners, and show them from the highest towers.—"

Be ready, when I give a signal, to strike *naker*,* and blow trumpets, if we have any; if not, some cow-horns—any thing for a noise. And hark ye, Neil Hansen, do you, and four or five of your fellows, go to the armory and slip on coats-of-mail; our Netherlandish corslets do not appal them so much. Then let the Welsh thief be blindfolded and brought in amongst us—Do you hold up your heads and keep silence—leave me to deal with him—only have a care there be no English among us."

The monk, who in his travels had acquired some slight knowledge of the Flemish language, had well nigh started when he heard the last article in Wilkin's instructions to his countryman, but commanded himself, although a little surprised, both at this suspicious circumstance, and at the readiness and dexterity with which the rough-hewn Fleming seemed to adapt his preparations to the rules of war and of sound policy.

Wilkin, on his part, was not very certain whether the monk had not heard and understood more of what he said to his countryman, than what he had intended. As if to lull asleep any suspicion which Father Aldrovand might entertain, he repeated to him in English most of the directions which he had given, adding, "Well, good father, what think you of it?"

"Excellent well," answered the father, "and done as you had practised war from the cradle, instead of weaving broad-cloth."

"Nay, spare not your gibes, father," answered Wilkin.—"I know full well that you English think that Flemings have naught in their brainpan but sodden beef and cabbage; yet you see there goes wisdom to weaving of webs."

"Right, Master Wilkin Flammock," answered the father; "but, good Fleming, wilt thou tell me what answer thou wilt make to the Welsh Prince's summons?"

"Reverend father, first tell me what the summons will be," replied the Fleming.

"To surrender this castle upon the instant," answered the monk. "What will be your reply?"

"My answer will be—Nay, unless upon good composition."

"How, Sir Fleming! dare you mention composition and the Castle of the Garde Doloureuse in one sentence?" exclaimed the monk.

"Not if I may do better," answered the Fleming.

"But would your reverence have me daily until the question amongst the garrison be, whether a plump priest or a fat Fleming will be the better flesh to furnish their shambles?"

"Pshaw!" replied Father Aldrovand, "thou canst not mean such folly. Relief must arrive within twenty-four hours at farthest. Raymond Berenger expected it for certain within such a space."

"Raymond Berenger hath been deceived this morning in more matters than one," answered the Fleming.

"Hark thee, Flanderkin," answered the monk, whose retreat from the world had not altogether quenched his military habits and propensities, "I counsel thee to deal uprightly in this matter, as thou dost regard thine own life; for here are as many English left alive, notwithstanding the slaughter of the day, as may well suffice to fling the Flemish bullfrogs into the castle-ditch, should they have cause to think thou meanest falsely, in the keeping of this castle, and the defence of the Lady Eveline!"

"Let not your reverence be moved with unnecessary and idle fears," replied Wilkin Flammock—"I am castellane in this house, by command of its lord, and what I hold for the advantage of mine service, that will I do."

"But I," said the angry monk, "I am the servant of the Pope—the chaplain of this castle, with power to bind and to loose. I fear me thou art no true Christian, Wilkin Flammock, but dost lean to the heresy of the mountaineers. Thou hast refused to take the blessed cross—thou hast breakfasted, and drunk both ale and wine, ere thou hast heard mass. Thou art not to be trusted, man, and I will not trust

* *Naker*—drum

thee—I demand to be present at the conference betwixt thee and the Welshman."

"It may not be, good father," said Wilkin, with the same smiling, heavy countenance, which he maintained on all occasions of life, however urgent. "It is true, as thou sayest, good father, that I have mine own reasons for not marching quite so far as the gates of Jericho at present; and lucky I have such reasons, since I had not else been here to defend the gate of the Garde Doloureuse. It is also true that I may have been sometimes obliged to visit my mills earlier than the chaplain was called by his zeal to the altar, and that my stomach brooks not working ere I break my fast. But for this, father, I have paid a mulct even to your worshipful reverence, and methinks since you are pleased to remember the confession so exactly, you should not forget the penance and the absolution."

The monk, in alluding to the secrets of the confessional, had gone a step beyond what the rules of his order and of the church permitted. He was baffled by the Fleming's reply, and finding him unmoved by the charge of heresy, he could only answer in some confusion, "You refuse, then, to admit me to your conference with the Welshman?"

"Reverend father," said Wilkin, "it altogether respecteth secular matters. If aught of religious tenor should intervene, you shall be summoned without delay."

"I will be there in spite of thee, thou Flemish ox," muttered the monk to himself, but in a tone not to be heard by the bystanders; and so speaking, he left the battlements.

Wilkin Flammock, a few minutes afterwards having first seen that all was arranged on the battlements, so as to give an imposing idea of a strength which did not exist, descended to a small guard-room, betwixt the outer and inner gate, where he was attended by half-a-dozen of his own people, dressed in the Norman armour which they had found in the armory of the castle—their strong, tall, and bulky forms, and motionless postures, causing them to look rather like trophies of some past age, than living and existing soldiers. Surrounded by these huge and animate figures, in a little vaulted room which almost excluded daylight, Flammock received the Welsh envoy, who was led in blindfolded betwixt two Flemings, yet not so carefully watched but that they permitted him to have a glimpse of the preparations on the battlements, which had, in fact, been made chiefly for the purpose of imposing on him. For the same purpose an occasional clatter of arms was made without; voices were heard, as if officers were going their rounds; and other sounds of active preparation seemed to announce that a numerous and regular garrison was preparing to receive an attack.

When the bandage was removed from Jorwold's eyes—for the same individual who had formerly brought Gwenwyn's offer of alliance, now bore his summons of surrender—he looked haughtily around him, and demanded to whom he was to deliver the commands of his master, the Gwenwyn, son of Crvelior, Prince of Powys.

"His highness," answered Fleming, with his usual smiling indifference of manner, "must be contented to treat with Wilkin Flammock of the Pulling-milk deputed governor of the Garde Doloureuse."

"Thou deputed governor?" exclaimed Jorwold; "thou!—a low country-weaver!—it is impossible. Low as they are, the English Crogan* cannot have sunk to a point so low, as to be commanded by *that*! These men seem English, to them I will deliver my message."

"You may if you will," replied Wilkin. "but if thou return you any answer save by signs, you shall of me *schelm*."

"Is this true?" said the Welsh envoy, looking towards the men-at-arms, as they seemed, by whom Flammock was attended; "are you really come to this pass? I thought that the mere having been born on British earth, though the children of spoilers and invaders, had inspired you with too much pride to brook the yoke of a base mechanic. Or, if you are

* This is a somewhat contemptuous epithet, applied by the Welsh to the English.

rageous, should you not be cautious?—Well he proverb, Wo to him that will trust a strantill mute—still silent?—answer me by word—Do you really call and acknowledge him as der?"

nen in armour with one accord nodded their in reply to Jorworth's question, and then remotionless as before.

Welshman, with the acute genius of his coun-ected there was something in this which he entirely comprehend, but, preparing himself on his guard, he proceeded as follows: "Be ray, I care not who hears the message of my n, since it brings pardon and mercy to the nts of this Castell an Carrig,* which you have ie Garde Doloureuse, to cover the usurpation rritory by the change of the name. Upon surf- the same to the Prince of Powys, with its ncies, and with the arms which it contains, h the maiden Eveline Berenger, all within the all depart unmolested, and have safe-conduct ever they will, to go beyond the marches of ury."

how, if we obey not this summons?" said the habile Wilkin Flammock.

I shall your portion be with Raymond Beren- late leader," replied Jorworth, his eyes, while speaking, glancing with the vindictive ferocity ictated his answer. "So many strangers as amongst ye, so many bodies to the ravens, so ads to the gibbet!—It is long since the kites d such a banquet of lurdane Flemings and xons."

nd Jorworth," said Wilkin, "if such be thy esage, bear mine answer back to thy master, se men trust not to the words of others that vich they can secure by their own deeds. e walls high and strong enough, deep moats, ty of munition, both long-bow and arblast. eep the castle, trusting the castle will keep od shall send us succour."

nd peril your lives on such an issue," said sh emissary, changing his language to the , which, from occasional communication ee of that nation in Pembrokeshire, he spoke and which he now adopted, as if to conceal ort of his discourse from the supposed Eng- he apartment. "Hark thee hither," he pro- "good Fleming. Knowest thou not that he is your trust, the Constable De Lacy, hath imself by his vow to engage in no quarrel till es the sea, and cannot come to your aid with- y? He and the other Lords Marchers have heir forces far northward to join the host of rs. What will it avail you to put us to the trouble of a long siege, when you can hope e?"

what will it avail me more," said Wilkin, an- in his native language, and looking at the an fixedly, yet with a countenance from ll expression seemed studiously banished, and hhibited, upon features otherwise tolerable, a ble compound of dullness and simplicity, will it avail me whether your trouble be great ?"

ie, friend Flammock," said the Welshman, not thyself more unapprehensive than nature med thee. The glen is dark, but a sunbeam t the side of it. Thy utmost efforts cannot the fall of this castle; but thou mayest hasten he doing so shall avail thee much." Thus s, he drew close up to Wilkin, and sunk his an insinuating whisper, as he said, "Never withdrawing of a bar, or the raising of a port- ring such vantage to Fleming as they may if thou wilt."

ly know," said Wilkin, "that the drawing the l the dropping the other, have cost me my rldly substance."

ning, it shall be compensated to thee with an ring measure. The liberality of Gwenwyn : summer rain."

"My whole mills and buildings have been this morning burnt to the earth!"

"Thou shalt have a thousand marks of silver, man, in the place of thy goods," said the Welshman; but the Fleming continued, without seeming to hear him, to number up his losses.

"My lands are forayed, twenty kine driven off, and"

"Threescore shall replace them," interrupted Jorworth, "chosen from the most bright-skinned of the spoil."

"But my daughter—but the Lady Eveline"—said the Fleming, with some slight change in his monotonous voice, which seemed to express doubt and perplexity—"You are cruel conquerors, and!"

"To those who resist us we are fearful," said Jorworth, "but not to such as shall deserve clemency by surrender. Gwenwyn will forget the contumelies of Raymond, and raise his daughter to high honour among the daughters of the Cymry. For thine own child, form but a wish for her advantage, and it shall be fulfilled to the uttermost. Now, Fleming, we understand each other."

"I understand thee, at least," said Flammock.

"And I thee, I trust?" said Jorworth, bending his keen, wild blue eye on the stolid and unexpressive face of the Netherlander, like an eager student who seeks to discover some hidden and mysterious meaning in a passage of a classic author, the direct import of which seems trite and trivial.

"You believe that you understand me," said Wilkin; "but here lies the difficulty,—which of us shall trust the other?"

"Darest thou ask?" answered Jorworth. "Is it for thee, or such as thee, to express doubt of the purposes of the Prince of Powys?"

"I know them not, good Jorworth, but through thee; and well I wot thou art not one who will let thy traffic miscarry for want of aid from the breath of thy mouth."

"As I am a Christian man," said Jorworth, hurrying asseveration on asseveration—"by the soul of my father—by the faith of my mother—by the black rood of!"

"Stop, good Jorworth—thou heapest thine oaths too thickly on each other, for me to value them to the right estimate," said Flammock; "that which is so lightly pledged, is sometimes not thought worth redeeming. Some part of the promised guerdon in hand the whilst, were worth a hundred oaths."

"Thou suspicious churl, darest thou doubt my word?"

"No—by no means," answered Wilkin;—"ne'ertheless, I will believe thy deed more readily."

"To the point, Fleming," said Jorworth—"What wouldst thou have of me?"

"Let me have some present sight of the money thou didst promise, and I will think of the rest of thy proposal."

"Base silver-broker!" answered Jorworth, "think-est thou the Prince of Powys has as many money-bags, as the merchants of thy land of sale and barter? He gathers treasures by his conquests, as the waterspout sucks up water by its strength; but it is to disperse them among his followers, as the cloudy column restores its contents to earth and ocean. The silver that I promised thee has yet to be gathered out of the Saxon chests—nay, the casket of Berenger himself must be ransacked to make up the tale."

"Methinks I could do that myself, (having full power in the castle,) and so save you a labour," said the Fleming.

"True," answered Jorworth, "but it would be at the expense of a cord and a noose, whether the Welsh took the place or the Normans relieved it—the one would expect their booty entire—the other their countryman's treasures to be delivered undiminished."

"I may not gainsay that," said the Fleming. "Well, say I were content to trust you thus far, why not return my cattle, which are in your own hands, and at your disposal? If you do not pleasure me in

* Castle of the Craig.

something beforehand, what can I expect of you afterwards?"

"I would pleasure you in a greater matter," answered the equally suspicious Welshman. "But what would it avail thee to have thy cattle within the fortress? They can be better cared for on the plain beneath."

"In faith," replied the Fleming, "thou sayst truth—they will be but a trouble to us here, where we have so many already provided for the use of the garrison.—And yet, when I consider it more closely, we have enough of forage to maintain all we have, and more. Now, my cattle are of a peculiar stock, brought from the rich pastures of Flanders, and I desire to have them restored ere your axes and Welsh hooks be busy with their hides."

"You shall have them this night, hide and horn," said Jorworth; "it is but a small earnest of a great boon."

"Thanks to your munificence," said the Fleming; "I am a simple-minded man, and bound my wishes to the recovery of my own property."

"Thou wilt be ready, then, to deliver the castle?" said Jorworth.

"Of that we will talk farther to-morrow," said Wilkin Flammock; "if these English and Normans should suspect such a purpose, we should have wild work—they must be fully dispersed ere I can hold farther communication on the subject. Mean while, I pray thee, depart suddenly, and as if offended with the tenor of our discourse."

"Yet would I fain know something more fixed and absolute," said Jorworth.

"Impossible—impossible," said the Fleming; "see you not yonder tall fellow begins already to handle his dagger—Go hence in haste, and angrily—and forget not the cattle."

"I will not forget them," said Jorworth; "but if thou keep not faith with us,"

So speaking, he left the apartment with a gesture of menace, partly really directed to Wilkin himself, partly assumed in consequence of his advice. Flammock replied in English, as if that all around might understand what he said,

"Do thy worst, Sir Welshman! I am a true man; I defy the proposals of rendition, and will hold out this castle to thy shame and thy master's!—Here—let him be blindfolded once more, and returned in safety to his attendants without; the next Welshman who appears before the gate of the Garde Doloureuse, shall be more sharply received."

The Welshman was blindfolded and withdrawn when, as Wilkin Flammock himself left the guard-room, one of the seeming men-at-arms who had been present at this interview, said in his ear, in English, "Thou art a false traitor, Flammock, and shalt die a traitor's death!"

Startled at this, the Fleming would have questioned the man farther, but he had disappeared so soon as the words were uttered. Flammock was disconcerted by this circumstance, which showed him that his interview with Jorworth hath been observed, and its purpose known or conjectured, by some one who was a stranger to his confidence, and might thwart his intentions; and he quickly after learned that this was the case.

CHAPTER VI.

Blessed Mary, mother dear,
To a maiden bend thine ear;
Virgin, undefiled, to thee
A wretched virgin bends the knee.

Hymn to the Virgin.

THE daughter of the slaughtered Raymond had descended from the elevated station whence she had beheld the field of battle, in the agony of grief natural to a child whose eyes have beheld the death of an honoured and beloved father. But her station, and the principles of chivalry in which she had been trained up, did not permit any prolonged or needless indulgence of inactive sorrow. In raising the young and beautiful of the female sex to the rank of princesses, or rather goddesses, the spirit of that singular system exacted from them, in requital, a tone of cha-

acter, and a line of conduct, superior and something contradictory to that of natural or merely human feeling. Its heroines frequently resembled portraits shown by an artificial light—strong and luminous, and which placed in high relief the objects on which it was turned; but having still something of adventurous splendour, which, compared with that of the natural day, seemed glaring and exaggerated.

It was not permitted to the orphan of the Garde Doloureuse, the daughter of a line of heroes, whose stem was to be found in the race of Thor, Balder, Odin, and other deified warriors of the North, whose beauty was the theme of a hundred minstrels, and her eyes the leading star of half the chivalry of the warlike marches of Wales, to mourn her *ere* with the ineffectual tears of a village maiden. Young as she was, and horrible as was the incident which she had but that instant witnessed, it was not altogether so appalling to her as to a maiden whose eye had not been accustomed to the rough, and often fatal sports of chivalry, and whose residence had not been among scenes and men where war and death had been the unceasing theme of every tongue, whose imagination had not been familiarized with wild and bloody events, or, finally, who had not been trained up to consider an honourable "death under shield," as that of a fall of battle was termed, as a more desirable termination to the life of a warrior, than that lingering and unhonoured fate which comes slowly on, to conclude the listless and helpless inactivity of prolonged old age. Eveline, while she wept for her father, let his bosom glow when she recollected that he died in the blaze of his fame, and amidst heaps of his slaughtered enemies; and when she thought of the exigencies of her own situation, it was with the determination to defend her own liberty, and to avenge her father's death, by every means which Heaven had left within her power.

The aids of religion were not forgotten; and according to the custom of the times, and the doctrine of the Roman church, she endeavoured to propitiate the favour of Heaven by vows as well as prayer. In a small crypt, or oratory, adjoining to the chapel, was hung over an altar-piece, on which a lamp constantly burned, a small picture of the Virgin Mary, revered as a household and peculiar deity by the family of Berenger, one of whose ancestors had brought from the Holy Land, whither he had gone upon pilgrimage. It was of the period of the Lower Empire, a Grecian painting, not unlike those which in Catholic countries are often imputed to the Evangelist Luke. The crypt in which it was placed was accounted a shrine of uncommon sanctity—nay, supposed to have displayed miraculous powers; and Eveline, by the daily garland of flowers which she offered before the painting, and by the constant prayer with which they were accompanied, had constituted herself the peculiar votress of Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse, for so the picture was named.

Now, apart from others, alone, and in secret, sinking in the extremity of her sorrow before the shrine of her patroness, she besought the protection of kindred purity for the defence of her freedom and honour, and invoked vengeance on the wild and treacherous chieftain who had slain her father, and was now beleaguering her place of strength. Not only did she vow a large donative in lands to the shrine of the protectress whose aid she implored; but the oath passed her lips, (even though they faltered, and though something within her remonstrated against the vow,) that whatsoever favoured knight Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse might employ for her rescue, should obtain from her in gratitude whatever boon she might honourably grant, were it that of her virgin hand at the holy altar. Taught as she was to believe, by the assurances of many a knight, that such a surrender was the highest boon which heaven could bestow, she felt as discharging a debt of gratitude when she placed herself entirely at the disposal of the pure and blessed patroness, in whose aid she confided. Perhaps there lurked in the devotion some earthly hope of which she was hardly scarce conscious, and which reconciled her to the indefinite sacrifice thus freely offered. The Virgin

(this flattering hope might insinuate,) kindest and most benevolent of patronesses, will use compassionately the power resigned to her, and *he* will be the favoured champion of Maria, upon whom her votress would most willingly confer favour.

But if there was such a hope, as something selfish will often mingle with our noblest and purest emotions, it arose unconscious of Eveline herself, who, in the full assurance of implicit faith, and fixing on the representative of her adoration, eyes in which the most earnest supplication, the most humble confidence struggled with unbidden tears, was perhaps more beautiful than when, young as she was, she was selected to bestow the prize of chivalry in the lists of Chester. It was no wonder that, in such a moment of high excitement, when prostrated in devotion before a being of whose power to protect her, and to make her protection assured by a visible sign, she doubted nothing, the Lady Eveline conceived she saw with her own eyes the acceptance of her vow. As she gazed on the picture with an overstrained eye, and an imagination heated with enthusiasm, the expression seemed to alter from the hard outline, fashioned by the Greek painter; the eyes appeared to become animated, and to return with looks of compassion the suppliant entreaties of the votress, and the mouth visibly arranged itself into a smile of inexpressible sweetness. It even seemed to her that the head made a gentle inclination.

Overpowered by supernatural awe at appearances of which her faith permitted her not to question the reality, the Lady Eveline folded her arms on her bosom, and prostrated her forehead on the pavement, as the posture most fitting to listen to divine communication.

But her vision went not so far; there was neither sound nor voice, and when, after stealing her eyes all around the crypt in which she knelt, she again raised them to the figure of Our Lady, the features seemed to be in the form in which the limner had sketched them, saving that, to Eveline's imagination, they still retained an august and yet gracious expression, which she had not before remarked upon the countenance. With awful reverence, almost amounting to fear, yet comforted, and even elated with the visitation she had witnessed, the maiden repeated again and again the orisons which she thought most grateful to the ear of her benefactress; and, rising at length, retired backwards, as from the presence of a sovereign, until she attained the outer chapel.

Here one or two females still knelt before the saints which the walls and niches presented for adoration; but the rest of the terrified suppliants, too anxious to prolong their devotions, had dispersed through the castle to learn tidings of their friends, and to obtain some refreshment, or at least some place of repose for themselves and their families.

Bowing her head, and muttering an ave to each saint as she passed his image, (for impending danger makes men observant of the rites of devotion,) the Lady Eveline had almost reached the door of the chapel, when a man-at-arms, as he seemed, entered hastily; and with a louder voice than suited the holy place, unless when need was most urgent, demanded the Lady Eveline. Impressed with the feelings of veneration which the late scene had produced, she was about to rebuke his military rudeness, when he spoke again, and in anxious haste, "Daughter, we are betrayed!" and though the form, and the coat-of-mail which covered it, were those of a soldier, the voice was that of Father Aldrovand, who eager and anxious at the same time, disengaged himself from the mail hood, and showed his countenance.

"Father," she said, "what means this? Have you forgotten the confidence in Heaven which you are wont to recommend, that you bear other arms than your order assigns to you?"

"It may come to that ere long," said Father Aldrovand; "for I was a soldier ere I was a monk. But now I have donned this harness to discover treachery, not to resist force. Ah! my beloved daughter—we are dreadfully beset—foemen without—traitors within! The false Fleming, Wilkin Flammock, is treating for the surrender of the castle!"

"Who dares say so?" said a veiled female, who had been kneeling unnoticed in a sequestered corner of the chapel, but who now started up and came boldly betwixt Lady Eveline and the monk.

"Go hence, thou saucy minion," said the monk, surprised at this bold interruption; "this concerns not thee."

"But it *doth* concern me," said the damsel, throwing back her veil, and discovering the juvenile countenance of Rose, the daughter of Wilkin Flammock, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks blushing with anger, the vehemence of which made a singular contrast with the very fair complexion, and almost infantine features of the speaker, whose whole form and figure was that of a girl who has scarce emerged from childhood, and indeed whose general manners were as gentle and bashful as they now seemed bold, impassioned, and undaunted.—"Doth it not concern me," she said, "that my father's honest name should be tainted with treason? Doth it not concern the stream when the fountain is troubled? It *doth* concern me, and I will know the author of the calumny."

"Damsel," said Eveline, "restrain thy useless passion; the good father, though he cannot intentionally calumniate thy father, speaks, it may be, from false report."

"As I am an unworthy priest," said the father, "I speak from the report of my own ears. Upon the oath of my order, myself heard this Wilkin Flammock chaffering with the Welshman for the surrender of the Garde Doloureuse. By help of this hauberk and mail hood, I gained admittance to a conference where he thought there were no English ears. They spoke Flemish too, but I knew the jargon of old."

"The Flemish," said the angry maiden, whose headstrong passion led her to speak first in answer to the last insult offered, "is no jargon like your piebald English, half Norman, half Saxon, but a noble Gothic tongue, spoken by the brave warriors who fought against the Roman Kaisars, when Britain bent the neck to them—and as for this he has said of Wilkin Flammock," she continued, collecting her ideas into more order as she went on, "believe it not, my dearest lady; but, as you value the honour of your own noble father, confide, as in the Evangelists, in the honesty of mine!" This she spoke with an imploring tone of voice, mingled with sobs, as if her heart had been breaking.

Eveline endeavoured to soothe her attendant. "Rose," she said, "in this evil time suspicions will light on the best men, and misunderstandings will arise among the best friends. Let us hear the good father state what he hath to charge upon your parent. Fear not but that Wilkin shall be heard in his defence. Thou wert wont to be quiet and reasonable."

"I am neither quiet nor reasonable on this matter," said Rose, with redoubled indignation; "and it is ill of you, lady, to listen to the falsehoods of that reverend mummer, who is neither true priest nor true soldier. But I will fetch one who shall confront him either in casque or cowl."

So saying, she went hastily out of the chapel, while the monk, after some pedantic circumlocution, acquainted the Lady Eveline with what he had overheard betwixt Jorworth and Wilkin; and proposed to her to draw together the few English who were in the castle, and take possession of the innermost square tower; a keep which, as usual in Gothic fortresses of the Norman period, was situated so as to make considerable defence, even after the exterior works of the castle, which it commanded, were in the hand of the enemy.

"Father," said Eveline, still confident in the vision she had lately witnessed, "this were good counsel in extremity; but otherwise, it were to create the very evil we fear, by setting our garrison at odds amongst themselves. I have a strong, and not unwarranted confidence, good father, in our blessed Lady of this Garde Doloureuse, that we shall attain at once vengeance on our barbarous enemies, and escape from our present jeopardy; and I call you to witness the vow I have made, that to him whom Our Lady should employ to work us succour, I will refuse nothing, were it my father's inheritance, or the hand of his daughter."

"*Ave Maria! Ave Regina Celi!*" said the priest; "on a rock more sure you could not have founded your trust.—But, daughter," he continued, after the proper ejaculation had been made, "have you never heard, even by a hint, that there was a treaty for your hand betwixt our much-honoured lord, of whom we are cruelly bereft, (may God assolzie his soul!) and the great house of Lacy?"

"Something I may have heard," said Eveline, dropping her eyes, while a slight tinge suffused her cheek; "but I refer me to the disposal of Our Lady of Succour and Consolation."

As she spoke, Rose entered the chapel with the same vivacity she had shown in leaving it, leading by the hand her father, whose sluggish though firm step, vacant countenance, and heavy demeanour, formed the strongest contrast to the rapidity of her motions, and the anxious animation of her address. Her task of dragging him forward might have reminded the spectator of some of those ancient monuments, on which a small cherub, singularly inadequate to the task, is often represented as hoisting upwards towards the empyrean the fleshy bulk of some ponderous tenant of the tomb, whose disproportioned weight bids fair to render ineffectual the benevolent and spirited exertions of its fluttering guide and assistant.

"Roschen—my child—what grieves thee?" said the Netherlander, as he yielded to his daughter's violence with a smile, which, being on the countenance of a father, had more of expression and feeling than those which seemed to have made their constant dwelling upon his lips.

"Here stands my father," said the impatient maiden; "impeach him with treason, who can or dare! There stands Wilkin Flammock, son of Dieterick, the Cramer of Antwerp,—let those accuse him to his face who slandered him behind his back!"

"Speak, Father Aldrovand," said the Lady Eveline; "we are young in our lordship, and, alas! the duty hath descended upon us in an evil hour; yet we will, so may God and Our Lady help us, hear and judge of your accusation to the utmost of our power."

"This Wilkin Flammock," said the monk, "however bold he hath made himself in villany, dares not deny that I heard him with my own ears treat for the surrender of the castle."

"Strike him, father!" said the indignant Rose,—"strike the disguised mummer! The steel hauberk may be struck, though not the monk's frock—strike him, or tell him that he lies foully!"

"Peace, Roschen, thou art mad," said her father, angrily; "the monk hath more truth than sense about him, and I would his ears had been farther off when he thrust them into what concerned him not."

Rose's countenance fell when she heard her father bluntly avow the treasonable communication of which she had thought him incapable—she dropt the hand by which she had dragged him into the chapel, and stared on the Lady Eveline, with eyes which seemed starting from their sockets, and a countenance from which the blood, with which it was so lately so highly coloured, had retreated to garrison the heart.

Eveline looked upon the culprit with a countenance in which sweetness and dignity were mingled with sorrow. "Wilkin," she said, "I could not have believed this. What! on the very day of thy confiding benefactor's death, canst thou have been tampering with his murderers, to deliver up the castle, and betray thy trust!—But I will not upbraid thee—I deprive thee of the trust reposed in so unworthy a person, and appoint thee to be kept in ward in the western tower, till God send us relief, when, it may be, thy daughter's merits shall atone for thy offences, and save farther punishment.—See that our commands be presently obeyed!"

"Yes—yes—yes!" exclaimed Rose, hurrying one word on the other as fast and vehemently as she could articulate—"Let us go—let us go to the darkest dungeon—darkness befits us better than light."

The monk, on the other hand, perceiving that the Fleming made no motion to obey the mandate of arrest, came forward, in a manner more suiting his

ancient profession, and present disguise, than his spiritual character; and with the words, "I attach thee, Wilkin Flammock, of acknowledged treason to your liege lady," would have laid hand upon him, had not the Fleming stepped back and warned him off with a menacing and determined gesture, while he said,—"Ye are mad!—all of you English are mad when the moon is full, and my silly girl hath caught the malady.—Lady, your honoured father gave me a charge, which I purpose to execute to the best for all parties, and you cannot, being a minor, deprive me of it at your idle pleasure.—Father Aldrovand, a monk makes no lawful arrests.—Daughter Roschen, hold your peace and dry your eyes—you are a fool."

"I am, I am," said Rose, drying her eyes, and regaining her elasticity of manner—"I am indeed a fool, and worse than a fool, for a moment to doubt my father's probity.—Confide in him, dearest lady; he is wise though he is grave, and kind though he is plain and homely in his speech. Should he prove false he will fare the worse! for I will plunge myself from the pinnacle of the Warder's Tower to the bottom of the moat, and he shall lose his own daughter for betraying his master's."

"This is all frenzy," said the monk—"Who trust avowed traitors?—Here, Normans, English, to the rescue of your liege lady—Bows and bills—bows and bills!"

"You may spare your throat for your next homely, good father," said the Netherlander, "or call in good Flemish, since you understand it, for to no other language will those within hearing reply."

He then approached the Lady Eveline with a sad or affected air of clumsy kindness, and something so nearly approaching to courtesy as his manners and features could assume. He bade her good night, and, assuring her that he would act for the best, left the chapel. The monk was about to break forth into revilings, but Eveline, with more prudence, checked his zeal.

"I cannot," she said, "but hope that this man's intentions are honest!"

"Now, God's blessings on you, lady, for that ray word!" said Rose, eagerly interrupting her, and kissing her hand.

"But if unhappily they are doubtful," continued Eveline, "it is not by reproach that we can bring him to a better purpose. Good father, give an eye to the preparations for resistance, and see what omitted that our means furnish for the defence of the castle."

"Fear nothing, my dearest daughter," said Aldrovand; "there are still some English hearts amongst us, and we will rather kill and eat the Flemings themselves than surrender the castle."

"That were food as dangerous to come by as bear's venison, father," answered Rose, bitterly, still on fire with the idea that the monk treated her nation with suspicion and contumely.

On these terms they separated;—the women to indulge their fears and sorrows in private grief, or alleviate them by private devotion; the monk to try to discover what were the real purposes of Wilkin Flammock, and to counteract them if possible, should they seem to indicate treachery. His eye, however, though sharpened by strong suspicion, saw nothing to strengthen his fears, excepting that the Fleming had, with considerable military skill, placed the principal posts of the castle in the charge of his own countrymen, which must make any attempt to dispossess him of his present authority both difficult and dangerous. The monk at length retired, summoned by the duties of the evening service, and with the determination to be stirring with the light next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

O, sadly shines the morning sun
On leaguer'd castle hall.
When bastion, tower, and battlement
Seem nodding to their fall.—*Old Ballad*

True to his resolution, and telling his bonds as he went, that he might lose no time, Father Aldrovand

began his rounds in the castle so soon as daylight had touched the top of the eastern horizon. A natural instinct led him first to those stalls which, had the fortress been properly victualled for a siege, ought to have been tenanted by cattle; and great was his delight to see more than a score of fat kine and wullocks in the place which had last night been empty! One of them had already been carried to the shambles, and a Fleming or two, who played butchers on the occasion, were dividing the carcass for the cook's use. The good father had well nigh cried out, a miracle; but, not to be too precipitate, he imited his transport to a private exclamation in honour of Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse.

"Who talks of lack of provender?—who speaks of surrender now?" he said. "Here is enough to maintain us till Hugo de Lacy arrives, were he to sail back from Cyprus to our relief. I did purpose to have tasted this morning, as well to save victuals as on a religious score: but the blessing of the saints must not be slighted.—Sir Cook, let me have half a yard or so of broiled beef presently; bid the pantler send me a manchet, and the butler a cup of wine. I will take my running breakfast on the western battlements."

At this place, which was rather the weakest point of the Garde Doloureuse, the good father found Wilkin Flammock anxiously superintending the necessary measures of defence. He greeted him courteously, congratulated him on the stock of provisions with which the castle had been supplied during the night, and was inquiring how they had been so amply introduced through the Welsh besiegers, when Wilkin took the first occasion to interrupt him.

"Of all this another time, good father; but I wish at present, and before other discourse, to consult thee on a matter which preases my conscience, and more-over deeply concerns my worldly estate."

"Speak on, my excellent son," said the father, conceiving that he should thus gain the key to Wilkin's real intentions. "O, a tender conscience is a jewel! and he that will not listen when it saith, 'pour out thy doubts into the ear of the priest,' shall one day save his own dolorous outcries choked with fire and stonement. Thou wert ever of a tender conscience, on Wilkin, though thou hast but a rough and borrel wearing."

"Well, then," said Wilkin, "you are to know, good father, that I have had some dealings with my neighbour, Jan Vanwelt, concerning my daughter Rose, and that he has paid me certain gilders on condition will match her to him."

"Pshaw, pshaw! my good son," said the disappointed confessor, "this gear can lie over—this is no time for marrying or giving in marriage, when we are all like to be murdered."

"Nay, but hear me, good father," said the Fleming, "for this point of conscience concerns the present as more nearly than you wot of.—You must know I have no will to bestow Rose on this same Jan Vanwelt, who is old, and of ill conditions; and I would know of you whether I may, in conscience, refuse him my consent?"

"Truly," said Father Aldrovand, "Rose is a pretty use, though somewhat hasty; and I think you may honestly withdraw your consent, always on paying back the gilders you have received."

"But there lies the pinch, good father," said the Fleming—"the refunding this money will reduce me to utter poverty. The Welsh have destroyed my substance; and this handful of money is all, God help me! on which I must begin the world again."

"Nevertheless, son Wilkin," said Aldrovand, "thou must keep thy word, or pay the forfeit; for what saith he text? *Quis habitabit in tabernaculo, quis requiescat in monte sancto?*—Who shall ascend to the tabernacle, and dwell in the holy mountain? Is it not answered again, *qui jurat proximo, et non decit?*—Go to, my son—break not thy plighted word or a little filthy lucre—better is an empty stomach

* Old Henry Jenkins, in his Recollections of the Abbacies where their dissolution, has preserved the fact, that roast-beef was delivered out to the guests, not by weight, but by measure.

and a hungry heart with a clear conscience, than a fattened ox with iniquity and word-breaking.—Sawest thou not our late noble lord, who (may his soul be happy!) chose rather to die in unequal battle, like a true knight, than live a perjured man, though he had but spoken a rash word to a Welshman over a wine flask?"

"Alas! then," said the Fleming, "this is even what I feared! We must e'en render up the castle, or restore to the Welshman, Jorworth, the cattle, by means of which I had schemed to victual and defend it."

"How—wherefore—what dost thou mean?" said the monk in astonishment. "I speak to thee of Rose Flammock, and Jan Van-devil, or whatever you call him, and you reply with talk about cattle and castles, and I wot not what!"

"So please you, holy father, I did but speak in parables. This castle was the daughter I had promised to deliver over—the Welshman is Jan Vanwelt, and the gilders were the cattle he has sent in, as a part-payment beforehand of my guerdon."

"Parables!" said the monk, colouring with anger at the trick put on him; "what has a boor like thee to do with parables?—But I forgive thee—I forgive thee."

"I am therefore to yield the castle to the Welshman, or restore him his cattle?" said the impenetrable Dutchman.

"Sooner yield thy soul to Satan!" replied the monk.

"I fear me it must be the alternative," said the Fleming; "for the example of thy honourable lord."

"The example of an honourable fool!"—answered the monk; then presently subjoined, "Our Lady be with her servant!—This Belgic-brained boor makes me forget what I would say."

"Nay, but the holy text which your reverence cited to me even now," continued the Fleming.

"Go to," said the monk; "what hast thou to do to presume to think of texts?—knowest thou not that the letter of the Scripture slayeth, and that it is the exposition which maketh to live?—Art thou not like one who, coming to a physician, conceals from him half the symptoms of the disease?—I tell thee, thou foolish Fleming, the text speaketh but of promises made unto Christians, and there is in the Rubric a special exception of such as are made to Welshmen." At this commentary the Fleming grinned so broadly as to show his whole case of broad strong white teeth. Father Aldrovand himself grinned in sympathy, and then proceeded to say,—"Come, come, I see how it is. Thou hast studied some small revenge on me for doubting of thy truth; and, in verity, I think thou hast taken it wittily enough. But wherefore didst thou not let me into the secret from the beginning? I promise thee I had foul suspicions of thee."

"What?" said the Fleming, "is it possible I could ever think of involving your reverence in a little matter of deceit? Surely heaven hath sent me more grace and manners.—Hark, I hear Jorworth's horn at the gate."

"He blows like a town swineherd," said Aldrovand, in disdain.

"It is not your reverence's pleasure that I should restore the castle unto him, then?" said Flammock.

"Yes, thus far. Prithce deliver him straightway over the walls such a tub of boiling water as shall scald the hair from his goat-skin cloak. And, hark thee, do thou in the first place try the temperature of the kettle with thy forefinger, and that shall be thy penance for the trick thou hast played me."

The Fleming answered this with another broad grin of intelligence, and they proceeded to the outer gate, to which Jorworth had come alone. Placing himself at the wicket, which, however, he kept carefully barred, and speaking through a small opening, contrived for such purpose, Wilkin Flammock demanded of the Welshman his business.

"To receive rendition of the castle, agreeable to promise," said Jorworth.

"Ay? and art thou come on such an errand alone?" said Wilkin.

"No, truly," answered Jorworth; "I have some two score of men concealed among yonder bushes."

"Then thou hadst best lead them away quickly," answered Wilkin, "before our archers let fly a sheaf of arrows among them."

"How, villain! Dost thou not mean to keep thy promise?" said the Welshman.

"I gave thee none," said the Fleming; "I promised but to think on what thou didst say. I have done so, and have communicated with my ghostly father, who will in no respect hear of my listening to thy proposal."

"And wilt thou," said Jorworth, "keep the cattle which I simply sent into the castle on the faith of our agreement?"

"I will excommunicate and deliver him over to Satan," said the monk, unable to wait the phlegmatic and lingering answer of the Fleming, "if he give horn, hoof, or hair of them, to such an uncircumcised Philistine as thou or thy master."

"It is well, shorn priest," answered Jorworth, in great anger. "But mark me—reckon not on your frock for ransom. When Gwenwyn hath taken this castle, as it shall not longer shelter such a pair of faithless traitors, I will have you sewed up each into the carcase of one of these kine, for which your penitent has forsworn himself, and lay you where wolf and eagle shall be your only companions."

"Thou wilt work thy will when it is matched with thy power," said the sedate Netherlander.

"False Welshman, we defy thee to thy teeth!" answered, in the same breath, the more irascible monk. "I trust to see the hounds gnaw thy joints ere that day come that ye talk of so proudly."

By way of answer to both, Jorworth drew back his arm with his levelled javelin, and shaking the shaft till it acquired a vibratory motion, he hurled it with equal strength and dexterity right against the aperture in the wicket. It whizzed through the opening at which it was aimed, and flew (harmlessly, however,) between the heads of the monk and the Fleming; the former of whom started back, while the latter only said, as he looked at the javelin, which stood quivering in the door of the guard-room, "That was well aimed, and happily balked."

Jorworth, the instant he had flung his dart, hastened to the ambush which he had prepared, and gave them at once the signal and the example of a rapid retreat down the hill. Father Aldrovand would willingly have followed them with a volley of arrows, but the Fleming observed that ammunition was too precious with them to be wasted on a few runaways. Perhaps the honest man remembered that they had come within the danger of such a salutation, in some measure, on his own assurance.

When the noise of the hasty retreat of Jorworth and his followers had died away, there ensued a dead silence, well corresponding with the coolness and calmness of that early hour in the morning.

"This will not last long," said Wilkin to the monk, in a tone of foreboding seriousness, which found an echo in the good father's bosom.

"It will not, and it cannot," answered Aldrovand; "and we must expect a shrewd attack, which I should mind little, but that their numbers are great ours few; the extent of the walls considerable, and the obstinacy of these Welsh fiends almost equal to their fury. But we will do the best. I will to the Lady Eveline—She must show herself upon the battlements—She is fatter in feature than becometh a man of my order to speak of; and she has withal a breathing of her father's lofty spirit. The look and the word of such a lady will give a man double strength in the hour of need."

"It may be," said the Fleming; "and I will go see that the good breakfast which I have appointed be presently served forth; it will give my Flemings more strength than the sight of the ten thousand virgins—may their help be with us!—were they all arranged on a fair field."

CHAPTER VIII.

'Twas when ye raised, 'mid sap and siege,

The banner of your rightful liege

At your she captain's call,

Who, miracle of womankind,

Lent mettle to the meekest hind

That man's hor castle wall.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSS.

The morning light was scarce fully spread abroad, when Eveline Berenger, in compliance with her co-essor's advice, commenced her progress around the walls and battlements of the beleaguered castle to confirm by her personal entreaties the minds of the valiant, and to rouse the more timid to hope and exertion. She wore a rich collar and bracelets, ornaments which indicated her rank and high descent; and her under tunic, in the manner of the times, was gathered around her slender waist by a girdle, embroidered with precious stones, and secured by a large buckle of gold. From one side of the girdle was suspended a pouch or purse, splendidly adorned with needle-work, and on the left side it sustained a small dagger of exquisite workmanship. A dark coloured mantle, chosen as emblematic of her cloistered fortunes, was flung loosely around her; and its hem was brought forward, so as to shadow but not hide, her beautiful countenance. Her looks had lost the high and ecstatic expression which had been inspired by supposed revelation, but they retained a sorrowful and mild, yet determined character—and, in addressing the soldiers, she used a mixture of entreaty and command—now throwing herself upon their protection—now demanding in her aid the just tribute of their allegiance.

The garrison was divided, as military skill dictated in groups, on the points most liable to attack, or from which an assailing enemy might be best annoyed; and it was this unavoidable separation of their force into small detachments, which showed to disadvantage the extent of walls, compared with the number of the defenders; and though Wilkin Flamcock had contrived several means of concealing this deficiency of force from the enemy, he could not disguise from the defenders of the castle, who cast morose glances on the length of battlements which were unoccupied save by sentinels, and then looked out to the fatal field of battle, loaded with the bodies of those who ought to have been their comrades in this hour of peril.

The presence of Eveline did much to rouse the garrison from this state of discouragement. She glided from post to post, from tower to tower of the old gray fortress, as a gleam of light passes over a clouded landscape, and, touching its various points in succession, calls them out to beauty and effect. Some and fear sometimes make sufferers eloquent. She addressed the various nations who composed the little garrison, each in appropriate language. To the English, she spoke as children of the soil—to the Flemings, as men who had become denizens by the right of hospitality—to the Normans as descendants of that victorious race, whose sword had made them the nobles and sovereigns of every land where its edge had been tried. To them she used the language of chivalry, by whose rules the meanest of that nation regulated, or affected to regulate, his actions. The English she reminded of their good faith and honest heart; and to the Flemings she spoke of the destruction of their property, the fruits of their honest industry. To all she proposed vengeance for the death of their leader and his followers—to all she recommended confidence in God and Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse; and she ventured to assure all, of the strong and victorious bands that were already in march to their relief.

"Will the gallant champions of the cross," she said, "think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and of orphans is in their ears?—we were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes—fight but valiantly, and perhaps before the very sun that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea, you will see it shining on the ramp of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welsh

it to hear the clangour of their trumpets, or the ringing of their silken banners? Fight bravely—certainly but a while!—our castle is strong—our ramparts—your hearts are good—your arms are true—God is nigh to us, and our friends are distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is holy—fight for yourselves, for your wives, children, and for your property—and oh! fight for a orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but a sense of her sorrows, and the remembrance of thee, may raise up among you!”

speeches as these made a powerful impression on the men to whom they were addressed, hardened, by habits and sentiments, against danger. The chivalrous Normans swore, in the name of their swords, they would die to a man; they would surrender their posts—the blunderbusses cried, “Shame on him who would sell such a lamb as Eveline to a Welsh wretch!” the cold Flemings caught a spark of the enthusiasm with which the others were animated, and did to each other praises of the young lady’s short but honest resolves to do the best in her defence.

Flammock, who accompanied her lady with two attendants upon her circuit around the castle, seemed to have relapsed into her natural character of a shy and timid girl, out of the excited state in which she had been brought by the suspicions in the evening before had attached to her character. She tripped closely but respectfully to Eveline, and listened to what she said from time to time, with the awe and admiration of a child to its tutor, while only her moistened eyes showed how far she felt or comprehended the extent of the danger, or the force of the exhortations. At a moment when the youthful lady’s eye became more bright, her step more confident, her looks more elevated. This was when she approached the spot where her father, having assumed the duties of commander of the garrison, was exercising those of engineer, and displaying his skill, as well as wonderful personal strength, in the discharge of a large cannon (a military engine used for casting stones), commanding an exposed postern-gate, situated on the western side of the castle down the river; and where a severe assault was naturally expected. The greater part of his armour he wore on his back, but covered with his cassock to screen him from morning dew; while in his leathern doublet, his bare to the shoulder, and a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, he set an example to the men who worked under his direction.

His calm and solid nature there was usually a touch of effacement, and a sensitiveness to the breach of observances. Wilkin Flammock had been so lately cast upon him; but he coloured not, he was confused, while hastily throwing on his back, he endeavoured to conceal the dishabille in which he had been surprised by the Lady Eveline, his daughter. Proud of her father’s zeal, her confidence in him, and her mistress with a look of respect, which seemed to say, “And this faithful follower who was suspected of treachery?” his own bosom made her the same reproach; conscious to atone for her momentary doubt of his fidelity, he offered for his acceptance a ring of value, “I amends,” she said, “of a momentary mission.”

“Eveline, not, lady,” said Flammock, with his usual earnestness, “unless I have the freedom to be glad on Rose; for I think she was grieved at that which moved me little,—as why?”

“Use of it as thou wilt,” said Eveline; “the heart bears as true as thine own faith.” Eveline paused, and looking on the broad expanse which extended between the site of the castle and the river, observed how silent and still the water was rising over what had so lately been a such extensive slaughter.

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“It will not be so long,” answered Flammock; “we shall have noise enough, and that nearer to our ears than yesterday.”

“Which way lie the enemy?” said Eveline; “methinks I can spy neither tents nor pavilions.”

“They use none, lady,” answered Wilkin Flammock, “Heaven has denied them the grace and knowledge to weave linen enough for such a purpose.—Yonder they lie on both sides of the river, covered with naught but their white mantles. Would one think that a host of thieves and cut-throats could look so like the finest object in nature—a well-spread bleaching-field?—Hark—hark!—the wasps are beginning to buzz; they will soon be plying their stings.”

In fact, there was heard among the Welsh army a low and indistinct murmur, like that of

“Bees alarm’d, and mustering in their hives.”

Terrified at the hollow menacing sound, which grew louder every moment, Rose, who had all the irritability of a sensitive temperament, clung to her father’s arm, saying, in a terrified whisper, “It is like the sound of the sea the night before the great inundation.”

“And it betokens too rough weather for women to be abroad in,” said Flammock. “Go to your chamber, Lady Eveline, if it be your will—and go you too, Roschen—God bless you both—ye do but keep us idle here.”

And, indeed, conscious that she had done all that was incumbent upon her, and fearful lest the chill which she felt creeping over her own heart should infect others, Eveline took her vassal’s advice, and withdrew slowly to her own apartment, often casting back her eye to the place where the Welsh, now drawn out and under arms, were advancing their ridgy battalions, like the waves of an approaching tide.

The Prince of Powys had, with considerable military skill, adopted a plan of attack suitable to the fiery genius of his followers, and calculated to alarm on every point the feeble garrison.

The three sides of the castle which were defended by the river, were watched each by a numerous body of the British, with instructions to confine themselves to the discharge of arrows, unless they should observe that some favourable opportunity of close attack should occur. But far the greater part of Gwenwynn’s forces, consisting of three columns of great strength, advanced along the plain on the western side of the castle, and menaced, with a desperate assault, the walls, which, in that direction, were deprived of the defence of the river. The first of these formidable bodies consisted entirely of archers, who dispersed themselves in front of the beleaguered place and took advantage of every bush and rising ground which could afford them shelter; and then began to bend their bows and shower their arrows on the battlements and loopholes, suffering, however, a great deal more damage than they were able to inflict, as the garrison returned their shot in comparative safety, and with more secure and deliberate aim.* Under cover, however, of their discharge of arrows, two very strong bodies of Welsh attempted to carry the outer defences of the castle by storm. They had axes to destroy the palisades, then called barriers; fagots to fill up the external ditches; torches to set fire to ought combustible which they might find; and, above all, ladders to scale the walls.

* ARCHERS OF WALES.—The Welsh were excellent bowmen; but, under favour of Lord Lyttleton, they probably did not use the long-bow, the formidable weapon of the Normans, and afterwards of the English yeomen. That of the Welsh most likely rather resembled the bow of the cognate Celtic tribes of Ireland, and of the Highlands of Scotland. It was shorter than the Norman long-bow, as being drawn to the breast, not to the ear, more loosely strung, and the arrow having a heavy iron head; altogether, in short, a less effective weapon. It appears from the following anecdote, that there was a difference between the Welsh arrows and those of the English.

In 1122, Henry the II., marching into Powys-Land to chastise Meredith an Biehyu and certain rebels, in passing a defile was struck by an arrow on the breast. Repelled by the excellence of his breastplate, the shaft fell to the ground. When the King felt the blow and saw the shaft, he swore his usual oath, by the death of our Lord, that the arrow came not from a Welsh, but an English bow; and, influenced by this belief, hastily put an end to the war.

These detachments rushed with incredible fury towards the point of attack, despite a most obstinate defence, and the great loss which they sustained by missiles of every kind, and continued the assault for nearly an hour, supplied by reinforcements which more than recruited their diminished numbers. When they were at last compelled to retreat, they seemed to adopt a new and yet more harassing species of attack. A large body assaulted one exposed point of the fortress with such fury as to draw thither as many of the besieged as could possibly be spared from other defended posts, and when there appeared a point less strongly manned than was adequate to defence, that, in its turn, was furiously assailed by a separate body of the enemy.

Thus the defenders of the Garde Doloureuse resembled the embarrassed traveller, engaged in repelling a swarm of hornets, which, while he brushes them from one part, fix in swarms upon another, and drive him to despair by their numbers, and the boldness and multiplicity of their attacks. The poem being of course a principal point of attack, Father Aldrovand, whose anxiety would not permit him to be absent from the walls, and who, indeed, where decency would permit, took an occasional share in the active defence of the place, hasted thither, as the point chiefly in danger.

Here he found the Fleming, like a second Ajax, grim with dust and blood, working with his own hands the great engine which he had lately helped to erect, and at the same time giving heedful eye to all the exigencies around.

"How thinkest thou of this day's work?" said the monk in a whisper.

"What skills it talking of it, father?" replied Flammoock; "thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words."

"Nay, take thy breath," said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; "I will try to help thee the while"—although, Our Lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices—not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch—or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite to the cord," (suing his action to his words), "nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching the spring."

The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"Well driven, *trebuchet*—well flown, *quarrel*!" cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the true technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.

"And well aimed, monk," added Wilkin Flammoock; "I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary."

"Care not thou for that," said the father; "and now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the Welsh knaves seem something low in stomach, what think'st thou of our estate?"

"Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour; but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four yards of wall, is a fearful odds; and the villains are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work."

The renewal of the assault here broke off their conversation, nor did the active enemy permit them to enjoy much repose until sunset; for, alarming them with repeated menaces of attack upon different points, besides making two or three formidable and furious assaults, they left them scarce time to breathe, or to take a moment's refreshment. Yet the Welsh paid a severe price for their temerity; for while nothing could exceed the bravery with which their men repeatedly advanced to the attack, those which were made latest in the day had less of animated desperation than their first onset; and it is probable, that the sense of having sustained great loss, and apprehension of its effects on the spirits of his people, made nightfall, and the interruption of the contest, as ac-

ceptable to Gwenwyn as to the exhausted garrison of the Garde Doloureuse.

But in the camp or leaguer of the Welsh there was gloom and triumph, for the loss of the past day was forgotten in recollections of the signal victory which had preceded this siege; and the dispirited garrison could hear from their walls the laugh and the song, the sound of harping and gayety, which triumphed by anticipation over their surrender.

The sun was for some time sunk, the twilight deepened, and night closed with a blue and cloudless sky, in which the thousand spangles that deck the firmament received double brilliancy from some slight touch of frost, although the paler planet, their mistress, was but in her first quarter. The necessities of the garrison were considerably aggravated by this of keeping a very strong and watchful guard, ill according with the weakness of their numbers, at a time which appeared favourable to any sudden nocturnal alarm; and, so urgent was this duty, that those who had been more slightly wounded on the preceding day, were obliged to take their share in it, notwithstanding their hurts. The monk and Fleming, who now perfectly understood each other, went in company around the walls at midnight, exhorting the warders to be watchful, and examining with their own eyes the state of the fortress. It was in the course of these rounds, and as they were ascending an elevated platform by a range of narrow and uneven steps, something galling to the monk's tread, that they perceived on the summit to which they were ascending, instead of the black corselet of the Flemish sentinel who had been placed there, two white forms, the appearance of which struck Wilkin Flammoock with more dismay than he had shown during any of the doubtful events of the preceding day's fight.

"Father," he said, "betake yourself to your tools—*es epucki*—there are hobgoblins here!"

The good father had not learned, as a priest, to defy the spiritual host, whom, as a soldier, he had dreaded more than any mortal enemy; but he began to move with chattering teeth, the exorcism of the church. "*Conjuro vos omnes, spiritus maligni, magni, et parvi*,"—when he was interrupted by the voice of Eveline, who called out, "Is it you, Father Aldrovand?"

Much lightened at heart by finding they had a ghost to deal with, Wilkin Flammoock and the priest advanced hastily to the platform, where they found the lady with her faithful Rose, the former with a half-pike in her hand, like a sentinel on duty.

"How is this, daughter?" said the monk; "how came you here, and thus armed? and where is the sentinel,—the lazy Flemish hound, that should have kept the post?"

"May he not be a lazy hound, yet not a Flemish one, father?" said Rose, who was ever awakened by any thing which seemed a reflection upon her country; "methinks I have heard of such curs of English breed."

"Go to, Rose, you are too malapert for a young maiden," said her father. "Once more, where's Peterkin Vorst, who should have kept this post?"

"Let him not be blamed for my fault," said Eveline, pointing to a place where the Flemish sentinel lay in the shade of the battlement fast asleep—"He was overcome with toil—had fought hard through the day, and when I saw him asleep as I came hither, like a wandering spirit that cannot take slumber or repose, I would not disturb the rest which I earned. As he had fought for me, I might, I thought, wait an hour for him; so I took his weapon with the purpose of remaining here till some one should come to relieve him."

"I will relieve the schelm, with a vengeance!" said Wilkin Flammoock, and saluted the slumbering and prostrate warder with two kicks, which made his corselet clatter. The man started to his feet in a small alarm, which he would have communicated to the next sentinels and to the whole garrison, by crying out that the Welsh were upon the walls, had not the monk covered his broad mouth with his hand just as the roar was issuing forth.—"Peace, and get thee down to the under-bayley," said he;—"thou deservest

by all the policies of war—but, look ye, varlet, he who has saved your worthless neck, by lying while you were dreaming of swine's flesh and pots."

Fleming, although as yet but half awake, was not consciously of his situation, to sneak off to reply, after two or three awkward congeals, to Eveline as to those by whom his repose had been unceremoniously interrupted.

"I deserve to be tied neck and heel, the hounds-said Wilkin. "But what would you have, my countrymen cannot live without rest or

So saying, he gave a yawn so wide, as if he proposed to swallow one of the turrets at an angle the platform on which he stood, as if it had furnished a Christmas party.

"I, good Wilkin," said Eveline; "and do you rest, take some rest, and trust to my watchfulness least till the guards are relieved. I cannot but I would, and I would not if I could."

"Anks, lady," said Flammock; "and in truth, this is a central place, and the rounds must pass your at farthest, I will e'en close my eyes for space, for the lids feel as heavy as floodgates." "father, father!" exclaimed Rose, alive to her unceremonious neglect of decorum—"think you are, and in whose presence?"

"Ay, good Flammock," said the monk, "remember the presence of a noble Norman maiden is a reason for folding of cloaks and donning of night-

"him alone, father," said Eveline, who in annoyance might have smiled at the readiness with which Wilkin Flammock folded himself in his cloak, extended his substantial form on the bench, and gave the most decided tokens of repose, long ere the monk had done speak. "Forms and fashions of respect," she contended for times of ease and merriment;—when in the soldier's bedchamber is wherever he can repose for an hour's sleep—his eating-hall, where he can obtain food. Sit thou down by Rose, good father, and tell us of some holy lesson may pass away these hours of weariness and

ty. "father obeyed; but however willing to afford attention, his ingenuity and theological skill suggesting nothing better than a recitation of the penitential psalms, in which task he continued until fatigue, too powerful for him also, when he committed some breach of decorum for which he had led Wilkin Flammock, and fell fast asleep in list of his devotions.

CHAPTER IX.

"O night of wo," she said and wept,

"O night foreboding sorrow!"

"O night of wo," she said and wept,

"But more I dread the morrow!"

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

fatigue which had exhausted Flammock and monk, was unfelt by the two anxious maidens, remained with their eyes bent, now upon the landscape, now on the stars by which it was lit, as if they could have read there the events of the morrow was to bring forth. It was a plain, melancholy scene. Tree and field, and hill and plain, lay before them in doubtful light, while, at a distance, their eye could with difficulty trace two places where the river, hidden in general darkness and trees, spread its more expanded bosom in stars, and the pale crescent. All was still, except the solemn rush of the waters, and now and then the shrill tinkle of a harp, which, heard from a mile's distance through the midnight silence, announced that some of the Welshmen still attended their most beloved amusement. The wild, partially heard, seemed like the voice of some goblin spirit; and, connected as they were with ideas of unrelenting hostility, thrilled on Eveline's mind prophetic of war and wo, captivity and death. Only other sounds which disturbed the extreme silence of the night, were the occasional step of a

sentinel upon his post, or the hooting of the owls, which seemed to wail the approaching downfall of the moonlight turrets, in which they had established their ancient habitations.

The calmness of all around seemed to press like a weight on the bosom of the unhappy Eveline, and brought to her mind a deeper sense of present grief, and keener apprehension of future horrors, than had reigned there during the bustle, blood, and confusion of the preceding day. She rose up—she sat down—she moved to and fro on the platform—she remained fixed like a statue to a single spot, as if she were trying by variety of posture to divert her internal sense of fear and sorrow.

At length, looking at the monk and the Fleming as they slept soundly under the shade of the battlement, she could no longer forbear breaking silence. "Men are happy," she said, "my beloved Rose; their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds and death, but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and in the gnawing sense of present ill and fear of future misery, suffer a living death, more cruel than that which ends our woes at once."

"Do not be thus downcast, my noble lady," said Rose; "be rather what you were yesterday, caring for the wounded, for the aged, for every one but yourself—exposing even your dear life among the showers of the Welsh arrows, when doing so could give courage to others; while I—shame on me—could but tremble, sob, and weep, and needed all the little wit I have to prevent my shouting with the wild cries of the Welsh, or screaming and groaning with those of our friends who fall around me."

"Alas! Rose," answered her mistress, "you may at pleasure indulge your fears to the verge of distraction itself—you have a father to fight and watch for you. Mine—my kind, noble, and honoured parent, lies dead on yonder field, and all which remains for me is to act as may best become his memory. But, this moment is at least mine, to think upon and to mourn for him."

So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sunk down on the banquet which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, "He is gone for ever!" abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and served, at the same time, to prop her forehead, while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat her down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, and amid these tokens of the most devoted and humble sympathy, waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that, as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to show a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. At a little distance, the gleaming corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrate on the stone steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.

After a deep agony of many minutes, it seemed that the sorrows of Eveline were assuming a more composed character; her convulsive sobs were changed for long, low, profound sighs, and the course of her tears, though they still flowed, was milder and less violent. Her kind attendant, availing herself of these gentler symptoms, tried softly to win the spear from her lady's grasp. "Let me be sentinel for a while," she said, "my sweet lady—I will at least scream louder than you if any danger should approach." She

ventured to kiss her cheek, and throw her arms around Eveline's neck while she spoke; but a mute caress, which expressed her sense of the faithful girl's kind intentions to minister if possible to her repose, was the only answer returned. They remained for many minutes silent and in the same posture,—Eveline, like an upright and slender poplar,—Rose, who encircled her lady in her arms, like the woodbine which twines around it.

At length Rose suddenly felt her young mistress shiver in her embrace, and that Eveline's hand grasped her arm rigidly as she whispered, "Do you hear nothing?"

"No—nothing but the hooting of the owl," answered Rose, timorously.

"I heard a distant sound," said Eveline,—*"I thought I heard it—hark, it comes again!—Look from the battlements, Rose, while I awaken the priest and thy father."*

"Dearest lady," said Rose, "I dare not—What can this sound be that is heard by one only?—You are deceived by the rush of the river."

"I would not alarm the castle unnecessarily," said Eveline, pausing, "or even break your father's needful slumbers, by a fancy of mine—But hark—hark!—I hear it again—distinct amidst the intermitting sound of the rushing water—a low tremulous sound, mingled with a tinkling like smiths or armourers at work upon their anvils."

Rose had by this time sprung up on the banquette, and flinging back her rich tresses of fair hair, had applied her hand behind her ear to collect the distant sound. "I hear it," she cried, "and it increases—Awake them, for Heaven's sake, and without a moment's delay!"

Eveline accordingly stirred the sleepers with the reversed end of the lance, and as they started to their feet in haste, she whispered, in a hasty but cautious voice, "To arms—the Welsh are upon us!"

"What—where?" said Wilkin Flammock, "where be they?"

"Listen, and you will hear them arming," she replied.

"The noise is but in thine own fancy, lady," said the Fleming, whose organs were of the same heavy character with his form and his disposition. "I would I had not gone to sleep at all, since I was to be awakened so soon."

"Nay, but listen, good Flammock—the sound of armour comes from the north-east."

"The Welsh lie not in that quarter, lady," said Wilkin, "and, besides, they wear no armour."

"I hear it—I hear it!" said Father Aldrovand, who had been listening for some time. "All praise to St. Benedict!—Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse has been gracious to her servants as ever!—It is the tramp of horse—it is the clash of armour—the chivalry of the Marches are coming to our relief—Kyrie Eleison!"

"I hear something too," said Flammock,—"something like the hollow sound of the great sea, when it burst into my neighbour Klinkernian's warehouse, and rolled his pots and pans against each other. But it were an evil mistake, father, to take foes for friends—we were best rouse the people."

"Tush!" said the priest, "talk to me of pots and kettles?—Was I squire of the body to Count Stephen Mauleverer for twenty years, and do I not know the tramp of a war-horse, or the clash of a mail-coat?—But call the men to the walls at any rate, and have me the best drawn up in the basecourt—we may help them by a sally."

"That will not be rashly undertaken with my consent," murmured the Fleming; "but to the wall if you will, and in good time. But keep your Normans and English silent, Sir Priest, else their unruly and noisy joy will awaken the Welsh camp, and prepare them for their unwelcome visitors."

The monk laid his finger on his lip in sign of intelligence, and they parted in opposite directions, each to rouse the defenders of the castle, who were soon heard drawing from all quarters to their posts upon the walls, with hearts in a very different mood from that in which they had descended from them. The

utmost caution being used to prevent noise, the manning of the walls was accomplished in silence, and the garrison awaited in breathless expectation the success of the forces who were rapidly advancing to their relief.

The character of the sounds, which now loudly awakened the silence of this eventful night, could no longer be mistaken. They were distinguishable from the rushing of a mighty river, or from the muttering sound of distant thunder, by the sharp and angry notes which the clashing of the riders' arms mingled with the deep bass of the horses' rapid tread. From the long continuance of the sounds, their loudness, and the extent of horizon from which they seemed to come, all in the castle were satisfied that the approaching relief consisted of several very strong bodies of horse.* At once this mighty sound ceased, as if the earth on which they trode had either favoured the armed squadrons, or had become incapable of resounding to their tramp. The defenders of the Garde Doloureuse concluded that their friends had made a sudden halt to give their horses breath, examine the leaguer of the enemy, and settle the order of the attack upon them. The pause, however, was but momentary.

The British, so alert at surprising their enemies, were themselves, on many occasions, liable to surprise. Their men were undisciplined, and somewhat negligent of the patient duties of the sentinel; and, besides, their foragers and flying parties, who sooted the country during the preceding day, had brought back tidings which had lulled them into fatal security. Their camp had been therefore carelessly guarded, and confident in the smallness of the garrison, they had altogether neglected the important military duty of establishing patrols and outposts at a proper distance from their main body. Thus the cavalry of the Lords Marchers, notwithstanding the noise which accompanied their advance, had approached very near the British camp, without exciting the least alarm. But while they were arranging their forces into separate columns, in order to commence the assault, a loud and increasing clamour among the Welsh announced that they were at length aware of their danger. The shrill and discordant cries by which they endeavoured to assemble their men, each under the banner of his chief, resounded from their leaguer. But these rallying shouts were soon converted into screams, and clamours of horror and dismay, when the thundering charge of the barbed horses and heavily-armed cavalry of the Anglo-Normans surprised their undefended camp.

Yet not even under circumstances so adverse did the descendants of the ancient Britons renounce their defence, or forfeit their old hereditary privileges, to be called the bravest of mankind. Their cries of defiance and resistance were heard resounding above the groans of the wounded, the shouts of the triumphant assailants, and the universal tumult of the night-battle. It was not until the morning light began to peep forth, that the slaughter or dispersion of Gwerwyn's forces was complete, and that the "earthquake voice of victory" arose in uncontrolled and unmingled energy of exultation.

Then the besieged, if they could be still so termed, looking from their towers over the expanded country beneath witnessed nothing but one wide-spread scene of desultory flight and unrelaxed pursuit. That the Welsh had been permitted to encamp in fancied security upon the hither side of the river, now rendered their discomfiture more dreadfully fatal. The single pass by which they could cross to the other side was soon completely choked by fugitives, on whose narrow saged the swords of the victorious Normans. Many threw themselves into the river, upon the precarious chance of gaining the farther side, and, except a few, who were uncommonly strong, skilful, and acute, perished among the rocks and in the currents; others, more fortunate, escaped by fords, with which they had accidentally been made acquainted; many dispersed, or, in small bands, fled in reckless despair to—

* Even the sharp and angry clang made by the iron scabbards of modern cavalry ringing against the steel-tipp'd saddles and stirrups, betrays their approach from a distance. The clash of the armour of knights, armed cap-a-pie, must have been much more easily discernible.

wards the castle, as if the fortress, which had beat them off when victorious, could be a place of refuge to them in their present forlorn condition; while others roamed wildly over the plain, seeking only escape from immediate and instant danger, without knowing whither they ran.

The Normans, mean while, divided into small parties, followed and slaughtered them at pleasure; while, as a rallying point for the victors, the banner of Hugo de Lacy streamed from a small mount, on which Gwenwyn had lately pitched his own, and surrounded by a competent force, both of infantry and horsemen, which the experienced Baron permitted on no account to wander far from it.

The rest, as we have already said, followed the chase with shouts of exultation and of vengeance, ringing around the battlements, which resounded with the cries, "Ha, Saint Edward!—Ha, Saint Dennis!—Strike—slay—no quarter to the Welsh wolves—think on Raymond Berenger!"

The soldiers on the walls joined in these vengeful and victorious clamours, and discharged several sheaves of arrows upon such fugitives as, in their extremity approached too near the castle. They would fain have sallied to give more active assistance in the work of destruction; but the communication being now open with the Constable of Chester's forces, Wilkin Flammock considered himself and the garrison to be under the orders of that renowned chief, and refused to listen to the eager admonitions of Father Aldrovand, who would, notwithstanding his sacerdotal character, have willingly himself taken charge of the sally which he proposed.

At length, the scene of slaughter seemed at an end. The retreat was blown on many a bugle, and knights halted on the plain to collect their personal followers, muster them under their proper pennon, and then march them slowly back to the great standard of their leader, around which the main body were again to be assembled, like the clouds which gather around the evening sun—a fanciful simile, which might yet be drawn farther, in respect of the level rays of strong lurid light which shot from those dark battlements, as the beams were flung back from their polished armour.

The plain was in this manner soon cleared of the horsemen, and remained occupied only by the dead bodies of the slaughtered Welshmen. The bands who had followed the pursuit to a greater distance were also now seen returning, driving before them, or dragging after them, dejected and unhappy captives, to whom they had given quarter when their thirst of blood was satiated.

It was then that, desirous to attract the attention of his liberators, Wilkin Flammock commanded all the banners of the castle to be displayed, under a general shout of acclamation from those who had fought under them. It was answered by a universal cry of joy from De Lacy's army, which rung so wide, as might even yet have startled such of the Welsh fugitives, as, far distant from this disastrous field of flight, might have ventured to halt for a moment's repose.

Presently after this greeting had been exchanged, a single rider advanced from the Constable's army towards the castle, showing, even at a distance, an unusual dexterity of horsemanship and grace of deportment. He arrived at the drawbridge, which was instantly lowered to admit him, whilst Flammock and the monk (for the latter, as far as he could, associated himself with the former in all acts of authority) hastened to receive the envoy of their liberator. They found him just alighted from the raven-coloured horse, which was slightly flecked with blood as well as foam, and still panted with the exertions of the evening; though, answering to the caressing hand of his youthful rider, he arched his neck, shook his steel caparison, and snorted to announce his unabated mettle and unwearied love of combat. The young man's eagle look bore the same token of unabated vigour, mingled with the signs of recent exertion. His helmet hanging at his saddle-bow, showed a gallant countenance, coloured highly, but not inflamed, which looked out from a rich profusion

of short chestnut curls; and although his armour was of a massive and simple form, he moved under it with such elasticity and ease, that it seemed a graceful attire, not a burden or encumbrance. A furred mantle had not sat on him with more easy grace than the heavy hauberk, which complied with every gesture of his noble form. Yet his countenance was so juvenile, that only the down on the upper lip announced decisively the approach to manhood. The females, who thronged into the court to see the first envoy of their deliverers, could not forbear mixing praises of his beauty with blessings on his valour; and one comely middle-aged dame, in particular, distinguished by the tightness with which her scarlet hose sat on a well-shaped leg and ankle, and by the cleanness of her coif, pressed close up to the young squire, and, more forward than the rest, doubled the crimson hue of his cheek, by crying aloud, that Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse had sent them news of their redemption by an angel from the sanctuary;—a speech which, although Father Aldrovand shook his head, was received by her companions with such general acclamation, as greatly embarrassed the young man's modesty.

"Peace, all of ye!" said Wilkin Flammock—"Know you no respects, you women, or have you never seen a young gentleman before, that you hang on him like flies on a honeysuckle? Stand back, I say, and let us hear in peace what are the commands of the noble Lord of Lacy."

"These," said the young man, "I can only deliver in the presence of the right noble demoiselle, Eveline Berenger, if I may be thought worthy of such honour."

"That thou art, noble sir," said the same forward dame, who had before expressed her admiration so energetically; "I will uphold thee worthy of her presence, and whatever other grace a lady can do thee."

"Now hold thy tongue, with a wanian!" said the monk; while in the same breath the Fleming exclaimed, "Beware the cucking-stool, Dame Scant-o'-Grace!" while he conducted the noble youth across the court.

"Let my good horse be cared for," said the cavalier, as he put the bridle into the hand of a menial; and in doing so got rid of some part of his female retinue, who began to pat and praise the steed as much as they had done the rider; and some, in the enthusiasm of their joy, hardly abstained from kissing the stirrups and horse furniture.

But Dame Gillian was not so easily diverted from her own point as were some of her companions. She continued to repeat the word *cucking-stool*, till the Fleming was out of hearing, and then became more specific in her oburgation.—"And why cucking-stool, I pray, Sir Wilkin Butterfirkin? You are the man would stop an English mouth with a Flemish damask napkin, I trow! Marry quep, my cousin the weaver! And why the cucking-stool, I pray?—because my young lady is comely, and the young squire is a man of mettle, reverence to his beard that is to come yet! Have we not eyes to see, and have we not a mouth and a tongue?"

"In troth, Dame Gillian, they do you wrong who doubt it," said Eveline's nurse, who stood by; "but I prithee, keep it shut now, were it but for womanhood."

"How now, mannerly Mrs. Margery?" replied the incorrigible Gillian; "is your heart so high, because you dandled our young lady on your knee fifteen years since?—Let me tell you, the cat will find its way to the cream, though it was brought up on an abbess's lap."

"Home, housewife—home!" exclaimed her husband, the old huntsman, who was weary of this public exhibition of his domestic tergiversant—"home, or I will give you a taste of my dog-leash—Here are both the confessor and Wilkin Flammock wondering at your impudence."

"Indeed!" replied Gillian; "and are not two fools enough for wonderment, that you must come with your grave pate to make up the number three?"

There was a general laugh at the huntsman's ex-

pense, under cover of which he prudently withdrew his spouse, without attempting to continue the war of tongues, in which she had shown such a decided superiority.

This controversy, so light is the change in human spirits, especially among the lower class, awakened bursts of idle mirth among beings, who had so lately been in the jaws of danger, if not of absolute despair.

CHAPTER X.

They bore him barefaced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

WHILE these matters took place in the castle-yard, the young squire, Damian Lacy, obtained the audience which he had requested of Eveline Berenger, who received him in the great hall of the castle, seated beneath the dais, or canopy, and waited upon by Rose, and other female attendants; of whom the first alone was permitted to use a tabouret or small stool, in her presence, so strict were the Norman maidens of quality in maintaining their claims to high rank and observance.

The youth was introduced by the confessor and Flammoek, as the spiritual character of the one, and the trust reposed by her late father in the other, authorized them to be present upon the occasion. Eveline naturally blushed, as she advanced two steps to receive the handsome youthful envoy; and her bashfulness seemed infectious, for it was with some confusion that Damian went through the ceremony of saluting the hand which she extended towards him in token of welcome. Eveline was under the necessity of speaking first.

"We advance as far as our limits will permit us," she said, "to greet with our thanks the messenger who brings us tidings of safety. We speak—unless we err—to the noble Damian of Lacy?"

"To the humblest of your servants," answered Damian, falling with some difficulty into the tone of courtesy which his errand and character required, "who approaches you on behalf of his noble uncle, Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester."

"Will not our noble deliverer in person honour with his presence the poor dwelling which he has saved?"

"My noble kinsman," answered Damian, "is now God's soldier, and bound by a vow not to come beneath a roof until he embark for the Holy Land. But by my voice he congratulates you on the defeat of your savage enemies, and sends you these tokens that the comrade and friend of your noble father hath not left his lamentable death many hours unavenged." So saying, he drew forth and laid before Eveline the gold bracelets, the coronet, and the eudorichawg, or chain of linked gold, which had distinguished the rank of the Welsh Prince.*

"Gwenwyn hath then fallen?" said Eveline, a natural shudder combating with the feelings of gratified vengeance, as she beheld that the trophies were specked with blood,—"The slayer of my father is no more!"

"My kinsman's lance transfixes the Briton as he endeavoured to rally his flying people—he died grimly on the weapon which had passed more than a fathom through his body, and exerted his last strength in a furious but ineffectual blow with his mace."

"Heaven is just," said Eveline; "may his sins be forgiven to the man of blood, since he hath fallen by

* EUDORICHAWG, OR GOLD CHAINS OF THE WELSH.—These were the distinguished marks of rank and valour among the numerous tribes of Celtic extraction. Manlius, the Roman Champion, gained the name of Torquatus, or he of the chain, on account of an ornament of this kind, won, in single combat, from a gigantic Gaul. Aneurin, the Welsh bard, mentions, in his poem on the battle of Catterth, that no less than three hundred of the British, who fell there, had their necks wreathed with the Eudorichawg. This seems to infer that the chain was a badge of distinction, and valour perhaps, but not of royalty; otherwise there would scarce have been as many kings present in one battle. This chain has been found accordingly in Ireland and Wales, and sometimes, though more rarely, in Scotland. Doubtless it was of too precious materials not to be usually converted into money by the enemy into whose hands it fell.

a death so bloody!—One question I would a noble sir. My father's remains'—— She unable to proceed.

"An hour will place them at your disposal honoured lady," replied the squire, in the sympathy which the sorrows of so young an orphan called irresistibly forth. "Such tions as time admitted were making even with the host, to transport what was mortal of the Berenger from the field on which we found a monument of slain which his own sword has My kinsman's vow will not allow him to portcullis; but, with your permission, I will him, if such be your pleasure, at these honours quies, having charge to that effect."

"My brave and noble father," said Eveline an effort to restrain her tears, "will be best by the noble and the brave." She would have continued, but her voice failed her, and she was to withdraw abruptly, in order to give sorrow, and prepare for the funeral rites a ceremony as circumstances should permit. bowed to the departing mourner as reverent would have done to a divinity, and taking returned to his uncle's host, which had hastily on the recent field of battle.

The sun was now high, and the whole presented the appearance of a bustle, equally from the solitude of the early morning, and roar and fury of the subsequent engagement. news of Hugo de Lacy's victory every where abroad, with all the alacrity of triumph, induced many of the inhabitants of the count had fled before the fury of the Wolf of Plin to return to their desolate habitations. Num of the loose and profligate characters which in a country subject to the frequent changes had flocked thither in quest of spoil, or to spirit of restless curiosity. The Jew and the bard, despising danger where there was a gain, might be already seen bartering his wares with the victorious men-at-arms, for the stained ornaments of gold lately worn by the British. Others acted as brokers between the captives and their captors; and where the trust the means and good faith of the former times became bound for, or even advanced money, the sums necessary for their ransom a more numerous class became themselves chasers of those prisoners who had no means of settling with their conquerors.

That the spoil thus acquired might not cumber the soldier, or blunt his ardour for enterprize, the usual means of dissipating spoils were already at hand. Courtizans, jugglers, minstrels, and tale-tellers of every tion, had accompanied the night-march; and in the military reputation of the celebrated D had rested fearlessly at some little distance battle was fought and won. These now appeared in many a joyous group, to congratulate the Close to the parties which they formed for the song, or the tale, upon the yet bloody of countrymen summoned in for the purpose, we ing large trenches for depositing the dead—were seen tending the wounded—priests and confessing those in extremity—soldiers from the field the bodies of the more honoured the slain—peasants mourning over their crops and plundered habitations—and widows orphans searching for the bodies of husband parents, amid the promiscuous carnage of the bats. Thus too mingled her wildest notes of jubilee and bacchanal triumph, and the the Garde Douloureuse formed a singular part the varied maze of human life, where joy and are so strangely mixed, and where the comfort and pleasure often border on those of and of death.

About noon these various noises were silenced, and the attention alike of those who or who grieved was arrested by the loud and m sound of six trumpets, which, uplifting and their thrilling tones in a wild and melancholy

as, apprized all, that the obsequies of the valiant Raymond Berenger were about to commence. From the moment which had been hastily pitched for the immediate reception of the body, twelve black monks, the inhabitants of a neighbouring convent, began to file in pairs, headed by their abbot, who bore a large cross, and thundered forth the sublime notes of the hallowed *Miserere me, Domine*. Then came a chosen band of men-at-arms, trailing their lances, with their tips reversed and pointed to the earth; and after in the body of the valiant Berenger, wrapped in his own knightly banner, which, regained from the hands of the Welsh, now served its noble owner as a funeral pall. The most gallant knights of the Constable's household (for, like other great lords of that period, he had formed it upon a scale which approached to that of royalty) walked as bearers and supporters of the corpse, which was borne upon lances; and the Constable of Chester himself, alone and fully armed, excepting the head, followed as chief mourner. A chosen body of squires, men-at-arms, and pages of noble descent, brought up the rear of the procession; while their nakers and trumpets echoed back, from time to time, the melancholy song of the monks, by replying in a note as mournful as their own.

His course of pleasure was arrested, and even that sorrow was for a moment turned from her own affairs, to witness the last honours bestowed on him, who had been in life the father and guardian of his people.

The mournful procession traversed slowly the plain which had been within a few hours the scene of such eventful events; and, pausing before the outer gate of the battlements of the castle, invited by a prolonged solemn flourish, the fortress to receive the remains of its last gallant defender. The melancholy summons was answered by the warder's horn—the drawbridge sunk—the portcullis rose—and Father Aldred appeared in the middle of the gateway, arrayed in sacerdotal habit, whilst a little space behind stood the orphaned damsel, in such weeds of mourning as time admitted, supported by her attendant-Rose, and followed by the females of the household. The Constable of Chester paused upon the threshold of the outer gate, and, pointing to the cross signified in the cloth upon his left shoulder, with a lowly reverence resigned to his nephew, Damian, the task of attending the remains of Raymond Berenger to chapel within the castle. The soldiers of Hugo Lacy, most of whom were bound by the same ties with himself, also halted without the castle gate, remained under arms, while the death-peal of the great bell announced from within, the progress of the procession.

Windled on through those narrow entrances, which were skilfully contrived to interrupt the progress of an enemy, even should he succeed in forcing the outer gate, and arrived at length in the inner court-yard, where most of the inhabitants of the fortress, and those who, under recent circumstances, had taken refuge there, were drawn up, in order to look, for the last time, on their departed lord. Among these were mingled a few of the motley band from without, whom curiosity, or the expectation of a dole, had brought to the castle gate, and, by one argument or another, had obtained the warders permission to enter the interior. His body was here set down before the door of chapel, the ancient Gothic front of which formed the side of the court-yard, until certain prayers were read by the priests, in which the crowd around was supposed to join with becoming reverence.

It was during this interval, that a man, whose red beard, embroidered girdle, and high-crowned hat of gray felt, gave him the air of a Lombard merchant, addressed Margery, the nurse of Eveline, in a speaking tone, and with a foreign accent—"I am a travelling merchant, good sister, and am come here in quest of gain—can you tell me whether I have any custom in this castle?" "You are come at an evil time, Sir Stranger—you yourself see that this is a place for mourning, not for merchandise."

"Yet mourning times have their own commerce," said the stranger, approaching still closer to the side of Margery, and lowering his voice to a tone yet more confidential. "I have sable scarfs of Persian silk—black bugles, in which a princess might mourn for a deceased monarch—cypress, such as the East bath seldom sent forth—black cloth for mourning hangings—all that may express sorrow and reverence in fashion and attire; and I know how to be grateful to those who help me to custom. Come, bethink you, good dame—such things must be had—I will sell as good ware and as cheap as another; and a kirtle to yourself, or, at your pleasure, a purse with five florins, shall be the meed of your kindness."

"I prithee peace, friend," said Margery, "and choose a better time for vaunting your wares—you neglect both place and season; and if you be farther importunate, I must speak to those who will show you the outward side of the castle gate. I marvel the warders would admit pedlars upon a day such as this—they would drive a gainful bargain by the bedside of their mother, were she dying, I trow." So saying, she turned scornfully from him.

While thus angrily rejected on the one side, the merchant felt his cloak receive an intelligent twitch upon the other, and, looking round upon the signal, he saw a dame, whose black kerchief was affectingly disposed, so as to give an appearance of solemnity to a set of light laughing features, which must have been captivating when young, since they retained so many good points when at least forty years had passed over them. She winked to the merchant, touching at the same time her under lip with her forefinger, to announce the propriety of silence and secrecy; then gliding from the crowd, retreated to a small recess formed by a projecting buttress of the chapel, as if to avoid the pressure likely to take place at the moment when the bier should be lifted. The merchant failed not to follow her example, and was soon by her side, when she did not give him the trouble of opening his affairs, but commenced the conversation herself.

"I have heard what you said to our dame Margery—Mannerly Margery, as I call her—heard as much, at least, as led me to guess the rest, for I have got an eye in my head, I promise you."

"A pair of them, my pretty dame, and as bright as drops of dew in a May morning."

"Oh, you say so, because I have been weeping," said the scarlet-hosed Gillian, for it was even herself who spoke; "and to be sure, I have good cause, for our lord was always my very good lord, and would sometimes chuck me under the chin, and call me buxom Gillian of Croydon—not that the good gentleman was ever unkind, for he would thrust a silver twopenny into my hand at the same time.—Oh! the friend that I have lost!—And I have had anger on his account too—I have seen old Raoul as sour as vinegar, and fit for no place but the kennel for a whole day about it; but as I said to him, it was not for the like of me to be affronting our master, and a great baron, about a chuck under the chin, or a kiss, or such like."

"No wonder you are so sorry for so kind a master, dame," said the merchant.

"No wonder indeed," replied the dame, with a sigh; "and then what is to become of us?—It is like my young mistress will go to her aunt—or she will marry one of these Lacy's that they talk so much of—or, at any rate she will leave the castle; and it's like old Raoul and I will be turned to grass with the lord's old chargers. The lord knows, they may as well hang him up with the old hounds, for he is both footless and fangless, and fit for nothing on earth that I know of."

"Your young mistress is that lady in the mourning mantle," said the merchant, "who so nearly sunk down upon the body just now?"

"In good troth is she, sir—and much cause she has to sink down. I am sure she will be to seek for such another father."

"I see you are a most discerning woman, gossip Gillian," answered the merchant; "and yonder youth that supported her is her bridegroom?"

"Much need she has for some one to support her,"

said Gillian; "and so have I for that matter, for what can poor old rusty Raoul do?"

"But as to your young lady's marriage?" said the merchant.

"No one knows more, than that such a thing was in treaty between our late lord and the great Constable of Chester, that came to-day but just in time to prevent the Welsh from cutting all our throats, and doing the Lord knoweth what mischief beside. But there is a marriage talked of, that is certain—and most folk think it must be for this smooth-cheeked boy, Damian, as they call him; for though the Constable has gotten a beard, which his nephew hath not, it is something too grizzled for a bridegroom's chin—Besides, he goes to the Holy Wars—fittest place for all elderly warriors—I wish he would take Raoul with him.—But what is all this to what you were saying about your mourning wares even now?—It is a sad truth, that my poor Lord is gone.—But what then?—Well—a day, you know the good old saw,—

'Cloth must we wear,
Eat beef and drink beer,
Though the dead go to bier.'

And for your merchandising, I am as like to help you with my good word as Mannerly Margery, provided you bid fair for it; since, if the lady loves me not so much, I can turn the steward round my finger."

"Take this in part of our bargain, pretty Mrs. Gillian," said the merchant; "and when my wains come up, I will consider you amply, if I get good sale by your favourable report.—But how shall I get into the castle again? for I would wish to consult you, being a sensible woman, before I come in with my luggage."

"Why," answered the complaisant dame, "if our English be on guard, you have only to ask for Gillian, and they will open the wicket to any single man at once; for we English stick all together, were it but to spite the Normans;—but if a Norman be on duty, you must ask for old Raoul, and say you come to speak of dogs and hawks for sale, and I warrant you come to speech of me that way. If the sentinel be a Fleming, you have but to say you are a merchant, and he will let you in for the love of trade."

The merchant repeated his thankful acknowledgment, glided from her side, and mixed among the spectators, leaving her to congratulate herself on having gained a brace of florins by the indulgence of her natural talkative humour; for which, on other occasions, she had sometimes dearly paid.

The ceasing of the heavy toll of the castle bell now gave intimation that the noble Raymond Berenger had been laid in the vault with his fathers. That part of the funeral attendants who had come from the host of De Lacy, now proceeded to the castle hall, where they partook, but with temperance, of some refreshments, which were offered as a death-meal; and presently after left the castle, headed by young Damian, in the same slow and melancholy form in which they had entered. The monks remained within the castle to sing repeated services for the soul of the deceased, and for those of his faithful men-at-arms who had fallen around him, and who had been so much mangled during, and after, the contest with the Welsh, that it was scarce possible to know one individual from another; otherwise the body of Dennis Morolt would have obtained, as his faith well deserved, the honours of a separate funeral.*

CHAPTER XI.

—The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table.—*Hamlet.*

The religious rites which followed the funeral of Raymond Berenger, endured without interruption for the period of six days; during which, alms were distributed to the poor, and relief administered, at the expense of the Lady Eveline, to all those who had suffered by the late inroad. Death-meals, as they were termed, were also spread in honour of

* The Welsh, a fierce and barbarous people, were often accused

the deceased; but the lady herself, and most of his attendants, observed a stern course of vigil, discipline, and fasts, which appeared to the Normans a more decorous manner of testifying their respect for the dead, than the Saxon and Flemish custom of banqueting and drinking inordinately upon such occasions.

Mean while, the Constable De Lacy retained a large body of his men encamped under the walls of the Garde Doloureuse, for protection against some new irruption of the Welsh, while with the rest he took advantage of his victory, and struck terror into the British by many well-conducted forays, marked with ravages scarcely less hurtful than their own. Among the enemy, the evils of discord were added to those of defeat and invasion; for two distant relations of Gwenwyn contended for the throne he had lately occupied, and on this, as on many other occasions, the Britons suffered as much from internal dissension as from the sword of the Normans. A worse politician, and a less celebrated soldier, than the sagacious and successful De Lacy, could not have failed, under such circumstances, to negotiate as he did an advantageous peace, which, while it deprived Powys of a part of its frontier, and the command of some important passes, in which it was the Constable's purpose to build castles, rendered the Garde Doloureuse more secure than formerly, from any sudden attack on the part of their fiery and restless neighbour. De Lacy's care also went to re-establishing their settlers who had fled from their possessions, and putting the whole lordship, which now descended upon an unprotected female, into a state of defence as perfect as its situation on a hostile frontier could possibly permit.

Whilst thus anxiously provident in the affairs of the orphan of the Garde Doloureuse, De Lacy, during the space we have mentioned, sought not to disturb her filial grief by any personal intercourse. His nephew, indeed, was despatched by times every morning to lay before her his uncle's *devoirs*, in the high-flown language of the day, and acquaint her with the steps which he had taken in her affairs. As a need due to his relative's high services, Damian was always admitted to see Eveline on such occasions, and returned charged with her grateful thanks and her implicit acquiescence in whatever the Constable proposed for her consideration.

But when the days of rigid mourning were elapsed, the young De Lacy stated, on the part of his kinsman, that his treaty with the Welsh being concluded, and all things in this district arranged as well as circumstances would permit, the Constable of Chester now proposed to return into his own territory, in order to resume his instant preparations for the Holy Land, which the duty of chastising her enemies had for some days interrupted.

"And will not the noble Constable, before he departs from this place," said Eveline, with a burst of gratitude which the occasion well merited, "renew the personal thanks of her that was ready to perish, when he so valiantly came to her aid?"

"It was even on that point that I was commissioned to speak," replied Damian; "but my noble kinsman feels diffident to propose to you that which he most earnestly desires—the privilege of speaking to your own ear certain matters of high import, and with which he judges it fit to intrust no third party."

"Surely," said the maiden, blushing, "there can be naught beyond the bounds of maidenhood, in my seeing the noble Constable whenever such is his pleasure."

"But his vow," replied Damian, "binds my kinsman not to come beneath a roof until he sets sail for

of mangle the bodies of their slain antagonists. Every one must remember Shakespeare's account, how

—the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower—
Was, by the rude hands of that Welshman, taken,
And a thousand of his people butcher'd:
Upon whose dead corpses there was much mimes,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By these Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of."

Palestine; and in order to meet him, you must grace him so far as to visit his pavilion:—a condescension which, as a knight and Norman noble, he can scarcely ask of a damsel of high degree.”

“And is that all?” said Eveline, who, educated in a remote situation, was a stranger to some of the nice points of etiquette which the damsels of the time observed in keeping their state towards the other sex. “Shall I not,” she said, “go to render my thanks to my deliverer, since he cannot come hither to receive them? Tell the noble Hugo de Lacy, that, next to my gratitude to Heaven, it is due to him, and to his brave companions in arms. I will come to his tent as to a holy shrine; and, could such homage please him, I would come barefooted, were the road strewed with flints and with thorns.”

“My uncle will be equally honoured and delighted with your resolve,” said Damian; “but it will be his study to save you all unnecessary trouble, and with that view a pavilion shall be instantly planted before your castle gate, which, if it please you to grace it with your presence, may be the place for the desired interview.”

Eveline readily acquiesced in what was proposed, as the expedient agreeable to the Constable, and recommended by Damian; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she saw no good reason why, under the guardianship of the latter, she should not instantly, and without farther form, have traversed the little familiar plain on which, when a child, she used to chase butterflies and gather king’s-cups, and where of later years she was wont to exercise her palfrey on this well-known plain, being the only space, and that of small extent, which separated her from the camp of the Constable.

The youthful emissary, with whose presence she had now become familiar, retired to acquaint his kinsman and lord with the success of his commission; and Eveline experienced the first sensation of anxiety upon her own account which had agitated her bosom, since the defeat and death of Gwenwyn gave her permission to dedicate her thoughts exclusively to grief, for the loss which she had sustained in the person of her noble father. But now, when that grief, though not satiated, was blunted by solitary indulgence—now that she was to appear before the person of whose fame she had heard so much, of whose powerful protection she had received such recent proofs, her mind insensibly turned upon the nature and consequences of that important interview. She had seen Hugo de Lacy, indeed, at the great tournament at Chester, where his valour and skill were the theme of every tongue, and she had received the homage which he rendered her beauty when he assigned to her the prize, with all the gay flutterings of youthful vanity; but of his person and figure she had no distinct idea, excepting that he was a middle-sized man, dressed in peculiarly rich armour, and that the countenance, which looked out from under the shade of his raised visor, seemed to her juvenile estimate very nearly as old as that of her father. This person, of whom she had such slight recollection, had been the chosen instrument employed by her tutelary protectress in rescuing her from captivity, and in avenging the loss of a father, and she was bound by her vow to consider him as the arbiter of her fate, if indeed he should deem it worth his while to become so. She wearied her memory with vain efforts to recollect so much of his features as might give her some means of guessing at his disposition, and her judgment toiled in conjecturing what line of conduct he was likely to pursue towards her.

The great Baron himself seemed to attach to their meeting a degree of consequence, which was intimated by the formal preparations which he made for it. Eveline had imagined that he might have ridden to the gate of the castle in five minutes, and that, if a pavilion were actually necessary to the decorum of their interview, a tent could have been transferred from his leaguer to the castle gate, and pitched there in ten minutes more. But it was plain that the Constable considered much more form and ceremony as essential to their meeting; for in about half an hour after Damian de Lacy had left the castle, not

fewer than twenty soldiers and artificers, under the direction of a pursuivant, whose tabard was decorated with the armorial bearings of the house of Lacy, were employed in erecting before the gate of the Garde Doloureuse one of those splendid pavilions, which were employed at tournaments and other occasions of public state. It was of purple silk, valanced with gold embroidery, having the cords of the same rich materials. The door-way was formed by six lances, the staves of which were plated with silver, and the blades composed of the same precious metal. These were pitched into the ground by couples, and crossed at the top, so as to form a sort of succession of arches, which were covered by drapery of sea-green silk, forming a pleasing contrast with the purple and gold.

The interior of the tent was declared by Dame Gillian and others, whose curiosity induced them to visit it, to be of a splendour agreeing with the outside. There were Oriental carpets, and there were tapestries of Ghent and Bruges mingled in gay profusion, while the top of the pavilion, covered with sky-blue silk, was arranged so as to resemble the firmament, and richly studded with a sun, moon, and stars, composed of solid silver. This gorgeous pavilion had been made for the use of the celebrated William of Ypres, who acquired such great wealth as general of the mercenaries of King Stephen, and was by him created Earl of Albemarle; but the chance of war had assigned it to De Lacy, after one of the dreadful engagements, so many of which occurred during the civil wars, betwixt Stephen and the Empress Maude, or Matilda. The Constable had never before been known to use it; for although wealthy and powerful, Hugo de Lacy was, on most occasions, plain and unostentatious; which, to those who knew him, made his present conduct seem the more remarkable. At the hour of noon he arrived, nobly mounted, at the gate of the castle, and drawing up a small body of servants, pages, and equerries, who attended him in their richest liveries, placed himself at their head, and directed his nephew to intimate to the Lady of the Garde Doloureuse, that the humblest of her servants awaited the honour of her presence at the castle gate.

Among the spectators who witnessed his arrival, there were many who thought that some part of the state and splendour attached to his pavilion and his retinue, had been better applied to set forth the person of the Constable himself, as his attire was simple even to meanness, and his person by no means of such distinguished bearing as might altogether dispense with the advantages of dress and ornament. The opinion became yet more prevalent, when he descended from horseback, until which time his masterly management of the noble animal he bestowed, gave a dignity to his person and figure, which he lost upon dismounting from his steel saddle. In height, the celebrated Constable scarce attained the middle size, and his limbs, though strongly built and well knit, were deficient in grace and ease of movement. His legs were slightly curved outwards, which gave him advantage as a horseman, but showed unfavourably when he was upon foot. He halted, though very slightly, in consequence of one of his legs having been broken by the fall of a charger, and infartificially set by an inexperienced surgeon. This, also, was a blemish in his deportment; and though his broad shoulders, sinewy arms, and expanded chest, betokened the strength which he often displayed, it was strength of a clumsy and ungraceful character. His language and gestures were those of one seldom used to converse with equals, more seldom still with superiors; short, abrupt, and decisive, almost to the verge of sternness. In the judgment of those who were habitually acquainted with the Constable, there was both dignity and kindness in his keen eye and expanded brow; but such as saw him for the first time judged less favourably, and pretended to discover a harsh and passionate expression, although they allowed his countenance to have, on the whole, a bold and martial character. His age was in reality not more than five-and-forty, but the fatigues of war and of climate had added in appearance ten years to that

period of time. By far the plainest dressed man of his train, he wore only a short Norman mantle, over the close dress of shamoy-leather, which, almost always covered by his armour, was in some places slightly soiled by its pressure. A brown hat, in which he wore a sprig of rosemary in memory of his vow, served for his head-gear—his good sword and dagger hung at a belt made of seal-skin.

Thus accoutred, and at the head of a glittering and gilded band of retainers, who watched his slightest glance, the Constable of Chester awaited the arrival of the Lady Eveline Berenger, at the gate of her castle of Doloureuse.

The trumpets from within announced her presence—the bridge fell, and, led by Damian de Lacy in his gayest habit, and followed by her train of females, and menial or vassal attendants, she came forth in her loveliness from under the massive and antique portal of her paternal fortress. She was dressed without ornaments of any kind, and in deep mourning weeds, as best befitted her recent loss; forming, in this respect, a strong contrast with the rich attire of her conductor, whose costly dress gleamed with jewels and embroidery, while their age and personal beauty made them in every other respect the fair counterpart of each other; a circumstance which probably gave rise to the delighted murmur and buzz which passed through the bystanders on their appearance, and which only respect for the deep mourning of Eveline prevented from breaking out into shouts of applause.

The instant that the fair foot of Eveline had made a step beyond the palisades which formed the outward barrier of the castle, the Constable de Lacy came forward to meet her, and, bending his right knee to the earth, craved pardon for the discourtesy which his vow had imposed on him, while he expressed his sense of the honour with which she now graced him, as one for which his life, devoted to her service, would be an inadequate acknowledgment.

The action and speech, though both in consistence with the romantic gallantry of the times, embarrassed Eveline; and the rather that this homage was so publicly rendered. She entreated the Constable to stand up, and not to add to the confusion of one who was already sufficiently at a loss how to acquit herself of the heavy debt of gratitude which she owed him. The constable arose accordingly, after saluting her hand, which she extended to him, and prayed her, since she was so far condescending, to deign to enter the poor hut he had prepared for her shelter, and to grant him the honour of the audience he had solicited. Eveline, without further answer than a bow, yielded him her hand, and, desiring the rest of her train to remain where they were, commanded the attendance of Rose Flammoek.

"Lady," said the Constable, "the matters of which I am compelled thus hastily to speak, are of a nature the most private."

"This maiden," replied Eveline, "is my bower-woman, and acquainted with my most inward thoughts; I beseech you to permit her presence at our conference."

"It were better otherwise," said Hugo de Lacy, with some embarrassment; "but your pleasure shall be obeyed."

He led the Lady Eveline into the tent, and entreated her to be seated on a large pile of cushions, covered with rich Venetian silk. Rose placed herself behind her mistress, half kneeling upon the same cushions, and watched the motions of the all-accomplished soldier and statesman, whom the voice of fame lauded so loudly; enjoying his embarrassment as a triumph of her sex, and scarcely of opinion that his shamoy doublet and square form accorded with the splendour of the scene, or the almost angelic beauty of Eveline, the other actor therein.

"Lady," said the Constable, after some hesitation, "I would willingly say what it is my lot to tell you, in such terms as ladies love to listen to, and which surely your excellent beauty more especially deserves; but I have been too long trained in camps and councils to express my meaning otherwise than simply and plainly."

"I shall the more easily understand you, my lord," said Eveline, trembling, though she scarce knew why.

"My story, then, must be a blunt one. Something there passed between your honourable father and myself, touching a union of our houses."—He paused, as if he wished or expected Eveline to say something, but, as she was silent, he proceeded. "I would to God, that as he was at the beginning of this treaty, it had pleased Heaven he should have conducted and concluded it with his usual wisdom; but what remedy?—he has gone the path which we must all tread."

"Your lordship," said Eveline, "has nobly avenged the death of your noble friend."

"I have but done my devoir, lady, as a good knight in defence of an endangered maiden—a Lord Marcher in protection of the frontier—and a friend in avenging his friend. But to the point.—Our long and noble line draws near to a close. Of my remote kinsman, Randal Lacy, I will not speak; for in him I see nothing that is good or hopeful, nor have we been at one for many years. My nephew, Damian, gives hopeful promise to be a worthy branch of our ancient tree—but he is scarce twenty years old, and hath a long career of adventure and peril to encounter, ere he can honourably propose to himself the duties of domestic privacy or matrimonial engagements. His mother also is English, some abatement perhaps in the escutcheon of his arms; yet, had ten years more passed over him with the honours of chivalry, I should have proposed Damian de Lacy for the happiness to which I at present aspire."

"You—you, my lord!—it is impossible!" said Eveline, endeavouring at the same time to suppress all that could be offensive in the surprise which she could not help exhibiting.

"I do not wonder," replied the Constable, calmly—for, the ice now being broken, he resumed the natural steadiness of his manner and character—"that you express surprise at this daring proposal, I have not perhaps the form that pleases a lady's eye, and I have forgotten,—that is, if ever I knew them,—the terms and phrases which please a lady's ear; but, noble Eveline, the Lady of Hugh de Lacy will be one of the foremost among the matronage of England."

"It will the better become the individual to whom so high a dignity is offered," said Eveline, "to consider how far she is capable of discharging its duties."

"Of that I fear nothing," said De Lacy. "She who hath been so excellent a daughter, cannot be less estimable in every other relation in life."

"I do not find that confidence in myself, my lord," replied the embarrassed maiden, "with which you are so willing to load me.—And I—forgive me—must crave time for other inquiries as well as those which respect myself."

"Your father, noble lady, had this union warmly at heart. This scroll, signed with his own hand, will show it." He bent his knee as he gave the paper.

"The wife of De Lacy will have, as the daughter of Raymond Berenger merits, the rank of a princess; his widow, the dowry of a queen."

"Mock me not with your knee, my lord, while you plead to me the paternal commands, which, joined to other circumstances"—She paused, and sighed deeply—"leave me, perhaps, but little room for free-will!"

Emboldened by this answer, De Lacy, who had hitherto remained on his knee, rose gently, and assuming a seat beside the Lady Eveline, continued to press his suit—not, indeed, in the language of passion, but of a plain-spoken man, eagerly urging a proposal on which his happiness depended. The vision of the miraculous image was, it may be supposed, uppermost in the mind of Eveline, who, tied down by the solemn vow she had made on that occasion, felt herself constrained to return evasive answers, where she might perhaps have given a direct negative, had her own wishes alone been to decide her reply.

"You cannot," she said, "expect from me, my lord, in this my so recent orphan state, that I should come to a speedy determination upon an affair of such deep importance. Give me leisure of your nobleness for

consideration with myself—for consultation with my friends."

"Alas! fair Eveline," said the Baron, "do not be offended at my urgency. I cannot long delay setting forward on a distant and perilous expedition; and the short time left me for soliciting your favour, must be an apology for my importunity."

"And is it in these circumstances, noble De Lacy, that you would encumber yourself with family ties?" asked the maiden, timidly.

"I am God's soldier," said the Constable, "and he, in whose cause I fight in Palestine, will defend my wife in England."

"Hear then my present answer, my lord," said Eveline Berenger, rising from her seat. "To-morrow I proceed to the Benedictine nunnery at Gloucester, where resides my honoured father's sister, who is Abbess of that reverend house. To her guidance I will commit myself in this matter."

"A fair and maidenly resolution," answered De Lacy, who seemed, on his part, rather glad that the conference was abridged, "and, as I trust, not altogether unfavourable to the suit of your humble suppliant, since the good Lady Abbess hath been long my honoured friend." He then turned to Rose, who was about to attend her lady—"Pretty maiden," he said, offering a chain of gold, "let this carcanet encircle thy neck, and buy thy good-will."

"My good-will cannot be purchased, my lord," said Rose, putting back the gift which he proffered.

"Your fair word, then," said the Constable, again pressing it upon her.

"Fair words are easily bought," said Rose, still rejecting the chain, "but they are seldom worth the purchase-money."

"Do you scorn my proffer, damsel?" said De Lacy; "it has graced the neck of a Norman count?"

"Give it to a Norman countess, then, my lord," said the damsel; "I am plain Rose Flammock, the weaver's daughter. I keep my good word to go with my good-will, and a latten chain will become me as well as beuten gold."

"Peace, Rose," said her lady; "you are over-malpert to talk thus to the Lord Constable.—And you, my lord," she continued, "permit me now to depart, since you are possessed of my answer to your present proposal. I regret it had not been of some less delicate nature, that by granting it at once, and without delay, I might have shown my sense of your services."

The lady was handed forth by the Constable of Chester, with the same ceremony which had been observed at their entrance, and she returned to her own castle, sad and anxious in mind for the event of this important conference. She gathered closely around her the great mourning veil, that the alteration of her countenance might not be observed; and, without pausing to speak even to Father Aldrovand, she instantly withdrew to the privacy of her own bower.

CHAPTER XII.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,

And ladies of England that happy would prove,

Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,

Nor marry for nothing but only love.

Fanny Querris

WHEN the Lady Eveline had retired into her own private chamber, Rose Flammock followed her unbidden, and proffered her assistance in removing the large veil which she had worn while she was abroad; but the lady refused her permission, saying, "You are forward with service, maiden, when it is not required of you."

"You are displeased with me, lady!" said Rose.

"And if I am, I have cause," replied Eveline. "You know my difficulties—you know what my duty demands; yet, instead of aiding me to make the sacrifice, you render it more difficult."

"Would I had influence to guide your path!" said Rose; "you should find it a smooth one—ay, an honest and straight one, to boot!"

"How mean you, maiden?" said Eveline.

"I would have you," answered Rose, "recall the encouragement—the consent, I may almost call it, you have yielded to this proud baron. He is too great to be loved himself—too haughty to love you as you deserve. If you wed him, you wed gilded misery, and, it may be, dishonour as well as discontent."

"Remember, damsel," answered Eveline Berenger, "his services towards us."

"His services?" answered Rose. "He ventured his life for us, indeed, but so did every soldier in his host. And am I bound to wed any ruffling blade among them, because he fought when the trumpet sounded? I wonder what is the meaning of their *dévoir*, as they call it, when it shames them not to claim the highest reward woman can bestow, merely for discharging the duty of a gentleman by a distressed creature. A gentleman, said I?—The coarsest boor in Flanders would hardly expect thanks for doing the duty of a man by women in such a case."

"But my father's wishes?" said the young lady.

"They had reference, without doubt, to the inclination of your father's daughter," answered the attendant. "I will not do my late noble lord—(may God assolzie him!)—the injustice to suppose he would have urged aught in this matter which squared not with your free choice."

"Then my vow—my fatal vow—as I had well nigh called it," said Eveline. "May Heaven forgive me my ingratitude to my patroness!"

"Even this shakes me not," said Rose; "I will never believe our Lady of Mercy would exact such a penalty for her protection, as to desire me to wed the man I could not love. She smiled, you say, upon your prayer. Go—lay at her feet these difficulties which oppress you, and see if she will not smile again. Or seek a dispensation from your vow—seek it at the expense of the half of your estate—seek it at the expense of your whole property. Go a pilgrimage barefooted to Rome—do any thing but give your hand where you cannot give your heart."

"You speak warmly, Rose," said Eveline, still sighing as she spoke.

"Alas! my sweet lady, I have cause. Have I not seen a household where love was not—where, although there was worth and good-will, and enough of the means of life, all was bittered by regrets, which were not only vain, but criminal?"

"Yet, methinks, Rose, a sense of what is due to ourselves and to others, may, if listened to, guide and comfort us under such feelings even as thou hast described."

"It will save us from sin, lady, but not from sorrow," answered Rose; "and wherefore should we, with our eyes open, rush into circumstances where duty must war with inclination? Why row against wind and tide, when you may as easily take advantage of the breeze?"

"Because the voyage of my life lies where winds and currents oppose me," answered Eveline. "It is my fate, Rose."

"Not unless you make it such by choice," answered Rose. "O, could you but have seen the pale cheek, sunken eye, and dejected bearing of my poor mother!—I have said too much."

"It was then your mother," said her young lady, "of whose unhappy wedlock you have spoken?"

"It was—it was," said Rose, bursting into tears.

"I have exposed my own shame to save you from sorrow. Unhappy she was, though most guiltless—so unhappy, that the breach of the dyke, and the inundation in which she perished, were, but for my sake, to her welcome as night to the weary labourer. She had a heart like yours, formed to love and be loved; and it would be doing honour to yonder proud Baron, to say he had such worth as my father's.—Yet was she most unhappy. O! my sweet lady, be warned, and break off this ill-omened match!"

Eveline returned the pressure with which the affectionate girl, as she clung to her hand, enforced her well-meant advice, and then muttered, with a profound sigh—"Rose, it is too late."

"Never—never," said Rose, looking eagerly around the room. "Where are those writing materials?—Let me bring Father Aldrovand, and instruct him of

your pleasure—or, stay, the good father hath himself an eye on the splendours of the world which he thinks he has abandoned—he will be no safe secretary.—I will go myself to the Lord Constable—me his rank cannot dazzle, or his wealth bribe, or his power overawe. I will tell him he doth no knightly part towards you, to press his contract with your father in such an hour of helpless sorrow—no pious part, in delaying the execution of his vows for the purpose of marrying or giving in marriage—no honest part, to press himself on a maiden whose heart has not decided in his favour—no wise part, to marry one whom he must presently abandon, either to solitude, or to the dangers of a profligate court.”

“You have not courage for such an embassy, Rose,” said her mistress, sadly smiling through her tears at her youthful attendant’s zeal.

“Not courage for it!—and wherefore not?—Try me,” answered the Flemish maiden, in return. “I am neither Saracen nor Welshman—his lance and sword scare me not. I follow not his banner—his voice of command concerns me not. I could with your leave, boldly tell him he is a selfish man, veiling with fair and honourable pretext his pursuit of objects which concern his own pride and gratification, and founding high claims on having rendered the services which common humanity demanded. And all for what?—Forsooth, the great De Lacy must have an heir to his noble house, and his fair nephew is not good enough to be his representative, because his mother was of Anglo-Saxon strain, and the real heir must be pure unmixed Norman; and for this Lady Eveline Berenger, in the first bloom of youth, must be wedded to a man who might be her father, and who, after leaving her unprotected for years, will return in such guise as might beseem her grandfather!”

“Since he is thus scrupulous concerning purity of lineage,” said Eveline, “perhaps he may call to mind—what so good a herald as he is cannot fail to know—that I am of Saxon strain by my father’s mother.”

“Oh,” replied Rose, “he will forgive that blot in the heiress of the Garde Doloureuse.”

“Fie, Rose,” answered her mistress, “thou dost him wrong in taxing him with advance.”

“Perhaps so,” answered Rose; “but he is undeniably ambitious; and Avarice, I have heard, is Ambition’s bastard brother, though Ambition be sometimes ashamed of the relationship.”

“You speak too boldly, damsel,” said Eveline; “and, while I acknowledge your affection, it becomes me to check your mode of expression.”

“Nay, take that tone, and I have done,” said Rose. —“To Eveline, whom I love, and who loves me, I can speak freely—but to the Lady of the Garde Doloureuse, the proud Norman damsel, (which when you choose to be you can be,) I can curtsy as low as my station demands, and speak as little truth as she cares to hear.”

“Thou art a wild but a kind girl,” said Eveline: “no one who did not know thee would think that soft and childish exterior covered such a soul of fire. Thy mother must indeed have been the being of feeling and passion you paint her; for thy father—nay, nay, never arm in his defence until he be attacked—I only meant to say, that his solid sense and sound judgment are his most distinguished qualities.”

“And I would you would avail yourself of them, lady,” said Rose.

“In fitting things I will; but he were rather an unmeet counsellor in that which we now treat of,” said Eveline.

“You mistake him,” answered Rose Flammock, “and underrate his value. Sound judgment is like to the graduated measuring-wand, which, though usually applied only to coarser cloths, will give with equal truth the dimensions of Indian silk, or of cloth of gold.”

“Well—well—this affair presses not instantly at least,” said the young lady. “Leave me now, Rose, and send Gillian the tirewoman hither—I have directions to give about the packing and removal of my wardrobe.”

“That Gillian the tirewoman hath been a mighty favourite of late,” said Rose; “time was when it was otherwise.”

“I like her manners as little as thou dost,” said Eveline; “but she is old Raoul’s wife—she was a sort of half-favourite with my dear father—who, like other men, was perhaps taken by that very freedom which we think unseemly in persons of our sex; and then, there is no other woman in the Castle that hath such skill in empacketing clothes without the risk of their being injured.”

“That last reason alone,” said Rose, smiling, “is, I admit, an irresistible pretension to favour, and Dame Gillian shall presently attend you.—But take my advice, lady—keep her to her bales and her mails, and let her not prate to you on what concerns her not.”

So saying, Rose left the apartment, and her young lady looked after her in silence—then murmured to herself—“Rose loves me truly; but she would willingly be more of the mistress than the maiden; and then she is somewhat jealous of every other person that approaches me.—It is strange, that I have not seen Damian de Lacy since my interview with the Constable. He anticipates, I suppose, the chance of his finding in me a severe aunt!”

But the domestics, who crowded for orders with reference to her removal early on the morrow, began now to divert the current of their lady’s thoughts from the consideration of her own particular situation, which, as the prospect presented nothing pleasant, with the elastic spirit of youth, she willingly postponed till further leisure.

CHAPTER XIII.

Too much rest is rust,
There’s ever cheer in changing;
We tune by too much trust,
So we’ll be up and ranging.—*Old Song.*

EARLY on the subsequent morning, a gallant company, saddened indeed by the deep mourning which their principals wore, left the well-defended Castle of the Garde Doloureuse, which had been so lately the scene of such remarkable events.

The sun was just beginning to exhale the heavy dews which had fallen during the night, and to disperse the thin gray mist which eddied around towers and battlements, when Wilkin Flammock, with six crossbowmen on horseback, and as many spearmen on foot, sallied forth from under the Gothic gateway, and crossed the sounding drawbridge. After this advanced guard, came four household servants well mounted, and after them, as many inferior female attendants, all in mourning. Then rode forth the young Lady Eveline herself, occupying the centre of the little procession, and her long black robes formed a striking contrast to the colour of her milkwhite palfrey. Beside her, on a Spanish jennet, the gift of her affectionate father,—who had procured it at a high rate, and who would have given half his substance to gratify his daughter,—sat the girlish form of Rose Flammock, who had so much of juvenile shyness in her manner, so much of feeling and of judgment in her thoughts and actions. Dame Margery followed, mixed in the party escorted by Father Aldrovand, whose company she chiefly frequented; for Margery affected a little the character of the devotee, and her influence in the family, as having been Eveline’s nurse, was so great as to render her no improper companion for the chaplain, when her lady did not require her attendance on her own person. Then came old Raoul the huntsman, his wife, and two or three other officers of Raymond Berenger’s household; the steward with his golden chain, velvet cassock, and white wand, bringing up the rear, which was closed by a small band of archers, and four men-at-arms. The guards, and indeed the greater part of the attendants, were only designed to give the necessary degree of honour to the young lady’s movements, by accompanying her a short space from the castle, where they were met by the Constable of Chester, who, with a retinue of thirty lances, proposed himself to escort Eveline as far as Gloucester, the place of her destination. Under his protection no danger was

be apprehended, even if the severe defeat so lately sustained by the Welsh had not of itself been likely to prevent any attempt, on the part of those hostile mountaineers, to disturb the safety of the marches for some time to come.

In pursuance of this arrangement, which permitted the armed part of Eveline's retinue to return for the protection of the castle, and the restoration of order in the district around, the Constable awaited her at the fatal bridge, at the head of the gallant band of selected horsemen whom he had ordered to attend upon him. The parties halted, as if to salute each other; but the Constable, observing that Eveline drew her veil more closely around her, and recollecting the loss she had so lately sustained on that luckless spot, had the judgment to confine his greeting to a mute reverence, so low that the lofty plume which he wore, (for he was now in complete armour,) mingled with the flowing mane of his gallant horse. Wilkin Flammock next halted, to ask the lady if she had any farther commands.

"None, good Wilkin," said Eveline; "but to be, as ever, true and watchful."

"The properties of a good mastiff," said Flammock. "Some rude sagacity, and a stout hand instead of a sharp case of teeth, are all that I can claim to be added to them—I will do my best.—Fare thee well, Roschen! Thou art going among strangers—forget not the qualities which made thee loved at home. The saints bless thee—farewell!"

The steward next approached to take his leave, but in doing so, had nearly met with a fatal accident. It had been the pleasure of Raoul, who was in his own disposition crossgrained, and in person rheumatic, to accommodate himself with an old Arab horse, which had been kept, for the sake of the breed, as lean, and almost as lame as himself, and with a temper as vicious as that of a fiend. Betwixt the rider and the horse was a constant misunderstanding, testified on Raoul's part by oaths, rough cheeks with the curb, and severe digging with the spurs, which Mahound (so paganishly was the horse named) answered by plunging, bounding, and endeavouring by all expedients to unseat his rider, as well as striking and lashing out furiously at whatever else approached him. It was thought by many of the household, that Raoul preferred this vicious cross-tempered animal upon all occasions when he travelled in company with his wife, in order to take advantage by the chance, that amongst the various kicks, plunges, gambades, lashings out, and other eccentricities of Mahound, his heels might come in contact with Dame Gillian's ribs. And now, when as the important steward spurred up his palfrey, to kiss his young lady's hand, and to take his leave, it seemed to the bystanders as if Raoul so managed his bridle and spur, that Mahound jerked out his hoofs at the same moment, one of which coming in contact with the steward's thigh, would have splintered it like a rotten reed, had the parties been a couple of inches nearer to each other. As it was, the steward sustained considerable damage; and they that observed the grin upon Raoul's vinegar countenance entertained little doubt, that Mahound's heels then and there venged certain nods, winks, and wreathed smiles, which had passed betwixt the gold-chained functionary and the coquettish tirewoman since the party left the castle.

This incident abridged the painful solemnity of parting betwixt the Lady Eveline and her dependants, and lessened at the same time the formality of her meeting with the Constable, and, as it were, resigning herself to his protection.

Hugo de Lacy, having commanded six of his men-at-arms to proceed as an advanced-guard, remained himself to see the steward properly deposited on a palfrey, and then, with the rest of his followers, marched in military fashion about one hundred yards in the rear of Lady Eveline and her retinue, judiciously forbearing to present himself to her society while she was engaged in the orisons which the place where they met naturally suggested, and waiting patiently until the elasticity of youthful temper should require some diversion of the gloomy thoughts which the scene inspired.

Guided by this policy, the Constable did not approach the ladies until the advance of the morning rendered it politeness to remind them, that a pleasant spot for breaking their fast occurred in the neighbourhood, where he had ventured to make some preparations for rest and refreshment. Immediately after the Lady Eveline had intimated her acceptance of this courtesy, they came in sight of the spot he alluded to, marked by an ancient oak, which, spreading its broad branches far and wide, reminded the traveller of that of Mamre, under which celestial beings accepted the hospitality of the patriarch. Across two of these huge projecting arms was flung a piece of rose-coloured sarsnet, as a canopy to keep off the morning beams, which were already rising high. Cushions of silk, interchanged with others covered with the furs of animals of the chase, were arranged round a repast, which a Norman cook had done his utmost to distinguish, by the superior delicacy of his art, from the gross meals of the Saxons, and the penurious simplicity of the Welsh tables. A fountain, which bubbled from under a large mossy stone at some distance, refreshed the air with its sound, and the taste with its liquid crystal; while, at the same time, it formed a cistern for cooling two or three flasks of Gascon wine and hippocras, which were at that time the necessary accompaniments of the morning meal.

When Eveline, with Rose, the Confessor, and at some farther distance her faithful nurse, was seated at this sylvan banquet, the leaves rustling to a gentle breeze, the water bubbling in the background, the birds twittering around, while the half-heard sounds of conversation and laughter at a distance announced that their guard was in the vicinity, she could not avoid making the Constable some natural compliment on his happy selection of a place of repose.

"You do me more than justice," replied the Baron; "the spot was selected by my nephew, who hath a fancy like a minstrel. Myself am but slow in imagining such devices."

Rose looked full at her mistress, as if she endeavoured to look into her very inmost soul; but Eveline answered with the utmost simplicity,—"And wherefore hath not the noble Damian waited to join us at the entertainment which he hath directed?"

"He prefers riding onward," said the Baron, "with some light-horsemen; for, notwithstanding there are now no Welsh knaves stirring, yet the marches are never free from robbers and outlaws; and though there is nothing to fear for a band like ours, yet you should not be alarmed even by the approach of danger."

"I have indeed seen but too much of it lately," said Eveline; and relapsed into the melancholy mood from which the novelty of the scene had for a moment awakened her.

Mean while, the Constable, removing, with the assistance of his squire, his mailed hood and its steel crest, as well as his gauntlets, remained in his flexible coat-of-mail, composed entirely of rings of steel curiously interwoven, his hands bare, and his brows covered with a velvet bonnet of a peculiar fashion, appropriated to the use of knights, and called a *mortier*, which permitted him both to converse and to eat more easily than when he wore the full defensive armour. His discourse was plain, sensible, and manly; and, turning upon the state of the country, and the precautions to be observed for governing and defending so disorderly a frontier, it became gradually interesting to Eveline, one of whose warmest wishes was to be the protectress of her father's vassals. De Lacy, on his part, seemed much pleased; for, young as Eveline was, her questions showed intelligence, and her mode of answering, both apprehension and docility. In short, familiarity was so far established betwixt them, that, in the next stage of their journey, the Constable seemed to think his appropriate place was at the Lady Eveline's bridle-rein; and although she certainly did not countenance his attendance, yet neither did she seem willing to discourage it.—Himself no ardent lover, although captivated both with the beauty and the amiable qualities of the fair orphan, De Lacy was satisfied with being endured as a companion, and made no efforts to improve the

opportunity which this familiarity afforded him, by recurring to any of the topics of the preceding day.

A halt was made at noon in a small village, where the same purveyor had made preparations for their accommodation, and particularly for that of the Lady Eveline; but, something to her surprise, he himself remained invisible. The conversation of the Constable of Chester was, doubtless, in the highest degree instructive; but at Eveline's years, a maiden might be excused for wishing some addition to the society in the person of a younger and less serious attendant; and when she recollected the regularity with which Damian Lacy had hitherto made his respects to her, she rather wondered at his continued absence. But her reflection went no deeper than the passing thought of one who was not quite so much delighted with her present company as not to believe it capable of an agreeable addition. She was lending a patient ear to the account which the Constable gave her of the descent and pedigree of a gallant knight of the distinguished family of Herbert, at whose castle he purposed to repose during the night, when one of the retinue announced a messenger from the Lady of Baldringham.

"My honoured father's aunt," said Eveline, arising to testify that respect for age and relationship which the manners of the time required.

"I knew not," said the Constable, "that my gallant friend had such a relative."

"She was my grandmother's sister," answered Eveline, "a noble Saxon lady; but she disliked the match formed with a Norman house, and never saw her sister after the period of her marriage."

She broke off, as the messenger, who had the appearance of the steward of a person of consequence, entered their presence, and, bending his knee reverently, delivered a letter, which, being examined by Father Aldrovand, was found to contain the following invitation, expressed, not in French, then the general language of communication amongst the gentry, but in the old Saxon language, modified as it now was by some intermixture of French.

"If the grand-daughter of Aelfreid of Baldringham hath so much of the old Saxon strain as to desire to see an ancient relation, who still dwells in the house of her forefathers, and lives after their manner, she is thus invited to repose for the night in the dwelling of Ernensgarde of Baldringham."

"Your pleasure will be, doubtless, to decline the present hospitality?" said the Constable de Lacy; "the noble Herbert expects us, and has made great preparation."

"Your presence, my lord," said Eveline, "will more than console him for my absence. It is fitting and proper that I should meet my aunt's advances to reconciliation, since she has condescended to make them."

De Lacy's brow was slightly clouded, for seldom had he met with any thing approaching to contradiction of his pleasure. "I pray you to reflect, Lady Eveline," he said, "that your aunt's house is probably defenceless, or at least very imperfectly guarded.—Would it not be your pleasure that I should continue my dutiful attendance?"

"Of that, my lord, mine aunt can, in her own house, be the sole judge; and methinks, as she has not deemed it necessary to request the honour of your lordship's company, it were unbecoming in me to permit you to take the trouble of attendance;—you have already had but too much on my account."

"But for the sake of your own safety, madam," said De Lacy, unwilling to leave his charge.

"My safety, my lord, cannot be endangered in the house of so near a relative; whatever precautions she may take on her own behalf, will doubtless be amply sufficient for mine."

"I hope it will be found so," said De Lacy; "and I will at least add to them the security of a patrol around the castle during your abode in it." He stopped, and then proceeded with some hesitation to express his hope, that Eveline, now about to visit a kinswoman whose prejudices against the Norman race were generally known, would be on her guard against what she might hear upon that subject.

Eveline answered with dignity, that the daughter of Raymond Berenger was unlikely to listen to any opinions which would affect the dignity of that good knight's nation and descent; and with this assurance, the Constable finding it impossible to obtain any which had more special reference to himself and his suit, was compelled to remain satisfied. He recollected also that the castle of Herbert was within two miles of the habitation of the Lady of Baldringham, and that his separation from Eveline was but for one night; yet a sense of the difference betwixt their years and perhaps of his own deficiency in those lighter qualifications by which the female heart is supposed to be most frequently won, rendered even this temporary absence matter of anxious thought and apprehension; so that, during their afternoon journey, he rode in silence by Eveline's side, rather meditating what might chance to-morrow, than endeavouring to avail himself of present opportunity. In this unusual manner they travelled on until the point was reached where they were to separate for the evening.

This was an elevated spot, from which they could see, on the right hand, the castle of Amelot Herbert, rising high upon an eminence, with all its Gothic pinnacles and turrets; and on the left, low-embowed amongst oaken woods, the rude and lonely dwelling in which the Lady of Baldringham still maintained the customs of the Anglo-Saxons, and looked with contempt and hatred on all innovations that had been introduced since the battle of Hastings.

Here the Constable De Lacy, having charged a part of his men to attend the Lady Eveline to the house of her relation, and to keep watch around it with the utmost vigilance, but at such a distance as might not give offence or inconvenience to the family, kissed her hand, and took a reluctant leave. Eveline proceeded onwards by a path so little trodden, as to show the solitary condition of the mansion to which it led. Large kine, of an uncommon and valuable breed, were feeding in the rich pastures around; and now and then fallow deer, which appeared to have lost the shyness of their nature, tripped across the glades of the woodland, or stood and lay in small groups under some great oak. The transient pleasure which such a scene of rural quiet was calculated to afford, changed to more serious feelings, when a sudden turn brought her at once in front of the mansion-house, of which she had seen nothing since she first beheld it from the point where she parted with the Constable, and which she had more than one reason for regretting with some apprehension.

The house, for it could not be termed a castle, was only two stories high, low and massively built, with doors and windows forming the heavy round arch which is usually called Saxon;—the walls were matted with various creeping plants, which had crept along them undisturbed—grass grew up to the very threshold, at which hung a buffalo's horn, suspended by a brass chain. A massive door of black oak closed a gate, which much resembled the ancient entrance of a ruined sepulchre, and not a soul appeared to acknowledge or greet their arrival.

"Were I you, my Lady Eveline," said the officious dame Gillian, "I would turn bridle yet; for this old dungeon seems little likely to afford food or shelter to Christian folks."

Eveline imposed silence on her indiscreet attendant, though herself exchanging a look with Rose, who confessed something like timidity, as she commanded Raoul to blow the horn at the gate. "I have heard," she said, "that my aunt loves the ancient customs so well, that she is loath to admit into her halls any thing younger than the time of Edward the Confessor."

Raoul, in the mean time, cursing the rude instrument which baffled his skill in sounding a regular call, and gave voice only to a tremendous and discordant roar, which seemed to shake the old walls, thick as they were, repeated his summons three times before they obtained admittance. On the third sounding the gate opened, and a numerous retinue of servants of both sexes appeared in the dark and narrow hall, the upper end of which a great fire of wood was sending its furnace-blast up an antique chimney, whose

as extensive as that of a modern kitchen, was covered over with ornaments of massive stone, and shed on the top with a long range of niches, from which frowned the image of some Saxon whose barbarous name was scarce to be found in the Romish calendar.

The same officer who had brought the invitation to his lady to Eveline, now stepped forward, as it were, to assist her from her palfrey; but it was in reality to lead it by the bridle-rein into the hall itself, and up to a raised platform, or dais, the upper end of which she was at length permitted to mount. Two matrons of advanced years, and young women of gentle birth, educated by the lady of Ermengarde, attended with reverence the lady of her kinswoman. Eveline would have inquired of them for her grand-aunt, but the matrons much respect laid their fingers on their mouths, to enjoin her silence; a gesture which, united to the regularity of her reception in other respects, still excited her curiosity to see her venerable

relative. She was soon gratified; for, through a pair of foldings, which opened not far from the platform on which she stood, she was ushered into a large low-nest hung with arras; at the upper end of which, under a species of canopy, was seated the lady of Baldringham. Four score years had enched the brightness of her eyes, or bent and lowered her stately height; her gray hair was still so close as to form a tress, combined as it was with a tress of ivy leaves; her long dark-coloured gown ample folds, and the brodered girdle, which encircled it around her, was fastened by a buckle of tudded with precious stones, which were worth their ransom; her features, which had once been full, or rather majestic, bore still, though faded and wrinkled, an air of melancholy and stern grandeur, commensurate with her garb and deportment. She staff of ebony in her hand; at her feet rested a grey wolf-dog, who pricked his ears and bristled his neck, as the step of a stranger, a sound so unheard in those halls, approached the chair in which his aged mistress sat motionless.

"Welcome, Thyrne," said the venerable dame; "and daughter of the house of Baldringham, at last, and fear not their ancient servant."

The young lady sank down to his couchant posture she spoke, and, excepting the red glare of his eyes, which had seemed a hieroglyphical emblem, at the feet of some ancient priestess of Woden; so strongly did the appearance of Ermengarde, with her rod and her chaplet, correspond with that of the days of Paganism. Yet he who had seemed of her would have done therein much credit to a venerable Christian matron, who had many a hide of land to holy church, in honour of the Virgin and Saint Dunstan.

The reception of Eveline was of the antiquated and formal cast with her mansion exterior. She did not at first arise from her seat when the noble maiden approached her, nor did she admit her to the salute which she advanced; but, laying her hand on Eveline's arm, and as she advanced, and perused her countenance with an earnest and unsparing eye of minute observation.

"Welcome," she said to the most favoured of the attendants, "our niece hath the skin and eyes of a Saxon hue; but the hue of her eye-brows and hair, from the foreigner and alien.—Thou art, nevertheless, welcome to my house, maiden," she added, turning to Eveline, "especially if thou canst bear to eat thou art not absolutely a perfect creature, as these flatterers around thee have taught thee to believe."

"I say, she at length arose, and saluted her niece with a kiss on the forehead. She released her not, however, from her grasp, but proceeded to give the young lady to her garments which she had hitherto laid upon her features.

"Saint Dunstan keep us from vanity!" she said; "so this is the new guise—and modest maidens such tunics as these, showing the shape of

their persons as plain as if (Saint Mary defend us!) they were altogether without garments! And see, Berwine, these gauds on the neck, and that neck itself uncovered as low as the shoulder—these be the guises which strangers have brought into merry England! and this pouch, like a player's placket, hath but little to do with housewifery, I wot; and the dagger, too, like a glee-man's wife, that rides a mumming in masculine apparel—dost thou ever go to the wars, maiden, that thou wearest steel at thy girdle?"

Eveline, equally surprised and disobliged by the depreciating catalogue of her apparel, replied to the last question with some spirit.—"The mode may have altered, madam; but I only wear such garments as are now worn by those of my age and condition. For the poniard, may it please you, it is not many days since I regarded it as the last resource betwixt me and dishonour."

"The maiden speaks well and boldly, Berwine," said Dame Ermengarde; "and, in truth, pass we but over some of these vain fripperies, is attired in a comely fashion.—Thy father, I hear, fell knight-like in the field of battle."

"He did so," answered Eveline her eyes filling with tears at the recollection of her recent loss.

"I never saw him," continued Dame Ermengarde; "he carried the old Norman scorn towards the Saxon stock, whom they wed but for what they can make by them, as the bramble clings to the elm;—nay, never seek to vindicate him," she continued, observing that Eveline was about to speak, "I have known the Norman spirit for many a year ere thou wert born."

At this moment the steward appeared in the chamber, and, after a long genuflection, asked his lady's pleasure concerning the guard of Norman soldiers who remained without the mansion.

"Norman soldiers so near the house of Baldringham!" said the old lady, fiercely; "who brings them hither, and for what purpose?"

"They came, as I think," said the steward, "to wait on and guard this gracious young lady."

"What, my daughter," said Ermengarde, in a tone of melancholy reproach, "darest thou not trust thyself unguarded for one night in the castle of thy forefathers?"

"God forbid else!" said Eveline. "But these men are not mine, nor under my authority. They are part of the train of the Constable De Lacy, who left them to watch around the castle, thinking there might be danger from robbers."

"Robbers," said Ermengarde, "have never harmed the house of Baldringham, since a Norman robber stole from it its best treasure in the person of thy grandmother.—And so, poor bird, thou art already captive—unhappy flutterer! But it is thy lot, and wherefore should I wonder or repine? When was there fair maiden with a wealthy dowry, but she was ere maturity destined to be the slave of some of those petty kings, who allow us to call nothing ours that their passions can covet? Well—I cannot aid thee—I am but a poor and neglected woman, feeble both from sex and age.—And to which of these De Lacys art thou the destined household drudge?"

A question so asked, and by one whose prejudices were of such a determined character, was not likely to draw from Eveline any confession of the real circumstances in which she was placed, since it was but too plain her Saxon relation could have afforded her neither sound counsel nor useful assistance. She replied therefore briefly, that as the Lacys, and the Normans in general, were unwelcome to her kinswoman, she would entreat of the commander of the patrol to withdraw it from the neighbourhood of Baldringham.

"Not so, my niece," said the old lady; "as we cannot escape the Norman neighbourhood, or get beyond the sound of their curfew, it signifies not whether they be near our walls or more far off so that they enter them not.—And, Berwine, bid Hundwolf drench the Normans with liquor and gorge them with food—food of the best, and liquor of the strongest. Let them not say the old Saxon hag is churlish of her hoe—"

pitality. Broach a piece of wine, for I warrant their gentle stomachs brook no ale."

Berwine, her huge bunch of keys jangling at her girdle, withdrew to give the necessary directions, and presently returned. Mean while Ermengarde proceeded to question her niece more closely. "Is it that thou wilt not, or canst not, tell me to which of the De Lacy's thou art to be boudswoman?—to the overweening Constable, who, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and mounted on a swift and strong horse as invulnerable as himself, takes pride that he rides down and stabs at his ease, and with perfect safety, the naked Welshmen?—or is it to his nephew, the beardless Damian?—or must thy possessions go to mend a breach in the fortunes of that other cousin, Randal Lacy, the decayed reveller, who, they say can no longer ruffle it among the debauched crusaders for want of means?"

"My honoured aunt," replied Eveline, naturally displeased with this discourse, "to none of the Lacy's, and I trust to none other, Saxon or Norman, will your kinswoman become a household drudge. There was, before the death of my honourable father, some treaty betwixt him and the Constable, on which account I cannot at present decline his attendance; but what maybe the issue of it, fate must determine."

"But I can show thee, niece, how the balance of fate inclines," said Ermengarde, in a low and mysterious voice. "Those united with us by blood have, in some sort, the privilege of looking forward beyond the points of present time, and seeing in their very bud the thorns or flowers which are one day to encircle their head."

"For my own sake, noble kinswoman," answered Eveline, "I would decline such foreknowledge, even were it possible to acquire it without transgressing the rules of the Church. Could I have foreseen what has befallen me within these last unhappy days, I had lost the enjoyment of every happy moment before that time."

"Nevertheless, daughter," said the Lady of Baldringham, "thou, like others of thy race, must within this house conform to the rule, of passing one night within the chamber of the Red-Finger.—Berwine, see that it be prepared for my niece's reception."

"I—I—have heard speak of that chamber, gracious aunt," said Eveline, timidly, "and if it may consist with your good pleasure, I would not now choose to pass the night there. My health has suffered by my late perils and fatigues, and with your good-will I will delay to another time the usage, which I have heard is peculiar to the daughters of the house of Baldringham."

"And which, notwithstanding, you would willingly avoid," said the old Saxon lady, bending her brows angrily. "Has not such disobedience cost your house enough already?"

"Indeed, honoured and gracious lady," said Berwine, unable to forbear interference, though well knowing the obstinacy of her patroness, "that chamber is in disrepair, and cannot easily on a sudden be made fit for the Lady Eveline; and the noble damsel looks so pale, and hath lately suffered so much, that, might I have the permission to advise, this were better delayed."

"Thou art a fool, Berwine," said the old lady, sternly; "thinkest thou I will bring anger and misfortune on my house, by suffering this girl to leave it without rendering the usual homage to the Red-Finger? Go to—let the room be made ready—small preparation may serve, if she cherish not the Norman nicety about bed and lodging. Do not reply; but do as I command thee.—And you, Eveline—are you so far degenerated from the brave spirit of your ancestry that you dare not pass a few hours in an ancient apartment?"

"You are my hostess, gracious madam," said Eveline, "and must assign my apartment where you judge proper—my courage is such as innocence and some pride of blood and birth have given me. It has been, of late, severely tried; but, since such is your pleasure, and the custom of your house, my heart is yet strong enough to encounter what you propose to subject me to."

She paused here in displeasure; for she resented, in some measure, her aunt's conduct, as unkind and inhospitable. And yet when she reflected upon the foundation of the legend of the chamber to which she was consigned, she could not but regard the Lady of Baldringham as having considerable reason for her conduct, according to the traditions of the family, and the belief of the times, in which Eveline herself was devout.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
Then hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice, that cries, "Woe not, Almeyda—
Forewarned, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime."
Don Sebastian.

THE evening at Baldringham would have seemed of portentous and unendurable length, had it not been that apprehended danger makes time pass quickly betwixt us and the dreaded hour, and that if Eveline felt little interested or amused by the conversation of her aunt and Berwine, which turned upon the long deduction of their ancestors from the warlike Normans, and the feats of Saxon champions, and the miracles of Saxon monks, she was still better pleased to listen to these legends, than to anticipate her retreat to the destined and dreaded apartment where she was to pass the night. There lacked not, however, such amusement as the house of Baldringham could afford to pass away the evening. Blessed by a grave old Saxon monk, the chaplain of the house, a sumptuous entertainment, which might have satisfied twenty hungry men, was served up before Ermengarde and her niece, whose sole assistants besides the reverend man, were Berwine and Rose Flammoek. Eveline was the less inclined to do justice to this excess of hospitality, that the dinner was all of the gross and substantial nature which the Saxons admired, but which contrasted disadvantageously with the refined and delicate cookery of the Normans, as did the moderate cup of light and high-flavoured Gascon wine, tempered with more than half its quantity of the purest water, with the mighty ale, the high-spiced pigment and hippocras and the other potent liquors, which, one after another, were in vain proffered for her acceptance by the steward Hundwolf, in honour of the hospitality of Baldringham.

Neither were the stated amusements of the evening more congenial to Eveline's taste, than the profusion of her aunt's solid refection. When the boards and tresses, on which the viands had been served, were withdrawn from the apartment, the menial under direction of the steward, proceeded to light several long waxen torches, one of which was graduated for the purpose of marking the passing time, and dividing it into portions. These were announced by means of brazen balls, suspended by threads from the torch, the spaces betwixt them being calculated to occupy a certain time in burning; so that when the flame reached the thread, and the balls fell, each in succession, into a brazen basin, placed for its reception, the office of a modern clock was in some degree discharged. By this light the party was arranged for the evening.

The ancient Ermengarde's lofty and ample chair was removed, according to ancient custom, from the middle of the apartment to the warmest side of a large grate, filled with charcoal, and her guest was placed on her right, as the seat of honour. Berwine then arranged in due order the females of the household, and having seen that each was engaged with her own proper task, sat herself down to ply the spindle and distaff. The men, in a more remote corner betook themselves to the repairing of their implements of husbandry, or new furnishing weapons of the chase, under the direction of the steward Hundwolf. For the amusement of the family thus assembled, an old glee-man sung to a harp, which had but four strings, a long and apparently interminable legend, upon some religious subject, which was rendered almost unintelligible to Eveline, by the extreme

and complicated affectation of the poet, who, in order to indulge in the alliteration which was accounted one great ornament of Saxon poetry, had sacrificed sense to sound, and used words in the most forced and remote sense, provided they could be compelled into his service. There was also all the obscurity arising from elision, and from the most extravagant and hyperbolic epithets.

Eveline, though well acquainted with the Saxon language, soon left off listening to the singer, to reflect for a moment on the gay *Jabliaux* and imaginative *lais* of the Norman minstrels, and then to anticipate, with anxious apprehension, what nature of visitation she might be exposed to in the mysterious chamber in which she was doomed to pass the night.

The hour of parting at length approached. At half an hour before midnight, a period ascertained by the consumption of the huge waxen torch, the ball which was secured to it fell clanging into the brassen basin placed beneath, and announced to all the hour of rest. The old glee-man paused in his song instantaneously, and in the middle of a stanza, and the household were all on foot at the signal, some retiring to their own apartments, others lighting torches or bearing lamps to conduct the visitors to their places of repose. Among these last was a bevy of bower-women, to whom the duty was assigned of conveying the Lady Eveline to her chamber for the night. Her aunt took a solemn leave of her, crossed her forehead, kissed it, and whispered in her ear, "Be courageous, and be fortunate."

"May not my bower-maiden, Rose Flammock, or my tirewoman, Dame Gillian, Raoul's wife, remain in the apartment with me for this night?" said Eveline.

"Flammock—Raoul!" repeated Ermengarde, angrily; "is thy household thus made up? The Flemings are the cold palsy to Britain, the Normans the burning fever!"

"And the poor Welsh will add," said Rose, whose resentment began to surpass her awe for the ancient Saxon dame, "that the Anglo-Saxons were the original disease, and resemble a wasting pestilence."

"Thou art too bold, sweetheart," said the Lady Ermengarde, looking at the Flemish maiden from under her dark brows; "and yet there is wit in thy words. Saxon, Dane, and Norman, have rolled like successive billows over the land, each having strength to subdue what they lacked wisdom to keep. When shall it be otherwise?"

"When Saxon, and Briton, and Norman, and Fleming," answered Rose boldly, "shall learn to call themselves by one name, and think themselves alike children of the land they are born in."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Lady of Baldringham, in the tone of one half surprised, half pleased. Then turning to her relation, she said, "There are words and wit in this maiden; see that she use, but do not abuse them."

"She is as kind and faithful, as she is prompt and ready-witted," said Eveline. "I pray you, dearest aunt, let me use her company for this night."

"It may not be—it were dangerous to both. Alone you must learn your destiny, as have all the females of our race, excepting your grandmother; and what have been the consequences of her neglecting the rules of our house? Lo! her descendant stands before me an orphan, in the very bloom of youth."

"I will go then," said Eveline, with a sigh of resignation; "and it shall never be said I incurred future woe, to shun present terror."

"Your attendants," said the Lady Ermengarde, "may occupy the anteroom, and be almost within your call. Berwine will show you the apartment—I cannot; for, ere, thou knowest, who have once entered it, return not thither again. Farewell, my child, and may heaven bless thee!"

With more of human emotion and sympathy than she had yet shown, the lady again saluted Eveline, and signed to her to follow Berwine, who, attended by two damsels bearing torches, waited to conduct her to the dreaded apartment.

Their torches glared along the rudely built walls and dark arched roofs of one or two long winding

passages; these by their light enabled them to descend the steps of a winding stair, whose inequality and ruggedness showed its antiquity; and finally led into a tolerably large chamber on the lower story of the edifice, to which some old hangings, a lively fire on the hearth, the moonbeams stealing through a latticed window, and the boughs of a myrtle plant which grew around the casement, gave no uncomfortable appearance.

"This," said Berwine, "is the resting-place of your attendants," and she pointed to the couches which had been prepared for Rose and Dame Gillian; "we," she added, "proceed farther."

She then took a torch from the attendant maidens both of whom seemed to shrink back with fear, which was readily caught by Dame Gillian, although she was not probably aware of the cause. But Rose Flammock, unbidden, followed her mistress without hesitation, as Berwine conducted her through a small wicket at the upper end of the apartment, clenched with many an iron nail, into a second but smaller anteroom or wardrobe, at the end of which was a similar door. This wardrobe had also its casement mantled with evergreens, and, like the former, it was faintly enlightened by the moonbeam.

Berwine paused here, and pointing to Rose, demanded of Eveline, "Why does she follow?"

"To share my mistress's danger, be it what it may," answered Rose, with her characteristic readiness of speech and resolution. "Speak," she said, "my dearest lady," grasping Eveline's hand, while she addressed her; "You will not drive your Rose from you? If I am less high-minded than one of your boasted race, I am bold and quick-witted in all honest service.—You tremble like the aspen! Do not go into this apartment—do not be gulled by all this pomp and mystery of terrible preparation; bid defiance to this antiquated, and, I think, half-pagan superstition."

"The Lady Eveline must go, minion," replied Berwine, sternly; "and she must go without any malepert adviser or companion."

"Must go—must go!" repeated Rose; "Is this language to a free and noble maiden?—Sweet lady, give me once but the least hint that you wish it, and their 'must go' shall be put to the trial. I will call from the casement on the Norman cavaliers, and tell them we have fallen into a den of witches, instead of a house of hospitality."

"Silence, madwoman!" said Berwine, her voice quivering with anger and fear; "you know not who dwells in the next chamber!"

"I will call those who will soon see to that," said Rose, flying to the casement, when Eveline, seizing her arm in her turn, compelled her to stop.

"I thank thy kindness, Rose," she said, "but it cannot help me in this matter. She who enters yonder door, must do so alone."

"Then I will enter it in your stead, my dearest lady," said Rose. "You are pale—you are cold—you will die of terror if you go on. There may be as much of trick as of supernatural agency in this matter—we they shall not deceive—or if some stern spirit craves a victim,—better Rose than her lady."

"Forbear, forbear," said Eveline, rousing up her own spirits; "you make me ashamed of myself. This is an ancient ordeal, which regards the females descended from the house of Baldringham as far as in the third degree, and them only. I did not indeed expect, in my present circumstances, to have been called upon to undergo it; but, since the hour summons me, I will meet it as freely as any of my ancestors."

So saying, she took the torch from the hand of Berwine, and wishing good-night to her and Rose, gently disengaged herself, from the hold of the latter, and advanced into the mysterious chamber. Rose pressed after her so far as to see that it was an apartment of moderate dimensions, resembling that through which they had last passed, and lighted by the moonbeams, which came through a window lying on the same range with those of the anterooms. More she could not see, for Eveline turned on the threshold, and kissing her at the same time, thrust

her gently back into the smaller apartment which she had just left, shut the door of communication, and barred and bolted it, as if in security against her well-meant intrusion.

Berwine now exhorted Rose, as she valued her life, to retire into the first anteroom, where the beds were prepared, and betake herself, if not to rest, at least to silence and devotion; but the faithful Flemish girl stoutly refused her entreaties, and resisted her commands.

"Talk not to me of danger," she said; "here I remain, that I may be at least within hearing of my mistress's danger, and we bide those who shall offer her injury!—Take notice, that twenty Norman spears surround this inhospitable dwelling, prompt to avenge whatsoever injury shall be offered to the daughter of Raymond Berenger."

"Reserve your threats for those who are mortal," said Berwine, in a low, but piercing whisper; "the owner of yonder chamber fears them not. Farewell—thy danger be on thine own head!"

She departed leaving Rose strangely agitated by what had passed, and somewhat appalled at her last words. "These Saxons," said the maiden, within herself, "are but half converted after all, and hold many of their old hellish rites in the worship of elementary spirits. Their very saints are unlike to the saints of any Christian country, and have, as it were, a look of something savage and fiendish—their very names sound pagan and diabolical. It is fearful being alone here—and all is silent as death in the apartment into which my lady has been thus strangely compelled. Shall I call up Gillian?—but no—she has neither sense, nor courage, nor principle, to aid me on such an occasion—better alone than have a false friend for company. I will see if the Normans are on their post, since it is to them I must trust, if a moment of need should arrive."

Thus reflecting, Rose Flammock went to the window of the little apartment, in order to satisfy herself of the vigilance of the sentinels, and to ascertain the exact situation of the corps de garde. The moon was at the full, and enabled her to see with accuracy the nature of the ground without. In the first place, she was rather disappointed to find, that instead of being so near the earth as she supposed, the range of windows, which gave light as well to the two ante-rooms as to the mysterious chamber itself, looked down upon an ancient moat, by which they were divided from the level ground on the farther side. The defence which this fosse afforded seemed to have been long neglected, and the bottom, entirely dry, was choked in many places with bushes and low trees, which rose up against the wall of the castle, and by means of which it seemed to Rose the windows might be easily scaled, and the mansion entered. From the level plain beyond, the space adjoining to the castle was in a considerable degree clear, and the moon-beams slumbered on its close and beautiful turf, mixed with long shadows of the towers and trees. Beyond this esplanade lay the forest ground, with a few gigantic oaks scattered individually along the skirt of its dark and ample domain, like champions who take their ground of defiance in front of a line of arrayed battle.

The calm beauty and repose of a scene so lovely, the stillness of all around, and the more matured reflections which the whole suggested, quieted, in some measure, the apprehensions which the events of the evening had inspired. "After all," she reflected, "why should I be so anxious on account of the Lady Eveline? There is among the proud Normans and the dogged Saxons scarce a single family of note, but must needs be held distinguished from others by some superstitious observance peculiar to their race, as if they thought it scorn to go to Heaven like a poor simple Fleming, such as I am.—Could I but see a Norman sentinel, I would hold myself satisfied of my mistress's security.—And yonder one stalks along the gloom, wrapt in his long white mantle, and the moon tipping the point of his lance with silver.—What ho, Sir Cavalier!"

The Norman turned his steps, and approached the ditch as she spoke. "What is your pleasure damsel?" he demanded.

"The window next to mine is that of the Lady Eveline Berenger, whom you are appointed to guard. Please to give heedful watch upon this side of the castle."

"Doubt it not, lady," answered the cavalier; and, enveloping himself in his long *chappe*, or military watch-cloak, he withdrew to a large oak-tree at some distance, and stood there with folded arms, and leaning on his lance, more like a trophy of armour than a living warrior.

Emboldened by the consciousness, that in case of need succour was close at hand, Rose drew back into her little chamber, and having ascertained by listening that there was no noise or stirring in that of Eveline, she began to make some preparations for her own repose. For this purpose she went into the outward anteroom, where Dame Gillian, whose fears had given way to the soporiferous effects of a copious draught of *lithc-ales*, (mild ale, of the first strength and quality,) slept as sound a sleep as that generous Saxon beverage could procure.

Muttering an indignant censure on her sloth and indifference, Rose caught, from the empty couch which had been destined for her own use the upper covering, and dragging it with her into the inner anteroom, disposed it so as, with the assistance of the rushes which strewed that apartment, to form a sort of couch upon which, half seated, half reclined, she resolved to pass the night in as close attendance upon her mistress as circumstances permitted.

Thus seated, her eye on the pale planet which sailed in full glory through the blue sky of midnight, she proposed to herself that sleep should not visit her eyelids till the dawn of morning should assure her of Eveline's safety.

Her thoughts, mean while rested on the boundless and shadowy world beyond the grave and on the great and perhaps yet undecided question, whether the separation of its inhabitants from those of the temporal sphere is absolute and decided, or whether influenced by motives which we cannot appreciate, they continue to hold shadowy communication with those yet existing in earthly reality of flesh and blood! To have denied this, would, in the age of crusades and of miracles, have incurred the guilt of heresy; but Rose's firm good sense led her to doubt at least the frequency of supernatural interference, and she comforted herself with an opinion, contradicted however, by her own involuntary starts and shudders at every leaf which moved, that, in submitting to the performance of the rite imposed on her, Eveline incurred no real danger, and only sacrificed to an obsolete family superstition.

As this conviction strengthened on Rose's mind, her purpose of vigilance began to decline—her thoughts wandered to objects towards which they were not directed, like sheep which stray beyond the charge of their shepherd—her eyes no longer brought back to her a distinct apprehension of the broad, round, silvery orb on which they continued to gaze. At length they closed, and seated on the folded mantle, her back resting against the wall of the apartment, and her white arms folded on her bosom, Rose Flammock fell fast asleep.

Her repose was fearfully broken by a shrill and piercing shriek from the apartment where her lady reposed. To start up and fly to the door was the work of a moment with the generous girl, who was permitted fear to struggle with love or duty. The door was secured with both bar and bolt; and another fainter scream, or rather groan, seemed to say, it must be instant, or in vain. Rose next rushed to the window, and screamed rather than called to the Norman soldier, who distinguished by the white folds of his watch-cloak, still retained his position under the old oak-tree.

At the cry of "Help, help!—the Lady Eveline is murdered!" the seeming statue, starting at once into active exertion, sped with the swiftness of a race-horse to the brink of the moat, and was about to cross it, opposite to the spot where Rose stood in the open casement, urging him to speed by voice and gesture.

"Not here—not here!" she exclaimed with breathless precipitation, as she saw him make towards her—

window to the right—scale it, for God's sake, into the door of communication." The soldier seemed to comprehend her—he dashed the moat without hesitation, securing himself by using at the boughs of trees as he descended. In no moment he vanished among the underwood; and another, availing himself of the branches of a oak, Rose saw him upon her right, and close to a window of the fatal apartment. One fear receded—the casement might be secured against entrance from without—but not at the thrust of the man it yielded, and its clasps or fastenings being, with time, fell inward with a crash which even the Gillian's slumbers were unable to resist.

A hoarse scream upon scream, in the usual fashion of soldiers and towards, she entered the cabinet from the room, just as the door of Eveline's chamber opened, and the soldier appeared, bearing in his arms a half undressed and lifeless form of the Norman man herself. Without speaking a word, he placed the Rose's arms, and with the same precipitation which he had entered, threw himself out of the opened window from which Rose had summoned

Gillian, half distracted with fear and wonder, heaped exclamations on questions, and mingled questions cries for help, till Rose sternly rebuked her in a which seemed to recall her scattered senses. became then composed enough to fetch a lamp and remained lighted in the room she had left, to render herself at least partly useful in suggesting and applying the usual modes for recalling the needed sense. In this they at length succeeded, and Eveline fetched a fuller sigh, and opened her but presently shut them again, and letting her drop on Rose's bosom, fell into a strong shuddering fit; while her faithful damsel, chafing her arms and her temples alternately with affectionate pity, and mingling caresses with these efforts, cried aloud, "She lives!—She is recovering!—Praise be God!"

"Praise be God!" was echoed in a solemn tone to the window of the apartment; and turning to see it in terror, Rose beheld the armed and plumed of the soldier who had come so opportunely to assistance, and who, supported by his arms, had placed himself so high as to be able to look into the or of the cabinet.

He immediately ran towards him. "Go—go—friend," she said; "the lady recovers—your duty shall await you another time. Go—begone! stay!—keep on your post, and I will call you if it is farther need. Begone—be faithful, and be true."

The soldier obeyed without answering a word, and presently saw him descend into the moat. Rose returned back to her mistress, whom she found roused by Gillian, moaning feebly, and muttering words and unintelligible ejaculations, all intimating he laboured under a violent shock sustained from alarming cause.

When Gillian had no sooner recovered some degree of possession, than her curiosity became active in question. "What means all this?" she said to Rose; "it has been doing among you?" "I do not know," replied Rose.

"You do not," said Gillian, "who should?—Shall the other women, and raise the house?" "Not for your life," said Rose, "till my lady is to give her own orders; and for this apartment, I leave to Heaven, as I will do my best to discover the secret it contains!—Support my mistress the best you can."

When saying, she took the lamp in her hand, and, entering her brow, stepped boldly across the mysterious threshold, and, holding up the light, surveyed the apartment. It was merely an old vaulted chamber, of very rare dimensions. In one corner was an image of a Virgin, rudely cut, and placed above a Saxon of curious workmanship. There were two seats, a couch, covered with coarse tapestry, on which lay that Eveline had been reposing. The fragments of the shattered casement lay on the floor; but

that opening had been only made when the soldier forced it in, and she saw no other access by which a stranger could have entered an apartment, the ordinary access to which was barred and bolted.

Rose felt the influence of those terrors which she had hitherto surmounted; she cast her mantle hastily around her head, as if to shroud her sight from some blighting vision, and tripping back to the cabinet, with more speed and a less firm step than when she left it, she directed Gillian to lend her assistance in conveying Eveline to the next room; and having done so, carefully secured the door of communication, as if to put a barrier betwixt them and the suspected danger.

The Lady Eveline was now so far recovered that she could sit up, and was trying to speak, though but faintly. "Rose," she said at length, "I have seen her—my doom is sealed."

Rose immediately recollected the imprudence of suffering Gillian to hear what her mistress might say at such an awful moment, and hastily adopting the proposal she had before declined, desired her to go and call other two maidens of her mistress's household.

"And where am I to find them in this house," said Dame Gillian, "where strange men run about one chamber at midnight, and devils for aught I know, frequent the rest of the habitation?"

"Find them where you can," said Rose, sharply; "but begone presently."

Gillian withdrew lingeringly, and muttering at the same time something which could not distinctly be understood. No sooner was she gone, than Rose, giving way to the enthusiastic affection which she felt for her mistress, implored her, in the most tender terms, to open her eyes, (for she had again closed them,) and speak to Rose, her own Rose, who was ready, if necessary, to die by her mistress's side.

"To-morrow—to-morrow, Rose," murmured Eveline—"I cannot speak at present."

"Only disburden your mind with one word—tell what has thus alarmed you—what danger you apprehend."

"I have seen her, answered Eveline—"I have seen the tenant of yonder chamber—the vision fatal to my race!—Urge me no more—to-morrow you shall know all."

As Gillian entered with two of the maidens of her mistress's household, they removed the Lady Eveline, by Rose's directions, into a chamber at some distance

* *BAHR-GEIST*.—The idea of the Bahr-Geist was taken from a passage in the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, which have since been given to the public, and received with deserved approbation.

The original runs as follows. Lady Fanshawe, shifting among her friends in Ireland, like other sound loyalists of the period, tells her story thus:—

"From thence we went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a lady that went for a maid, but few believed it. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights—the first of which I was surprised at being laid in a chamber, where, when about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and in the casement of the window I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning through the casement into the room, in white, with red hair and pale and ghastly complexion. She spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!'; and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened that my hair stood on end, and my night clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never awoke during the disorder I was in, but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night; but he entered and told me how much more these apparitions were common in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much. About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock; and she said, I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears every night in the window until they are dead. 'This woman was many years ago, got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house. We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.'

which the latter had occupied, and placed her in one of their beds, where Rose, dismissing the others (Gillian excepted) to seek repose where they could find it, continued to watch her mistress. For some time she continued very much disturbed, but, gradually, fatigue, and the influence of some narcotic which Gillian had sense enough to recommend and prepare, seemed to compose her spirits. She fell into a deep slumber, from which she did not awaken until the sun was high over the distant hills.

CHAPTER XV.

I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay.

MALLET.

WHEN Eveline first opened her eyes, it seemed to be without any recollection of what had passed on the night preceding. She looked round the apartment, which was coarsely and scantily furnished, as one destined for the use of domestics and menials, and said to Rose, with a smile, "Our good kinswoman maintains the ancient Saxon hospitality at a homely rate, so far as lodging is concerned. I could have willingly parted with last night's profuse supper, to have obtained a bed of a softer texture. Methinks my limbs feel as if I had been under all the fials of a Franklin's barn-yard."

"I am glad to see you so pleasant, madam," answered Rose, discreetly avoiding any reference to the events of the night before.

Dame Gillian was not so scrupulous. "Your ladyship last night lay down on a better bed than this," she said, "unless I am much mistaken; and Rose Flammoock and yourself know best why you left it."

If a look could have killed, Dame Gillian would have been in deadly peril from that which Rose shot at her by way of rebuke for this ill-advised communication. It had instantly the effect which was to be apprehended, for Lady Eveline seemed at first surprised and confused; then, as recollections of the past arranged themselves in her memory, she folded her hands, looked on the ground, and wept bitterly, with much agitation.

Rose entreated her to be comforted, and offered to fetch the old Saxon chaplain of the house to administer spiritual consolation, if her grief rejected temporal comfort.

"No—call him not," said Eveline, raising her head and drying her eyes—"I have had enough of Saxon kindness. What a fool was I to expect, in that hard and unfeeling woman, any commiseration for my youth—my late sufferings—my orphan condition! I will not permit her a poor triumph over the Norman blood of Berenger, by letting her see how much I have suffered under her inhuman infliction. But first, Rose, answer me truly, was any inmate of Baldringham witness to my distress last night?"

Rose assured her that she had been tended exclusively by her own retinue, herself and Gillian, Blanche and Ternothe. She seemed to receive satisfaction from this assurance. "Hear me, both of you," she said, "and observe my words, as you love and as you fear me. Let no syllable be breathed from your lips of what has happened this night. Carry the same charge to my maidens. Lend me thine instant aid, Gillian, and thine, my dearest Rose, to change these disordered garments, and arrange this dishevelled hair. It was a poor vengeance she sought, and all because of my country. I am resolved she shall not see the slightest trace of the sufferings she has inflicted."

As she spoke thus, her eyes flashed with indignation, which seemed to dry up the tears that had before filled them. Rose saw the change of her manner with a mixture of pleasure and concern, being aware that her mistress's predominant failing was incident to her, as a spoiled child, who, accustomed to be treated with kindness, deference, and indulgence, by all around her was apt to resent warily whatever resembled neglect or contradiction.

"God knows," said the faithful bower-maiden, "I

would hold my hand out to catch drops of moist lead, rather than endure your tears; and yet, my sweet mistress, I would rather at present see you grieved than angry. This ancient lady hath, it would seem, but acted according to some old superstitious rite of her family, which is in part yours. Her name is respectable, both from her conduct and possessions; and, hard-pressed as you are by the Normans, with whom your kinswoman, the Prioress, is sure to take part, I was in hope you might have had some shelter and countenance from the Lady of Baldringham."

"Never, Rose, never," answered Eveline; "you know not—you cannot guess what she has made me suffer—exposing me to witchcraft and fiends. Th herself said it, and said it truly—the Saxons are still half Pagans, void of Christianity, as of nurture and kindness."

"Ay, but," replied Rose, "I spoke then to dissuade you from a danger; now that the danger is passed and over, I may judge of it otherwise."

"Speak not for them, Rose," replied Eveline, angrily; "no innocent victim was ever offered up at the altar of a fiend with more indifference than my father's kinswoman delivered up me—me an orphan, bereaved of my natural and powerful support. I hate her cruelty—I hate her house—I hate the thought of all that has happened here—of all, Rose, except thy matchless faith and fearless attachment. Go, bid our train saddle directly—I will be gone instantly—I will not attire myself," she added, rejecting the assistance she had at first required—"I will have no ceremony—tarry for no leave-taking."

In the hurried and agitated manner of her mistress, Rose recognised with anxiety another mood of the same irritable and excited temperament, which had before discharged itself in tears and fits. But perceiving, at the same time, that remonstrance was in vain, she gave the necessary orders for collecting their company, saddling, and preparing for departure; hoping that, as her mistress removed to a farther distance from the scene where her mind had received so severe a shock, her equanimity might, by degrees, be restored.

Dame Gillian, accordingly, was busied with arranging the packages of her lady, and all the rest of Lady Eveline's retinue, in preparing for instant departure, when, preceded by her steward, who acted also as a sort of gentleman-usher, leaning upon her confidential Berwine, and followed by two or three more of the most distinguished of her household, with looks of displeasure on her ancient yet lofty brow, the Lady Ermengarde entered the apartment.

Eveline, with a trembling and hurried hand, a burning cheek, and other signs of agitation, was herself busied about the arrangement of some baggage, when her relation made her appearance. At once to Rose's great surprise, she exerted a strong command over herself, and, repressing every external appearance of disorder, she advanced to meet her relation, with a calm and haughty staidness equal to her own.

"I come to give you good morning, our niece," said Ermengarde, haughtily indeed, yet with more delicacy than she seemed at first to have intended, so much did the bearing of Eveline impose respect upon her;—"I find that you have been pleased to shift that chamber which was assigned you, in conformity with the ancient custom of this household, and become yourself to the apartment of a menial."

"Are you surprised at that, lady?" demanded Eveline in her turn; "or are you disappointed that you find me not a corpse, within the limits of the chamber which your hospitality and affection allotted to me?"

"Your sleep, then, has been broken?" said Ermengarde, looking fixedly at the Lady Eveline, as she spoke.

"If I complain not, madam, the evil must be deemed of little consequence. What has happened is now and past, and it is not my intention to trouble you with a recital."

"She of the ruddy finger," replied Ermengarde triumphantly, "loves not the blood of the stranger."

"She had less reason, while she walked the earth

re that of the Saxon," said Eveline, "unless her id speaks false in that matter; and unless, as I suspect, your house is haunted, not by the soul of a dead who suffered within its walls, but by evil s, such as the descendants of Hengist and Hore said still in secret to worship."

"You are pleasant, maiden," replied the old lady, fully, "or, if your words are meant in earnest, shaft of your censure has glanced aside. A e, blessed by the holy Saint Dunstan, and by oyal and holy Confessor, is no abode for evil s."

"The house of Baldringham," replied Eveline, "is bode for those who fear such spirits; and as I with all humility, avow myself of the number, all presently leave it to the custody of Saint stan."

"Not till you have broken your fast, I trust?" said Lady of Baldringham; "you will not, I hope, do ears and our relationship such foul disgrace?" "ardon me, madam," replied the Lady Eveline; "e who have experienced your hospitality at t have little occasion for breakfast in the morn-Rose, are not those loitering knaves assembled e court-yard, or are they yet on their couches, ng up for the slumber they have lost by midnight rbanes?"

"He announced that her train was in the court, and ted; when, with a low reverence, Eveline en-oured to pass her relation, and leave the apart-: without farther ceremony. Ermengarde at first onted her with a grim and furious glance, which ed to show a soul fraught with more rage than hin blood and rigid features of extreme old age the power of expressing, and raised her ebony as if about even to proceed to some act of per- violence. But she changed her purpose, and only made way for Eveline, who passed without er parley; and as she descended the staircase, h conducted from the apartment to the gateway, heard the voice of her aunt behind her, like that aged and offended sybil, denouncing wrath and upon her insolence and presumption.

"Pride," she exclaimed, "goeth before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall. She who scorneth ouse of her forefathers, a stone from its battle- ts shall crush her! She who mocks the gray s of a parent, never shall one of her own locks lvered with age! She who weds with a man of and of blood, her end shall neither be peaceful bloodless!"

urrying to escape from these and other ominous incinations, Eveline rushed from the house, mount- er palfrey with the precipitation of a fugitive, and, ounded by her attendants, who had caught a part er alarm, though without conjecturing the cause,

hastily into the forest; old Raoul, who was well inted with the country, acting as their guide.

ritated more than she was willing to confess to elf, by thus leaving the habitation of so near a ion, loaded with maledictions instead of the ings which are usually bestowed on a departing woman, Eveline hastened forward, until the huge trees with intervening arms had hidden from her the fatal mansion.

e trampling and galloping of horse was soon heard, announcing the approach of the patrol y the Constable for the protection of the man- and who now, collecting from their different ns, came prepared to attend the Lady Eveline r farther road to Gloucester, great part of which ough the extensive forest of Deane, then a sil- cation of large extent, though now much denuded es for the service of the iron mines. The cava- ame up to join the retinue of Lady Eveline, with ur glittering in the morning rays, trumpets ling, horses prancing, neighing, and thrown, by his chivalrous rider, into the attitude best ed to exhibit the beauty of the steed and dex- of the horseman; while the lances, streaming ong pennoncles, were brandished in every man- hich could display elation of heart and readi- of hand. The sense of the military character of ountrymen of Normandy gave to Eveline a feel-

ing at once of security and of triumph, which ope- rated towards the dispelling of her gloomy thoughts, and of the feverish disorder which affected her nerves. The rising sun also—the song of the birds among the bowers—the lowing of the cattle as they were driven to pasture—the sight of the hind, who, with her fawn trotting by her side, often crossed some forest glade within view of the travellers—all contributed to dispel the terror of Eveline's nocturnal visions, and soothe to rest the more angry passions which had agitated her bosom at her departure from Baldringham. She suffered her palfrey to slacken his pace, and, with fe- male attention to propriety, began to adjust her riding robes, and compose her head-dress, disordered in her hasty departure. Rose saw her cheek assume a paler but more settled hue, instead of the angry hectic which had coloured it—saw her eye become more steady as she looked with a sort of triumph upon her military attendants, and pardoned (what on other occasions she would probably have made some reply to) her enthusiastic exclamations in praise of her countrymen.

"We journey safe," said Eveline, "under the care of the princely and victorious Normans. Theirs is the noble wrath of the lion, which destroys or is appeased at once—there is no guile in their romantic affection, no sullenness mixed with their generous indignation—they know the duties of the hall as well as those of battle; and were they to be surpassed in the arts of war (which will only be when Plinlim- mon is removed from its base,) they would still remain superior to every other people in generosity and courtesy."

"If I do not feel all their merits so strongly as if I shared their blood," said Rose, "I am at least glad to see them around us, in woods which are said to abound with dangers of various kinds. And I confess, my heart is the lighter, that I can now no longer observe the least vestige of that ancient mansion, in which we passed so unpleasant a night, and the recollection of which will always be odious to me."

Eveline looked sharply at her. "Confess the truth, Rose; thou wouldst give thy best kirtle to know all of my horrible adventure."

"It is but confessing that I am a woman," answered Rose; "and did I say a man, I dare say the difference of sex would imply but a small abatement of curiosity."

"Thou makest no parade of other feelings, which prompt thee to inquire into my fortunes," said Eveline; "but, sweet Rose, I give thee not the less credit for them. Believe me, thou shalt know all—but, I think, not now."

"At your pleasure," said Rose; "and yet, methinks, the bearing in your solitary bosom such a fearful secret will only render the weight more intolerable. On my silence you may rely as on that of the Holy Image, which hears us confess what it never reveals. Besides, such things become familiar to the imagination when they have been spoken of, and that which is familiar gradually becomes stripped of its terrors."

"Thou speakest with reason, my prudent Rose; and surely in this gallant troop, borne like a flower on a bush by my good palfrey Yseulte—fresh gales blowing round us, flowers opening and birds sing- ing, and having thee by my bridle-rein, I ought to feel this a fitting time to communicate what thou hast so good a title to know. And—yes!—thou shalt know all!—Thou art not, I presume, ignorant of the qualities of what the Saxons of this land call a *Bahr-geist*?"

"Pardon me, lady," answered Rose, "my father discouraged my listening to such discourses. I might see evil spirits enough, he said, without my imagination being taught to form such as were fantastical. The word *Bahr-geist*, I have heard used by Gillian and other Saxons; but to me it only conveys some idea of indefinite terror, of which I have never asked nor received an explanation."

"Know then," said Eveline, "it is a spectre, usually the image of a departed person, who, either for wrong sustained in some particular place during life, or through treasure hidden there, or from some such

other cause, haunts the spot from time to time, becomes familiar to those who dwell there, takes an interest in their fate, occasionally for good, in other instances or times for evil. The Bahr-geist is, therefore, sometimes regarded as a good genius, sometimes as the avenging fiend, attached to particular families and classes of men. It is the lot of the family of Baldringham (of no mean note in other respects), to be subject to the visits of such a being."

"May I ask the cause (if it be known) of such visitation?" said Rose, desirous to avail herself to the uttermost of the communicative mood of her young lady, which might not perhaps last very long.

"I know the legend but imperfectly," replied Eveline, proceeding with a degree of calmness, the result of strong exertion over her mental anxiety, "but in general it ran thus: Baldrick, the Saxon hero who first possessed yonder dwelling, became enamoured of a fair Briton, said to have been descended from those Druids of whom the Welsh speak so much, and deemed not unacquainted with the arts of sorcery which they practised, when they offered up human sacrifices amid those circles of unhewn and living rock, of which thou hast seen so many. After more than two years wedlock, Baldrick became weary of his wife to such a point, that he formed the cruel resolution of putting her to death. Some say he doubted her fidelity—some that the matter was pressed on him by the church, as she was suspected of heresy—some that he removed her to make way for a more wealthy marriage—but all agree in the result. He sent two of his Cnichts to the house of Baldringham, to put to death the unfortunate Vanda, and commanded them to bring him the ring which had circled her finger on the day of wedlock, in token that his orders were accomplished. The men were ruthless in their office; they strangled Vanda in yonder apartment, and as the hand was so swollen that no effort could draw off the ring, they obtained possession of it by severing the finger. But long before the return of those cruel perpetrators of her death, the shadow of Vanda had appeared before her appalled husband, and, holding up to him her bloody hand, made him fearfully sensible how well his savage commands had been obeyed. After haunting him in peace and war, in desert, court, and camp, until he died despairingly on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the Bahr-geist, or ghost of the murdered Vanda, became so terrible in the House of Baldringham, that the succour of Saint Dunstan was itself scarcely sufficient to put bounds to her visitation. Yea, the blessed saint, when he had succeeded in his exorcism, did, in requital of Baldrick's crime, impose a strong and enduring penalty upon every female descendant of the house in the third degree; namely, that once in their lives, and before their twenty-first year, they should each spend a solitary night in the chamber of the murdered Vanda, saying therein certain prayers, as well for her repose, as for the suffering soul of her murderer. During that awful space, it is generally believed that the spirit of the murdered person appears to the female who observes the vigil, and shows some sign of her future good or bad fortune. If favourable, she appears with a smiling aspect, and crosses them with her unbloody hand; but she announces evil fortune by showing the hand from which the finger was severed, with a stern countenance, as if resenting upon the descendant of her husband his inhuman cruelty. Sometimes she is said to speak. These particulars I learned long since from an old Saxon dame, the mother of our Margery, who had been an attendant on my grandmother, and left the House of Baldringham when she made her escape from it with my father's father."

"Did your grandmother ever render this homage," said Rose, "which seems to me—under favour of Saint Dunstan—to bring humanity into too close intercourse with a being of a doubtful nature?"

"My grandfather thought so, and never permitted my grandmother to revisit the House of Baldringham after her marriage; hence disunion betwixt him and his son on the one part, and the members of that family on the other. They laid sundry misfortunes, and particularly the loss of male heirs which at

that time befell them, to my parent's not having done the hereditary homage to the bloody-fingered Bahr-geist."

"And how could you, my dearest lady," said Rose, "knowing that they held among them a usage so hideous, think of accepting the invitation of Lady Ermengarde?"

"I can hardly answer you the question," replied Eveline. "Partly I feared my father's recent calamity, to be slain (as I have heard him say his aunt once prophesied of him) by the enemy he most despised, might be the result of this rite having been neglected; and partly I hoped, that if my mind should be appalled at the danger, when it presented itself closer to my eye, it could not be urged on me in cruelty and humanity. You saw how soon my cruel-hearted relative pounced upon the opportunity, and how impossible it became for me, bearing the name, and, I trust, the spirit of Berenger, to escape from the net in which I had involved myself."

"No regard for name or rank should have enraged me," replied Rose, "to place myself where approbation alone, even without the terrors of a real visitation, might have punished my presumption with insult. But what, in the name of Heaven, did you see at this horrible rendezvous?"

"Ay, there is the question," said Eveline, raising her hand to her brow—"how I could witness that which I distinctly saw, yet be able to retain command of thought and intellect!—I had recited the prescribed devotions for the murderer and his victim, and sat down on the couch which was assigned me, had laid aside such of my clothes as might impede my rest. I had surmounted, in short, the first shock which I experienced in committing myself to this mysterious chamber, and I hoped to pass the night in slumber as sound as my thoughts were innocent. But I was fearfully disappointed. I cannot judge how long I had slept, when my bosom was oppressed by an unusual weight, which seemed at once to stifle my voice, stop the beating of my heart, and prevent me from drawing my breath; and when I looked up to discover the cause of this horrible suffocation, the form of the murdered British matron stood over my couch, taller than life, shadowy, and with a countenance whose traits of dignity and beauty were mingled with a fierce expression of vengeful exultation. She held over me the hand which bore the bloody marks of her husband's cruelty, and seemed as if she signed the cruel, devoting me to destruction; while, with an unearthly tone, she uttered these words:—

"Widow'd wife, and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd!"

The phantom stooped over me as she spoke, and lowered her gory fingers, as if to touch my face, when terror giving me the power of which at first it deprived me, I screamed aloud—the casement of the apartment was thrown open with a loud noise,—and—But what signifies my telling all this to thee, Rose, who hear so plainly, by the movement of eye and lip, that you consider me as a silly and childish dreamer?"

"Be not angry, my dear lady," said Rose; "I do indeed believe that the witch we call Mara* has been dealing with you; but she, you know, is by legend considered as no real phantom, but solely the creature of our own imagination, disordered by causes which arise from bodily indisposition."

"Thou art learned, maiden," said Eveline, rather peevishly; "but when I assure thee that my best angel came to my assistance in a human form—did at his appearance the fiend vanished—and that he transported me in his arms out of the chamber of terror, I think thou wilt, as a good Christian, be more faith in that which I tell you."

"Indeed, indeed, my sweetest mistress, I cannot," replied Rose. "It is even that circumstance of the guardian angel which makes me consider the whole as a dream. A Norman sentinel, whom I myself called from his post on purpose, did indeed come to your assistance, and, breaking into your apartment, transported you to that where I myself recovered you from his arms in a lifeless condition."

"A Norman soldier, ha!" said Eveline, colouring.
* Ephialtes, or Nightmare.

ely; "and to whom, maiden, did you dare give
ission to break into my sleeping-chamber?"
our eyes flash anger, madam, but is it reason-
ey should?—Did I not hear your screams of
and was I to stand fettered by ceremony at
moment?—no more than if the castle had been

ask you again, Rose," said her mistress, still
iscomposure, though less angrily than at first,
m you directed to break into my apartment?"
deed, I know not, lady," said Rose; "for be-
hat he was muffled in his mantle, little chance
ere of my knowing his features, even had I
temfully. But I can soon discover the cavalier;
will set about it that I may give him the reward
ised, and warn him to be silent and discreet in
after."

so," said Eveline; "and if you find him among
soldiers who attend us, I will indeed lean to
opinion, and think that fantasy had the chief
in the evils I have endured the last night."

struck her palfrey with the rod, and accom-
by her mistress, rode up to Philip Guarine, the
ble's squire, who for the present commanded
tle escort. "Good Guarine," she said, "I had
with one of these sentinels last night from my
w, and he did me some service, for which I
ed him recompense—Will you inquire for the
hat I may pay him his guerdon?"

uly, I will owe him a guerdon also, pretty
n," answered the squire; "for if a lance of them
ched near enough the house to hold speech from
ndows, he transgressed the precise orders of his
!"

ush! you must forgive that for my sake," said
"I warrant, had I called on yourself, stout
e, I should have had influence to bring you
my chamber window."

rine laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.—
it is," he said, "when women are in place,
ine is in danger."

then went to make the necessary inquiries
his hand, and returned with the assurance
his soldiers, generally and severally, denied
approached the mansion of the Lady Ermen-
on the preceding night.

ou seest, Rose," said Eveline, with a significant
her attendant.

ie poor rogues are afraid of Guarine's severity,"
ose, "and dare not tell the truth—I shall have
one in private claiming the reward of me."
ould I had the privilege myself, damsel," said
ic; "but for these fellows, they are not so ti-
as you suppose them, being even too ready to
their roguery when it hath less excuse—Be-
I promised them impunity. Have you any thing
to order?"

thing, good Guarine," said Eveline; "only this
donative to procure wine for thy soldiers, that
ay spend the next night more merrily than the
And now he is gone,—Maiden, thou must, I
be now well aware, that what thou sawest,
o earthly being?"

must believe mine own ears and eyes, madam,"
Rose.

—but allow me the same privilege," answered
e. Believe me that my deliverer (for so I must
m) bore the features of one who neither was,
uld be, in the neighbourhood of Baldingham.
e but one thing—What dost thou think of this
rdinary prediction—

'Widow's wife, and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed!'

wilt say it is an idle invention of my brain—
ink it for a moment the speech of a true diviner,
hat wouldst thou say of it?"

at you may be betrayed, my dearest lady, but
can be a betrayer," answered Rose, with ani-

line reached her hand out to her friend, and as
essed affectionately that which Rose gave in
, she whispered to her with energy, "I thank
or the judgment, which my own heart con-

A cloud of dust now announced the approach of the
Constable of Chester and his retinue, augmented by
the attendance of his host Sir William Herbert, and
some of his neighbours and kinsmen, who came to pay
their respects to the orphan of the Garde Doloureuse,
by which appellation Eveline was known upon her
passage through their territory.

Eveline remarked, that, at their greeting, De Lacy
looked with displeased surprise at the disarrangement
of her dress and equipage, which her hasty departure
from Baldingham had necessarily occasioned; and
she was, on her part, struck with an expression of
countenance which seemed to say, "I am not to be
treated as an ordinary person, who may be received
with negligence, and treated slightly with impunity."
For the first time, she thought that, though always
deficient in grace and beauty, the Constable's coun-
tenance was formed to express the more angry pas-
sions with force and vivacity, and that she who
shared his rank and name must lay her account with
the implicit surrender of her will and wishes to those
of an arbitrary lord and master.

But the cloud soon passed from the Constable's
brow; and in the conversation which he afterwards
maintained with Herbert and the other knights and
gentlemen, who from time to time came to greet and
accompany them for a little way on their journey,
Eveline had occasion to admire his superiority, both
of sense and expression, and to remark the attention
and deference with which his words were listened to
by men too high in rank, and too proud, readily to ad-
mit any pre-eminence that was not founded on ac-
knowledgeed merit. The regard of women is generally
much influenced by the estimation which an individ-
ual maintains in the opinion of men; and Eveline,
when she concluded her journey in the Benedictine
nunnery in Gloucester, could not think without respect
upon the renowned warrior, and celebrated politician,
whose acknowledged abilities appeared to place him
above every one whom she had seen approach him.
His wife, Eveline thought (and she was not without
ambition,) if relinquishing some of those qualities in a
husband which are in youth most captivating to the
female imagination, must be still generally honoured
and respected, and have contentment, if not romantic
felicity, within her reach.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Lady Eveline remained nearly four months
with her aunt, the Abbess of the Benedictine nunnery,
under whose auspices the Constable of Chester saw
his suit advance and prosper as it would probably have
done under that of the deceased Raymond Berenger,
her brother. It is probable, however, that, but for
the supposed vision of the Virgin, and the vow of gra-
titude which that supposed vision had called forth,
the natural dislike of so young a person to a match so
unequal in years might have effectually opposed his
success. Indeed Eveline, while honouring the Con-
stable's virtues, doing justice to his high character,
and admiring his talents, could never altogether di-
vest herself of a secret fear of him, which, while it
prevented her from expressing any direct disapproba-
tion of his addresses, caused her sometimes to shud-
der, she scarce knew why, at the idea of their becoming
successful.

The ominous words, "betraying and betrayed,"
would then occur to her memory; and when her aunt
(the period of the deepest mourning being elapsed)
had fixed a day for her betrothal, she looked forward
to it with a feeling of terror, for which she was unable
to account to herself, and which, as well as the par-
ticulars of her dream, she concealed even from Father
Aldrovand in the hours of confession. It was not
aversion to the Constable—it was far less preference
to any other suitor—it was one of those instinctive
movements and emotions by which Nature seems to
warn us of approaching danger, though furnishing no
information respecting its nature, and suggesting no
means of escaping from it.

So strong were these intervals of apprehension,
that if they had been seconded by the remonstrances
of Rose Flammock, as formerly, they might perhaps

have led to Eveline's even yet forming some resolution unfavourable to the suit of the Constable. But, still more zealous for her lady's honour than even for her happiness, Rose had strictly forbore every effort which could affect Eveline's purpose, when she had once expressed her approbation of De Lacy's addresses; and whatever she thought or anticipated concerning the proposed marriage, she seemed from that moment to consider it as an event which must necessarily take place.

De Lacy himself, as he learned more intimately to know the merit of the prize which he was desirous of possessing, looked forward with different feelings towards the union, than those with which he had first proposed the measure to Raymond Berenger. It was then a mere match of interest and convenience, which had occurred to the mind of a proud and politic feudal lord, as the best mode of consolidating the power and perpetuating the line of his family. Nor did even the splendour of Eveline's beauty make that impression upon De Lacy, which it was calculated to do on the fiery and impassioned chivalry of the age. He was past that period of life when the wise are captivated by outward form, and might have said with truth, as well as with discretion, that he could have wished his beautiful bride several years older, and possessed of a more moderate portion of personal charms, in order to have rendered the match more fitted for his own age and disposition. This stoicism, however, vanished, when, on repeated interviews with his destined bride, he found that she was indeed inexperienced in life, but desirous to be guided by superior wisdom; and that, although gifted with high spirit, and a disposition which began to recover its natural elastic gaiety, she was gentle, docile, and, above all, endowed with a firmness of principle, which seemed to give assurance that she would tread uprightly, and without spot, the slippery paths in which youth, rank, and beauty, are doomed to move.

As feelings of a warmer and more impassioned kind towards Eveline began to glow in De Lacy's bosom, his engagements as a crusader became more and more burdensome to him. The Benedictine Abbess, the natural guardian of Eveline's happiness, added to these feelings by her reasoning and remonstrances. Although a nun and a devotee, she held in reverence the holy state of matrimony, and comprehended so much of it as to be aware, that its important purposes could not be accomplished while the whole continent of Europe was interposed betwixt the married pair; for as to a hint from the Constable, that his young spouse might accompany him into the dangerous and dissolute precincts of the Crusaders' camp, the good lady crossed herself with horror at the proposal, and never permitted it to be a second time mentioned in her presence.

It was not however, uncommon for kings, princes, and other persons of high consequence, who had taken upon them the vow to rescue Jerusalem, to obtain delays, and even a total remission of their engagements, by proper application to the Church of Rome. The Constable was sure to possess the full advantage of his sovereign's interest and countenance, in seeking permission to remain in England, for he was the noble to whose valour and policy Henry had chiefly intrusted the defence of the disorderly Welsh marches; and it was by no means with his good-will that so useful a subject had ever assumed the cross.

It was settled, therefore, in private betwixt the Abbess and the Constable, that the latter should solicit at Rome, and with the Pope's Legate in England, a remission of his vow for at least two years; a favour which it was thought could scarce be refused to one of his wealth and influence, backed as it was with the most liberal offers of assistance towards the redemption of the Holy Land. His offers were indeed munificent; for he proposed, if his own personal attendance were dispensed with, to send a hundred lances at his own cost, each lance accompanied by two squires, three archers, and a varlet or horse-boy; being double the retinue by which his own person was to have been accompanied. He offered besides to deposit the sum of two thousand bezants to the general expenses of the expedition, to surrender to the use of the Chris-

tian armament those equipped vessels which he had provided, and which even now awaited the embarkation of himself and his followers.

Yet, while making these magnificent proffers, the Constable could not help feeling they would be inadequate to the expectations of the rigid prelate Baldwin, who, as he had himself reached the crusade, and brought the Constable and many others into that holy engagement, must needs see with displeasure the work of his eloquence endangered, by the retreat of so important an associate from his favourite enterprise. To soften, therefore, his disappointment as much as possible, the Constable offered to the Archbishop, that, in the event of his obtaining license to remain in Britain, his forces should be led by his nephew, Damian Lacy, already renowned for his early feats of chivalry, the present hope of his house, and, being heirs of his own body, its future head and support.

The Constable took the most prudent method of communicating this proposal to the Archbishop Baldwin, through a mutual friend, on whose good offices he could depend, and whose interest with the Prelate was regarded as great. But notwithstanding the splendour of the proposal, the Prelate heard it with sullen and obdurate silence, and referred for answer to a personal conference with the Constable at an appointed day, when concerns of the church would oblige the Archbishop to the city of Gloucester. The reputation of the mediator was such as induced the Constable to expect a severe struggle with the proud and powerful churchman; but, himself proud and powerful, and backed by the favour of his sovereign, he did not expect to be foiled in the contest.

The necessity that this point should be previously adjusted, as well as the recent loss of Eveline's father, gave an air of privacy to De Lacy's conduct, and prevented its being signalized by tournaments and feats of military skill, in which he would have been otherwise desirous to display his address in the eyes of his mistress. The rules of the convent prevented his giving entertainments of dancing, music, or other more pacific revels; and although the Constable displayed his affection by the most splendid gifts to his future bride and her attendants, the whole affair, in the opinion of the experienced Dame Gilem, proceeded more with the solemnity of a funeral, than the light pace of an approaching bridal.

The bride herself felt something of this, and thought occasionally it might have been lightened by the visit of young Damian, in whose age, so nearly corresponding to her own, she might have expected some relief from the formal courtship of his graver aspect. But he came not; and from what the Constable and concerning him, she was led to imagine that the relations had, for a time at least, exchanged occupations and character. The elder De Lacy continued, indeed, in nominal observance of his vow, to dwell in a pavilion by the gates of Gloucester; but he seldom donned his armour, substituted costly damask and silk for his war-worn shamoy doublet, and affected at his advanced time of life more gayety of attire than his contemporaries remembered as distinguishing his early youth. His nephew, on the contrary, resided almost constantly on the marches of Wales, occupied in settling by prudence, or subduing by main force, the various disturbances by which these provinces were continually agitated; and Eveline learned with surprise, that it was with difficulty his uncle had prevailed on him to be present at the ceremony of their being betrothed to each other, as the Normans entitled the ceremony, their *jeuailles*. This engagement, which preceded the actual marriage for a space more or less, according to circumstances, was usually celebrated with a solemnity corresponding to the rank of the contracting parties.

The Constable added, with expressions of regret, that Damian gave himself too little rest, consistent with his early youth, slept too little, and indulged in too restless a disposition—that his health was suffering—and that a learned Jewish leech, whose opinion had been taken, had given his advice that the warmth of a more genial climate was necessary to restore his constitution to its general and natural vigour.

Eveline heard this with much regret, for she re-

membered Damian as the angel of good tidings, who first brought her news of deliverance from the forces of the Welsh; and the occasions on which they had met, though mournful, brought a sort of pleasure in recollection, so gentle had been the youth's deportment, and so consoling his expressions of sympathy. She wished she could see him, that she might herself judge of the nature of his illness; for, like other damsels of that age, she was not entirely ignorant of the art of healing, and had been taught by Father Aldrovand, himself no mean physician, how to extract healing essences from plants and herbs gathered under planetary hours. She thought it possible that her talents in this art, slight as they were, might perhaps be of service to one already her friend and liberator, and soon about to become her very near relation.

It was therefore with a sensation of pleasure, mingled with some confusion, (at the idea, doubtless, of assuming the part of medical adviser to so young a patient,) that one evening, while the convent was assembled about some business of their chapter, she heard Gillian announce that the kinsman of the Lord Constable desired to speak with her. She snatched up the veil, which she wore in compliance with the customs of the house, and hastily descended to the parlour, commanding the attendance of Gillian, who, nevertheless, did not think proper to obey the signal.

When she entered the apartment, a man whom she had never seen before advanced, kneeled on one knee, and taking up the hem of her veil, saluted it with an air of the most profound respect. She stepped back, surprised and alarmed, although there was nothing in the appearance of the stranger to justify her apprehension. He seemed to be about thirty years of age, tall of stature, and bearing a noble though wasted form, and a countenance on which disease, or perhaps youthful indulgence, had anticipated the traces of age. His demeanour seemed courteous and respectful, even in a degree which approached to excess. He observed Eveline's surprise, and said, in a tone of pride, mingled with emotion, "I fear that I have been mistaken, and that my visit is regarded as an unwelcome intrusion."

"Arise, sir," answered Eveline, "and let me know your name and business. I was summoned to a kinsman of the Constable of Chester."

"And you expected the stripling Damian," answered the stranger. "But the match with which England rings will connect you with others of the house besides that young person; and amongst these, with the luckless Randal de Lacy. Perhaps," continued he, "the fair Eveline Berenger may not even have heard his name breathed by his more fortunate kinsman—more fortunate in every respect, but most fortunate in his present prospects."

This compliment was accompanied by a deep reverence, and Eveline stood much embarrassed how to reply to his civilities; for although she now well remembered to have heard this Randal slightly mentioned by the Constable when speaking of his family, it was in terms which implied that there was no good understanding betwixt them. She therefore only returned his courtesy by general thanks for the honour of his visit, trusting he would then retire; but such was not his purpose.

"I comprehend," he said, "from the coldness with which the Lady Eveline Berenger receives me, that what she has heard of me from my kinsman (if indeed he thought me worthy of being mentioned to her at all) has been, to say the least, unfavourable. And yet my name once stood as high in fields and courts, as that of the Constable; nor is it aught more disgraceful than what is indeed often esteemed the worst of disgraces—poverty, which prevents my still aspiring to places of honour and fame. If my youthful follies have been numerous, I have paid for them by the loss of my fortune, and the degradation of my condition; and therein my happy kinsman might, if he pleased, do me some aid—I mean not with his purse or estate; for, poor as I am, I would not live on alms extorted from the reluctant hand of an estranged friend; but his countenance would put

him to no cost, and, in so far, I might expect some favour."

"In that my Lord Constable," said Eveline, "must judge for himself. I have—as yet, at least—no right to interfere in his family affairs; and if I should ever have such right, it will well become me to be cautious how I use it."

"It is prudently answered," replied Randal; "but what I ask of you is merely, that you, in your gentleness, would please to convey to my cousin a suit, which I find it hard to bring my ruder tongue to utter with sufficient submission. The usurers, whose claims have eaten like a canker into my means, now menace me with a dungeon; a threat which they dared not mutter, far less attempt to execute, were it not that they see me an outcast, unprotected by the natural head of my family, and regard me rather as they would some unfriended vagrant, than as a descendant of the powerful House of Lacy."

"It is a sad necessity," replied Eveline; "but I see not how I can help you in such extremity."

"Easily," replied Randal de Lacy. "The day of your betrothal is fixed, as I hear, reported; and it is your right to select what witnesses you please to the solemnity, which may the saints bless! To every one but myself, presence or absence on that occasion is a matter of mere ceremony—to me it is almost life or death. So am I situated, that the marked instance of slight or contempt, implied by my exclusion from this meeting of our family, will be held for the signal of my final expulsion from the House of the De Lacy, and for a thousand bloodhounds to assail me without mercy or forbearance, whom, cowards as they are, even the slightest show of countenance from my powerful kinsman would compel to stand at bay. But why should I occupy your time in talking thus?—Farewell, madam—be happy—and do not think of me the more harshly, that for a few minutes I have broken the tenor of your happy thoughts, by forcing my misfortunes on your notice."

"Stay, sir," said Eveline, affected by the tone and manner of the noble suppliant; "you shall not have it to say that you have told your distress to Eveline Berenger, without receiving such aid as is in her power to give. I will mention your request to the Constable of Chester."

"You must do more, if you really mean to assist me," said Randal de Lacy, "you must make that request your own. You do not know," said he, continuing to bend on her a fixed and expressive look, "how hard it is to change the fixed purpose of a De Lacy—a twelvemonth hence you will probably be better acquainted with the firm texture of our resolutions. But, at present, what can withstand your wish should you deign to express it?"

"Your suit, sir, shall not be lost for want of my advancing it with my good word and good wishes," replied Eveline; "but you must be well aware that its success or failure must rest with the Constable himself."

Randal de Lacy took his leave with the same air of deep reverence which had marked his entrance; only that, as he then saluted the skirt of Eveline's robe, he now rendered the same homage by touching her hand with his lip. She saw him depart with a mixture of emotions, in which compassion was predominant; although in his complaints of the Constable's unkindness to him there was something offensive, and his avowal of follies and excess seemed uttered rather in the spirit of wounded pride, than in that of contrition.

When Eveline next saw the Constable, she told him of the visit of Randal, and of his request; and strictly observing his countenance while she spoke, she saw, that at the first mention of his kinsman's name, a gleam of anger shot along his features. He soon subdued it, however, and fixing his eyes on the ground, listened to Eveline's detailed account of the visit, and her request "that Randal might be one of the invited witnesses to their *fiancailles*."

The Constable paused for a moment, as if he were considering how to elude the solicitation. At length he replied, "You do not know for whom you ask this, or you would perhaps have forborne your request;

neither are you apprised of its full import, though my crafty cousin well knows, that when I do him this grace which he asks, I bind myself, as it were, in the eye of the world once more—and it will be for the third time—to interfere in his affairs, and place them on such a footing as may afford him the means of re-establishing his fallen consequence, and repairing his numerous errors."

"And wherefore not, my lord?" said the generous Eveline. "If he has been ruined only through follies, he is now of an age when these are no longer tempting snares; and if his heart and hand be good, he may yet be an honour to the House of De Lacy."

The Constable shook his head. "He hath indeed," he said, "a heart and hand fit for service, God knoweth, whether in good or evil. But never shall it be said that you, my fair Eveline, made request of Hugh de Lacy, which he was not to his uttermost willing to comply with. Randall shall attend at our *fancailles*;—there is indeed the more cause for his attendance, as I somewhat fear we may lack that of our valued nephew Damian, whose malady rather increases than declines, and, as I hear, with strange symptoms of unwonted disturbance of mind and starts of temper, to which the youth hath not hitherto been subject."

CHAPTER XVII.

Ring out the merry bells, the bride approaches.
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the morning,
For that is dawning palely. Grant, good morn,
These clouds betoken naught of evil omen!—*Old Play.*

This day of the *fancailles*, or espousals, was now approaching; and it seems that neither the profession of the Abbess, nor her practice at least, were so rigid as to prevent her selecting the great parlour of the convent for that holy rite, although necessarily introducing many male guests within those vestal precincts, and notwithstanding that the rite itself was the preliminary to a state which the inmates of the cloister had renounced for ever. The Abbess's Norman pride of birth, and the real interest which she took in her niece's advancement, overcame all scruples; and the venerable mother might be seen in unwonted bustle, now giving orders to the gardener for decking the apartment with flowers—now to her cellarers, her precentrix, and the lay-sisters of the kitchen, for preparing a splendid banquet, mingling her commands on these worldly subjects with an occasional ejaculation on their vanity and worthlessness, and every now and then converting the busy and anxious looks which she threw upon her preparations into a solemn turning upward of eyes and folding of hands, as one who sighed over the mere earthly pomp which she took such trouble in superintending. At another time the good lady might have been seen in close consultation with Father Aldrovand, upon the ceremonial, civil and religious, which was to accompany a solemnity of such consequence to her family.

Mean while the reins of discipline, although relaxed for a season, were not entirely thrown loose. The outer court of the convent was indeed for the time opened for the reception of the male sex; but the younger sisters and novices of the house being carefully secluded in the more inner apartments of the extensive building, under the immediate eye of a grim old nun, or, as the conventual rule designed her, an ancient, sad, and virtuous person, termed Mistress of the Novices, were not permitted to pollute their eyes by looking on waving plumes and rustling mantles. A few sisters, indeed, of the Abbess's own standing, were left at liberty, being such goods as it was thought could not, in shopman's phrase, take harm from the air, and which are therefore left lying loose on the counter. These antiquated dames went mumping about with much affected indifference, and a great deal of real curiosity, endeavouring indirectly to get information concerning names, and dresses, and decorations, without daring to show such interest in these vanities as actual questions on the subject might have implied.

A stout band of the Constable's spearmen guarded the gate of the nunnery, admitting within the hal-

lowed precinct the few only who were to be present at the solemnity, with their principal attendants; and while the former were ushered with all due ceremony into the apartments dressed out for the occasion, the attendants, although detained in the outer court, were liberally supplied with refreshments of the most substantial kind; and had the amusement, so dear to the menial classes, of examining and criticising their masters and mistresses, as they passed into the interior apartments prepared for their reception.

Amongst the domestics who were thus employed, were old Raoul the huntsman and his jolly dame—the gay and glorious, in a new cassock of green velvet, she gracious and comely, in a kirtle of yellow silk, fringed with minivair, and that at no mean cost, were equally busied in beholding the gay spectacle. The most inveterate wars have their occasional terms of truce; the most bitter and boisterous weather hours of warmth and of calmness; and so was it with the matrimonial horizon of this amiable pair, which, usually cloudy, had now for a brief space cleared up. The splendour of their new apparel, the mirth of the spectacle around them, with the aid, perhaps, of a bowl of muscadine quaffed by Raoul, and a cup of hippocras sipped by his wife, had rendered them rather more agreeable in each other's eyes than was their wont; good cheer being in such cases, as oil is to a rusty lock, the means of making those valves move smoothly and glibly, which otherwise work not together at all, or by shrieks and groans express their reluctance to move in unison. The pair had stuck themselves into a kind of niche, three or four steps from the ground, which contained a small stone bench, whence their curious eyes could scrutinize with advantage every guest who entered the court.

Thus placed, and in their present state of temporary concord, Raoul with his frosty visage formed an unsuit representative of January, the bitter father of the year; and though Gillian was past the delicate bloom of youthful May, yet the melting fire of a full black eye, and the genial glow of a ripe and crimson cheek, made her a lively type of the fruitful and jovial August. Dame Gillian used to make it her boast, that she could please every body with her goings, when she chose it, from Raymond Berenger down to Robin the horse-boy; and like a good housewife, who, to keep her hand in use, will sometimes even condescend to dress a dish for her husband's sole eating, she now thought proper to practise her powers of pleasing on old Raoul, fairly conquering, in her successful sallies of mirth and satire, not only his cynical temperament towards all human kind, but his peculiar and special disposition to be testy with his spouse. Her jokes, such as they were, and the coquetry with which they were enforced, had such an effect on this Timon of the woods, that he curled up his cynical nose, displayed his few straggling teeth like a cur about to bite, broke out into a barking laugh, which was more like the cry of one of his own bounds—stopped short in the explosion, as if he had suddenly recollected that it was out of character; yet, ere he resumed his acrimonious gravity, shot such a glance at Gillian as made his nut-crack jaws, pinched eyes, and convolved nose, bear so small resemblance to one of those fantastic fancies which decorate the upper end of old bass viol.

"Is not this better than laying your dog-leash on your loving wife, as if she were a brach of the kennel?" said August to January.

"In troth is it," answered January, in a frost-bitten tone;—"and so it is also better than doing the black-tricks which bring the leash into exercise."

"Humph!" said Gillian, in the tone of one who thought her husband's proposition might bear being disputed; but instantly changing the note to that of tender complaint, "Ah! Raoul," she said, "do you not remember how you once beat me because our late lord—Our Lady assoilzie him!—took my crummed breast-knot for a peony rose?"

"Ay, ay," said the huntsman; "I remember our old master would make such mistakes—Our Lady assoilzie him! as you say—The best bound will have counter."

"And how could you think, dearest Raoul, to let the wife of thy bosom go so long without a new kirtle?" said his helpmate.

"Why, thou hast got one from our young lady that might serve a countess," said Raoul, his concord jarred by her touching this chord—"how many kirtles wouldst thou have?"

"Only two, kind Raoul; just that folk may not count their children's age by the date of Dame Gillian's last new gown."

"Well, well—it is hard that a man cannot be in good humour once and away without being made to pay for it. But thou shalt have a new kirtle at Michaelmas, when I sell the bucks' hides for the season. The very antlers should bring a good penny this year."

"Ay, ay," said Gillian; "I ever tell thee, husband, the horns would be worth the hide in a fair market."

Raoul turned briskly round as if a wasp had stung him, and there is no guessing what his reply might have been to this seemingly innocent observation, had not a gallant horseman at that instant entered the court, and, dismounting like the others, gave his horse to the charge of a squire, or equerry, whose attire blazed with embroidery.

"By Saint Hubert, a proper horseman, and a *descrier* for an earl," said Raoul; "and my Lord Constable's liveries withal—yet I know not the gallant."

"But I do," said Gillian; "It is Randal de Lacy, the Constable's kinsman, and as good a man as ever came of the name!"

"Oh! by Saint Hubert, I have heard of him—men say he is a reveller, and a jangler, and a waster of his goods."

"Men lie now and then," said Gillian, drily.

"And women also," replied Raoul;—"why, methinks he winked on thee just now."

"That right eye of thine saw never true since our good lord—Saint Mary rest him!—flung a cup of wine in thy face, for pressing over boldly into his withdrawing room."

"I marvel," said Raoul, as if he heard her not, "that yonder ruffler comes hither. I have heard that he is suspected to have attempted the Constable's life, and that they have not spoken together for five years."

"He comes on my young lady's invitation, and that I know full well," said Dame Gillian; "and he is less like to do the Constable wrong than to have wrong at his hand, poor gentleman, as indeed he has had enough of that already."

"And who told thee so?" said Raoul, bitterly.

"No matter, it was one who knew all about it very well," said the dame, who began to fear that, in displaying her triumph of superior information, she had been rather over-communicative.

"It must have been the devil, or Randal himself," said Raoul, "for no other mouth is large enough for such a lie.—But hark ye, Dame Gillian, who is he that presses forward next, like a man that scarce sees how he goes?"

"Even your angel of grace, my young Squire Damian," said Dame Gillian.

"It is impossible!" answered Raoul—"Call me blind if thou wilt;—but I have never seen man so changed in a few weeks—and his attire is flung on him so wildly as if he wore a horse-cloth round him instead of a mantle.—What can all the youth?—he has made a dead pause at the door, as if he saw something on the threshold that debarred his entrance.—Saint Hubert, but he looks as if he were elf-stricken!"

"You ever thought him such a treasure!" said Gillian; "and now look at him as he stands by the side of a real gentleman, how he stares and trembles as if he were distraught!"

"I will speak to him," said Raoul, forgetting his lameness, and springing from his elevated station—"I will speak to him; and, if he be unwell, I have my lancets and fleams to bleed man as well as brute."

"And a fit physician for such a patient," muttered Gillian,—"a dog-leech for a dreamy madman, that neither knows his own disease nor the way to cure it."

Mean while the old huntsman made his way towards the entrance, before which Damian remained standing, in apparent uncertainty whether he should enter or not, regardless of the crowd around, and at the same time attracting their attention by the singularity of his department.

Raoul had a private regard for Damian; for which, perhaps, it was a chief reason, that of late his wife had been in the habit of speaking of him in a tone more disrespectful than she usually applied to handsome young men. Besides, he understood the youth was a second Sir Tristrem in silvan sports by wood and river, and there needed no more to fetter Raoul's soul to him with bands of steel. He saw with great concern his conduct attract general notice, mixed with some ridicule.

"He stands," said the town-jester, who had crowded into the gay throng, "before the gate, like Balaam's ass in the Mystery, when the animal sees so much more than can be seen by any one else."

A cut from Raoul's ready leash rewarded the felicity of this application, and sent the fool howling off to seek a more favourable audience for his pleasantry. At the same time Raoul pressed up to Damian, and with an earnestness very different from his usual dry causticity of manner, begged him for God's sake not to make himself the general spectacle, by standing there as if the devil sat on the doorway, but either to enter, or, what might be as becoming, to retire, and make himself more fit in apparel for attending on a solemnity so nearly concerning his house.

"And what ails my apparel, old man?" said Damian, turning sternly on the huntsman, as one who has been hastily and uncivilly roused from a reverie.

"Only, with respect to your valour," answered the huntsman, "men do not usually put old mantles over new doublets; and methinks, with submission, that of yours neither accords with your dress nor is fitted for this noble presence."

"Thou art a fool!" answered Damian, "and as green in wit as gray in years. Know you not that in these days the young and old consort together—contract together—wed together? and should we take more care to make our apparel consistent than our actions?"

"For God's sake, my lord," said Raoul, "forbear these wild and dangerous words! they may be heard by other ears than mine, and construed by worse interpreters. There may be here those who will pretend to track mischief from light words, as I would find a buck from his frayings. Your cheek is pale, my lord, your eye is bloodshot; for Heaven's sake retire!"

"I will not retire," said Damian, with yet more distemperature of manner, "till I have seen the Lady Eveline."

"For the sake of all the saints," ejaculated Raoul, "not now!—You will do my lady incredible injury by forcing yourself into her presence in this condition."

"Do you think so?" said Damian, the remark seeming to operate as a sedative which enabled him to collect his scattered thoughts—"Do you really think so?—I thought that to have looked upon her once more—but no—you are in the right, old man."

He turned from the door as if to withdraw, but ere he could accomplish his purpose, he turned yet more pale than before, staggered, and fell on the pavement ere Raoul could afford him his support, useless as that might have proved. Those who raised him were surprised to observe that his garments were soiled with blood, and that the stains upon his cloak, which had been criticised by Raoul, were of the same complexion. A grave-looking personage, wrapped in a sad-coloured mantle, came forth from the crowd.

"I knew how it would be," he said; "I made venesection this morning, and commanded repose and sleep according to the aphorisms of Hippocrates; but if young gentlemen will neglect the ordinance of their physician, medicine will avenge herself. It is impossible that my bandage or ligature, knit by these fingers, should have started but to avenge the neglect of the precepts of art."

"I am he," answered the elder De Lacy; "but if thy business be not the more hasty, I cannot now speak with thee—I am bound on matters of life and death."

"I take all Christian people to witness that I have discharged my duty," said the paritor, putting into the hand of the Constable a slip of parchment.

"How is this, fellow?" said the Constable in great indignation—"for whom or what does your master the Archbishop take me, that he deals with me in this uncourteous fashion, citing me to compare before him more like a delinquent than a friend or a nobleman."

"My gracious lord," answered the paritor, haughtily, "is accountable to no one but our Holy Father the Pope, for the exercise of the power which is intrusted to him by the canons of the Church. Your lordship's answer to my citation?"

"Is the Archbishop present in this city?" said the Constable, after a moment's reflection—"I knew not of his purpose to travel hither, still less of his purpose to exercise authority within these bounds."

"My gracious lord the Archbishop," said the paritor, "is but now arrived in this city, of which he is metropolitan; and besides, by his apostolical commission, a legate *a latere* hath plenary jurisdiction throughout all England, as those may find (whatsoever be their degree) who may dare to disobey his summons."

"Hark thee, fellow," said the Constable, regarding the paritor with a grim and angry countenance, "were it not for certain respects, which I promise thee thy tawny hood hath little to do with, thou wert better have swallowed thy citation, seal and all, than delivered it to me with the addition of such saucy terms. Go hence, and tell your master I will see him within the space of an hour, during which time I am delayed by the necessity of attending a sick relation."

The paritor left the apartment with more humility in his manner than when he had entered, and left the assembled guests to look upon each other in silence and dismay.

The reader cannot fail to remember how severely the yoke of the Roman supremacy pressed both on the clergy and laity of England during the reign of Henry II. Even the attempt of that wise and courageous monarch to make a stand for the independence of his throne in the memorable case of Thomas a Becket, had such an unhappy issue, that, like a suppressed rebellion, it was found to add new strength to the domination of the Church. Since the submission of the king in that ill-fated struggle, the voice of Rome had double potency whenever it was heard, and the boldest peers of England held it more wise to submit to her imperious dictates, than to provoke a spiritual censure which had so many secular consequences. Hence the slight and scornful manner in which the Constable was treated by the prelate Baldwin struck a chill of astonishment into the assembly of friends whom he had collected to witness his espousals; and as he glanced his haughty eye around, he saw that many who would have stood by him through life and death in any other quarrel, had it even been with his sovereign, were turning pale at the very thought of a collision with the Church. Embarrassed, and at the same time incensed at their timidity, the Constable hastened to dismiss them, with the general assurance that all would be well—that his nephew's indisposition was a trifling complaint, exaggerated by a conceited physician, and by his own want of care—and that the message of the Archbishop, so unceremoniously delivered, was but the consequence of their mutual and friendly familiarity, which induced them sometimes, for the jest's sake, to reverse or neglect the ordinary forms of intercourse.

"If I wanted to speak to the prelate Baldwin on express business and in haste, such is the humility and indifference to form of that worthy pillar of the Church, that I should not fear offence," said the Constable, "did I send the meanest horse-boy in my troop to ask an audience of him."

So he spoke—but there was something in his countenance which contradicted his words; and his friends

and relations retired from the splendid and joyful ceremony of his espousals as from a funeral feast, with anxious thoughts and with downcast eyes.

Randal was the only person, who, having attentively watched the whole progress of the affair during the evening, ventured to approach his cousin as he left the house, and asked him, "in the name of their reunited friendship, whether he had nothing to command him?" assuring him, with a look more expressive than his words, that he would not find him cold in his service.

"I have naught which can exercise your zeal, fair cousin," replied the Constable, with the air of one who partly questioned the speaker's sincerity; and the parting reverence with which he accompanied his words, left Randal no pretext for continuing his attendance, as he seemed to have designed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oh, were I seated high as my ambition,

I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs.

Mysterious Mother.

THE most anxious and unhappy moment of Hugo de Lacy's life, was unquestionably that in which, by espousing Eveline with all civil and religious solemnity, he seemed to approach to what for some time he had considered as the prime object of his wishes. He was assured of the early possession of a beautiful and amiable wife, endowed with such advantage of worldly goods, as gratified his ambition as well as his affections—Yet, even in this fortunate moment, the horizon darkened around him in a manner which presaged naught but storm and calamity. At his nephew's lodging he learned that the pulse of the patient had risen, and his delirium had augmented, and all around him spoke very doubtfully of his chance of recovery, or surviving a crisis which seemed speedily approaching. The Constable stole towards the door of the apartment which his feelings permitted him not to enter and listened to the raving which the fever gave rise to. Nothing can be more melancholy than to hear the mind at work concerning its ordinary occupations, when the body is stretched in pain and danger upon the couch of severe sickness; the contrast betwixt the ordinary state of health, its joys or its labours, renders doubly affecting the actual helplessness of the patient before whom these visions are rising, and we feel a corresponding degree of compassion for the sufferer whose thoughts are wandering so far from his real condition.

The Constable felt this acutely, as he heard his nephew shout the war-cry of the family repeatedly, appearing, by the words of command and direction, which he uttered from time to time, to be actively engaged in leading his men-at-arms against the Welsh. At another time he muttered various terms of the *manège*, of falconry, and of the chase—he mentioned his uncle's name repeatedly on these occasions, as if the idea of his kinsmen had been connected alike with his martial encounters, and with his sports by wood and river. Other sounds there were, which he muttered so low as to be altogether undistinguishable.

With a heart even still more softened towards his kinsman's sufferings from hearing the points on which his mind wandered, the Constable twice applied his hand to the latch of the door, in order to enter the bedroom, and twice forbore, his eyes running faster with tears than he chose should be witnessed by the attendants. At length, relinquishing his purpose, he hastily left the house, mounted his horse, and, followed only by four of his personal attendants, rode towards the palace of the Bishop, where, as he learned from public rumour, the Archbishop Baldwin had taken up his temporary residence.

The train of riders and of led horses, of sumpter-mules, and of menials and attendants, both lay and ecclesiastical, which thronged around the gate of the episcopal mansion, together with the gaping crowd of inhabitants who had gathered around, some to gaze upon the splendid show, some to have

the chance of receiving the benediction of the Holy Prelate, was so great as to impede the Constable's approach at the palace-door; and when this obstacle was surmounted, he found another in the obstinacy of the Archbishop's attendants, who permitted him not, though announced by name and title to cross the threshold of the mansion, until they should receive the express command of their master to that effect.

The Constable felt the full effect of this slighting reception. He had dismounted from his horse in full confidence of being instantly admitted into the palace at least, if not into the Prelate's presence; and as he now stood on foot among the squires, grooms, and horse-boys of the spiritual lord, he was so much disgusted, that his first impulse was to remount his horse, and return to his pavilion, pitched for the time before the city walls, leaving it to the Bishop to seek him there, if he really desired an interview. But the necessity of conciliation almost immediately rushed on his mind, and subdued the first haughty impulse of his offended pride. "If our wise King," he said to himself, "hath held the stirrup of one Prelate of Canterbury when living, and submitted to the most degrading observances before his shrine when dead, surely I need not be more scrupulous towards his priestly successor in the same overgrown authority." Another thought, which he dared hardly to acknowledge, recommended the same humble and submissive course. He could not but feel that, in endeavouring to evade his vows as a crusader, he was incurring some just censure from the church; and he was not unwilling to hope, that his present cold and scornful reception on Baldwin's part, might be meant as a part of the penance which his conscience informed him his conduct was about to receive.

After a short interval, De Lacy was at length invited to enter the palace of the Bishop of Gloucester, in which he was to meet the Primate of England; but there was more than one brief pause, in hall and anteroom, ere he at length was admitted to Baldwin's presence.

The successor of the celebrated Becket had neither the extensive views, nor the aspiring spirit, of that redoubted personage; but, on the other hand, saint as the latter had become, it may be questioned, whether, in his professions for the weal of Christendom, he was half so sincere as was the present Archbishop. Baldwin was, in truth, a man well qualified to defend the powers which the Church had gained, though perhaps of a character too sincere and candid to be active in extending them. The advancement of the Crusade was the chief business of his life, his success the principal cause of his pride; and, if the sense of possessing the powers of eloquent persuasion, and skill to bend the minds of men to his purpose, was blended with his religious zeal, still the tenor of his life, and afterwards his death before Ptolemais, showed that the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels was the unfeigned object of all his exertions. Hugo de Lacy well knew this; and the difficulty of managing such a temper appeared much greater to him on the eve of the interview in which the attempt was to be made, than he had suffered himself to suppose when the crisis was yet distant.

The Prelate, a man of a handsome and stately form, with features rather too severe to be pleasing, received the Constable in all the pomp of ecclesiastical dignity. He was seated on a chair of oak, richly carved with Gothic ornaments, and placed above the rest of the floor under a niche of the same workmanship. His dress was the rich episcopal robe, ornamented with costly embroidery, and fringed around the neck and cuffs; it opened from the throat and in the middle, and showed an under vestment of embroidery, betwixt the folds of which, as if imperfectly concealed, peeped the close shirt of haircloth which the Prelate constantly wore under all his pompous attire. His mitre was placed beside him on an oaken table of the same workmanship with his throne, against which also rested his pastoral staff, representing a shepherd's crook of the simplest form, yet which had proved more powerful and fearful than lance

or cimeter, when wielded by the hand Becket.

A chaplain in a white surplice knee distance before a desk, and read forth minuted volume some portion of a thistle, in which Baldwin appeared so de that he did not seem to notice the Constable, who, highly displeased at slight, stood on the floor of the hall, whether to interrupt the reader and at late at once, or to withdraw without s all. Ere he had formed a resolution had arrived at some convenient pause where the Archbishop stopped him w *mi fili*."

It was in vain that the proud secular to conceal the embarrassment with proached the Prelate, whose attitude assumed for the purpose of impressing and solicitude. He tried, indeed, to measure of such ease as might character friendship, or at least of such indifference infer the possession of perfect tranquillity failed in both, and his address expressed pride, mixed with no ordinary degree of contempt. The genius of the Catholic Church such occasions sure to predominate over the laity.

"I perceive," said De Lacy, collecting and ashamed to find he had difficulty: "I perceive that an old friendship is but Methinks Hugo de Lacy might have another messenger to summon him to my presence, and that another welcome should on his arrival."

The Archbishop raised himself slowly and made a half inclination towards the who, by an instinctive desire of conciliation it lower than he had intended, or than courtesy merited. The Prelate at the signing to his chaplain, the latter arose to and receiving permission in the phrase "D retreated reverentially, without either turning or looking upwards, his eyes fixed on the hands still folded in his habit, and crossed bosom.

When this mute attendant had disappeared the Prelate's brow became more open, yet retained shade of grave displeasure, and he replied dress of De Lacy, but still without rising seat. "It skills not now, my lord, to say brave Constable of Chester has been to priest Baldwin, or with what love and beheld him assume the holy sign of salve to honour Him by whom he has himself to honour, vow himself to the deliverance Holy Land. If I still see that noble before me, in the same holy resolution, let me joyful truth, and I will lay aside rancour and tend his horse like a groom, if it be no such menial service to show the cordialness to him."

"Reverend father," answered De Lacy, tation, "I had hoped that the proposals were made to you on my part by the Dean of Ford, might have seemed more satisfactory eyes." Then, regaining his native composure proceeded with more assurance in speech; for the cold inflexible looks of the Prelate irritated him. "If these proposals can be my lord, let me know in what points, and your pleasure shall be done, even if it is somewhat unreasonable. I would have lord, with Holy Church, and am the last despise her mandates. This has been no deeds in field, and counsels in the state; think my services have merited cold language from the Primate of England."

"Do you upbraid the Church with your vain man?" said Baldwin. "I tell the Lacy, that what Heaven hath wrought for by thy hand, could, had it been the div have been achieved with as much ease by the best horse-boy in thy host. It is thou that

in being the chosen instrument by which great things have been wrought in Israel.—Nay, interrupt me not—I tell thee, proud baron, that, in the sight of heaven, thy wisdom is but as folly—thy courage, which thou dost boast, but the cowardice of a village idler—thy strength weakness—thy spear an osier, and thy sword a bulrush.”

“All this I know, good father,” said the Constable, “and have ever heard it repeated when such poor services as I may have rendered are gone and past. I am sorry, when there was need for my helping hand, I was not the very good lord of priest and prelate, and one who should be honoured and prayed for with patrons and founders who sleep in the choir and under the high altar. There was no thought, I trow, of osier or bulrush, when I have been prayed to couch my lance or draw my weapon; it is only when they are useless that they and their owner are undervalued. All, my reverend father, be it so—if the Church can stand the Saracens from the Holy Land by groomed horse-boys, wherefore do you preach knights and blessings from the homes and the countries which they were born to protect and defend?”

The Archbishop looked steadily on him as he replied, “Not for the sake of their fleshly arm do we disturb knights and barons in their prosecution of baronous festivities, and murderous feuds, which you call joying their homes and protecting their domains,—but that Omnipotence requires their arm of flesh to execute the great predestined work of liberation,—but the wear of their immortal souls.” These last words he pronounced with great emphasis.

The Constable paced the floor impatiently, and muttered to himself, “Such is the airy guerdon for which thousands of hosts have been drawn from Europe to drench the sands of Palestine with their gore—such the vain promises for which we are called upon to barter our lands, our lands, and our lives!”

“Is it Hugo de Lacy speaks thus?” said the Archbishop, arising from his seat, and qualifying his tone of assurance with the appearance of shame and of regret.—“Is it he who underprizes the renown of a knight—the virtue of a Christian—the advancement of his earthly honour—the more incalculable profit of his immortal soul?—Is it he who desires a solid and substantial recompense in lands or treasure, to be won by warring on his less powerful neighbours at a time when knightly honour and religious faith, his own as a knight and his baptism as a Christian, call him to a more glorious and more dangerous strife?—Is it indeed Hugo de Lacy, the mirror of the Norman chivalry, whose thoughts can conceive such sentiments, whose words can utter them?”

“Flattery and fair speech, suitably mixed with rebuke and reproaches, my lord,” answered the Constable, colouring and biting his lip, “may carry your words with others; but I am of a temper too solid to be wheedled or goaded into measures of imbecility. Forbear, therefore, this strain of affected argument; and believe me, that whether he goes to the Crusade or abides at home, the character of Hugo de Lacy will remain as unimpeached in point of nobility as that of the Archbishop Baldwin in point of sanctitude.”

“May it stand much higher,” said the Archbishop, “than the reputation with which you vouchsafe to prize it! but a blaze may be extinguished as well as spark; and I tell the Constable of Chester, that the flame which has sat on his banner for so many years may flit from it in one moment, never to be kindled again.”

“Who dares to say so?” said the Constable, trembling alive to the honour for which he had encountered so many dangers.

“A friend,” said the Prelate, “whose stripes should be received as benefits. You think of pay, Sir Constable, and of guerdon, as if you still stood in the market, free to chaffer on the terms of your service. Alas, you are no longer your own master—you are, by the blessed badge you have voluntarily assumed, the soldier of God himself; nor can you fly from your standard without such infamy as even steeds or grooms are unwilling to incur.”

“You deal all too hardly with us, my lord,” said

Hugo de Lacy, stopping short in his troubled walk. “You of the spirituality make us laymen the pack-horses of your own concerns, and climb to ambitious heights by the help of our overburdened shoulders; but all hath its limits—Becket transgressed it, and—”

A gloomy and expressive look corresponded with the tone in which he spoke, this broken sentence; and the Prelate, at no loss to comprehend his meaning, replied, in a firm and determined voice, “And he was murdered!—that is what you dare to hint to me—even to me, the successor of that glorified saint—as a motive for complying with your fickle and selfish wish to withdraw your hand from the plough. You know not to whom you address such a threat. True, Becket, from a saint militant on earth, arrived, by the bloody path of martyrdom, to the dignity of a saint in Heaven; and no less true is it, that, to attain a seat a thousand degrees beneath that of his blessed predecessor, the unworthy Baldwin were willing to submit, under our Lady’s protection, to whatever the worst of wicked men can inflict on his earthly frame.”

“There needs not this show of courage, reverend father,” said De Lacy, recollecting himself, “where there neither is, nor can be, danger. I pray you, let us debate this matter more deliberately. I have never meant to break off my purpose for the Holy Land, but only to postpone it. Methinks the offers that I have made are fair, and ought to obtain for me what has been granted to others in the like case—a slight delay in the time of my departure.”

“A slight delay on the part of such a leader as you, noble De Lacy,” answered the Prelate, “were a death-blow to our holy and most gallant enterprise. To meaner men we might have granted the privilege of marrying and giving in marriage, even although they care not for the sorrows of Jacob; but you, my lord, are a main prop of our enterprise, and, being withdrawn, the whole fabric may fall to the ground. Who in England will deem himself obliged to press forward, when Hugo de Lacy falls back? Think, my lord, less upon your plighted bride, and more on your plighted word; and believe not that a union can ever come to good, which shakes your purpose towards our blessed undertaking for the honour of Christendom.”

The Constable was embarrassed by the pertinacity of the Prelate, and began to give way to his arguments, though most reluctantly, and only because the habits and opinions of the time left him no means of combating his arguments, otherwise than by solicitation. “I admit,” he said, “my engagements for the Crusade, nor have I—I repeat it—further desire than that brief interval which may be necessary to place my important affairs in order. Mean while, my vassals led by my nephew—”

“Promise that which is within thy power,” said the Prelate. “Who knows whether, in resentment of thy seeking after other things than his most holy cause, thy nephew may not be called hence, even while we speak together?”

“God forbid!” said the Baron, starting up, as if about to fly to his nephew’s assistance; then suddenly pausing, he turned on the Prelate a keen and investigating glance. “It is not well,” he said, “that your reverence should thus trifle with the dangers which threaten my house. Damian is dear to me for his own good qualities—dear for the sake of my only brother.—May God forgive us both! he died when we were in unkindness with each other.—My lord, your words import that my beloved nephew suffers pain and incurs danger on account of my offences!”

The Archbishop perceived he had at length touched the chord to which his refractory penitent’s heart-strings must needs vibrate. He replied with circumspection, as well knowing with whom he had to deal,—“Far be it from me to presume to interpret the councils of Heaven! but we read in Scripture, that when the fathers eat sour grapes, the teeth of the children are set on edge. What so reasonable as that we should be punished for our pride and contumacy, by a judgment specially calculated to abate and bend that spirit of surquedry?—You yourself best know

* Self-importance, or assumption.

if this disease clung to thy nephew before you had meditated defection from the banner of the Cross."

Hugo de Lacy hastily recollected himself, and found that it was indeed true, that, until he thought of his union with Eveline, there had appeared no change in his nephew's health. His silence and confusion did not escape the artful Prelate. He took the hand of the warrior as he stood, before him overwhelmed in doubt, lest his preference of the continuance of his own house to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre should have been punished by the disease which threatened his nephew's life. "Come," he said, "noble De Lacy—the judgment provoked by a moment's presumption may be even yet averted by prayer and penitence. The dial went back at the prayer of the good King Hezekiah—down, down upon thy knees, and doubt not that, with confession, and penance, and absolution, thou mayest yet atone for thy falling away from the cause of Heaven."

Borne down by the dictates of the religion in which he had been educated, and by the fears lest his delay was punished by his nephew's indisposition and danger, the Constable sunk on his knees before the Prelate, whom he had shortly before well nigh braved, confessed, as a sin to be deeply repented of, his purpose of delaying his departure for Palestine, and received, with patience at least, if not with willing acquiescence, the penance inflicted by the Archbishop; which consisted in a prohibition to proceed farther in his proposed wedlock with the Lady Eveline, until he was returned from Palestine, where he was bound by his vow to abide for the term of three years.

"And now, noble De Lacy," said the Prelate, "once more my best beloved and most honoured friend—is not thy bosom lighter since thou hast thus nobly acquitted thee of thy debt to Heaven, and cleansed thy gallant spirit from those selfish and earthly stains which dimmed its brightness?"

The Constable sighed. "My happiest thoughts at this moment," he said, "would arise from knowledge that my nephew's health is amended."

"Be not discomfited on the score of the noble Damian, your hopeful and valorous kinsman," said the Archbishop, "for well I trust shortly ye shall hear of his recovery; or that, if it shall please God to remove him to a better world, the passage shall be so easy, and his arrival in yonder haven of bliss so speedy, that it were better for him to have died than to have lived."

The Constable looked at him, as if to gather from his countenance more certainty of his nephew's fate than his words seemed to imply; and the Prelate, to escape being farther pressed on a subject on which he was perhaps conscious he had adventured too far, rung a silver bell which stood before him on the table, and commanded the chaplain who entered at the summons, that he should despatch a careful messenger to the lodging of Damian Lacy, to bring particular accounts of his health.

"A stranger," answered the chaplain, "just come from the sick chamber of the noble Damian Lacy, waits here even now to have speech of my Lord Constable."

"Admit him instantly," said the Archbishop—"my mind tells me he brings us joyful tidings.—Never knew I such humble penitence,—such willing resignation of natural affections and desires to the doing of Heaven's service, but it was rewarded with a guerdon either temporal or spiritual."

As he spoke, a man singularly dressed entered the apartment. His garments, of various colours and showily disposed, were none of the newest or cleanest, neither were they altogether fitting for the presence in which he now stood.

"How now sirrah!" said the Prelate; "when was it that jugglers and minstrels pressed into the company of such as we without permission?"

"So please you," said the man, "my instant business was not with your reverend lordship, but with my lord the Constable, to whom I will hope that my good news may atone for my evil apparel."

"Speak, sirrah, does my kinsman live?" said the Constable eagerly.

"And is like to live, my lord," answered the man—

"a favourable crisis (so the leeches call it) hath taken place in his disorder, and they are no longer under my apprehensions for his life."

"Now, God be praised, that hath granted me so much mercy," said the Constable.

"Amen, amen!" replied the Archbishop solemnly;—"About what period did this blessed change take place?"

"Scarcely a quarter of an hour since," said the messenger, "a soft sleep fell on the sick youth, like dew upon a parched field in summer—he breathed freely—the burning heat abated—and, as I said, the leeches no longer fear for his life."

"Marked you the hour, my Lord Constable?" said the Bishop, with exultation—"even then you stooped to those counsels which Heaven suggested through the meanness of its servants! But two words availing penitence—but one brief prayer—and some holy saint has interceded for an instant hearing, and a liberal granting of thy petition. Noble Hugo," he continued, grasping his hand in a species of enthusiasm, "surely Heaven designs to work high things by the hand of him whose faults are thus readily forgiven—whose prayer is thus instantly heard. Fortis shall *Te Deum Laudamus* be said in each church, and each convent of Gloucester, ere the world be half day older."

The Constable, no less joyful, though perhaps less able to perceive an especial providence in his nephew's recovery, expressed his gratitude to the messenger of the good tidings, by throwing him his purse.

"I thank you, noble lord," said the man; "but I stoop to pick up this taste of your bounty, it is only to restore it again to the donor."

"How now, sir?" said the Constable, "methinks thy coat seems not so well lined as needs make me spurn at such a guerdon."

"He that designs to catch larks, my lord," replied the messenger, "must not close his net upon sparrows—I have a greater boon to ask of your lordship, and therefore I decline your present gratuity."

"A greater boon, ha!" said the Constable,—"I am no knight-errant, to bind myself by promise to grant it ere I know its import; but do thou come to my pavilion to-morrow, and thou wilt not find me unwilling to do what is reason."

So saying, he took leave of the prelate, and returned homeward, failing not to visit his nephew's lodgings as he passed, where he received the same pleasant assurances which had been communicated by the messenger of the parti-coloured mantle.

CHAPTER XIX.

He was a minstrel—in his mood
Was wisdom mix'd with folly;
A tame companion to the good,
But wild and fierce among the rude,
And jovial with the jolly.

ARCHIBALD ARMISTEAD.

THE event of the preceding day had been of a nature so interesting, and latterly so harassing, that the Constable felt weary as after a severely contested battle-field, and slept soundly until the earliest beams of dawn saluted him through the opening of the tent. It was then that, with a mingled feeling of pain and satisfaction, he began to review the change which had taken place in his condition since the preceding morning. He had then arisen an ardent bridegroom, anxious to find favour in the eyes of his fair bride, and scrupulous about his dress and appointments, as if he had been as young in years as in hopes and wishes. This was over, and he had now before him the painful task of leaving his betrothed for a term of years, even before wedlock had united them inseparably, and reflecting that she was exposed to all the dangers which assail female constancy in a situation thus critical. When the immediate anxiety for his nephew was removed, he was tempted to think that he had been something hasty in listening to the arguments of the Archbishop, and in believing that Damian's death or recovery depended upon his own accomplishing, to the letter, and without delay, his vow for the Holy Land. "How many princes and

ge," he thought to himself, "have assumed the robes, and delayed or renounced it, yet lived and died wealth and honour, without sustaining such a visitation as that with which Baldwin threatened me; and what case or particular did such men deserve more indulgence than I? But the die is now cast, and it nifies little to inquire whether my obedience to the mandates of the Church has saved the life of my nephew, or whether I have not fallen, as laymen are wont to fall, whenever there is an encounter of wits with them and those of the spirituality. I would God it may prove otherwise, since, girding on my sword as Heaven's champion, I might the better exert Heaven's protection for her whom I must unspoil leave behind me."

As these reflections passed through his mind, he heard the warders at the entrance of his tent challenge some one whose footsteps were heard approaching. The person stopped on their challenge, and prettily after was heard the sound of a rote, (a small cithers of lute), the strings of which were managed by means of a small wheel. After a short prelude, a lively voice, of good compass, sung verses, which, translated into modern language, might run nearly as follows:

I.

"Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glistened back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story,
Many a page of deathless glory;
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror."

II.

"Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror."

III.

"Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain:
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eager in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror."

When the song was finished, the Constable heard him talking without, and presently Philip Guarine entered the pavilion to tell that a person, come hither as he said by the Constable's appointment, waited mission to speak with him.

"By my appointment?" said De Lacy; "admit him immediately."

The messenger of the preceding evening entered the tent, holding in one hand his small cap and her, in the other the rote on which he had been playing. His attire was fantastic, consisting of more than one inner dress of various colours, all of the brightest and richest dyes, and disposed so as to contrast with each other—the upper garment was a short Norman cloak of bright green. An emerald girdle sustained, in lieu of offensive weapons, inkhorn with its appurtenances on the one side, the other a knife for the purposes of the table. His face was cut in imitation of the clerical tonsure, which was designed to intimate that he had arrived to a high rank in his profession; for the Joyous Science, the profession of minstrelsy was termed, had its own ranks, like the degrees in the church and in military. The features and manners of the man need to be at variance with his profession and it; for, as the latter was gay and fantastic, the former had a cast of gravity, and almost of sternness, which, unless when kindled by the enthusiasm in its poetical and musical exertions, seemed rather

to indicate deep reflection, than the thoughtless vivacity of observation which characterized most of his brethren. His countenance, though not handsome, had therefore something in it striking and impressive, even from its very contrast with the party-coloured hues and fluttering shape of his vestments; and the Constable felt something inclined to patronise him, as he said, "Good morrow, friend, and I thank thee for thy morning greeting; it was well sung and well meant, for when we call forth any one to bethink him how time passes, we do him the credit of supposing that he can employ to advantage that flitting treasure."

The man, who had listened in silence, seemed to pause and make an effort ere he replied, "My intentions, at least, were good, when I ventured to disturb my lord thus early; and I am glad to learn that my boldness hath not been evil received at his hand."

"True," said the Constable, "you had a boon to ask of me. Be speedy, and say thy request—my leisure is short."

"It is for permission to follow you to the Holy Land, my lord," said the man.

"Thou hast asked what I can hardly grant my friend," answered De Lacy—"Thou art a minstrel, art thou not?"

"An unworthy graduate of the Gay Science, my lord," said the musician; "yet let me say for myself, that I will not yield to the king of minstrels, Geoffrey Rodel, though the King or England hath given him four manors for one song. I would be willing to contend with him in romance, lay, or fable, were the judge to be King Henry himself."

"You have your own good word, doubtless," said De Lacy; "nevertheless, Sir Minstrel, thou goest not with me. The Crusade has been already too much encumbered by men of thy idle profession; and if thou dost add to the number, it shall not be under my protection. I am too old to be charmed by thy art, charm thou never so wisely."

"He that is young enough to seek for and to win the love of beauty," said the minstrel, but in a submissive tone, as if fearing his freedom might give offence, "should not term himself too old to feel the charms of minstrelsy."

The Constable smiled, not insensible to the flattery which assigned to him the character of a younger gallant. "Thou art a jester," he said, "I warrant me, in addition to thy other qualities?"

"No," replied the minstrel, "it is a branch of our profession which I have for some time renounced—my fortunes have put me out of tune for jesting."

"Nay, comrade," said the Constable, "if thou hast been hardly dealt with in the world, and canst comply with the rules of a family so strictly ordered as mine, it is possible we may agree together better than I thought. What is thy name and country? thy speech, methinks, sounds somewhat foreign."

"I am an Armoric, my lord, from the merry shores of Morbihan; and hence my tongue hath some touch of my country speech. My name is Renault Vidal."

"Such being the case, Renault," said the Constable, "thou shalt follow me, and I will give orders to the master of my household to have thee attired something according to thy function, but in more orderly guise than thou now appearst in. Dost thou understand the use of a weapon?"

"Indifferently, my lord," said the Armoric; at the same time taking a sword from the wall, he drew it, and made a pass with it so close to the Constable's body as he sat on the couch, that he started up, crying, "Villain, forbear!"

"La you! noble sir," replied Vidal, lowering with all submission the point of his weapon—"I have already given you a proof of sleight which has alarmed even your experience—I have an hundred other besides."

"It may be so," said De Lacy, somewhat ashamed at having shown himself moved by the sudden and lively action of the juggler; "but I love not jesting with edged tools, and have too much to do with sword and sword-blows in earnest, to toy with them; so I pray you let us have no more of this, but call me my

squire and my chamberlain, for I am about to array me and go to mass."

The religious duties of the morning performed, it was the Constable's intention to visit the Lady Abbess, and communicate, with the necessary precautions and qualifications, the altered relations in which he was placed towards her niece, by the resolution he had been compelled to adopt, of departing for the Crusade before accomplishing his marriage, in the terms of the precontract already entered into. He was conscious that it would be difficult to reconcile the good lady to this change of measures, and he delayed some time ere he could think of the best mode of communicating and softening the unpleasant intelligence. An interval was also spent in a visit to his nephew, whose state of convalescence continued to be as favourable, as if in truth it had been a miraculous consequence of the Constable's having complied with the advice of the Archbishop.

From the lodging of Damian, the Constable proceeded to the convent of the Benedictine Abbess. But she had been already made acquainted with the circumstances which he came to communicate, by a still earlier visit from the Archbishop Baldwin himself. The Primate had undertaken the office of mediator on this occasion, conscious that his success of the evening before must have placed the Constable in a delicate situation with the relations of his betrothed bride, and willing, by his countenance and authority, to reconcile the disputes which might ensue. Perhaps he had better have left Hugo de Lacy to plead his own cause; for the Abbess, though she listened to the communication with all the respect due to the highest dignitary of the English Church, drew consequences from the Constable's change of resolution which the Primate had not expected. She ventured to oppose no obstacle to De Lacy's accomplishment of his vows, but strongly argued that the contract with her niece should be entirely set aside, and each party left at liberty to form a new choice.

It was in vain that the Archbishop endeavoured to dazzle the Abbess with the future honours to be won by the Constable in the Holy Land; the splendour of which would attach not to his lady alone, but to all in the remotest degree allied to or connected with her. All his eloquence was to no purpose, though upon so favourite a topic he exerted it to the utmost. The Abbess, it is true, remained silent for a moment after his arguments had been exhausted, but it was only to consider how she should intimate, in a suitable and reverent manner, that children, the usual attendants of a happy union, and the existence of which he looked to for the continuation of the house of her father and brother, could not be hoped for with any probability, unless the precontract was followed by marriage, and the residence of the married parties in the same country. She therefore insisted, that the Constable having altered his intentions in this most important particular, the *fiancailles* should be entirely abrogated and set aside; and she demanded of the Primate, as an act of justice, that, as he had interfered to prevent the bridegroom's execution of his original purpose, he should now assist with his influence wholly to dissolve an engagement which had been thus materially innovated upon.

The Primate, who was sensible he had himself occasioned De Lacy's breach of contract, felt himself bound in honour and reputation to prevent consequences so disagreeable to his friend, as the dissolution of an engagement in which his interest and inclinations were alike concerned. He reproved the Lady Abbess for the carnal and secular views which she, a dignitary of the church, entertained upon the subject of matrimony, and concerning the interest of her house. He even upbraided her with selfishly preferring the continuation of the line of Berenger to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and denounced to her that Heaven would be avenged of the short-sighted and merely human policy, which postponed the interests of Christendom to those of an individual family.

After this severe homily, the Prelate took his departure, leaving the Abbess highly incensed, though she prudently forbore returning any irreverent answer to his paternal admonition.

In this humour the venerable lady was found by the Constable himself, when, with some embarrassment, he proceeded to explain to her the necessity of his present departure for Palestine.

She received the communication with sullen dignity; her ample black robe and scallop seeming as it were, to swell out in yet prouder folds as she listened to the reasons and the emergencies which compelled the Constable of Chester to defer the marriage, which he avowed was the dearest wish of his heart, until after his return from the Crusade, for which he was about to set forth.

"Methinks," replied the Abbess, with much oddness, "if this communication is meant for earnest, and it were no fit business—I myself no fit person for jesting with, methinks the Constable's reasonings should have been proclaimed to us yesterday, before the *fiancailles* had united his troth with that of Eveline Berenger, under expectations very different from those which he now announces."

"On the word of a knight and a gentleman, my friend lady," said the Constable, "I had not then the slightest thought that I should be called upon to take a step no less distressing to me, than, as I see with pain, it is unpleasant to you."

"I can scarcely conceive," replied the Abbess, "the cogent reasons, which, existing as they must have done yesterday, have nevertheless delayed their operation until to-day."

"I own," said De Lacy, reluctantly, "that I entertained too ready hopes of obtaining a remission from my vow, which my Lord of Canterbury hath, in his zeal for Heaven's service, deemed it necessary to refuse me."

"At least, then," said the Abbess, veiling her resentment under the appearance of extreme coldness, "your lordship will do us the justice to place us in the same situation in which we stood yesterday morning; and, by joining with my niece and her friends in desiring the abrogation of a marriage contract entered into with very different views from those which you now entertain, put a young person in that state of liberty of which she is at present deprived by her contract with you?"

"Ah, madam!" said the Constable, "what do you ask of me? and in a tone how cold and indignant do you demand me to resign hopes, the dream which my bosom ever entertained since the life-blood warmed it!"

"I am unacquainted with language belonging to such feelings, my lord," replied the Abbess; "he methinks the prospects which could be so easily adjourned for years, might, by a little, and a very little further self-control, be altogether abandoned."

Hugo de Lacy paced the room in agitation, nor did he answer until after a considerable pause. "If your niece, madam, shares the sentiments which you have expressed, I could not, indeed, with justice to her, or perhaps to myself, desire to retain that interest in her, which our solemn espousals have given me. But I must know my doom from her own lips; and if it is as severe as that which your expressions lead me to fear, I will go to Palestine the better soldier of Heaven, that I shall have little left on earth that can interest me."

The Abbess, without farther answer, called on her Precentrix, and desired her to command her niece's attendance immediately. The Precentrix bowed reverently, and withdrew.

"May I presume to inquire," said De Lacy, "whether the Lady Eveline hath been possessed of the circumstances which have occasioned this unhappy alteration in my purpose?"

"I have communicated the whole to her, from point to point," said the Abbess, "even as it was explained to me this morning by my Lord of Canterbury, (for with him I have already spoken upon the subject,) and confirmed but now by your lordship's own mouth."

"I am little obliged to the Archbishop," said the Constable, "for having forestalled my excuse in the quarter where it was most important for me that they should be accurately stated, and favourably received."

"That," said the Abbess, "is but an item of the account betwixt you and the Prelate,—it concerns not us."

"Dare I venture to hope," continued De Lacy, without taking offence at the dryness of the Abbess's manner, "that Lady Eveline has heard this most unhappy change of circumstances without emotion.—I would say, without displeasure?"

"She is the daughter of a Berenger, my lord," answered the Abbess, "and it is our custom to punish a breach of faith, or to condemn it—never to grieve over it. What my niece may do in this case, I know not. I am a woman of religion, sequestered from the world, and would advise peace and Christian forgiveness, with a proper sense of contempt for the unworthy treatment which she has received. She has followers and vassals, and friends, doubtless, and advisers, who may not, in blinded zeal for worldly honour, recommend to her to sit down slightly with this injury, but desire she should rather appeal to the King, or to the arms of her father's followers, unless her liberty is restored to her by the surrender of the contract into which she has been enticed.—But she comes, to answer for herself."

Eveline entered at the moment, leaning on Rose's arm. She had laid aside mourning since the ceremony of the *fiançailles*, and was dressed in a kirtle of white, with an upper robe of pale blue. Her head was covered with a veil of white gauze, so thin, as to float about her like the misty cloud usually painted around the countenance of a seraph. But the face of Eveline, though in beauty not unworthy one of this angelic order, was at present far from resembling that of a seraph in tranquillity of expression. Her limbs trembled, her cheeks were pale, the tinge of red around the eyelids expressed recent tears; yet amidst these natural signs of distress and uncertainty, there was an air of profound resignation—a resolution to discharge her duty in every emergency, reigning in the solemn expression of her eye and eyebrow, and showing her prepared to govern the agitation which she could not entirely subdue. And so well were these opposing qualities of timidity and resolution mingled on her cheek, that Eveline, in the utmost pride of her beauty, never looked more fascinating than at that instant; and Hugo de Lacy, hitherto rather an impassioned lover, stood in her presence with feelings as if all the exaggerations of romance were realized, and his mistress were a being of a higher sphere, from whose doom he was to receive happiness or misery, life or death.

It was under the influence of such a feeling, that the warrior dropped on one knee before Eveline, took the hand which she rather resigned than gave to him, pressed it to his lips fervently, and, ere he parted with it, moistened it with one of the few tears which he was ever known to shed. But, although surprised, and carried out of his character by a sudden impulse, he regained his composure on observing that the Abbess regarded his humiliation, if it can be so termed, with an air of triumph; and he entered on his defence before Eveline with a manly earnestness, not devoid of fervour, nor free from agitation, yet made in a tone of firmness and pride, which seemed assumed to meet and control that of the offended Abbess.

"Lady," he said, addressing Eveline, "you have heard from the venerable Abbess in what unhappy position I have been placed since yesterday by the rigour of the Archbishop—perhaps I should rather say, by his just though severe interpretation of my engagement in the Crusade. I cannot doubt that all this has been stated with accurate truth by the venerable lady; but as I must no longer call her my friend, let me fear whether she has done me justice in her commentary upon the unhappy necessity which must presently compel me to leave my country, and with my country to forego—at best to postpone—the fairest hopes which man ever entertained. The venerable lady hath upbraided me, that being myself the cause that the execution of yesterday's contract is postponed, I would fain keep it suspended over your head for an indefinite term of years. No one resigns willingly such rights as yesterday gave me; and, let me speak a boastful word, sooner than yield them up to man of woman born, I would hold a fair field against

all comers, with grinded sword and sharp spear, from sunrise to sunset, for three days' space. But what would I retain at the price of a thousand lives, I am willing to renounce if it would cost you a single sigh. If, therefore, you think you cannot remain happy, the betrothed of De Lacy, you may command my assistance to have the contract annulled, and make some more fortunate man happy."

He would have gone on, but felt the danger of being overpowered again by those feelings of tenderness new to his steady nature, that he blushed to give way to them.

Eveline remained silent. The Abbess took the word "Kinswoman," she said, "you hear that the generosity—or the justice of the Constable of Chester, proposes, in consequence of his departure upon a distant and perilous expedition, to cancel a contract entered into upon the specific and precise understanding that he was to remain in England for its fulfilment. You cannot, methinks, hesitate to accept of the freedom which he offers you, with thanks for his bounty. For my part, I will reserve mine own until I shall see that your joint application is sufficient to win to your purpose his Grace of Canterbury, who may again interfere with the actions of his friend the Lord Constable over whom he has already exerted so much influence—for the weal, doubtless, of his spiritual concerns."

"If it is meant by your words, venerable lady," said the Constable, "that I have any purpose of sheltering myself behind the Prelate's authority, to avoid doing that which I proclaim my readiness, though not my willingness, to do, I can only say, that you are the first who has doubted the faith of Hugh de Lacy." And while the proud Baron thus addressed a female and a recluse, he could not prevent his eye from sparkling and his cheek from flushing.

"My gracious and venerable kinswoman," said Eveline, summoning together her resolution, "can you, my good lord, be not offended if I pray you not to increase by groundless suspicions and hasty reprimands your difficulties and mine. My lord, the obligations which I lie under to you are such as I can never discharge, since they comprehend fortune, life and honour. Know that, in my anguish of mind when besieged by the Welsh in my castle of the Garc Doloureuse, I vowed to the Virgin, that (my honour safe) I would place myself at the disposal of him whom our Lady should employ as her instrument: relieve me from yonder hour of agony. In giving me a deliverer, she gave me a master; nor could I desire a more noble one than Hugo de Lacy."

"God forbid, lady," said the Constable, speaking eagerly, as if he was afraid his resolution should fail him ere he could get the renunciation uttered, "that should, by such a tie, to which you subjected yourself in the extremity of your distress, bind you to any resolution in my favour which can put force on your own inclinations!"

The Abbess herself could not help expressing her applause of this sentiment, declaring it was spoke like a Norman gentleman; but, at the same time her eyes, turned towards her niece, seemed to exhort her to beware how she declined to profit by the caution of De Lacy.

But Eveline proceeded, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and a slight colour overspreading her face to state her own sentiments, without listening to the suggestions of any one. "I will own, noble sir," she said, "that when your valour had rescued me from approaching destruction, I could have wished honouring and respecting you, as I had done your late friend—my excellent father—that you could have accepted a daughter's service from me. I do not pretend entirely to have surmounted these sentiments although I have combated them, as being unworthy of me, and ungrateful to you. But, from the moment you were pleased to honour me by a claim on the poor hand, I have studiously examined my sentiments towards you, and taught myself so far to make the coincide with my duty, that I may call myself assured that De Lacy would not find in Eveline Berenger an indifferent, far less an unworthy bride. In this, as you may boldly confide, whether the union you have sought for takes place instantly, or is delayed till

longer season. Still farther, I must acknowledge that the postponement of these nuptials will be more agreeable to me than their immediate accomplishment. I am at present very young, and totally inexperienced. Two or three years will, I trust, render me yet more worthy the regard of a man of honour."

At this declaration in his favour, however cold and qualified, De Lacy had as much difficulty to restrain his transports as formerly to moderate his agitation.

"Angel of bounty and of kindness!" he said, kneeling once more, and again possessing himself of her hand, "perhaps I ought in honour to resign voluntarily those hopes which you decline to ravish from me forcibly. But who could be capable of such unrelenting magnanimity?—Let me hope that my devoted attachment—that which you shall hear of me when at a distance—that which you shall know of me when near you—may give to your sentiments a more tender warmth than they now express; and, in the mean while, blame me not that I accept your plighted faith anew, under the conditions which you attach to it. I am conscious my wooing has been too late in life to expect the animated returns proper to youthful passion—Blame me not if I remain satisfied with those calmer sentiments which make life happy, though they cannot make passion rapturous. Your hand remains in my grasp, but it acknowledges not my pressure—Can it be that it refuses to ratify what your lips have said?"

"Never, noble De Lacy!" said Eveline, with more animation than she had yet expressed; and it appeared that the tone was at length sufficiently encouraging, since her lover was emboldened to take the lips themselves for guarantee.

It was with an air of pride, mingled with respect, that, after having received this pledge of fidelity, he turned to conciliate and to appease the offended Abbess. "I trust, venerable mother," he said, "that you will resume your former kind thoughts of me, which I am aware were only interrupted by your tender anxiety for the interest of her who should be dearest to us both. Let me hope that I may leave this fair flower under protection of the honoured lady who is her next in blood, happy and secure as she must ever be, while listening to your counsels, and residing within these sacred walls."

But the Abbess was too deeply displeased to be propitiated by a compliment, which perhaps it had been better policy to have delayed till a calmer season. "My lord," she said, "and you, fair kinswoman, you ought needs to be aware how little my counsels—not frequently given where they are unwillingly listened to—can be of avail to those embarked in worldly affairs. I am a woman dedicated to religion, to solitude, and seclusion—to the service, in brief, of Our Lady and Saint Benedict. I have been already censured by my superior because I have, for love of you, fair niece, mixed more deeply in secular affairs than became the head of a convent of recluses—I will merit no farther blame on such an account; nor can you expect it of me. My brother's daughter, unfettered by worldly ties, had been the welcome sharer of my poor solitude. But this house is too mean for the residence of the vowed bride of a mighty baron; nor do I, in my lowliness and inexperience, feel fitness to exercise over such a one that authority, which must belong to me over every one whom this roof protects. The grave tenor of our devotions, and the serene contemplation to which the females of this house are devoted," continued the Abbess, with increasing heat and vehemence, "shall not, for the sake of my worldly connexions, be disturbed by the intrusion of one whose thoughts must needs be on the worldly toys of love and marriage."

"I do indeed believe, reverend mother," said the Constable, in his turn giving way to displeasure, "that a richly-dowered maiden, unwedded, and unlikely to wed, were a fitter and more welcome inmate to the convent, than one who cannot be separated from the world, and whose wealth is not likely to increase the House's revenues."

The Constable did the Abbess great injury in this

hasty insinuation, and it only went to confirm her purpose of rejecting all charge of her niece during his absence. She was in truth as disinterested as haughty; and her only reason for anger against her niece was, that her advice had not been adopted without hesitation, although the matter regarded Eveline's happiness exclusively.

The ill-timed reflection of the Constable confirmed her in the resolution which she had already, and hastily adopted. "May heaven forgive you, Sir Knight," she replied, "your injurious thoughts of His servants! It is indeed time, for your soul's sake, that you do penance in the Holy Land, having such rash judgments to repent of.—For you, my niece, you cannot want that hospitality, which, without verifying, or seeming to verify, unjust suspicions, I cannot now grant to you, while you have, in your kinswoman of Baldreingham, a secular relation, whose nearness of blood approaches mine, and who may open her gates to you without incurring the unworthy censure, that she means to enrich herself at your cost."

The Constable saw the deadly paleness which came over Eveline's cheek at this proposal, and, without knowing the cause of her repugnance, he hastened to relieve her from the apprehensions which she seemed evidently to entertain. "No, reverend mother," he said; "since you so harshly reject the care of your kinswoman, she shall not be a burden to any of her other relatives. While Hugo de Lacy hath six gallant castles, and many a manor besides, to maintain five upon their hearths, his betrothed bride shall burden no one with her society, who may regard it as otherwise than a great honour; and methinks I were much poorer than Heaven hath made me, could I not furnish friends and followers sufficient to serve, obey, and protect her."

"No, my lord," said Eveline, recovering from the dejection into which she had been thrown by the unkindness of her relative; "since some unhappy destiny separates me from the protection of my father's sister, to whom I could so securely have resorted myself, I will neither apply for shelter to any more distant relation, nor accept of that which you, my lord, so generously offer; since my doing so might excite harsh, and, I am sure, undeserved reproaches against her by whom I was driven to choose a less advisable dwelling-place. I have made my resolution. I have, it is true, only one friend left, but she is a powerful one, and is able to protect me against the particular evil fate which seems to follow me, as well as against the ordinary evils of human life."

"The Queen, I suppose?" said the Abbess, interrupting her impatiently.

"The Queen of Heaven! venerable kinswoman," answered Eveline; "our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse, ever gracious to our house, and so lately my especial guardian and protectress. Methinks, and the vowed votaress of the Virgin rejects me, it is to her holy patroness whom I ought to apply for succour."

The venerable dame, taken somewhat at unawares by this answer, pronounced the interjection "Umph!" in a tone better befitting a Lollard or an Iconoclast, than a Catholic Abbess, and a daughter of the House of Berenger. Truth is, the Lady Abbess's hereditary devotion to the Lady of the Garde Doloureuse was much decayed, since she had known the full merits of another gifted image, the property of her own convent.

Recollecting herself, however, she remained silent, while the Constable alleged the vicinity of the Web, as what might possibly again render the abode of his betrothed bride at the Garde Doloureuse as perilous as she had on a former occasion found it. To this Eveline replied, by reminding him of the great strength of her native fortress—the various sieges which it had withstood—and the important circumstances, that, upon the late occasion, it was only endangered, because in compliance with a point of honour, her father Raymond had sallied out with the garrison, and fought at disadvantage a battle under the walls. She farther suggested, that it was easy for the Constable to name, from among his own vassals or her own senechal of such approved prudence and valor.

might ensure the safety of the place, and of its

De Lacy could reply to her arguments the Abbot rose, and, pleading her total inability to give counsel in secular affairs, and the rules of her order, which called her, as she said, with a heightened colour and raised voice, "to the simple and peaceful charge of her conventual duties," she left the betrothed parties in the locutory, or parlour, without any company, save Rose, who prudently remained at the distance.

The issue of their private conference seemed agreeable to both; and when Eveline told Rose that they were to return presently to the Garde Doloureuse, under a sufficient escort, and were to remain there during the period of the Crusade, it was in a tone of artificial satisfaction, which her follower had not and her make use of for many days. She spoke so highly in praise of the kind acquiescence of the Constable in her wishes, and of his whole conduct, that a warmth of gratitude approaching to a more tender feeling.

"And yet, my dearest lady," said Rose, "if you will speak unfeignedly, you must, I am convinced, own that you look upon this interval of years, interspersed betwixt your contract and your marriage, rather a respite than in any other light."

"I confess it," said Eveline, "nor have I concealed in my future lord that such are my feelings, ungrateful as they may seem. But it is my youth, Rose, extreme youth, which makes me fear the duties of De Lacy's wife. Then those evil auguries hang angrily about me. Devoted to evil by one kinsman, expelled almost from the roof of another, seem to myself, at present, a creature who must try distress with her, pass where she will. This evil air, and, what is more, the apprehensions of it, will wear away to time. When I shall have attained the age of twenty, Rose, I shall be a full-grown woman, with all the soul of a Berenger strong within me, to overcome those doubts and tremours which agitate a girl of seventeen."

"Ah! my sweet mistress," answered Rose, "may God and our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse guide all the best!—But I would that this contract had not been placed, or, having taken place, that it could have been fulfilled by your immediate union."

CHAPTER XX.

The King called down his merry-men all

By one, and by two, and three;

Earl Marshall was wont to be the foremost man,

But the hindmost man was he.—*Old Ballad.*

The Lady Eveline retired satisfied and pleased in her private interview with De Lacy, the joy on the part of the Constable arose to a higher pitch of pleasure than he was in the habit of feeling or expressing; and it was augmented by a visit of the leeches who attended his nephew, from whom he received a minute and particular account of his present disorder, and every assurance of a speedy recovery.

The Constable caused alms to be distributed to the poor, and to the poor, masses to be said, and the church to be lighted. He visited the Archbishop, and received from him his full approbation of the course which he proposed to pursue, with the promise, that of the plenary power which he held from the Pope, the Prelate was willing, in consideration of his instant obedience, to limit his stay in the Holy Land to the term of three years, to become current from his leaving Britain, and to include the space necessary for his return to his native country. Indeed, having succeeded in the main point, the Archbishop judged it expedient to concede every inferior consideration to a part of the Constable's rank and character, whose consent to the proposed expedition was perhaps as essential to its success as his bodily presence.

At length, the Constable returned to his pavilion highly satisfied with the manner in which he had surmounted himself from those difficulties which in the morning seemed almost insuperable; and when his attendants assembled to disrobe him (for great feudal lords had their levees and couchees, in imitation of

sovereign princes,) he distributed gratuities among them, and jested and laughed in a much gayer humour than they had ever before witnessed.

"For thee," he said, turning to Vidal the minstrel, who, sumptuously dressed, stood to pay his respects among the other attendants, "I will give thee naught at present; but do thou remain by my bedside until I am asleep, and I will next morning reward thy minstrelsy as I like it."

"My lord," said Vidal, "I am already rewarded, both by the honour, and by the livery, which better befit a royal minstrel than one of my mean fame; but assign me a subject, and I will do my best, not out of greed of future largesses, but gratitude for past favours."

"Gramercy, good fellow," said the Constable. "Guarise," he added, addressing his squire, "let the watch be posted, and do thou remain within the tent—stretch thyself on the bear-hide, and sleep, or listen to the minstrelsy, as thou likest best. Thou thinkest thyself a judge, I have heard, of such gear."

It was usual, in those insecure times, for some faithful domestic to sleep at night within the tent of every great baron, that, if danger arose, he might not be unsupported or unprotected. Guarise accordingly drew his sword, and, taking it in his hand, stretched himself on the ground in such a manner, that, on the slightest alarm, he could spring up sword in hand. His broad black eyes, in which sleep contended with a desire to listen to the music, were fixed on Vidal, who saw them glittering in the reflection of the silver lamp, like those of a dragon or basilisk.

After a few preliminary touches on the chords of his rote, the minstrel requested of the Constable to name the subject on which he desired the exercise of his powers.

"The truth of woman," answered Hugo de Lacy, as he laid his head upon his pillow.

After a short prelude, the minstrel obeyed, by singing nearly as follows:—

"Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

II.

"I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plighted,
And I believed them again ere night."

"How now, sir knave," said the Constable, raising himself on his elbow, "from what drunken rhymers did you learn that half-witted satire?"

"From an old, ragged, crossgrained friend of mine, called Experience," answered Vidal. "I pray Heaven he may never take your lordship, or any other worthy man, under his tuition."

"Go to, fellow," said the Constable, in reply; "thou art one of those wiseacres, I warrant me, that would fain be thought witty, because thou canst make a jest of those things which wiser men hold worthy of most worship—the honour of men, and the truth of women. Dost thou call thyself a minstrel, and hast no tale of female fidelity?"

"I had right many a one, noble sir, but I laid them aside when I disused my practice of the jesting part of the Joyous Science. Nevertheless, if it pleases your nobleness to listen, I can sing you an established lay upon such a subject."

De Lacy made a sign of acquiescence, and laid himself as if to slumber; while Vidal began one of those interminable and almost innumerable adventures concerning that paragon of true lovers, fair Ysolte; and of the constant and uninterrupted faith and affection which she displayed in numerous situations of difficulty and peril, to her paramour, the gallant Sir Tristrem, at the expense of her less favoured husband, the luckless King Mark of Cornwall; to

whom, as all the world knows, Sir Tristrem was nephew.

This was not the lay of love and fidelity which De Lacy would have chosen; but a feeling like shame prevented his interrupting it, perhaps because he was unwilling to yield to or acknowledge the unpleasant sensations excited by the tenor of the tale. He soon fell asleep, or feigned to do so; and the harper, continuing for a time his monotonous chant, began at length himself to feel the influence of slumber; his words, and the notes which he continued to touch upon the harp, were broken and interrupted, and seemed to escape drowsily from his fingers and voice. At length the sounds ceased entirely, and the minstrel seemed to have sunk into profound repose, with his head reclining on his breast, and one arm dropped down by his side, while the other rested on his harp. His slumber, however, was not very long, and when he awoke from it, and cast his eyes around him, reconnoitering, by the light of the night-lamp, whatever was in the tent, he felt a heavy hand, which pressed his shoulder as if gently to solicit his attention. At the same time the voice of the vigilant Philip Guarine whispered in his ear, "Thine office for the night is ended—depart to thine own quarters with all the silence thou mayst."

The minstrel wrapt himself in his cloak without reply, though perhaps not without feeling some resentment at a dismissal so unceremonious.

CHAPTER XXI.

O! then I see Queen Mab has been with you.
Romeo and Juliet.

THE subject on which the mind has last been engaged at night is apt to occupy our thoughts even during slumber, when Imagination, uncorrected by the organs of sense, weaves her own fantastic web out of whatever ideas rise at random in the sleeper. It is not surprising, therefore, that De Lacy in his dreams had some confused idea of being identified with the unlucky Mark of Cornwall; and that he awakened from such unpleasant visions with a brow more clouded than when he was preparing for his couch on the evening before. He was silent, and seemed lost in thought, while his squire assisted at his levee with the respect now only paid to sovereigns. "Guarine," at length he said, "know you the stout Fleming, who was said to have borne him so well at the siege of the Garde Doloureuse?—a tall, big, brawny man."

"Surely, my lord," answered his Squire; "I know Wilkin Flammoock—I saw him but yesterday."

"Indeed!" replied the Constable—"Here, meanest thou?—In this city of Gloucester?"

"Assuredly, my good lord. He came hither partly about his merchandise, partly, I think, to see his daughter Rose, who is in attendance on the gracious young Lady Eveline."

"He is a stout soldier, is he not?"

"Like most of his kind—a rampart to a castle, but rubbish in the field," said the Norman squire.

"Faithful, also, is he not?" continued the Constable.

"Faithful as most Flemings, while you can pay for their faith," replied Guarine, wondering a little at the unusual interest taken in one whom he esteemed a being of an inferior order; when, after some farther inquiries, the Constable ordered the Fleming's attendance to be presently commanded.

Other business of the morning now occurred, (for his speedy departure required many arrangements to be hastily adopted,) when, as the Constable was giving audience to several officers of his troops, the bulky figure of Wilkin Flammoock was seen at the entrance of the pavilion, in jerkin of white cloth, and having only a knife by his side.

"Leave the tent, my masters," said De Lacy, "but continue in attendance in the neighbourhood; for here comes one I must speak to in private."

The officers withdrew, and the Constable and Fleming were left alone. "You are Wilkin Flammoock,

who fought well against the Welsh at the Garde Doloureuse?"

"I did my best, my lord, answered Wilkin—"I was bound to it by my bargain; and I hope ever to act like a man of credit."

"Methinks," said the Constable, "that you are stout of limb, and, as I hear, so bold in spirit, might look a little higher than this weaving trade of thine."

"No one is reluctant to mend his station, my lord," said Wilkin; "yet am I so far from complaining of mine, that I would willingly consent it should ever be better, on condition I could be assured it was never worse."

"Nay, but, Flammoock," said the Constable, "I mean higher things for you than your modest apprehends—I mean to leave thee in a charge of great trust."

"Let it concern bales of drapery, my lord, and as one will perform it better," said the Fleming.

"Away! thou art too lowly minded," said the Constable. "What thinkst thou of being dubbed knight, as thy valour well deserves, and left as Châtelain of the Garde Doloureuse?"

"For the knighthood, my lord, I should crave your forgiveness; for it would sit on me like a gilded helmet on a hog. For any charge, whether of castle or cottage, I trust I might discharge it as well as another."

"I fear me thy rank must be in some way mended," said the Constable, surveying the un military dress of the figure before him; "it is at present too mean to befit the protector and guardian of a young lady of high birth and rank."

"I the guardian of a young lady of birth and rank," said Flammoock, his light, large eyes turning large, lighter, and rounder as he spoke.

"Even thou," said the Constable. "The Lady Eveline proposes to take up her residence in her castle of the Garde Doloureuse. I have been casting about to whom I may intrust the keeping of her person, as well as of the stronghold. Were I to choose some knight of name, as I have many in my household, he would be setting about to do deeds of vassalage upon the Welsh, and engaging himself in tournaments, and hunting parties; or he would, perchance, have shows of that light nature under the walls, or even within the courts of the castle, turning the secluded and quiet abode, which becomes the situation of the Lady Eveline, into the misrule of a dissolute revel. Thee I can confide in—thou wilt fight when it is requisite, yet wilt not provoke danger for the sake of danger itself—thy birth, thy habits, will lead thee to avoid those gayeties, which, however fascinating to others, cannot but be distasteful to thee—thy management will be as regular, as I will take care that it shall be honourable; and thy relation to her favourite, Rose, will render thy guardianship more agreeable to the Lady Eveline, than, perchance, one of her own rank. And, to speak to thee a language which thy nature readily comprehends, the reward, Fleming, for the regular discharge of this most weighty trust, shall be beyond thy most flattering hope."

The Fleming had listened to the first part of the discourse with an expression of surprise which gradually gave way to one of deep and anxious reflection. He gazed fixedly on the earth for a minute after the Constable had ceased speaking, and then raising his eyes suddenly, said, "It is needless to seek for roundabout excuses. This cannot be your earnest, my lord—but if it is, the scheme is naught."

"How and wherefore?" asked the Constable, with displeased surprise.

"Another man might grasp at your bounty," continued Wilkin, "and leave you to take chance of the value you were to receive for it; but I am a downy dealer, I will not take payment for service I cannot render."

"But I demand once more, wherefore thou canst not, or rather wilt not, accept this trust?" said the Constable. "Surely, if I am willing to confer such confidence, it is well thy part to answer it."

"True, my lord," said the Fleming; "but methinks

Lord De Lacy should feel, and the wise Lord should foresee, that a Flemish weaver is no arduous for his plighted bride. Think her shut under solitary castle, under such respectable walls, and reflect how long the place will be a land of love and of adventure! We shall strelas singing ballads by the threave under the eaves, and such twangling of harps as would be to frighten our walls from their foundations. As happened to those of Jericho—We are as many knights-errant around us as ever in the land of France, or King Arthur. Mercy on me! rather than a fine and noble recluse immured they term it—in a tower, under the guardian of an old Flemish weaver, would bring half the good in England round us, to break lances, to play love-liveries, and I know not what follies.—Think you such gallants, with the blood of the threave under the eaves, would much bidding them begone?"

"Bolts, up with the drawbridge, drop portcullis the Constable, with a constrained smile. He thinks your lordship such gallants would be impediments! I such are the very essence of adventures which they come to seek.—The Swan would swim through the moat—The Eagle would fly over the walls—he of the bolt would burst open the gates."

"The Constable," said De Lacy, "be besieged in form," said the Fleming, "like of Tintadgel in the old hangings, all for the lady!—And then those gay dames and de-

who go upon adventure from castle to castle to tournament, to tournament, with bare flaunting plumes, poniards at their sides and in their hands, chattering like magpies, and like jays, and, ever and anon, cooing like owls, I to exclude such from the Lady Evelyn's?"

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"In good faith," said the Constable, "there is sense in what thou say'st; but I caution thee to repeat it not, lest thou be taken for a heretic or a Jew. For me, my word and oath are pledged beyond retreat, and I have only to consider whom I may best name for that important station, which thy caution has—not without some shadow of reason—induced thee to decline."

"There is no man to whom your lordship can so naturally or honourably transfer such a charge," said Wilkin Flammoock, "as to the kinsman near to you, and possessed of your trust; yet much better would it be were there no such trust to be reposed in any one."

"If," said the Constable, "by my near kinsman, you mean Randal de Lacy, I care not if I tell you, that I consider him as totally worthless, and undeserving of honourable confidence."

"Nay, I mean another," said Flammoock, "nearer to you by blood, and unless I greatly mistake, much nigher also in affection—I had in mind your lordship's nephew, Damian de Lacy."

The Constable started as if a wasp had stung him; but instantly replied, with forced composure, "Damian was to have gone in my stead to Palestine—it now seems I must go in his; for, since this last illness, the leeches have totally changed their minds, and consider that warmth of the climate as dangerous, which they formerly decided to be salutary. But our learned doctors, like our learned priests, must ever be in the right, change their counsels as they may; and we poor laymen still in the wrong. I can, it is true, rely on Damian with the utmost confidence; but he is young, Flammoock—very young—and, in that particular, resembles but too nearly the party who might be otherwise committed to his charge."

"Then once more, my lord," said the plain-spoken Fleming, "remain at home, and be yourself the protector of what is naturally so dear to you."

"Once more, I repeat that I cannot," answered the Constable. "The step which I have adopted as a great duty, may perhaps be a great error—I only know that it is irretrievable."

"Trust your nephew, then, my lord," replied Wilkin—"he is honest and true; and it is better trusting young lions than old wolves. He may err, perhaps, but it will not be from premeditated treachery."

"Thou art right, Flammoock," said the Constable; "and perhaps I ought to wish I had sooner asked thy counsel, blunt as it is. But let what has passed be a secret betwixt us; and bethink thee of something that may advantage thee more than the privilege of speaking about my affairs."

"That accout will be easily settled, my lord," replied Flammoock; "for my object was to ask your lordship's favour to obtain certain extensions of our privileges, in yonder wild corner where we Flemings have made our retreat."

"Thou shalt have them, so they be not exorbitant," said the Constable. And the honest Fleming, among whose good qualities scrupulous delicacy was not the foremost, hastened to detail, with great minuteness, the particulars of his request or petition, long pursued in vain, but to which this interview was the means of insuring success.

The Constable engaged to execute the resolution which he had formed, hastened to the lodging of Damian de Lacy, and to the no small astonishment of his nephew, intimated to him his change of destination; alleging his own hurried departure, Damian's late and present illness, together with the necessary protection to be afforded to the Lady Evelyn, as reasons why his nephew must needs remain behind him—to represent him during his absence—to protect the family rights, and assert the family honour of the house of De Lacy—above all, to act as the guardian of the young and beautiful bride, whom his uncle and patron had been in some measure compelled to abandon for a time.

Damian yet occupied his bed while the Constable communicated this change of purpose. Perhaps he might think the circumstance fortunate, that in this position he could conceal from his uncle's observation the various emotions which he could not help feeling; while the Constable, with the eagerness of one who

is desirous of hastily finishing what he has to say on an unpleasant subject, hurried over an account of the arrangements which he had made, in order that his nephew might have the means of discharging, with sufficient effect, the important trust committed to him.

The youth listened as to a voice in a dream, which he had not the power of interrupting, though there was something within him which whispered there would be both prudence and integrity in remonstrating against his uncle's alteration of plan. Something he accordingly attempted to say, when the Constable at length paused; but it was too feebly spoken to shake a resolution fully though hastily adopted, and explicitly announced, by one not in the use to speak before his purpose was fixed, or to alter it when it was declared.

The remonstrance of Damian, besides, if it could be termed such, was spoken in terms too contradictory to be intelligible. In one moment he professed his regret for the laurels which he had hoped to gather in Palestine, and implored his uncle not to alter his purpose, but permit him to attend his banner thither; and in the next sentence, he professed his readiness to defend the safety of Lady Eveline with the last drop of his blood. De Lacy saw nothing inconsistent in these feelings, though they were for the moment contradictory to each other. It was natural, he thought, that a young knight should be desirous to win honour—natural also that he should willingly assume a charge so honourable and important as that with which he proposed to invest him; and therefore he thought it was no wonder that, assuming his new office willingly, the young man should yet feel regret at losing the prospect of honourable adventure, which he must abandon. He therefore only smiled in reply to the broken expostulations of his nephew; and, having confirmed his former arrangement, left the young man to reflect at leisure on his change of destination, while he himself, in a second visit to the Benedictine Abbey, communicated the purpose which he had adopted, to the Abbess, and to his bride-elect.

The displeasure of the former lady was in no measure abated by this communication; in which, indeed, she affected to take very little interest. She pleaded her religious duties, and her want of knowledge of secular affairs, if she should chance to mistake the usages of the world; yet she had always, she said, understood, that the guardians of the young and beautiful of her own sex were chosen from the more mature of the other.

"Your own unkindness, lady," answered the Constable, "leaves me no better choice than I have made. Since the Lady Eveline's nearest friends deny her the privilege of their roof, on account of the claim with which she has honoured me, I, on my side, were worse than ungrateful did I not secure for her the protection of my nearest male heir. Damian is young, but he is true and honourable; nor does the chivalry of England afford me a better choice."

Eveline seemed surprised, and even struck with consternation, at the resolution which her bridegroom thus suddenly announced; and perhaps it was fortunate that the remark of the Lady Abbess made the answer of the Constable necessary, and prevented him from observing that her colour shifted more than once from pale to deep red.

Rose, who was not excluded from the conference, drew close up to her mistress; and, by affecting to adjust her veil, while in secret she strongly pressed her hand, gave her time and encouragement to compose her mind for a reply. It was brief and decisive, and announced with a firmness which showed that the uncertainty of the moment had passed away or been suppressed. "In case of danger," she said, "she would not fail to apply to Damian de Lacy to come to her aid, as he had once done before; but she did not apprehend any danger at present, within her own secure castle of the Garde Doloureuse, where it was her purpose to dwell, attended only by her own household. She was resolved," she continued, "in consideration of her peculiar condition, to observe the strictest reticement, which she expected would not be violated even by the noble young knight who was to act as her guardian, unless some apprehension for her safety made his visit unavoidable."

The Abbess acquiesced, though coldly, in a proposal, which her ideas of decorum recommended; and preparations were hastily made for the Lady Eveline's return to the castle of her father. Two interviews which intervened before her leaving the convent, were in their nature painful. The first was when Damian was formally presented to her by his uncle, as the delegate to whom he had committed the charge of his own property, and, which was much dearer to him, as he affirmed, the protection of her person and interest.

Eveline scarce trusted herself with one glance; but that single look comprehended and reported to some ravage which disease, aided by secret grief, had made on the manly form and handsome countenance of the youth before her. She received his salutation in a manner as embarrassed as that in which it was made; and, to his hesitating proffer of service, answered, that she trusted only to be obliged to him for his good-will during the interval of his uncle's absence.

Her parting with the Constable was the next trial which she was to undergo. It was not without emotion, although she preserved her modest composure, and De Lacy his calm gravity of deportment. His voice faltered, however, when he came to announce, "that I were unjust she should be bound by the engagement which she had been graciously contented to take under. Three years he had assigned for its term; to which space the Archbishop Baldwin had consented to shorten the period of his absence. If I appear not when these are elapsed," he said, "let the Lady Eveline conclude that the grave holds De Lacy, and seek out for her mate some happier man. She cannot find one more grateful, though there are many who better deserve her."

On these terms they parted; and the Constable, speedily afterwards embarking, ploughed the narrow seas for the shores of Flanders, where he proposed to unite his forces with the Count of that rich and warlike country, who had lately taken the Cross, and to proceed by the route which should be found most practicable on their destination for the Holy Land. The broad pennon, with the arms of the Lord, streamed forward with a favourable wind from the prow of the vessel, as if pointing to the quarter of the horizon where its renown was to be augmented; and considering the fame of the leader, and the excellence of the soldiers who followed him, a more gallant band, in proportion to their numbers, never went to avenge on the Saracens the evils endured by the Latins of Palestine.

Mean while Eveline, after a cold parting with the Abbess, whose offended dignity had not yet forgiven the slight regard which she had paid to her opinion, resumed her journey homeward to her paternal castle, where her household was to be arranged in a manner suggested by the Constable, and approved of by herself.

The same preparations were made for her accommodation at every halting-place which she had experienced upon her journey to Gloucester, and, as before, the purveyor was invisible, although she could be at little loss to guess his name. Yet it appeared as if the character of these preparations was in some degree altered. All the realities of convenience and accommodation, with the most perfect assurance of safety, accompanied her every where on the road; but they were no longer mingled with that display of tender gallantry and taste, which marked that the attentions were paid to a young and beautiful female. The clearest fountain-head, and the most shady grove, were no longer selected for the nocturnal repast; but the house of some franklin, or a small abbey, afforded the necessary hospitality. All seemed to be ordered with the most severe attention to rank and decorum—it seemed as if a nun of some strict order, rather than a young maiden of high quality and a rich inheritance, had been journeying through the land, and Eveline, though pleased with the delicacy which seemed thus to respect her unprotected and peculiar condition, would sometimes think it unnecessary that, by so many indirect hints, it should be forced on her recollection.

She thought it strange also, that Damian, to whom

care she had been so solemnly committed, did not even pay his respects to her on the road. Something there was which whispered to her, that close and frequent intercourse might be unbecoming—even dangerous; but surely the ordinary duties of a knight and gentleman enjoined him some personal communication with the maiden under his escort, were it only to ask if her accommodations had been made to her satisfaction, or if she had any special wish which was ungratified. The only intercourse, however, which took place betwixt them, was through means of Amelot, Damian de Lacy's youthful page, who came at morn and evening to receive Eveline's commands concerning their route, and the hours of journey and repose.

These formalities rendered the solitude of Eveline's return less endurable; and had it not been for the society of Rose, she would have found herself under an intolerably irksome degree of constraint. She even hazarded to her attendant some remarks upon the singularity of De Lacy's conduct, who, authorized as he was by his situation, seemed yet as much afraid to approach her as if she had been a basilisk.

Rose let the first observation of this nature pass as if it had been unheard; but when her mistress made a second remark to the same purpose, she answered, with the truth and freedom of her character, though perhaps with less of her usual prudence, "Damian de Lacy judges well, noble lady. He to whom the safe keeping of a royal treasure is intrusted, should not indulge himself too often by gazing upon it."

Eveline blushed, wrapt herself closer in her veil, nor did she again during their journey mention the name of Damian de Lacy.

When the gray turrets of the Garde Doloureuse greeted her sight on the evening of the second day, and she once more beheld her father's banner floating from its highest watch-tower in honour of her approach, her sensations were mingled with pain; but, upon the whole, she looked towards that ancient home as a place of refuge, where she might indulge the new train of thoughts which circumstances had opened to her, amid the same scenes which had sheltered her infancy and childhood.

She pressed forward her palfrey, to reach the ancient portal as soon as possible, bowed hastily to the well-known faces which showed themselves on all sides, but spoke to no one, until, dismounting at the chapel door, she had penetrated to the crypt, in which was preserved the miraculous painting. There, prostrate on the ground, she implored the guidance and protection of the Holy Virgin through those intricacies in which she had involved herself, by fulfilment of the vow which she had made in her anguish before the same shrine. If the prayer was misdirected, its purport was virtuous and sincere; nor are we disposed to doubt that it attained that Heaven towards which it was devoutly addressed.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Virgin's image falls—yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible power, in which might blend
All that was mix'd, and reconciled in her,
Of mother's love with maiden's purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

WORDSWORTH.

THE household of the Lady Eveline, though of an establishment becoming her present and future rank, was of a solemn and sequestered character, corresponding to her place of residence, and the privacy connected with her situation, retired as she was from the class of maidens who are yet unengaged, and yet not united with that of matrons, who enjoy the protection of a married name. Her immediate female attendants, with whom the reader is already acquainted, constituted almost her whole society. The garrison of the castle, besides household servants, consisted of veterans of tried faith, the followers of Berenger and of De Lacy in many a bloody field, to whom the duties of watching and warding were as familiar as any of their more ordinary occupations, and whose courage, nevertheless, tempered by age

and experience, was not likely to engage in any rash adventure or accidental quarrel. These men maintained a constant and watchful guard, commanded by the steward, but under the eye of Father Aldrovand, who, besides discharging his ecclesiastical functions, was at times, pleased to show some sparkles of his ancient military education.

Whilst this garrison afforded security against any sudden attempt on the part of the Welsh to surprise the castle, a strong body of forces were disposed within a few miles of the Garde Doloureuse, ready, on the least alarm, to advance to defend the place against any more numerous body of invaders, who, undeterred by the fate of Gwenwyn, might have the hardihood to form a regular siege. To this band, which, under the eye of Damian de Lacy himself, was kept in constant readiness for action, could be added on occasion all the military force of the Marches, comprising numerous bodies of Flemings, and other foreigners, who held their establishments by military tenure.

While the fortress was thus secure from hostile violence, the life of its inmates was so unvaried and simple, as might have excused youth and beauty for wishing for variety, even at the expense of some danger. The labours of the needle were only relieved by a walk round the battlements, where Eveline, as she passed arm in arm with Rose, received a military salute from each sentinel in turn, or in the court-yard, where the caps and bonnets of the domestics paid her the same respect which she received above from the pikes and javelins of the warders. Did they wish to extend their siring beyond the castle gate, it was not sufficient that doors and bridges were to be opened and lowered; there was, besides, an escort to get under arms, who, on foot or horseback as the case might require, attended for the security of the Lady Eveline's person. Without this military attendance they could not in safety move even so far as the mulla, where honest Wilkin Flammock, his warlike deeds forgotten, was occupied with his mechanical labours. But if a further disport was intended, and the Lady of the Garde Doloureuse proposed to hunt or hawk for a few hours, her safety was not confined to a guard so feeble as the garrison of the castle could afford. It was necessary that Raoul should announce her purpose to Damian by a special messenger despatched the evening before, that there might be time before daybreak to scour, with a body of light cavalry, the region in which she intended to take her pleasure; and sentinels were placed in all suspicious places while she continued in the field. In truth, she tried, upon one or two occasions, to make an excursion, without any formal announcement of her intention; but all her purposes seemed to be known to Damian as soon as they were formed, and she was no sooner abroad than parties of archers and spearmen from his camp were seen scouring the valleys, and guarding the mountain-pass, and Damian's own plume was usually beheld conspicuous among the distant soldiers.

The formality of these preparations so much allayed the pleasure derived from the sport, that Eveline seldom resorted to amusement which was attended with such bustle, and put in motion so many persons.

The day being worn out as it best might, in the evening Father Aldrovand was wont to read out of some holy legend, or from the homilies of some departed saint, such passages as he deemed fit for the hearing of his little congregation. Sometimes also he read and expounded a chapter of the Holy Scripture; but in such cases, the good man's attention was so strangely turned to the military part of the Jewish history, that he was never able to quit the books of Judges and of Kings, together with the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus; although the manner in which he illustrated the victories of the children of Israel, was much more amusing to himself than edifying to his female audience.

Sometimes, but rarely, Rose obtained permission for a strolling minstrel to entertain an hour with his ditty of love and chivalry; sometimes a pilgrim from a distant shrine, repaid by long tales of the wonders which he had seen in other lands, the hospitality

which the Garde Doloureuse afforded; and sometimes also it happened, that the interest and intercession of the tiring-woman obtained admission for travelling merchants, or pedlars, who, at the risk of their lives, found profit by carrying from castle to castle the materials of rich dresses and female ornaments.

The usual visits of mendicants, of jugglers, of travelling jesters, are not to be forgotten in this list of amusements; and though his nation subjected him to close watch and observation, even the Welsh bard, with his huge harp strung with horse hair, was sometimes admitted to vary the uniformity of their secluded life. But, saving such amusements, and saving also the regular attendance upon the religious duties at the chapel, it was impossible for life to glide away in more wearisome monotony than at the castle of the Garde Doloureuse. Since the death of its brave owner, to whom feasting and hospitality seemed as natural as thoughts of honour and deeds of chivalry, the gloom of a convent might be said to have enveloped the ancient mansion of Raymond Berenger, were it not that the presence of so many armed warders, stalking in solemn state on the battlements, gave it rather the aspect of a state-prison; and the temper of the inhabitants gradually became infected by the character of their dwelling.

The spirits of Eveline in particular felt a depression, which her naturally lively temper was quite inadequate to resist; and as her ruminations became graver, had caught that calm and contemplative manner, which is so often united with an ardent and enthusiastical temperament. She meditated deeply upon the former accidents of her life; nor can it be wondered that her thoughts repeatedly wandered back to the two several periods on which she had witnessed, or supposed that she had witnessed, a supernatural appearance. Then it was that it often seemed to her, as if a good and evil power strove for mastery over her destiny.

Solitude is favourable to feelings of self-importance; and it is when alone, and occupied only with their own thoughts, that fanatics have reveries, and imagined saints lose themselves in imaginary ecstasies. With Eveline the influence of enthusiasm went not such a length, yet it seemed to her as if in the vision of the night she saw sometimes the aspect of the Lady of the Garde Doloureuse, bending upon her glances of pity, comfort, and protection; sometimes the ominous form of the Saxon castle of Baldringham, holding up the bloody hand as witness of the injuries with which she had been treated while in life, and menacing with revenge the descendant of her murderer.

On awaking from such dreams, Eveline would reflect that she was the last branch of her house—a house to which the tutelage and protection of the miraculous Image, and the enmity and evil influence of the revengeful Vanda, had been peculiarly attached for ages. It seemed to her as if she were the prize, for the disposal of which the benign saint and vindictive fiend were now to play their last and keenest game.

Thus thinking, and experiencing little interruption of her meditations from any external circumstance of interest and amusement, she became pensive, absent, wrapt herself up in contemplations which withdrew her attention from the conversation around her, and walked in the world of reality like one who is still in a dream. When she thought of her engagement with the Constable of Chester, it was with resignation, but without a wish, and almost without an expectation, that she would be called upon to fulfil it. She had accomplished her vow by accepting the faith of her deliverer in exchange for her own; and although she held herself willing to redeem the pledge—nay, would scarce confess to herself the reluctance with which she thought of doing so—yet it is certain that she entertained unavowed hopes that Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse would not be a severe creditor; but, satisfied with the readiness she had shown to accomplish her vow, would not insist upon her claim in its full rigour. It would have been the blackest ingratitude, to have wished that her gallant deliverer, whom she had so much cause to pray for, should experience any of those fatalities which in the Holy Land so often changed the laurel-wreath into cypress; but other

accidents chanced, when men had been long abroad, to alter those purposes with which they had left home.

A strolling minstrel, who sought the Garde Doloureuse, had recited, for the amusement of the lady and household, the celebrated lay of the Count of Gleichen, who, already married in his own country, laid himself under so many obligations in the East to a Saracen princess, through whose means he achieved his freedom, that he married her also. The Pope and his conclave were pleased to approve of the double wedlock, in a case so extraordinary; and the good Count of Gleichen shared his nuptial bed between two wives of equal rank, and now sleeps between them under the same monument.

The commentaries of the inmates of the castle had been various and discrepant upon this legend. Father Aldrovand considered it as altogether false, and as unworthy calumny on the head of the church, is affirming his Holiness would countenance such irregularity. Old Margery, with the tender-heartedness of an ancient nurse, wept bitterly for pity during the tale, and never questioning either the power of the Pope or the propriety of his decision, was pleased that a mode of extinction was found for a complication of love distresses which seemed almost inextricable. Dame Gillian declared it unreasonable, that, since a woman was only allowed one husband, a man should, under any circumstances, be permitted to have two wives; whilst Raoul, glancing towards her a look of verjuice, pitied the deplorable idiocy of the man who could be fool enough to avail himself of such a privilege.

"Peace, all the rest of you," said the Lady Eveline: "and do you, my dear Rose, tell me your judgment upon this Count of Gleichen and his two wives."

Rose blushed, and replied, "She was not much accustomed to think of such matters; but that, in her apprehension, the wife who could be contented with but one half of her husband's affections, had never deserved to engage the slightest share of them."

"Thou art partly right, Rose," said Eveline; "and methinks the European lady, when she found herself outshone by the young and beautiful foreign princess, would have best consulted her own dignity in resigning the place, and giving the Holy Father no more trouble than in annulling the marriage, as has been done in cases of more frequent occurrence."

This she said with an air of indifference and even gayety, which intimated to her faithful attendant what little effort she herself could have made such a sacrifice, and served to indicate the state of her affections towards the Constable. But there was another than the Constable upon whom her thoughts turned more frequently, though involuntarily, than perhaps in prudence they should have done.

The recollections of Damiam de Lacy had not been erased from Eveline's mind. They were, indeed, renewed by hearing his name so often mentioned, and by knowing that he was almost constantly in the neighbourhood, with his whole attention fixed upon her convenience, interest, and safety; whilst on the other hand, so far from waiting on her in person, he never even attempted, by a direct communication with herself, to consult her pleasure, even upon what most concerned her.

The messages conveyed by Father Aldrovand, or by Rose, to Amelot, Damian's page, while they gave an air of formality to their intercourse, which Eveline thought unnecessary, and even unkind, yet served to fix her attention upon the connexion between them, and to keep it ever present to her memory. The remark by which Rose had vindicated the distance observed by her youthful guardian, sometimes arose to her recollection; and while her soul rebelled with scorn the suspicion, that, in any case, his presence, whether at intervals or constantly, could be prejudicial to his uncle's interest, she conjured up various arguments for giving him a frequent place in her memory.—Was it not her duty to think of Damian often and kindly, as the Constable's nearest beloved, and most trusted relative?—Was he not her former deliverer and her present guardian? And might he not be considered as an instrument specially employed by her divine patroness, in rendering

effectual the protection with which she had graced her in more than one emergency?

Eveline's mind mutinied against the restrictions which were laid on their intercourse, as against something which inferred suspicion and degradation, like the compelled seclusion to which she had heard the Paynim infidels of the East subjected their females. Why should she see her guardian only in the benefits which he conferred upon her, and the cares he took for her safety, and hear his sentiments only by the mouth of others, as if one of them had been infected with the plague, or some other fatal or infectious disorder, which might render their meeting dangerous to the other?—And if they did meet occasionally, what else could be the consequence, save that the care of a brother towards a sister—of a trusty and kind guardian to the betrothed bride of his near relative and honoured patron, might render the melancholy seclusion of the Garde Doloureuse more easy to be endured by one so young in years, and, though dejected by present circumstances, naturally so gay in temper?

Yet, though this train of reasoning appeared to Eveline, when tracing it in her own mind, so conclusive, that she several times resolved to communicate her view of the case to Rose Flammock, it so chanced that, whenever she looked on the calm steady blue eye of the Flemish maiden, and remembered that her unblemished faith was mixed with a sincerity and plain dealing proof against every consideration, she feared lest she might be subjected in the opinion of her attendant to suspicions from which her own mind freed her; and her proud Norman spirit revolted at the idea of being obliged to justify herself to another, when she stood self-acquitted to her own mind. "Let things be as they are," she said; "and let us endure all the weariness of a life which might be so easily rendered more cheerful, rather than that this zealous but punctilious friend should, in the strictness and nicety of her feelings on my account, conceive me capable of encouraging an intercourse which could lead to a less worthy thought of me in the mind of the most scrupulous of man—or of womankind." But even this vacillation of opinion and resolution tended to bring the image of the handsome young Damian more frequently before the Lady Eveline's fancy, than perhaps his uncle, had he known it, would altogether have approved of. In such reflections, however, she never indulged long, ere a sense of the singular destiny which had hitherto attended her, led her back into the more melancholy contemplations from which the buoyancy of her youthful fancy had for a short time emancipated her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly.
RANDOLPH.

ONE bright September morning, old Raoul was busy in the mews where he kept his hawks, grumbling all the while to himself as he surveyed the condition of each bird, and blaming alternately the carelessness of the under-falconer, and the situation of the building, and the weather, and the wind, and all things around him, for the dilapidation which time and disease had made in the neglected hawking establishment of the Garde Doloureuse. While in these unpleasant meditations, he was surprised by the voice of his beloved Dame Gillian, who seldom was an early riser, and yet more rarely visited him when he was in his sphere of peculiar authority.

"Raoul, Raoul! where art thou, man?—Ever to seek for, when thou canst make aught of advantage for thyself or me!"

"And what want'st thou, dame?" said Raoul, "what means thy screaming worse than the sea-gull before wet weather? A murrain on thy voice! it is enough to fray every hawk from the perch."

"Hawk!" answered Dame Gillian; "is it time to be looking for hawks, when here is a cast of the bravest falcons come hither for sale, that ever flew by lake, brook, or meadow!"

"Kites! like her that brings the news," said Raoul. "No, nor kestrels like him that hears it," replied Gillian; "but brave jerrfalcons, with large nares, strongly armed, and beaks short and something bluish!"

"Pshaw, with thy jargon!—Where came they from?" said Raoul, interested in the tidings, but unwilling to give his wife the satisfaction of seeing that he was so.

"From the Isle of Man," replied Gillian.

"They must be good, then, though it was a woman brought tidings of them," said Raoul, smiling grimly at his own wit; then, leaving the mews, he demanded to know where this famous falcon-merchant was to be met withal.

"Why, between the barriers and the inner gate," replied Gillian, "where other men are admitted that have wares to utter—Where should he be?"

"And who let him in?" demanded the suspicious Raoul.

"Why, Master Steward, thou owl!" said Gillian; "he came but now to my chamber, and sent me hither to call you."

"Oh, the steward—the steward—I might have guessed as much. And he came to thy chamber, doubtless, because he could not have as easily come hither to me himself.—Was it not so, sweetheart?"

"I do not know why he chose to come to me rather than to you, Raoul," said Gillian; "and if I did know, perhaps I would not tell you. Go to—miss your bargain, or to make your bargain, I care not which—the man will not wait for you—he has good proffers from the Seneschal of Malpas, and the Welsh Lord of Dinevavr."

"I come—I come," said Raoul, who felt the necessity of embracing this opportunity of improving his hawking establishment, and hastened to the gate, where he met the merchant, attended by a servant, who kept in separate cages the three falcons which he offered for sale.

The first glance satisfied Raoul that they were of the best breed in Europe, and that, if their education were in correspondence to their race, there could scarce be a more valuable addition even to a royal mews. The merchant did not fail to enlarge upon all their points of excellence; the breadth of their shoulders, the strength of their train, their full and fierce dark eyes, the boldness with which they endured the approach of strangers, and the lively spirit and vigour with which they pruned their plumes, and shook, or, as it was technically termed, roused themselves. He expatiated on the difficulty and danger with which they were obtained from the Rock of Ramsey, on which they were bred, and which was an eyry unrivalled even on the coast of Norway.

Raoul turned apparently a deaf ear to all these commendations. "Friend merchant," said he, "I know a falcon as well as thou dost, and I will not deny that thine are fine ones; but if they be not carefully trained and reclaimed, I would rather have a goss-hawk on my perch than the fairest falcon that ever stretched wing to weather."

"I grant ye," said the merchant; "but if we agree on the price, for that is the main matter, thou shalt see the birds fly if thou wilt, and then buy them or not as thou likest. I am no true merchant if thou ever saw'st birds beat them, whether at the mount or the stoop."

"That I call fair," said Raoul, "if the price be equally so."

"It shall be corresponding," said the hawk-merchant; "for I have brought six casts from the island, by the good favour of good King Reginald of Man, and I have sold every feather of them save these; and so, having emptied my cages and filled my purse, I desire not to be troubled longer with the residue; and if a good fellow, and a judge, as thou seemest to be, should like the hawks when he has seen them fly, he shall have the price of his own making."

"Go to," said Raoul, "we will have no blind bargains; my lady, if the hawks be suitable, is more able to pay for them than thou to give them away.—Will a bezant be a conformable price for the cast?"

"A bezant, Master Falconer!—By my faith, you are no bold bodesman! nevertheless, double your offer, and I will consider it."

"If the hawks are well reclaimed," said Raoul, "I will give you a bezant and a half; but I will see them strike a heron ere I will be so rash as deal with you."

"It is well," said the merchant, "and I had better take your offer than be longer cumbered with them; for were I to carry them into Wales, I might get paid in a worse fashion by some of their long knives.—Will you to horse presently?"

"Assuredly," said Raoul; "and, though March be the fitter month for hawking at the heron, yet I will show you one of these frogpeckers for the trouble of riding the matter of a mile by the water-side."

"Content, Sir Falconer," said the merchant. "But are we to go alone, or is there no lord or lady in the castle who would take pleasure to see a piece of game gallantly struck? I am not afraid to show these hawks to a countess."

"My lady used to love the sport well enough," said Raoul; "but I wot not why, she is moped and mazed ever since her father's death, and lives in her fair castle like a nun in a cloister, without disport or revelry of any kind.—Nevertheless, Gillian, thou canst do something with her—good now, do a kind deed for once, and move her to come out and look on this morning's sport.—The poor heart hath seen no pastime this summer."

"That I will do," quoth Gillian; "and, moreover, I will show her such a new riding-tire for the head, that no woman born could ever look at without the wish to toss it a little in the wind."

As Gillian spoke, it appeared to her jealous-pated husband that he surprised a glance of more intelligence exchanged betwixt her and the trader than brief acquaintance seemed to warrant, even when allowance was made for the extreme frankness of Dame Gillian's disposition. He thought also, that, on looking more closely at the merchant, his lineaments were not totally unknown to him; and proceeded to say to him dryly, "We have met before, friend, but I cannot call to remembrance where."

"Like enough," said the merchant; "I have used this country often, and may have taken money of you in the way of trade. If I were in fitting place, I would gladly bestow a pottle of wine to our better acquaintance."

"Not so fast, friend," said the old huntsman; "ere I drink to better acquaintance with any one, I must be well pleased with what I already know of him. We will see thy hawks fly, and if their breeding match thy bragging, we may perhaps crush a cup together.—And here come grooms and equerries, in faith—my lady has consented to come forth."

The opportunity of seeing this rural pastime had offered itself to Eveline, at a time when the delightful brilliancy of the day, the temperance of the air, and the joyous work of harvest, proceeding in every direction around, made the temptation to exercise almost irresistible.

As they proposed to go no farther than the side of the neighbouring river, near the fatal bridge, over which a small guard of infantry was constantly maintained, Eveline dispensed with any farther escort, and, contrary to the custom of the castle, took no one in her train save Rose and Gillian, and one or two servants, who led spaniels, or carried appurtenances of the chase. Raoul, the merchant, and an equerry, attended her of course, each holding a hawk on his wrist, and anxiously adjusting the mode in which they should throw them off, so as best to ascertain the extent of their powers and training.

When these important points had been adjusted, the party rode down the river, carefully looking on every side for the object of their game; but no heron was seen stalking on the usual haunts of the bird, although there was a heronry at no great distance.

Few disappointments of a small nature are more teasing than that of a sportsman, who, having set out with all means and appliances for destruction of game, finds that there is none to be met with; because he conceives himself, with his full shooting

trim and his empty game-pouch, to be subjected to the sneer of every passing rustic. The party of the Lady Eveline felt all the degradation of such disappointment.

"A fair country this," said the merchant, "when, on two miles of river, you cannot find one poor heron!"

"It is the clatter those d—d Flemings make with their water-mills and fulling-mills," said Raoul; "they destroy good sport and good company wherever they come. But were my lady willing to ride a mile or so farther to the Red Pool, I could show you a long-shanked fellow who would make your hawks cower till their brains were giddy."

"The Red Pool!" said Rose; "thou knowest it is more than three miles beyond the bridge, and lies up towards the hills."

"Ay, ay," said Raoul, "another Flemish freak to spoil pastime! They are not so scarce on the Marches these Flemish wenches, that they should fear being hawked at by Welsh haggards."

"Raoul is right, Rose," answered Eveline; "it is absurd to be cooped up like birds in a cage, when all around us has been so uniformly quiet. I am determined to break out of bounds for once, and see sport in our old fashion, without being surrounded with armed men like prisoners of state. We will merely to the Red Pool, wench, and kill a heron like five maids of the Marches."

"Let me but tell my father, at least, to mount and follow us," said Rose—for they were now near the re-established manufacturing houses of the stout Fleming.

"I care not if thou dost, Rose," said Eveline; "yet credit me, girl, we will be at the Red Pool, and then far on our way home again, ere thy father has donned his best doublet, girded on his two handed sword, and accoutred his strong Flanderkien elephant of a horse, which he judiciously names Sloth—nay, from not—and lose not, in justifying thy father, the time that may be better spent in calling him out."

Rose rode to the mills accordingly, when Walter Flammock, at the command of his liege mistress, readily hastened to get his steel cap and habergeon, and ordered half-a-dozen of his kinsmen and servants to get on horseback. Rose remained with him, to urge him to more despatch than his methodical disposition rendered natural to him; but in spite of all her efforts to stimulate him, the Lady Eveline had passed the bridge more than half an hour ere her escort was prepared to follow her.

Mean while, apprehensive of no evil, and riding gayly on, with the sensation of one escaped from confinement, Eveline moved forward on her lively jennet, as light as a lark; the plumes with which Dame Gillian had decked her riding-bonnet dancing in the wind, and her attendants galloping behind her, with dogs, pouches, lines, and all other appurtenances of the royal sport of hawking. After passing the river, the wild greensward path which they pursued began to wind upward among small eminences, sometimes bare and craggy, sometimes overgrown with hazel, sloe-thorn, and other dwarf shrubs, and at length suddenly descending, brought them to the verge of a mountain rivulet, that, like a lamb at play, leapt merrily from rock to rock, seemingly uncertain which way to run.

"This little stream was always my favourite, Dame Gillian," said Eveline, "and now methinks it leaps the lighter that it sees me again."

"Ah! lady," said Dame Gillian, whose turn for conversation never extended in such cases beyond a few phrases of gross flattery, "many a fair knight would leap shoulder-height for leave to look on you as free as the brook may! more especially now that you have donned that riding-cap, which, in exquisite delicacy of invention, methinks is a bowshot before aught that I ever invented—What thinkest thou, Raoul?"

"I think," answered her well-natured helpmate, "that women's tongues were contrived to drive all the game out of the country.—Here we come near to the spot where we hope to speed, or nowhere; wherefore, pray, my sweet lady, be silent yourself

and keep your followers as much so as their natures will permit, while we steal along the bank of the pool, under the wind, with the hawks' hoods cast loose, all ready for a flight."

As he spoke, they advanced about a hundred yards up the brawling stream, until the little vale through which it flowed, making a very sudden turn to one side, showed them the Red Pool, the superfluous water of which formed the rivulet itself.

This mountain-lake, or tarn, as it is called in some countries, was a deep basin of about a mile in circumference, but rather oblong than circular. On the side next to our falconers arose a ridge of rock, of a dark red hue, giving name to the pool, which, reflecting this massive and dusky barrier, appeared to partake of its colour. On the opposite side was a heathy hill, whose autumnal bloom had not yet faded from purple to russet; its surface was varied by the dark green furze and the fern, and in many places gray cliffs, or loose stones of the same colour, formed a contrast to the ruddy precipice to which they lay opposed. A natural road of beautiful sand was formed by a beach, which, extending all the way around the lake, separated its waters from the precipitous rock on the one hand, and on the other from the steep and broken hill; and being nowhere less than five or six yards in breadth, and in most places greatly more, offered around its whole circuit a tempting opportunity to the rider, who desired to exercise and breathe the horse on which he was mounted. The verge of the pool on the rocky side was here and there strewn with fragments of large size, detached from the precipice above, but not in such quantity as to encumber this pleasant horse-course. Many of these rocky masses having passed the margin of the water in their fall, lay immersed there like small islets; and, placed amongst a little archipelago, the quick eye of Raoul detected the heron which they were in search of.

A moment's consultation was held to consider in what manner they should approach the sad and solitary bird, which, unconscious that itself was the object of a formidable ambuscade, stood motionless on a stone, by the brink of the lake, watching for such small fish or water-reptiles as might chance to pass by its lonely station. A brief debate took place betwixt Raoul and the hawk-merchant on the best mode of starting the quarry, so as to allow Lady Eveline and her attendants the most perfect view of her flight. The facility of killing the heron at the *far jettee* or at the *jettee ferré*—that is, upon the either or farther side of the pool—was anxiously debated in language of breathless importance as if some great and perilous enterprise was about to be executed.

At length the arrangements were fixed, and the party began to advance towards the aquatic hermit, who, by this time aware of their approach, drew himself up to his full height, erected his long lean neck, spread his broad fan-like wings, uttered his usual clanging cry, and, projecting his length of thin legs far behind him, rose upon the gentle breeze. It was then, with a loud whoop of encouragement, that the merchant threw off the noble hawk he bore, availing first unhooded her to give her a view of her quarry.

Eager as a frigate in chase of some rich galleon, started the falcon towards the enemy, which she had been taught to pursue, while preparing for defence, if he should be unable to escape by flight, the heron exerted all his powers of speed to escape from an enemy so formidable. Plying his almost unequalled strength of wing, he ascended high and higher in the air, by short gyrations, that the hawk might gain no vantage ground for pouncing at him; while his spiked neck, at the extremity of so long a neck as enabled him to strike an object at a yard's distance in every rection, possessed for any less spirited assailant all the terrors of a Moorish javelin.

Another hawk was now thrown off, and encouraged by the halloos of the falconer to join her companion. Both kept mounting, or scaling the air, as were, by a succession of small circles, endeavouring to gain that superior height which the heron on a part was bent to preserve; and to the exquisite

delight of the spectators, the contest was continued until all three were well nigh mingled with the fleecy clouds, from which was occasionally heard the harsh and plaintive cry of the quarry, appealing as it were to the heaven which he was approaching, against the wanton cruelty of those by whom he was persecuted.

At length one of the falcons had reached a pitch from which she ventured to stoop at the heron; but so judiciously did the quarry maintain his defence, as to receive on his back the stroke which the falcon, shooting down at full descent, had made against his right wing; so that one of his enemies, spiked through the body by his own weight, fell fluttering into the lake, very near the land, on the side farthest from the falconers, and perished there.

"There goes a gallant falcon to the fishes," said Raoul. "Merchant, thy cake is dough."

Even as he spoke, however, the remaining bird had avenged the fate of her sister; for the success which the heron met with on one side, did not prevent his being assailed on the other wing; and the falcon stooping boldly, and grappling with, or, as it is called in falconry, *binding* his prey, both came tumbling down together, from a great height in the air. It was then no small object on the part of the falconers to come in as soon as possible, lest the falcon should receive hurt from the beak or talons of the heron; and the whole party, the men setting spurs, and the females switching their palfreys, went off like the wind, sweeping along the fair and smooth beach betwixt the rock and the water.

Lady Eveline, far better mounted than any of her train, her spirits elated by the sport, and by the speed at which she moved, was much sooner than any of her attendants at the spot where the falcon and heron, still engaged in their mortal struggle, lay fighting upon the moss; the wing of the latter having been broken by the stoop of the former. The duty of a falconer in such a crisis was to rush in and assist the hawk, by thrusting the heron's bill into the earth, and breaking his legs, and thus permitting the falcon to despatch him on easy terms.

Neither would the sex nor quality of the Lady Eveline have excused her becoming second to the falcon in this cruel manner; but, just as she had dismounted for that purpose, she was surprised to find herself seized on by a wild form, who exclaimed in Welsh, that he seized her as a *traif*, for hawking on the demesnes of Dawfyd with the one eye. At the same time many other Welshmen, to the number of more than a score, showed themselves from behind crags and bushes, all armed at point with the axes called Welsh hooks, long knives, darts, and bows and arrows.

Eveline screamed to her attendants for assistance, and at the same time made use of what Welsh phrases she possessed, to move the fears or excite the compassion of the outlawed mountaineers; for she doubted not that she had fallen under the power of such a party. When she found her requests were unheeded, and she perceived it was their purpose to detain her prisoner, she disdained to use farther entreaties; but demanded at their peril that they should treat her with respect, promising in that case that she would pay them a large ransom, and threatening them with the vengeance of the Lords Marchers, and particularly of Sir Damian de Lacy, if they ventured to use her otherwise.

The men seemed to understand her, and although they proceeded to tie a bandage over her eyes, and to bind her arms with her own veil, yet they observed in these acts of violence a certain delicacy and attention both to her feelings and her safety, which led her to hope that her request had had some effect on them. They secured her to the saddle of her palfrey, and led her away with them through the recesses of the hills; while she had the additional distress to hear behind her the noise of a conflict, occasioned by the fruitless efforts of her retinue to procure her rescue.

Astonishment had at first seized the hawking party, when they saw from some distance their sport interrupted by a violent assault on their mistress. Old Raoul valiantly put spurs to his horse, and calling on

the rest to follow him to the rescue, rode furiously towards the banditti; but, having no other arms save a hawking-pole and short sword, he and those who followed him in his meritorious but ineffectual attempt were easily foiled, and Raoul and one or two of the foremost severely beaten; the banditti exercising upon them their own pole till they were broken to splinters, but generously abstaining from the use of more dangerous weapons. The rest of the retinue, completely discouraged, dispersed to give the alarm, and the merchant and Dame Gillian remained by the lake, filling the air with shrieks of useless fear and sorrow. The outlaws, mean while, drawing together in a body, shot a few arrows at the fugitives, but more to alarm than to injure them, and then marched off, as if to cover their companions who had gone before with the Lady Eveline in their custody.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Four ruffians seized me yester morn—
Alas! a maiden most forlorn!
They choked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white.—*COLLINGS.*

Such adventures as are now only recorded in works of mere fiction, were not uncommon in the feudal ages, when might was so universally superior to right; and it followed that those whose condition exposed them to frequent violence, were more prompt in repelling, and more patient in enduring it, than could otherwise have been expected from their sex and age.

The Lady Eveline felt that she was a prisoner, nor was she devoid of fears concerning the purpose of this assault; but she suffered neither her alarm, nor the violence with which she was hurried along, to deprive her of the power of observing and reflecting. From the noise of hoofs which now increased around, she concluded that the greater part of the ruffians by whom she had been seized had betaken themselves to their horses. This she knew was consonant to the practice of the Welsh marauders, who, although the small size and slightness of their nags made them totally unfit for service in battle, availed themselves of their activity and sureness of foot to transport them with the necessary celerity to and from the scenes of their rapine; ensuring thus a rapid and unperceived approach, and a secure and speedy retreat. These animals traversed without difficulty, and beneath the load of a heavy soldier, the wild mountain-paths by which the country was intersected, and in one of which Lady Eveline Berenger concluded she was now engaged, from the manner in which her own palfrey, supported by a man on foot at either rein, seemed now to labour up some precipice, and anon to descend with still greater risk on the other side.

At one of those moments, a voice which she had not yet distinguished addressed her in the Anglo-Norman language, and asked, with apparent interest, if she sat safely on her saddle, offering at the same time to have her accoutrements altered at her pleasure and convenience.

"Insult not my condition with the mention of safety," said Eveline; "you may well believe that I hold my safety altogether irreconcilable with these deeds of violence. If I or my vassals have done injury to any of the *Cymry*,* let me know, and it shall be amended—If it is ransom which you desire, name the sum, and I will send an order to treat for it; but detain me not prisoner, for that can but injure me, and will avail you nothing."

"The Lady Eveline," answered the voice, still in a tone of courtesy inconsistent with the violence which she sustained, "will speedily find that our actions are more rough than our purposes."

"If you know who I am," said Eveline, "you cannot doubt that this atrocity will be avenged—you must know by whose banner my lands are at present protected."

"Under De Lacy's," answered the voice, with a tone of indifference. "Be it so—falcons fear not falcons."

* Cymbr, or Welsh.

At this moment there was a halt, and a confused murmur arose amongst those around her, who had hitherto been silent, unless when muttering to each other in Welsh, and as briefly as possible, directions which way to hold, or encouragement to one hand.

These murmurs ceased, and there was a pause of several minutes; at length Eveline again heard the voice which formerly addressed her, giving directions which she could not understand. He then spoke to herself. "You will presently see," he said, "whether I have spoken truly, when I said I scorned the way by which you are fettered. But you are at once the cause of strife and the reward of victory—your safety must be cared for as time will admit; and, strange as the mode of protection is to which we are to commit you, I trust the victor in the approaching struggle will find you uninjured."

"Do not, for the sake of the Blessed Virgin, is there be strife and bloodshed!" said Eveline; "rather unbind my eyes, and let me speak to those whom I approach you dread. If friends, as it would seem to me, I will be the means of peace between you."

"I despise peace," replied the speaker. "I have not undertaken a resolute and daring adventure to resign it as a child doth his plaything, at the first frown of fortune. Please to alight, noble lady; or rather be not offended that I thus lift you from the seat, and place you on the greenward."

As he spoke, Eveline felt herself lifted from her palfrey, and placed carefully and safely on the ground in a sitting posture. A moment after, the same peremptory valet who had aided her to dismount, disrobed her of her cap, the masterpiece of Dame Gillian, and of her upper mantle. "I must yet further require you," said the bandit leader, "to creep on hands and knees into this narrow aperture. Believe me, I upon the nature of the singular fortification to which I commit your person for safety."

Eveline crept forwards as directed, conceiving assistance to be of no avail, and thinking that compliance with the request of one who spoke like a person of consequence, might find her protection against the unbridled fury of the Welsh, to whom she was obnoxious, as being the cause of Gwentwyn's death and the defeat of the Britons under the walls of the Garde Doloureuse.

She crept then forwards through a narrow and damp passage, built on either side with rough stones, and so low that she could not have entered it in any other posture. When she had proceeded about two or three yards, the passage opened into a cavity or apartment, high enough to permit her to sit at her ease, and of irregular, but narrow, dimensions. At the same time she became sensible, from the noise which she heard behind her, that the ruffians were stopping up the passage by which she had been then introduced into the bowels of the earth. She could distinctly hear the clattering of stone with which they closed the entrance, and she became sensible that the current of fresh air, which had rushed into the opening, was gradually failing, and that the atmosphere of the subterranean apartment became yet more damp, earthy, and oppressive, than at first.

At this moment came a distant sound from without, in which Eveline thought she could distinguish cries, blows, the trampling of horses, the oaths, shouts and screams of the combatants, but all drowned by the rude walls of her prison, into a confused hollow murmur, conveying such intelligence to her eyes as we may suppose the dead to hear from the world she have quitted.

Influenced by desperation, under circumstances so dreadful, Eveline struggled for liberty with such frantic energy, that she partly effected her purpose by forcing her arms from the bonds which confined them. But this only convinced her of the impossibility to escape; for, rending off the veil which veiled her head, she found herself in total darkness, and flinging her arms hastily around her, she discovered she was crouched up in a subterranean cavern of very narrow dimensions. Her hands, which groped around, encountered only pieces of decayed masonry, and a substance which, at another moment, would have made her shudder being, in truth, the monster

of the dead. At present, not even this circumstance could add to her fears, immured as she was, to perish by a strange and subterranean death, her friends and deliverers were probably far yonder of her. She flung her arms wildly about in search of some avenue of escape, but every effort made for liberating herself from the ponderous wall, was as ineffectual as if directed against the dome of a cathedral.

By which her ears were at first assailed rapidly, and at one moment it seemed as if the vault under which she lay sounded to blows, or the shock of substances which had been thrown, against it. It was impossible a human brain could have withstood these sensations upon it so immediately; but happily they lasted not long. Sounds, more hollowing away in distance, argued that one or other parties had retreated; and at length all

was now left to the undisturbed contemplation of her own disastrous situation. The fight and, as circumstances led her to infer, her defeat, were conquerors; for otherwise the victor would have relieved her from her place of confinement, carried her away captive with him, as his prisoner. But what could the success of her friends and followers avail Eveline, who was under a place of concealment which, whatever its character, must have escaped their observation. Left on the field of battle, to become the prize of the enemy, should their band venture, or die in darkness and privation, a horrible as ever tyrant invented, or martyr suffered, and which the unfortunate young lady even bore to think of without a prayer that might at least be shortened.

Her hour of dread she recollected the poniard; worse, and the dark thought crossed her mind, when life became hopeless, a speedy death at least within her reach. As her soul shuddered at the alternative, the question suggested, might not this weapon be put to a new use, and aid her emancipation, instead of her sufferings?

She once adopted, the daughter of Raymond hastened to prove the experiment, and by her efforts succeeded, though with difficulty, in her posture, so as to admit of her inspecting the confinement all around, but particularly by which she had entered, and by which she attempted again to return to the light of day. To the extremity, and found it, as she strongly blocked up with large stones and mud together in such a manner as nearly shut all hope of escape. The work, however, tastefully performed, and life and liberty were stimulated exertion. With her poniard she raved the earth and sods—with her hands, stooped to such labour, she removed several feet advanced in her task so far as to obtain a glimmer of light, and what was scarce less preposterous of purer air. But, at the same time, the misfortune to ascertain, that, from the massiveness of a huge stone which closed the way of the passage, there was no hope that steady strength could effect her extrication. Her condition was improved by the admission of light, as well as by the opportunity afforded her for assistance.

She, indeed, were for some time uttered in the field had probably been left to the dead and ; for low and indistinct groans were the only which she received for several minutes.

As she repeated her exclamation, a voice, that of one just awakened from a swoon, uttered these words in answer:—"Edris of the house, dost thou call from thy tomb to the object hastens to his own?—Are the boundaries down which connect me with the living? I already hear, with fleshly ears, the faint moaning accents of the dead?"

"A spirit who speaks," replied Eveline, overruling she could at least communicate her

existence to a living person—"no spirit, but a most unhappy maiden, Eveline Berenger by name, immured beneath this dark vault, and in danger to perish horribly, unless God send me rescue!"

"Eveline Berenger!" exclaimed he whom she addressed, in the accents of wonder. "It is impossible!—I watched her green mantle—I watched her plumed bonnet as I saw her hurried from the field, and felt my own inability to follow to the rescue; nor did force or exertion altogether leave me till the waving of the robe and the dancing of the feathers were lost to my eyes, and all hope of rescuing her abandoned my heart."

"Faithful vassal, or right true friend, or courteous stranger, whichever I may name thee," answered Eveline, "know thou hast been abused by the artifices of these Welsh banditti—the mantle and head-gear of Eveline Berenger they have indeed with them, and may have used them to mislead those true friends, who, like thee, are anxious for my fate. Wherefore, brave sir, devise some succour, if thou canst, for thyself and me; since I dread that these ruffians, when they shall have escaped immediate pursuit, will return hither, like the robber to the hoard where he has deposited his stolen booty."

"Now, the Holy Virgin be praised," said the wounded man, "that I can spend the last breath of my life in thy just and honourable service! I would not before blow my bugle, lest I recalled from the pursuit to the aid of my worthless self some of those who might be effectually engaged in thy rescue; may Heaven grant that the recall may now be heard; that my eyes may yet see the Lady Eveline in safety and liberty!"

The words, though spoken in a feeble tone, breathed a spirit of enthusiasm, and were followed by the blast of a horn, faintly winded, to which no answer was made save the echoing of the dell. A sharper and louder blast was then sent forth, but sunk so suddenly, that it seemed the breath of him who sounded the instrument had failed in the effort.—A strange thought crossed Eveline's mind even in that moment of uncertainty and terror. "That," she said, "was the note of a De Lacy—surely you cannot be my gentle kinsman, Sir Damian!"

"I am that unhappy wretch, deserving of death for the evil care which I have taken of the treasure intrusted to me.—What was my business to trust to reports and messengers? I should have worshipped the saint who was committed to my keeping, with such vigilance as avarice bestows on the dross which he calls treasure—I should have rested nowhere, save at your gate; outwatched the brightest stars in the horizon; unseen and unknown myself, I should never have parted from your neighbourhood; then had you not been in the present danger, and—much less important consequence—thou, Damian de Lacy, had not filled the grave of a forsworn and negligent cavalier!"

"Alas! noble Damian," said Eveline, "break not my heart by blaming yourself for an imprudence which is altogether my own. Thy succour was ever near when I intimated the least want of it; and it embitters my own misfortune to know that my rashness has been the cause of your disaster. Answer me, gentle kinsman, and give me to hope that the wounds you have suffered are such as may be cured.—Alas! how much of your blood have I seen spilled, and what a fate is mine, that I should ever bring distress on all for whom I would most willingly sacrifice my own happiness!—But do not let us imber the moments given us in mercy, by fruitless repinings.—Try what you can to stop this ebbing blood, which is so dear to England—to Eveline—and to thine uncle!"

Damian groaned as she spoke, and was silent; while, maddened with the idea that he might be perishing for want of aid, Eveline repeated her efforts to extricate herself for her kinsman's assistance, as well as her own. It was all in vain, and she had ceased the attempt in despair; and passing from one hideous subject of terror to another, she sat listening with sharpened ear, for the dying groan of Damian, when—feeling of ecstasy!—the ground was shaken with

horses' feet advancing rapidly. Yet this joyful sound, if decisive of life, did not assure her of liberty—it might be the banditti of the mountains returning to seek their captive. Even then they would surely allow her leave to look upon and bind up the wounds of Damian de Lacy; for to keep him as a captive might vantage them more in many degrees, than could his death. A horseman came up—Eveline invoked his assistance, and the first word she heard was an exclamation in Flemish from the faithful Wilkin Flammock, which nothing save some spectacle of the most unusual kind was ever known to compel from that phlegmatic person.

His presence, indeed, was particularly useful on this occasion; for, being informed by the Lady Eveline in what condition she was placed, and implored at the same time to look to the situation of Sir Damian de Lacy, he began, with admirable composure and some skill, to stop the wounds of the one, while his attendants collected levers, left by the Welsh as they retreated, and were soon ready to attempt the liberation of Eveline. With much caution, and under the experienced direction of Flammock, the stone was at length so much raised, that the Lady Eveline was visible, to the delight of all, and especially of the faithful Rose, who, regardless of the risk of personal harm, fluttered around her mistress's place of confinement, like a bird robbed of her nestlings around the cage in which the truant urchin has imprisoned them. Precaution was necessary to remove the stone, lest falling inwards it might do the lady injury.

At length the rocky fragment was so much displaced that she could issue forth; while her people, as in hatred of the coercion which she had sustained, ceased not to heave, with bar and lever, till, totally destroying the balance of the heavy mass, it turned over from the little flat on which it had been placed at the mouth of the subterranean entrance, and, acquiring force as it revolved down a steep declivity, was at length put into rapid motion, and rolled, crashed, and thundered, down the hill, amid flashes of fire which it forced from the rocks, and clouds of smoke and dust, until it alighted in the channel of a brook, where it broke into several massive fragments, with a noise that might have been heard some miles off.

With garments rent and soiled through the violence she had sustained; with dishevelled hair, and disordered dress; faint from the stifling effect of her confinement, and exhausted by the efforts she had made to relieve herself, Eveline did not, nevertheless, waste a single minute in considering her own condition; but with the eagerness of a sister hastening to the assistance of an only brother, betook herself to examine the several severe wounds of Damian de Lacy, and to use proper means to stanch the blood and recall him from his swoon. We have said elsewhere, that, like other ladies of the time, Eveline was not altogether unacquainted with the surgical art, and she now displayed a greater share of knowledge than she had been thought capable of exerting. There was prudence, foresight, and tenderness, in every direction which she gave, and the softness of the female sex; with their officious humanity, ever ready to assist in alleviating human misery, seemed in her enhanced, and rendered dignified, by the sagacity of a strong and powerful understanding. After hearing with wonder for a minute or two the prudent and ready-witted directions of her mistress, Rose seemed at once to recollect that the patient should not be left to the exclusive care of the Lady Eveline, and joining, therefore, in the task, she rendered what assistance she could, while the attendants were employed in forming a litter, on which the wounded knight was to be conveyed to the castle of the Garde Doloureuse.

CHAPTER XXV.

A merry place, 'tis said, in days of yore;
But something ails it now—the place is cure.

WOMANHOOD.

THE place on which the skirmish had occurred, and the deliverance of the Lady Eveline had been effected,

was a wild and singular spot, being a small level plain, forming a sort of stage, or resting-place, between two very rough paths, one of which wound up the rivulet from below, and another continued the ascent above. Being surrounded by hills and woods, it was a celebrated spot for finding game, and, in former days, a Welsh prince, renowned for his unusual hospitality, his love of *crus* and of the chase, had erected a forest-lodge, where he used to feast his friends and followers with a profusion unexampled in Cambria.

The fancy of the bards, always captivated with magnificence, and having no objections to the peculiar species of profusion practised by this potentate, gave him the surname of Edris of the Goblets; and celebrated him in their odes in terms as high as those which exalt the heroes of the famous *Hulas Hen*. The subject of their praises, however, fell finally a victim to his propensities, having been stabbed to the heart in one of those scenes of confusion and drunkenness which were frequently the conclusion of his renowned banquets. Shocked at this catastrophe, the assembled Britons interred the relics of the Prince on the place where he had died, within the narrow vault where Eveline had been confined, and having barricaded the entrance of the sepulchre with fragments of rock, heaped over it an immense cairn, a pile of stones, on the summit of which they put the assassin to death. Superstition guarded the spot; and for many a year this memorial of Edris remained unviolated, although the lodge had gone to ruin, and its vestiges had totally decayed.

In latter years, some prowling band of Welsh robbers had discovered the secret entrance, and opened it with the view of ransacking the tomb for arms and treasures, which were in ancient times often buried with the dead. These marauders were disappointed, and obtained nothing by the violation of the grave of Edris, excepting the knowledge of a secret place, which might be used for depositing their booty, or even as a place of retreat for one of their number in a case of emergency.

When the followers of Damian, five or six in number, explained their part of the history of the day to Wilkin Flammock, it appeared that Damian had ordered them to horse at break of day, with a not considerable body, to act, as they understood, against a party of insurgent peasants, when of a sudden he had altered his mind, and, dividing his force into small bands, employed himself and them in roving noitring more than one mountain-pass between Wales and the Marches of the English country, in the neighbourhood of the Garde Doloureuse.

This was an occupation so ordinary for him, that it excited no particular notice. These manoeuvres were frequently undertaken by the warlike marchers for the purpose of intimidating the Welsh in general, more especially the bands of outlaws, who independent of any regular government, infested these wild frontiers. Yet it escaped not comment, that in undertaking such service at this moment, Damian seemed to abandon that of dispersing the insurgents which had been considered as the chief object of the day.

It was about noon, when, falling in, as good fortune would have it, with one of the fugitive group, Damian and his immediate attendants received information of the violence committed on the Lady Eveline, and, by their perfect knowledge of the country, were able to intercept the ruffians at the Pass of Edris, as it was called, by which the Welsh rovers ordinarily returned to their strongholds in the interior. It is probable that the banditti were not aware of the aid force which Damian headed in person, and at the same time knew that there would be an immediate and hot pursuit in their rear; and these circumstances led their leader to adopt the singular expedient of hiding Eveline in the tomb, while one of their own number, dressed in her clothes, might serve as a decoy to deceive their assailants, and lead them from the spot where she was really concealed, to which it was no doubt the purpose of the banditti to return, when they had eluded their pursuers.

Accordingly, the robbers had already drawn up to

fore the tomb for the purpose of regularly retreating, until they should find some suitable place either for making a stand, or where, if overmatched, they might, by abandoning their horses and dispersing among the rocks, evade the attack of the Norman cavalry. Their plan had been defeated by the precipitation of Damian, who, beholding as he thought the plumes and mantle of the Lady Eveline in the rear of their party, charged them without considering either the odds of numbers, or the lightness of his own armour, which, consisting only of a headpiece and a buff surcoat, offered but imperfect resistance to the Welsh knives and glaives. He was accordingly wounded severely at the onset, and would have been slain, but for the exertions of his few followers, and the fears of the Welsh, that, while thus continuing the battle in front, they might be assaulted in the rear by the followers of Eveline, whom they must now suppose were all in arms and motion. They retreated, therefore, or rather fled, and the attendants of Damian were despatched after them by their fallen master, with directions to let no consideration induce them to leave off the chase, until the captive Lady of the Garde Doloureuse was delivered from her ravishers.

The outlaws, secure in their knowledge of the paths, and the activity of their small Welsh horses, made an orderly retreat, with the exception of two or three of their rearguard, cut down by Damian in his furious onset. They shot arrows, from time to time, at the men-at-arms, and laughed at the ineffectual efforts which these heavy-armed warriors, with their barbed horses, made to overtake them. But the scene was changed by the appearance of Wilkin Flammock, on his puissant war-horse, who was beginning to ascend the pass, leading a party consisting both of foot and horse. The fear of being intercepted caused the outlaws to have recourse to their last stratagem, and, abandoning their Welsh sags, they betook themselves to the cliffs, and, by superior activity and dexterity, baffled, generally speaking, the attempts of their pursuers on either and. All of them, however, were not equally fortunate, for two or three fell into the hands of Flammock's party; amongst others, the person upon whom Eveline's clothes had been placed, and who, owing to the great disappointment of those who had attached themselves to his pursuit, proved to be, not the lady whom they were emulous to deliver, but a wir-haired young Welshman, whose wild looks, and incoherent speech, seemed to argue a disturbed imagination. This would not have saved him from immediate death, the usual doom of captives taken in such skirmishes, had not the faint blast of Damian's horn, sounding from above, recalled his own party, and summoned that of Wilkin Flammock to the spot; while, in the confusion and hurry of their obeying the signal, the pity or the contempt of his guards suffered the prisoner to escape. They had, indeed, little to learn from him, even had he been disposed to give intelligence, or capable of communicating it. It were well assured that their lady had fallen into an ambuscade, formed by Dawfyd the One-eyed, a renowned freebooter of the period, who had ventured upon this hardy enterprise in the hope of obtaining a large ransom from the captive Eveline, and all, accused at his extreme insolence and audacity, evoted his head and limbs to the eagles and the ravens.

These were the particulars which the followers of Flammock and of Damian learned by comparing notes with each other, on the incidents of the day, as they returned by the Red Pool they were joined by Dame Gillian, who, after many exclamations of joy at the unexpected liberation of her lady, and as many of sorrow at the unexpected disaster of Damian, proceeded to inform the men-at-arms, that the merchant, whose hawks had been the original cause of these adventures, had been taken prisoner by two or three of the Welsh in their retreat, and that she herself and the wounded Raoul would have shared the same fate, but that they had no horse left to mount her upon, and did not consider old Raoul as worth either ransom, or the trouble of killing. One

had, indeed, flung a stone at him as he lay on the hillside, but happily, as his dame said, it fell something short of him—"It was but a little fellow who threw it," she said—"there was a big man amongst them—if he had tried, it's like, by our Lady's grace, he had cast it a thought farther." So saying, the dame gathered herself up, and adjusted her dress for again mounting on horseback.

The wounded Damian was placed on a litter, hastily constructed of boughs, and, with the females, was placed in the centre of the little troop, augmented by the rest of the young knight's followers, who began to rejoin his standard. The united body now marched with military order and precaution, and winded through the passes with the attention of men prepared to meet and to repel injury.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What! fair, and young, and faithful too!
A miracle, if this be true.—WALKER.

Rose, by nature one of the most disinterested and affectionate maidens that ever breathed, was the first who, hastily considering the peculiar condition in which her lady was placed, and the marked degree of restraint which had hitherto characterized her intercourse with her youthful guardian, became anxious to know how the wounded knight was to be disposed of; and when she came to Eveline's side for the purpose of asking this important question, her resolution well nigh failed her.

The appearance of Eveline was indeed such as might have made it almost cruelty to intrude upon her any other subject of anxious consideration than those with which her mind had been so lately assailed, and was still occupied. Her countenance was as pale as death could have made it, unless where it was specked with drops of blood; her veil, torn and disordered, was soiled with dust and with gore; her hair, wildly dishevelled, fell in elf-locks on her brow and shoulders, and a single broken and ragged feather, which was all that remained of her head-gear, had been twisted among her tresses and still flowed there, as if in mockery, rather than ornament. Her eyes were fixed on the litter where Damian was deposited, and she rode close beside it, without apparently wasting a thought on any thing, save the danger of him who was extended there.

Rose plainly saw that her lady was under feelings of excitation, which might render it difficult for her to take a wise and prudent view of her own situation. She endeavoured gradually to awaken her to a sense of it. "Dearest lady," said Rose, "will it please you to take my mantle?"

"Torm-ent me not," answered Eveline, with some sharpness in her accent.

"Indeed, my lady," said Dame Gillian, bustling up as one who feared her functions as a mistress of the robes might be interfered with—"indeed, my lady, Rose Flammock speaks truth; and neither your kirtle nor your gown are sitting as they should do; and, to speak truth, they are but barely decent. And so, if Rose will turn herself, and put her horse out of my way," continued the tire-woman, "I will put your dress in better order in the sticking in of a bodkin, than any Fleming of them all could do in twelve hours."

"I care not for my dress," replied Eveline, in the same manner as before.

"Care then for your honour—for your fame," said Rose, riding close to her mistress, and whispering in her ear; "think, and that hastily, how you are to dispose of this wounded young man."

"To the castle," answered Eveline aloud, as if scorning the affectation of secrecy; "lead to the castle, and that straight as you can."

"Why not rather to his own camp, or to Malpas?" said Rose—"dearest lady, believe, it will be for the best."

"Wherefore not?—wherefore not?—wherefore not leave him on the wayside at once to the knife of the Welshman, and the teeth of the wolf?—Once—twice—three times has he been my preserver. Where I go,

he shall go; nor will I be in safety myself a moment sooner than I know that he is so."

Rose saw that she could make no impression on her mistress, and her own reflection told her that the wounded man's life might be endangered by a longer transportation than was absolutely necessary. An expedient occurred to her, by which she imagined this objection might be obviated; but it was necessary she should consult her father. She struck her palfrey with her riding-rod, and in a moment her diminutive, though beautiful figure, and her spirited little jennet, were by the side of the gigantic Fleming and his tall black horse, and riding, as it were, in their vast shadow. "My dearest father," said Rose, "the lady intends that Sir Damian be transported to the castle, where it is like he may be a long sojourner:—what think you?—is that wholesome counsel?"

"Wholesome for the youth, surely, Roschen," answered the Fleming, "because he will better escape the risk of a fever."

"True; but is it wise for my lady?" continued Rose.

"Wise enough, if she deal wisely. But wherefore shouldst thou doubt her, Roschen?"

"I know not," said Rose, unwilling to breathe even to her father the fears and doubts which she herself entertained; "but where there are evil tongues, there may be evil rehearsing. Sir Damian and my lady are both very young—Methinks it were better, dearest father, would you offer the shelter of your roof to the wounded knight, in the stead of his being carried to the castle."

"That I shall not, wench," answered the Fleming, hastily—"that I shall not, if I may help. Norman shall not cross my quiet threshold, nor Englishman neither, to mock my quiet thrift, and consume my substance. Thou dost not know them, because thou art ever with thy lady, and hast her good favour; but I know them well; and the best I can get from them is Lazy Flanderkin, and Greedy Flanderkin, and Flemish sot—I thank the saints they cannot say Coward Flanderkin, since Gwenwyn's Welsh up-roar."

"I had ever thought, my father," answered Rose, "that your spirit was too calm to regard these base calumnies. Bethink you we are under this lady's banner, and that she has been my loving mistress, and her father was your good lord; to the Constable, too, are you beholden, for enlarged privileges. Money may pay debt, but kindness only can requite kindness; and I forbode that you will never have such an opportunity to do kindness to the houses of Berenger and De Lacy, as by opening the doors of your house to this wounded knight."

"The doors of my house?" answered the Fleming—"do I know how long I may call that, or any house upon earth, my own? Alas, my daughter, we came hither to fly from the rage of the elements, but who knows how soon we may perish by the wrath of men!"

"You speak strangely, my father," said Rose; "It holds not with your solid wisdom to augur such general evil from the rash enterprise of a Welsh outlaw."

"I think not of the One-eyed robber," said Wilkin; "although the increase and audacity of such robbers as Dawfyd is no good sign of a quiet country. But thou, who livest within yonder walls, hearest but little of what passes without, and your estate is less anxious;—you had known nothing of the news from me, unless in case I had found it necessary to remove to another country."

"To remove, my dearest father, from the land where your thrift and industry have gained you an honourable competency?"

"Ay, and where the hunger of wicked men, who envy me the produce of my thrift, may likely bring me to a dishonourable death. There have been tumults among the English rabble in more than one county, and their wrath is directed against those of our nation, as if we were Jews or heathens, and not better Christians and better men than themselves. They have, at York, Bristol, and elsewhere, sacked the houses of the Flemings, spoiled their goods, misused their fami-

lies, and murdered themselves.—And why I—stop that we have brought among them the skill and the industry which they possessed not; and because wealth, which they would never else have seen in Britain, was the reward of our art and our toil. Roschen, this evil spirit is spreading wider daily. How we are more safe than elsewhere, because we form a colony of some numbers and strength. But I could not in our neighbours; and hadst not thou, Rose, been in security, I would long ere this have given up, and left Britain."

"Given up all, and left Britain?"—"The world sounded prodigious in the ears of his daughter, who knew better than any one how successful her father had been in his industry, and how unlikely one of his firm and sedate temper was to abandon known and present advantages for the dread of distant and contingent peril. At length she replied, "If such be your peril, my father, methinks your house and goods cannot have a better protection than the presence of this noble knight. Where lives the man who dares aught of violence against the house which harbours Damian de Lacy?"

"I know not that," said the Fleming, in the same composed and steady, but ominous tone—"May Heaven forgive it me, if it be sin I but I see little more folly in these Crusades, which the priesthood have preached up so successfully. Here has the Constable been absent for nearly three years, and no certain tidings of his life or death, victory or defeat. He marched from hence, as if he meant not to draw his scabbard or sheathe sword until the Holy Sepulchre was won from the Saracens, yet we can hear with uncertainty whether even a hamlet has been taken from the Saracens. In the mean while, the people that are at home grow discontented; their lords, with the better part of their followers, are in Palestine—dead or alive we scarcely know; the people themselves are oppressed and flayed by stewards and deputies, whose yoke is neither so light nor so lightly endured as that of the actual lord. The commons, who naturally hate the knights and gentry, think it no bad time to make some head against them—ay, and there be some of noble blood who would not care to be their lords, that they may have their share in the spoil; for foreign expeditions and profligate habits have made many poor; and he that is poor will murder his father for money. I hate poor people; and I would the devil had every man who cannot keep himself by the sweat of his own hand!"

The Fleming concluded, with this characteristic imprecation, a speech which gave Rose a more frightful view of the state of England, than, shut up as she was within the Garde Du Louvre, she had before had an opportunity of learning. "Surely," she said—"surely these violences of which you speak are not to be dreaded by those who live under the banner of De Lacy and of Berenger?"

"Berenger subsists but in name," answered Wilkin Flammock, "and Damian, though a brave youth, hath not his uncle's ascendancy of character and authority. His men also complain that they are harassed with the duty of watching for protection of a castle, in itself impregnable, and sufficiently garrisoned, and that they lose all opportunity of honest enterprise, as they call it—that is, of fight and spoil—in this inactive and inglorious manner of life. They say that Damian the Beardless was a man, but that Damian with the moustache is no better than a woman; and that age, which has darkened his lips, hath at the same time bleached his courage. And they say more, which were but wearisome to tell."

"Nay, but, let me know what they say; let me know it, for Heaven's sake!" answered Rose. "It concerns, as it must concern, my dear lady."

"Even so, Roschen," answered Wilkin. "There are many among the Norman men-at-arms who take over their wine cups, how that Damian de Lacy loves with his uncle's betrothed bride; ay, and that they correspond together by art magic."

"By art magic, indeed, it must be," said Rose, smiling scornfully, "for by no earthly means do they correspond, as I, for one, can bear witness."

and accordingly, they implore it," quoth
 him. "But so soon as ever my lady
 is parted from her castle, De Lacy is in the
 party of his cavalry, though they are
 not that he has received no messenger.
 I hardly notice of her purpose; nor
 on such occasions, secured the passes
 have seen or heard of my Lady Eveline's

"It escaped me," said Rose; "and my
 father, myself even displeased at the
 in Damian displayed in procuring a
 for missions, as well as at the officious
 in which he has attended and guarded
 has, however, shown," she continued,
 there may serve a good purpose; and as
 upon these occasions, but continued
 he has excluded even the possibility of
 thinks they might have escaped the
 most suspicious."

"Roger Roschen," replied Wilkin, "but
 not to drive caution so far as to excite
 say, the men-at-arms, should these
 in constant yet such guarded intelli-
 gence? Why should they approach
 with, yet should they never meet,
 in more, the nephew and the uncle's
 have had interviews avowedly and
 on the other hand, if they be two secret
 reason to believe that they do find their
 loss of meeting, though they have art
 not them."

"That you speak, my father," replied
 Rose, "increases the absolute necessity
 of this wounded youth into your house.
 I dread ever so great, yet may you rely
 I cannot be augmented by admitting
 of his faithful followers."

"Blower," said the Fleming hastily,
 fed knife of them, save the page that
 and the doctor that is to attempt his

offer the shelter of your roof to these
 answered Rose.

"Will do as thou wilt," said the doating
 my faith. Roschen, it is well for thee
 and moderation in asking, since I am
 apt in granting. This is one of your
 honour or generosity—but commend
 and honesty.—Ah! Rose, Rose, thou
 what is better than good, sometimes
 at its worse than bad!—But I think I
 of the trouble for the fear; and that
 who is, with reverence, something of a
 will stand stoutly for the chivalrous
 ging her knight in her own bower, and
 person."

"propheesied true. Rose had no sooner
 said to Eveline, that the wounded Da-
 left at her father's house for his reco-
 mistress briefly and positively rejected
 "He has been my preserver," she said,
 one being left for whom the gates of
 misere should of themselves fly open,
 do Lacy. Nay, damsel, look not upon
 suspicious and yet sorrowful counte-
 are beyond disguise, my girl, con-
 —It is to God and Our Lady that I
 and to them my bosom lies open!"
 led in silence to the castle gate, when
 he issued her orders that her Guardian,
 ally termed Damian, should be lodged
 apartment; and, with the prudence of
 age she gave the necessary directions
 and accommodation of his followers,
 zements which such an accession of
 in the fortress. All this she did with
 mposure and presence of mind, even
 red or arranged her own disordered

still remained to be taken. She has-
 hapel of the Virgin, and prostrating
 her divine protectress, returned thanks
 deliverance, and implored her guidance

and direction, and through her intercession, that of
 Almighty God, for the disposal and regulation of her
 conduct. "Thou knowest," she said, "that from no
 confidence in my own strength, have I thrust myself
 into danger. O make me strong where I am most
 weak—Let not my gratitude and my compassion be
 a snare to me; and while I strive to discharge the
 duties which thankfulness imposes on me, save me
 from the evil tongues of men—and save—O save me
 from the insidious devices of my own heart!"

She then told her rosary with devout fervour, and
 retiring from the chapel to her own apartment, sum-
 moned her women to adjust her dress, and remove the
 external appearance of the violence to which she had
 been so lately subjected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

—Gentle air
 You are our captive—but we'll use you so.
 That you shall think your prison-ers may match
 Whate'er your liberty hath grown of pleasure.
 Essex! No, forest, we have indeed here too long.
 And I repent to see your roses bloom.
 I've let my lambs wither.—Old Play

ARRAIED in garments of a mourning colour, and of
 a fast on more manly than perhaps altogether be-
 fitted her youth—plain to an extremity, and devoid of
 adornment, save her rosary—Eveline now performed
 the duty of waiting upon her wounded deliverer; a
 duty which the etiquette of the time not only per-
 mitted but peremptorily enjoined. She was attended by
 Rose and Dame Gillian, Margery, whose element
 was a sick-chamber, had been already despatched to
 that of the young knight, to attend to whatever his
 condition might require.

Eveline entered the room with a light step, as if un-
 willing to disturb the patient. She paused at the
 door, and cast her eyes around her. It had been her
 father's chamber; nor had she entered it since his
 violent death. Around the walls hung a part of his
 armour and weapons, with hawking-gloves, hunting-
 poles, and other instruments of silvan sport. These
 relics brought as it were in living form before her, the
 stately presence of old Sir Raymond. "Frown not,
 my father,"—her lips formed the words, though her
 voice did not utter them—"frown not—Eveline will
 never be unworthy of thee."

Father Aldruvand, and Amelot, the page of Damian,
 were seated by the bedside. They rose as Lady Eve-
 line entered; and the first, who meddled a little with
 the healing art, said to Eveline, "that the knight had
 slumbered for some time, and was now about to
 awake."

Amelot at the same time came forward, and in a
 hasty and low voice, begged that the chamber might be
 kept quiet, and the spectators requested to retire. "My
 lord," he said, "ever since his illness at Gloucester, is
 apt to speak something wildly as he awakes from
 sleep, and will be displeased with me should I permit
 any one to be near him."

Eveline accordingly caused her women and the
 monk to retire into the anteroom, while she herself
 remained standing by the door-communication which
 connected the apartments, and heard Damian men-
 tion her name as he turned himself painfully on his
 couch. "Is she safe and unharmed?" was his first
 question, and it was asked with an eagerness which
 intimated how far it preceded all other considerations.
 —When Amelot replied in the affirmative, he sighed,
 as one whose bosom is relieved from some weighty
 load, and, in a less animated voice, asked of the page
 where they were. "This apartment," he said, "with
 its furniture, are all strange to me."

"My dear master," said Amelot, "you are at pre-
 sent too weak to ask questions and receive explana-
 tions."

"Be I where I will," said Damian, as if recovering
 his recollection, "I am not in the place where my duty
 calls me. Tell my trumpets to sound to horse—to
 horse, and let Ralph Genvr carry my banner. To
 horse—to horse!—we have not a moment to lose."

The wounded knight made some effort to rise.

which, in his state of weakness, Amelot was easily able to frustrate. "Thou art right," he said, as he sunk back into his reclining posture—"thou art right—I am weak—but why should strength remain when honour is lost?"

The unhappy young man covered his face with his hands, and groaned in agony, which seemed more that of the mind than of the body. Lady Eveline approached his bedside with unassured steps, fearing she knew not what, yet earnest to testify the interest which she felt in the distresses of the sufferer. Damian looked up and beheld her, and again hid his face with his hands.

"What means this strange passion, Sir Knight?" said Eveline, with a voice which, at first weak and trembling, gradually obtained steadiness and composure. "Ought it to grieve you so much, sworn as you are to the duties of chivalry, that Heaven hath twice made you its instrument to save the unfortunate Eveline Berenger?"

"O no, no!" he exclaimed with rapidity; "since you are saved, all is well—but time presses—it is necessary I should presently depart—nowhere ought I now to tarry—least of all, within this castle—Once more, Amelot, let them get to horse!"

"Nay, my good lord," said the damsel, "this must not be. As your ward, I cannot let my guardian part thus suddenly—as a physician, I cannot allow my patient to destroy himself—it is impossible that you can brook the saddle."

"A litter—a bier—a cart, to drag forth the dishonoured knight and traitor—all were too good for me—a coffin were best of all!—But see, Amelot, that it be framed like that of the meanest churl—no spurs displayed on the pall—no shield with the ancient coat of the De Lacy—no helmet with their knightly crest must deck the hearse of him whose name is dishonoured!"

"Is his brain unsettled?" said Eveline, looking with terror from the wounded man to his attendant; "or is there some dreadful mystery in these broken words?—If so, speak it forth; and if it may be amended by life or goods, my deliverer will sustain no wrong."

Amelot regarded her with a dejected and melancholy air, shook his head, and looked down on his master with a countenance which seemed to express, that the questions which she asked could not be prudently answered in Sir Damian's presence. The Lady Eveline, observing this gesture, stepped back into the outer apartment, and made Amelot a sign to follow her. He obeyed, after a glance at his master, who remained in the same disconsolate posture as formerly, with his hands crossed over his eyes, like one who wished to exclude the light, and all which the light made visible.

When Amelot was in the wardrobe, Eveline, making signs to her attendants to keep at such distance as the room permitted, questioned him closely on the cause of his master's desperate expression of sorrow and remorse. "Thou knowest," she said, "that I am bound to succour thy lord, if I may, both from gratitude, as one whom he hath served to the peril of his life—and also from kinship. Tell me, therefore, in what case he stands, that I may help him if I can—that is," she added, her pale cheeks deeply colouring, "if the cause of his distress be fitting for me to hear."

The page bowed low, yet showed such embarrassment when he began to speak, as produced a corresponding degree of confusion in the Lady Eveline, who, nevertheless, urged him as before "to speak without scruple or delay—so that the tenor of his discourse was fitting for her ears."

"Believe me, noble lady," said Amelot, "your commands had been instantly obeyed, but that I fear my master's displeasure if I talk of his affairs without his warrant; nevertheless, on your command, whom I know he honours above all earthly beings, I will speak thus far, that, if his life be safe from the wounds he has received, his honour and worship may be in great danger, if it please not Heaven to send a remedy."

"Speak on," said Eveline; "and be assured you will do Sir Damian de Lacy no prejudice by the confidence you may rest in me."

"I well believe it, lady," said the page. "Now, then, if it be not already known to you, that the clowns and rabble, who have taken arms against the nobles in the west, pretend to be favoured in their insurrection, not only by Randal Lacy, but by my master, Sir Damian."

"They lie that dare charge him with such foul treason to his own blood, as well as to his sovereign," replied Eveline.

"Well do I believe they lie," said Amelot; "but this hinders not their falsehoods from being believed by those who know him less inwardly. More than one runaway from our troop have joined this rebellion, and that gives some credit to the scandal; but then they say—they say—that—in short, that my master longs to possess the lands in his proper right which he occupies as his uncle's administrator; and that if the old Constable—I crave your pardon, madam—should return from Palestine, he should find it difficult to obtain possession of his own again."

"The sordid wretches judge of others by their own base minds, and conceive those temptations too powerful for men of worth, which they are themselves conscious they would be unable to resist. But as the insurgents then so insolent and so powerful! We have heard of their violences, but only as if it had been some popular tumult."

"We had notice last night that they have come together in great force, and besieged or blockaded Wild Wenlock, with his men-at-arms, in a village about ten miles hence. He hath sent to my master, as his kinsman and companion-at-arms, to come to his assistance. We were on horseback this morning to march to the rescue—when?"

He paused, and seemed unwilling to proceed. Eveline caught at the word. "When ye heard of my danger?" she said. "I would ye had rather heard of my death!"

"Surely, noble lady," said the page, with his eye fixed on the ground, "nothing but so strong a cause could have made my master halt his troop, and carry the better part of them to the Welsh mountains, when his countryman's distress, and the commands of the King's Lieutenant, so peremptorily demanded his presence elsewhere."

"I knew it," she said—"I knew I was born to be his destruction! yet methinks this is worse than I dreamed of, when the worst was in my thoughts. I feared to occasion his death, not his loss of fame. For God's sake, young Amelot, do what thou canst, and that without loss of time! Get thee straight way to horse, and join to thy own men as many as thou canst gather of mine—Go—ride, my brave youth—show thy master's banner, and let them see that his forces and his heart are with them, though his person be absent. Haste, haste, for the time is precious!"

"But the safety of this castle—But your own safety?" said the page. "God knows how wisely I would do ought to save his fame! But I know my master's mood; and were you to suffer by my leaving the Garde Doloureuse, even although I were to lose him lands, life, and honour, by my doing so, I should be more like to taste of his dagger, than of his thanks or bounty."

"Go, nevertheless, dear Amelot," said she; "gather what force thou canst make, and begone."

"You spur a willing horse, madam," said the page, springing to his feet; "and in the condition of my master, I see nothing better than that his banner should be displayed against these churls."

"To arms, then," said Eveline, hastily; "to arms, and win thy spurs. Bring me assurance that thy master's honour is safe, and I will myself buckle them on thy heels. Here—take this blessed rosary—hold it on thy crest, and be the thought of the Virgin of the Garde Doloureuse, that never failed a votary, along with thee in the hour of conflict."

She had scarcely ended, ere Amelot flew from her presence, and summoning together such horse as he could assemble, both of his master's, and of those belonging to the castle, there were soon forty crannons mounted in the court-yard.

But although the page was thus far readily obedi-

Amelot and me.—Come, Sir Page, assume the command, since so it must be; though, by my faith, it is pity to take the head-piece from that pretty head, and the sword from that pretty hand.—By Saint George! to see them there is a credit to the soldier's profession."

The lady accordingly surrendered the weapons to Amelot, exhorting him in few words to forget the offence he had received, and do his devoir manfully. Mean while Genvil slowly unrolled the pennon—then shook it abroad, and without putting his foot in the stirrup, aided himself a little with resting on the spear, and threw himself into the saddle, heavily armed as he was. "We are ready now, an it like your juvenility," said he to Amelot; and then while the page was putting the band into order, he whispered to his nearest comrade, "Methinks, instead of this old swallow's tail,* we should muster rarely under a brodered petticoat—a furbelowed petticoat has no fellow in my mind.—Look you, Stephen Pontoys—I can forgive Damian now for forgetting his uncle and his own credit, about this wench; for, by my faith, she is one I could have doated to death upon *par amours*. Ah! evil luck be the women's portion!—they govern us at every turn, Stephen, and at every age. When they are young, they bribe us with fair looks and sugared words, sweet kisses and love tokens; and when they are of middle age, they work us to their will by presents and courtesies, red wine and red gold; and when they are old, we are fain to run their errands to get out of sight of their old leathern visages. Well, old De Lacy should have staid at home and watched his falcon. But it is all one to us, Stephen, and we may make some vantage to-day, for these boors have plundered more than one castle."

"Ay, ay," answered Pontoys, "the boor to the booty, and the banner-man to the boor, a right pithy proverb. But, prithee, canst thou say why his page-ship leads us not forward yet?"

"Pshaw!" answered Genvil, "the shake I gave him has addled his brains—or perchance he has not swallowed all his tears yet; sloth it is not, for 'tis a forward cockeril for his years, wherever honour is to be won.—See, they now begin to move.—Well, it is a singular thing this gentle blood, Stephen; for here is a child whom I but now baffled like a schoolboy, must lead us gray-beards where we may get our heads broken, and that at the command of a light lady."

"I warrant Sir Damian is secretary to my pretty lady," answered Stephen Pontoys, "as this springald Amelot is to Sir Damian; and so we poor men must obey and keep our mouths shut."

"But our eyes open, Stephen Pontoys—forget not that."

They were by this time out of the gates of the castle, and upon the road leading to the village, in which, as they understood by the intelligence of the morning, Wenlock was besieged or blockaded by a greatly superior number of the insurgent commons. Amelot rode at the head of the troop, still embarrassed by the affront which he had received in presence of the soldiers, and lost in meditating how he was to eke out that deficiency of experience, which on former occasions had been supplied by the counsels of the banner-man, with whom he was ashamed to seek a reconciliation. But Genvil was not of a nature absolutely sullen, though a habitual grumbler. He rode up to the page, and having made his obeisance, respectfully asked him whether it were not well that some one or two of their number pricked forward upon good horses to learn how it stood with Wenlock, and whether they should be able to come up in time to his assistance.

"Methinks, banner-man," answered Amelot, "you should take the ruling of the troop, since you know so fittingly what should be done. You may be the fitter to command, because—But I will not upbraid you."

* The pennon of a knight was, in shape, a long streamer, and forked like a swallow's tail: the banner of a flameret was square, and was formed into the other by cutting the ends from the pennon. It was thus the ceremony was performed on the pennon of John Chandos, by the Black Prince, before the battle of Najara.

"Because I know so ill how to obey," replied Genvil; "that is what you would say; and, by my faith, I cannot deny but there may be some truth in it. But is it not peevish in thee to let a fair expedition be unwisely conducted, because of a foolish word or a sudden action?—Come, let it be peace with us."

"With all my heart," answered Amelot; "and I will send out an advanced party upon the adventure, as thou hast advised me."

"Let it be old Stephen Pontoys and two of the Chester spears—he is as wily as an old fox, and neither hope nor fear will draw him a hairbreadth farther than judgment warrants."

Amelot eagerly embraced the hint, and, at his command, Pontoys and two lances darted forward to reconnoitre the road before them, and inquire into the condition of those whom they were advancing to succour. And now that we are on the old terms, Sir Page," said the banner-man, "tell me, if thou canst, doth not yonder fair lady love our handsome knight *par amours*?"

"It is a false calumny," said Amelot, indignantly; "betrothed as she is to his uncle, I am convinced she would rather die than have such a thought, and so would our master. I have noted this heretical belief in thee before now, Genvil, and I have prayed thee to check it. You know the thing cannot be, for you know they have scarce ever met."

"How should I know that," said Genvil, "or thou either? Watch them ever so close—much water slides past the mill that Hob Miller never wots of. They do correspond; that, at least, thou canst not deny!"

"I do deny it," said Amelot, "as I deny all that can touch their honour."

"Then how, in Heaven's name, comes he by such perfect knowledge of her motions, as he has displayed no longer since than the morning?"

"How should I tell?" answered the page; "these be such things, surely, as saints and good angels, and if there be one on earth deserves their protection, it is Dame Eveline Berenger."

"Well said, Master Counsel-keeper," replied Genvil, laughing; "but that will hardly pass on as old trooper.—Saints and angels, quotha! most saintlike doings, I warrant you."

The page was about to continue his angry recitation, when Stephen Pontoys and his followers returned upon the spur. "Wenlock holds out bravely," he exclaimed, "though he is felly galled in with these boors. The large crossbows are doing good service; and I little doubt his making his place good till we come up, if it please you to ride something sharply. They have assailed the barriers, and were close up to them even now, but were driven back with small success."

The party were now put in as rapid motion as might consist with order, and soon reached the top of a small eminence, beneath which lay the village where Wenlock was making his defence. The air rung with the cries and shouts of the insurgents, who, numerous as bees, and possessed of that dogged spirit of courage so peculiar to the English, thronged like ants to the barriers, and endeavoured to break down the palisades, or to climb over them, in despite of the showers of stones and arrows from within, by which they suffered great loss, as well as by the swords and battle-axes of the men-at-arms, wherever they came to hand-blows.

"We are in time, we are in time," said Amelot, dropping the reins of his bridle, and joyfully clapping his hands; "shake thy banner abroad, Genvil—give Wenlock and his fellows a fair view of it.—Comrades, halt—breathe your horses for a moment—Hark hither, Genvil—If we descend by yonder lead pathway into the meadow where the cattle are—"

"Bravo, my young falcon!" replied Genvil, whose love of battle, like that of the war-horse of John, kindled at the sight of the spears, and at the sound of the trumpet; "we shall have then an easy field for a charge on yonder knaves."

"What a thick black cloud the villains make!" said Amelot; "but we will let daylight through it with our lances—See, Genvil, the defenders have a signal to show they have seen us."

"A signal to us?" exclaimed Genvil. "By Heaven, it is a white flag—a signal of surrender!"

"Surrender! they cannot dream of it, when we are advancing to their succour," replied Amelot; when two or three melancholy notes from the trumpets of the besieged, with a thundering and tumultuous acclamation from the besiegers, rendered the fact indisputable.

"Down goes Wenlock's pennon," said Genvil, "and the churls enter the barricades on all points.—Here has been cowardice or treachery—What is to be done?"

"Advance on them," said Amelot, "retake the place and deliver the prisoners."

"Advance, indeed!" answered the banner-man—"Not a horse's length by my counsel—we should have every nail in our corselets counted with arrow-shot, before we got down the hill in the face of such a multitude; and the place to storm afterwards—it were mere insanity."

"Yet come a little forward along with me," said the page; "perhaps we may find some path in which we could descend unperceived."

Accordingly they rode forward a little way to reconnoitre the face of the hill, the page still urging the possibility of descending it unperceived amid the confusion, when Genvil answered impatiently, "Unperceived!—you are already perceived—here comes a fellow, pricking towards us as fast as his beast may trot."

As he spoke, the rider came up to them. He was a short, thick-set peasant, in an ordinary frieze jacket and hose, with a blue cap on his head, which he had been scarcely able to pull over a shock head of red hair, that seemed in arms to repel the covering. The man's hands were bloody, and he carried at his saddlebow a linen bag, which was also stained with blood. "Ye be of Damian de Lacy's company, be ye not?" said this rude messenger; and, when they answered in the affirmative, he proceeded with the same blunt courtesy, "Hob Miller of Twyford commends him to Damian de Lacy, and, knowing his purpose to amend disorders in the commonwealth, Hob Miller sends him toll of the grist which he hath grinded;" and with that he took from the bag a human head, and tendered it to Amelot.

"It is Wenlock's head," said Genvil—"how his eyes stare!"

"They will stare after no more wenchings now," said the boor—"I have cured him of caterwauling."

"Thou!" said Amelot, stepping back in disgust and indignation.

"Yes, I myself," replied the peasant; "I am Grand Justiciary of the Commons, for lack of a better."

"Grand hangman, thou wouldst say," replied Genvil.

"Call it what thou list," replied the peasant. "Truly, it behoves men in state to give good example. I'll bid no man do that I am not ready to do myself. It is as easy to hang a man, as to say hang him; we will have no splitting of offices in this new world, which is happily set up in old England."

"Wretch!" said Amelot, "take back thy bloody token to them that sent thee! Hadst thou not come upon assurance, I had pinned thee to the earth with my lance.—But, be assured, your cruelty shall be fearfully avenged.—Come, Genvil, let us to our men; there is no farther use in abiding here."

The fellow, who had expected a very different reception, stood staring after them for a few moments, then replaced his bloody trophy in the wallet, and rode back to them who sent him.

"This comes of meddling with men's *amourettes*," said Genvil; "Sir Damian would needs brawl with Wenlock about his dealings with this miller's daughter, and you see they account him a favourite of their enterprise; it will be well if others do not take up the same opinion.—I wish we were rid of the trouble which such suspicions may bring upon us—ay, were it at the price of my best horse—I am like to lose him at any rate with the day's hard service, and I would it were the worst it is to cost us."

The party returned, wearied and discomforted, to

the castle of the Garde Doloureuse, and not without losing several of their number by the way, some straggling owing to the weariness of their horses, and others taking the opportunity of desertion, in order to join with the bands of insurgents and plunderers, who had now gathered together in different quarters, and were augmented by recruits from the dissolute soldiery.

Amelot, on his return to the castle, found that the state of his master was still very precarious, and that the Lady Eveline, though much exhausted, had not yet retired to rest, but was awaiting his return with impatience. He was introduced to her accordingly, and, with a heavy heart, mentioned the ineffectual event of his expedition.

"Now the saints have pity upon us!" said the Lady Eveline; "for it seems as if a plague or pest attached to me, and extended itself to all who interest themselves in my welfare. From the moment they do so, their very virtues become snares to them; and what would, in every other case, recommend them to honour, is turned to destruction to the friends of Eveline Berenger."

"Fear not, fair lady," said Amelot; "there are still men enough in my master's camp to put down these disturbers of the public peace. I will but abide to receive his instructions, and will hence to-morrow, and draw out a force to restore quiet in this part of the country."

"Alas! you know not yet the worst of it," replied Eveline. "Since you went hence, we have received certain notice, that when the soldiers at Sir Damian's camp heard of the accident which he this morning met with, already discontented with the inactive life which they had of late led, and dispirited by the hurts and reported death of their leader, they have altogether broken up and dispersed their forces.—Yet be of good courage, Amelot," she said; "this house is strong enough to bear out a worse tempest than any that is likely to be poured on it; and if all men desert your master in wounds and affliction, it becomes yet more the part of Eveline Berenger to shelter and protect her deliverer."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Let our proud trumpet shake their castle wall,
Menacing death and ruin.—ORWAY.

THE evil news with which the last chapter concluded were necessarily told to Damian de Lacy, as the person whom they chiefly concerned; and Lady Eveline herself undertook the task of communicating them, mingling what she said with tears, and again interrupting those tears to suggest topics of hope and comfort, which carried no consolation to her own bosom.

The wounded knight continued with his face turned towards her, listening to the disastrous tidings, as one who was no otherwise affected by them, than as they regarded her who told the story. When she had done speaking, he continued as in a reverie, with his eyes so intently fixed upon her, that she rose up, with the purpose of withdrawing from looks by which she felt herself embarrassed. He hastened to speak, that he might prevent her departure. "All that you have said, fair lady," he replied, "had been enough, if told by another, to have broken my heart; for it tells me that the power and honour of my house, so solemnly committed to my charge, have been blasted in my misfortunes. But when I look upon you, and hear your voice, I forget every thing, saving that you have been rescued, and are here in honour and safety. Let me therefore pray of your goodness that I may be removed from the castle which holds you, and sent elsewhere. I am in no shape worthy of your farther care, since I have no longer the swords of others at my disposal, and am totally unable for the present to draw my own."

"And if you are generous enough to think of me in your own misfortunes, noble knight," answered Eveline, "can you suppose that I forget wherefore, and in whose rescue, these wounds were incurred? No, Damian, speak not of removal!—while there is a turret

of the Garde Doloureuse standing, within that turret shall you find shelter and protection. Such, I am well assured, would be the pleasure of your uncle, were he here in person."

It seemed as if a sudden pang of his wound had seized upon Damian; for, repeating the words "My uncle!" he writhed himself round, and averted his face from Eveline; then again composing himself, replied, "Alas! knew my uncle how ill I have obeyed his precepts, instead of sheltering me within this house, he would command me to be flung from the battlements!"

"Fear not his displeasure," said Eveline, again preparing to withdraw; "but endeavour, by the composure of your spirit, to aid the healing of your wounds; when, I doubt not, you will be able again to establish good order in the Constable's jurisdiction, long before his return."

She coloured as she pronounced the last words, and hastily left the apartment. When she was in her own chamber, she dismissed her other attendants, and retained Rose. "What dost thou think of these things, my wise maiden and mistress?" said she.

"I would," replied Rose, "either that this young knight had never entered this castle—or, that being here, he could presently leave it—or, that he could honourably remain here for ever."

"What dost thou mean by remaining here for ever?" said Eveline, sharply and hastily.

"Let me answer that question with another—How long has the Constable of Chester been absent from England?"

"Three years come Saint Clement's day," said Eveline; "and what of that?"

"Nay, nothing; but"—

"But what?—I command you to speak out."

"A few weeks will place your hand at your own disposal."

"And think you, Rose," said Eveline, rising with dignity, "that there are no bonds save those which are drawn by the scribe's pen?—We know little of the Constable's adventures; but we know enough to show that his towering hopes have fallen, and his sword and courage proved too weak to change the fortunes of the Sultan Saladin. Suppose him returning some brief time hence, as we have seen so many crusaders regain their homes, poor and broken in health—suppose that he finds his lands laid waste, and his followers dispersed, by the consequence of their late misfortunes, how would it sound should he also find that his betrothed bride had wedded and endowed with her substance the nephew whom he most trusted!—Dost thou think such an engagement is like a Lombard's mortgage, which must be redeemed on the very day, else forfeiture is sure to be awarded?"

"I cannot tell, madam," replied Rose; "but they that keep their covenant to the letter, are, in my country, held bound to no more?"

"That is a Flemish fashion, Rose," said her mistress; "but the honour of a Norman is not satisfied with an observance so limited. What! wouldst thou have my honour, my affections, my duty, all that is most valuable to a woman, depend on the same progress of the kalendar which a usurer watches for the purpose of seizing on a forfeited pledge?—Am I such a mere commodity, that I must belong to one man if he claims me before Michaelmas, to another if he comes afterwards?—No, Rose; I did not thus interpret my engagement, sanctioned as it was by the special providence of Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse."

"It is a feeling worthy of you, my dearest lady," answered the attendant; "yet you are so young—so beset with perils—so much exposed to calumny—that I, at least, looking forward to the time when you may have a legal companion and protector, see it as an extrication from much doubt and danger."

"Do not think of it, Rose," answered Eveline; "do not liken your mistress to those provident dames, who, while one husband yet lives, though in old age or weak health, are prudently engaged in plotting for another."

"Enough, my dearest lady," said Rose;—"yet not

so. Permit me one word more. Since you are determined not to avail yourself of your freedom, even when the fatal period of your engagement is expired, why suffer this young man to share our solitude?—He is surely well enough to be removed to some other place of security. Let us resume our former sequestered mode of life, until Providence send us some better or more certain prospects."

Eveline sighed—looked down—then looking upwards, once more had opened her lips to express her willingness to enforce so reasonable an arrangement, but for Damian's recent wounds, and the distracted state of the country, when she was interrupted by the shrill sound of trumpets blown before the gate of the castle; and Raoul, with anxiety on his brow, came limping to inform his lady, that a knight, attended by a pursuivant-arms, in the royal livery, with a strong guard, was in front of the castle, and demanded admittance in the name of the King.

Eveline paused a moment ere she replied, "Not even to the King's order shall the castle of my ancestors be opened, until we are well assured of the person by whom, and the purpose for which, it is demanded. We will ourselves to the gate, and learn the meaning of this summons.—My veil, Rose; and call my women.—Again that trumpet sounds! Alas! it rings like a signal to death and ruin."

The prophetic apprehensions of Eveline were not false; for scarce had she reached the door of the apartment, when she was met by the page Amiel, in a state of such disordered apprehension as an elf of chivalry was scarce on any occasion permitted to display. "Lady, noble lady," he said, hastily bending his knee to Eveline, "save my dearest master!—You, and you alone, can save him at this extremity."

"I!" said Eveline, in astonishment—"I save him! And from what danger?—God knows how willing!"

There she stopped short, as if afraid to trust herself with expressing what rose to her lips. "Guy Monthermer, lady, is at the gate, with a pursuivant and the royal banner. The hereditary enemy of the House of Lancy, thus accompanied, comes hither for no good—the extent of the evil I know not, but for evil he comes. My master slew his nephew at the field of Malpas, and therefore"—He was here interrupted by another flourish of trumpets, which rung, as if in shrill impatience, through the vaults of the ancient fortress.

The Lady Eveline hastened to the gate, and found that the wardens, and others who attended there, were looking on each other with doubtful and alarmed countenances, which they turned upon her at her arrival, as if to seek from their mistress the comfort and the courage which they could not communicate to each other. Without the gate mounted, and in complete armour, was an elderly and stately knight, whose raised visor and beaver depressed, showed a beard already grizzled. Beside him appeared the pursuivant on horseback, the royal arms embroiled on his heraldic dress of office, and all the importance of offended consequence on his countenance, which was shaded by his barret-cap and triple plume. They were attended by a body of about fifty soldiers arranged under the guidon of England.

When the Lady Eveline appeared at the barrier, the knight, after a slight reverence, which seemed more in formal courtesy than in kindness, demanded if it saw the daughter of Ramond Berenger. "And is it," he continued, when he had received an answer in the affirmative, "before the castle of that approved and favoured servant of the House of Anjou, that King Henry's trumpets have thrice sounded, without obtaining an entrance for those who are bidden with their Sovereign's command?"

"My condition," answered Eveline, "must excuse my caution. I am a lone maiden, residing in a frontier fortress. I may admit no one without inquiring his purpose and being assured that his entrance consists with the safety of the place, and mine own honour."

"Since you are so punctilious, lady," replied Monthermer, "know, that in the present distressed state of the country, it is his Grace the King's

pleasure to place within your walls a body of men-at-arms, sufficient to guard this important castle, both from the insurgent peasants who burn and slay, and from the Welsh, who, it must be expected, will, according to their wont in time of disturbance, make incursions on the frontiers. Undo your gates, then Lady of Berenger, and suffer his Grace's forces to enter the castle."

"Sir Knight," answered the lady "this castle, like every other fortress in England, is the King's by law; but by law also I am the keeper and defender of it; and it is the tenure by which my ancestors held these lands. I have men enough to maintain the Garde Doloureuse in my time, as my father, and my grandfather before him, defended it in theirs. The King is gracious to send me succours, but I need not the aid of hirelings; neither do I think it safe to admit such into my castle, who may, in this lawless time, make themselves masters of it for other than its lawful mistress."

"Lady," replied the old warrior, "his grace is not ignorant of the motives which produce a contumacy like this. It is not any apprehension for the royal forces which influences you, a royal vassal, in this refractory conduct. I might proceed upon your refusal to proclaim you a traitor to the Crown, but the King remembers the services of your father. Know, then, we are not ignorant that Damian de Lacy, accused of instigating and heading this insurrection, if deserting his duty in the field, and abandoning a noble comrade to the sword of the brutal peasants, has found shelter under this roof with little credit to our loyalty as a vassal, or your conduct as a high-born maiden. Deliver him up to us, and I will draw off these men-at-arms, and dispense, though I may scarce answer doing so, with the occupation of the castle."

"Guy de Monthermer," answered Eveline, "he has thrown a stain on my name, speaks falsely and unworthily; as for Damian de Lacy, he knows how to defend his own fame. This only let me say, that while he takes his abode in the castle of the betrothed of his kinsman, she delivers him to no one, least of all to his well-known feudal enemy—Drop the portcullis, wardens and let it not be raised without my special order."

The portcullis, as she spoke, fell rattling and clanging to the ground, and Monthermer, in baffled spite, remained excluded from the castle. "Unworthy wretch!"—he began in passion, then checking himself, and calmly to the pursuivant, "Ye are witness that he hath admitted that the traitor is within that castle—ye are witness that, lawfully summoned, this Eveline Berenger refuses to deliver him up. Do your duty, Sir Pursuivant, as is usual in such cases."

The pursuivant then advanced and proclaimed, in a formal and fatal phrase befitting the occasion, that Eveline Berenger, lawfully summoned, refusing to admit the King's forces into her castle, and to deliver up the body of a false traitor, called Damian de Lacy, had herself incurred the penalty of high treason, and had involved within the same doom all who aided, abetted, or maintained her in holding out the said castle against their allegiance to Henry of Anjou. He trumpets, so soon as the voice of the herald had ceased, confirmed the doom he had pronounced, by a long and ominous peal, startling from their nests the raven and the raven, who replied to it by their ill-boding screams.

The defenders of the castle looked on each other with blank and dejected countenances, while Monthermer, raising aloft his lance, exclaimed, as he smote his horse from the castle gate, "When I next approach the Garde Doloureuse, it will be not merely to intimate, but to execute, the mandate of my Sovereign."

As Eveline stood pensively to behold the retreat of Monthermer and his associates, and to consider what was to be done in this emergency, she heard one of the Flemings, in a low tone, ask an Englishman, who stood beside him, what was the meaning of a traitor.

"One who betrayeth a trust reposed—a betrayer," said the interpreter.

The phrase which he used recalled to Eveline's

memory her boding vision or dream. "Alas!" she said, "the vengeance of the fiend is about to be accomplished. Widow'd wife and wedded maid—these epithets have long been mine. Betrothed I—wo's me! it is the key-stone of my destiny. Betrayer I am now denounced, though, thank God, I am clear from the guilt! It only follows that I should be betrayed, and the evil prophecy will be fulfilled to the very letter."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Out on ye, owls!—Nothing but songs of death!

Richard III.

MORE than three months had elapsed since the event narrated in the last chapter, and it had been the precursor of others of still greater importance, which will evolve themselves in the course of our narrative. But, as we profess to present to the reader not a precise detail of circumstances, according to their order and date, but a series of pictures, endeavouring to exhibit the most striking incidents before the eye or imagination of those whom it may concern, we therefore open a new scene, and bring other actors upon the stage.

Along a wasted tract of country, more than twelve miles distant from the Garde Doloureuse, in the heat of a summer noon, which shed a burning lustre on the silent valley and the blackened ruins of the cottages with which it had been once graced, two travellers walked slowly, whose palmer cloaks, pilgrims' staves, large slouched hats, with a scallop shell bound on the front of each, above all, the cross, cut in red cloth upon their shoulders, marked them as pilgrims who had accomplished their vow, and had returned from that fatal bourne, from which in those days, returned so few of the thousands who visited it, whether in the love of enterprise, or in the ardour of devotion.

The pilgrims had passed, that morning, through a scene of devastation similar to, and scarce surpassed in misery by, those which they had often trod during the wars of the Cross. They had seen hamlets which appeared to have suffered all the fury of military execution, the houses being burned to the ground; and in many cases the carcasses of the miserable inhabitants, or rather relics of such objects, were suspended on temporary gibbets, or on the trees, which had been allowed to remain standing, only, it would seem, to serve the convenience of the executioners. Living creatures they saw none, excepting those wild denizens of nature who seemed silently resuming the now wasted district, from which they might have been formerly expelled by the course of civilization. Their ears were no less disagreeably occupied than their eyes. The pensive travellers might indeed hear the screams of the raven, as if lamenting the decay of the carnage on which he had been gorged; and now and then the plaintive howl of some dog, deprived of his home and master; but no sounds which argued either labour or domestication of any kind.

The sable figures, who with wearied steps, as it appeared, travelled through these scenes of desolation and ravage, seemed assimilated to them in appearance. They spoke not with each other—they looked not to each other—but one, the shorter of the pair, keeping about half a pace in front of his companion, they moved slowly, as priests returning from a sinner's death-bed, or rather as spectres flitting along the precincts of a churchyard.

At length they reached a grassy mound, on the top of which was placed one of those receptacles for the dead of the ancient British chiefs of distinction, called Kist-Vaen, which are composed of upright fragments of granite, so placed as to form a stone coffin, or something bearing that resemblance. The sepulchre had been long violated by the victorious Saxons, either in scorn or in idle curiosity, or because treasures were supposed to be sometimes concealed in such spots. The huge flat stone which had once been the cover of the coffin, if so it might be termed, lay broken in two pieces at some distance from the sepulchre; and, overgrown as the fragments were with grass and lichens, showed plainly that the lid had been removed to its present situation many years before.

A stunted and doddered oak still spread its branches over the open and rude mausoleum, as if the Druid's badge and emblem, shattered and storm-broken, was still bending to offer its protection to the last remnants of their worship.

"This, then, is the *Kist-vaen*," said the shorter pilgrim; "and here we must abide tidings of our scout. But what, Philip Guarine, have we to expect as an explanation of the devastation which we have traversed?"

"Some incursion of the Welsh wolves, my lord," replied Guarine; "and, by Our Lady, here lies a poor Saxon sheep whom they have snapped up."

The Constable (for he was the pilgrim who had walked foremost) turned as he heard his squire speak, and saw the corpse of a man amongst the long grass; by which, indeed, it was so hidden, that he himself had passed without notice, what the esquire, in less abstracted mood, had not failed to observe. The leather doublet of the slain bespoke him an English peasant—the body lay on its face, and the arrow which had caused his death still stuck in his back.

Philip Guarine, with the cool indifference of one accustomed to such scenes, drew the shaft from the man's back, as composedly as he would have removed it from the body of a deer. With similar indifference the Constable signed to his esquire to give him the arrow—looked at it with indolent curiosity, and then said, "Thou hast forgotten thy old craft, Guarine, when thou callest that a Welsh shaft. Trust me, it flew from a Norman bow; but why it should be found in the body of that English churl, I can ill guess."

"Some runaway serf, I would warrant—some mongrel cur, who had joined the Welsh pack of hounds," answered the esquire.

"It may be so," said the Constable; "but I rather augur some civil war among the Lorde Marchers themselves. The Welsh, indeed, sweep the villages, and leave nothing behind them but blood and ashes, but here even castles seem to have been stormed and taken. May God send us good news of the Garde Doloureuse!"

"Amen!" replied his squire; "but if Renault Vidal brings it, 'twill be the first time he has proved a bird of good omen."

"Philip," said the Constable, "I have already told thee thou art a jealous-pated fool. How many times has Vidal shown his faith in doubt—his address in difficulty—his courage in battle—his patience under suffering?"

"It may be all very true, my lord," replied Guarine; "yet—but what avails to speak?—I own he has done you sometimes good service; but loath were I that your life or honour were at the mercy of Renault Vidal."

"In the name of all the saints, thou peevish and suspicious fool, what is it thou canst found upon to his prejudice?"

"Nothing, my lord," replied Guarine, "but instinctive suspicion and aversion. The child that, for the first time, sees a snake, knows nothing of its evil properties, yet he will not chase it and take it up as he would a butterfly. Such is my dislike of Vidal—I cannot help it. I could pardon the man his malicious and gloomy sidelong looks, when he thinks no one observes him; but his sneering laugh I cannot forgive—it is like the beast we heard of in Juden, who laughs, they say, before he tears and destroys."

"Philip," said De Lacy, "I am sorry for thee—sorry, from my soul, to see such a predominating and causeless jealousy occupy the brain of a gallant old soldier. Here, in this last misfortune, to recall no more ancient proofs of his fidelity, could he mean otherwise than well with us, when, thrown by shipwreck upon the coast of Wales, we would have been doomed to instant death, had the Cymri recognised in me the Constable of Chester, and in thee his trusty esquire, the executioner of his commands against the Welsh in so many instances?"

"I acknowledge," said Philip Guarine, "death had surely been our fortune, had not that man's ingenuity represented us as pilgrims, and, under that character, acted as our interpreter—and in this character he

entirely precluded us from getting information from any one respecting the state of things here, which he behaved your lordship much to know, and which must needs say looks gloomy and suspicious enough."

"Still art thou a fool, Guarine," said the Constable; "for, look you, had Vidal meant ill by us, why should he not have betrayed us to the Welsh, or suffered us, by showing such knowledge as thou and I may have of their gibberish, to betray ourselves?"

"Well, my lord," said Guarine, "I may be alienated, but not satisfied. All the fair words he can speak—all the fine tunes he can play—Renault Vidal will be to my eyes ever a dark and suspicious man, with features always ready to mould themselves into the fittest form to attract confidence; with a tongue framed to utter the most flattering and agreeable words at one time, and at another to play shrewd plainness or blunt honesty; and an eye which, when he thinks himself unobserved, contradicts every assumed expression of features, every protestation of honesty, and every word of courtesy or cordiality to which his tongue has given utterance. But I speak not more on the subject; only I am an old mastiff, of the true breed—I love my master, but cannot endure some of those whom he favours; and yonder, as I judge, comes Vidal, to give us such an account of our situation, as it shall please him."

A horseman was indeed seen advancing in the path towards the *Kist-vaen*, with a hasty pace; and his dress, in which something of the Eastern fashion was manifest, with the fantastic attire usually worn by men of his profession, made the Constable aware that the minstrel, of whom they were speaking, was rapidly approaching them.

Although Hugo de Lacy rendered this attendant no more than what in justice he supposed his services demanded, when he vindicated him from the suspicions thrown out by Guarine, yet at the bottom of his heart he had sometimes shared those suspicions, and was often angry at himself, as a just and honest man, for censuring, on the slight testimony of looks, and sometimes casual expressions, a fidelity which seemed to be proved by many acts of zeal and integrity.

When Vidal approached and dismounted to make his obeisance, his master hastened to speak to him in words of favour, as if conscious he had been partly sharing Guarine's unjust judgment upon him, by not listening to it. "Welcome, my trusty Vidal," he said; "thou hast been the raven that fed us on the mountains of Wales, be now the dove that brings us good tidings from the Marches.—Thou art silent. What mean these downcast looks—that embarrassed carriage—that cap plucked down o'er thine eyes?—Is God's name, man, speak!—Fear not for me—I can bear worse than tongue of man may tell. Thou hast seen me in the wars of Palestine, when my brave followers fell, man by man, around me, and when I was left well nigh alone—and did I blench then?—Thou hast seen me when the ship's keel lay grating on the rock, and the billows flew in foam over her deck—did I blench then?—No—nor will I now."

"Boast not," said the minstrel, looking fixedly upon the Constable, as the former assumed the port and countenance of one who sets Fortune and her utmost malice at defiance—"boast not, lest thy bands be made strong."

There was a pause of a minute, during which the group formed at this instant a singular picture.

Affraid to ask, yet ashamed to seem to fear the tidings which impended, the Constable confronted his messenger with person erect, arms folded, and brow expanded with resolution; while the minstrel, moved beyond his usual and guarded apathy by the interest of the moment, bent on his master a keen fixed gaze, as if to observe whether his courage was real or assumed.

Philip Guarine, on the other hand, to whom Heaven, in assigning him a rough exterior, had denied natural sense nor observation, kept his eye in turn fixed upon Vidal, as if endeavouring to determine what was the character of that deep interest which gleamed in the minstrel's looks apparently, and was unable to ascertain whether it was that of a faithful domestic sympathetically agitated by the bad news with which

he was about to afflict his master, or that of an executioner standing with his knife suspended over his victim, deferring his blow until he should discover where it would be most sensibly felt. In Guarine's mind, prejudiced, perhaps, by the previous opinion he had entertained, the latter sentiment so decidedly predominated, that he longed to raise his staff, and strike down to the earth the servant, who seemed thus to enjoy the protracted sufferings of their common master.

At length a convulsive movement crossed the brow of the Constable, and Guarine, when he beheld a sardonic smile begin to curl Vidal's lip, could keep silence no longer. "Vidal," he said, "thou art a—"

"A bearer of bad tidings," said Vidal, interrupting him, "therefore subject to the misconception of every fool who cannot distinguish between the author of harm, and him who unwillingly reports it."

"To what purpose this delay?" said the Constable. "Come, Sir Minstrel, I will spare you a pang—Eveline has forsaken and forgotten me?"

The minstrel assented by a low inclination.

Hugo de Lacy paced a short turn before the stone monument, endeavouring to conquer the deep emotion which he felt. "I forgive her," he said. "Forgive, did I say?—Alas! I have nothing to forgive.—She used but the right I left in her hand—yes—our date of engagement was out—she had heard of my losses—my defeats—the destruction of my hopes—the expenditure of my wealth; and has taken the first opportunity which strict law afforded, to break off her engagement with one bankrupt in fortune and fame. Many a maiden would have done—perhaps in prudence should have done—this;—but that woman's name should not have been Eveline Berenger."

He leaned on his esquire's arm, and for an instant laid his head on his shoulder with a depth of emotion which Guarine had never before seen him betray, and which, in awkward kindness, he could only attempt to console by bidding his master "be of good courage—he had lost but a woman."

"This is no selfish emotion, Philip," said the Constable, resuming self-command. "I grieve less that she has left me than that she has misjudged me—that she has treated me as the pawnbroker does his wretched creditor, who arrests the pledge as the very moment elapses within which it might have been relieved. Did she then think that I in my turn would have been a creditor so rigid?—that I, who, since I knew her, scarce deemed myself worthy of her when I had wealth and fame, should insist on her sharing my diminished and degraded fortunes? How little she ever knew me, or how selfish must she have supposed my misfortunes to have made me! But be it so—she is gone, and may she be happy. The thought that she disturbed me shall pass from my mind; and I will think she has done that which I myself, as her best friend, must in honour have advised."

So saying, his countenance, to the surprise of his attendants, resumed its usual firm composure.

"I give you joy," said the esquire, in a whisper to the minstrel; "your evil news have wounded less deeply than, doubtless, you believed was possible."

"Alas!" replied the minstrel, "I have others and worse behind."

This answer was made in an equivocal tone of voice, corresponding to the peculiarity of his manner, and like that seeming emotion of a deep but very doubtful character.

"Eveline Berenger is then married," said the Constable; "and, let me make a wild guess,—she has not abandoned the family, though she has forsaken the individual—she is still a Lacy? ha?—Dolt that thou art, wilt thou not understand me? She is married to Damian de Lacy—to my nephew?"

The effort with which the Constable gave breath to this supposition formed a strange contrast to the constrained smile to which he compelled his features while he uttered it. With such a smile a man about to drink poison might name a health, as he put the fatal beverage to his lips.

"No, my lord—not married," answered the minstrel, with an emphasis on the word, which the Constable knew how to interpret.

"No, no," he replied quickly, "not married, perhaps, but engaged—troth-plighted. Wherefore not? The date of her old affiance was out, why not enter into a new engagement?"

"The Lady Eveline and Sir Damian de Lacy are not affianced that I know of," answered his attendant.

This reply drove De Lacy's patience to extremity.

"Dog! dost thou trifle with me?" he exclaimed: "Vile wire-pinchers, thou torturest me! Speak the worst at once, or I will presently make thee minstrel to the household of Satan."

Calm and collected did the minstrel reply,—*"The Lady Eveline and Sir Damian are neither married nor affianced, my lord. They have loved and lived together—par amour."*

"Dog, and son of a dog," said De Lacy, "thou liest!" And, seizing the minstrel by the breast, the exasperated baron shook him with his whole strength. But great as that strength was, it was unable to stagger Vidal, a practised wrestler, in the firm posture which he had assumed, any more than his master's wrath could disturb the composure of the minstrel's bearing.

"Confess thou hast lied," said the Constable, releasing him, after having, effected by his violence no greater degree of agitation than the exertion of human force produces upon the Rocking Stones of the Druids, which may be shaken, indeed, but not displaced.

"Were a lie to buy my own life, yea, the lives of all my tribe," said the minstrel, "I would not tell one. But truth itself is ever termed falsehood when it counteracts the train of our passions."

"Hear him, Philip Guarine, hear him!" exclaimed the Constable, turning hastily to his squire: "He tells me of my disgrace—of the dishonour of my house—of the depravity of those whom I have loved the best in the world—he tells me of it with a calm look, an eye composed, an unflinching tongue.—Is this—can it be natural? Is De Lacy sunk so low, that his dishonour shall be told by a common strolling minstrel, as calmly as if it were a theme for a vain ballad? Perhaps thou wilt make it one, ha!" as he concluded, darting a furious glance at the minstrel.

"Perhaps I might, my lord," replied the minstrel, "were it not that I must record therein the disgrace of Renault Vidal, who served a lord without either patience to bear insults and wrongs, or spirit to revenge them on the authors of his shame."

"Thou art right, thou art right, good fellow," said the Constable, hastily; "it is vengeance now alone which is left us—And yet upon whom?"

As he spoke, he walked shortly and hastily to and fro; and, becoming suddenly silent, stood still and wrung his hands with deep emotion.

"I told thee," said the minstrel to Guarine, "that my muse would find a tender part at last. Dost thou remember the bull fight we saw in Spain?—A thousand little darts perplexed and annoyed the noble animal, ere he received the last deadly thrust from the lance of the Moorish cavalier."

"Man, or fiend, be which thou wilt," replied Guarine, "that can thus drink in with pleasure, and contemplate at your ease, the misery of another, I bid thee beware of me! Utter thy cold-blooded taunts in some other ear; for if my tongue be blunt, I wear a sword that is sharp enough."

"Thou hast seen me among swords," answered the minstrel, "and knowest how little terror they have for such as I am." Yet as he spoke he drew off from the esquire. He had, in fact, only addressed him in that sort of fulness of heart, which would have vented itself in soliloquy if alone, and now poured itself out on the nearest auditor, without the speaker being entirely conscious of the sentiments which his speech excited.

Few minutes had elapsed before the Constable of Chester had regained the calm external semblance with which, until this last dreadful wound, he had borne all the inflictions of fortune. He turned towards his followers, and addressed the minstrel with his usual calmness, "Thou art right, good fellow," he said, "in what thou saidst to me but now, and I

forgive thee the taunt which accompanied thy good counsel. Speak out, in God's name, and speak to one prepared to endure the evil which God hath sent him. Certes, a good knight is best known in battle, and a Christian in the time of trouble and adversity."

The tone in which the Constable spoke seemed to produce a corresponding effect upon the deportment of his followers. The minstrel dropped at once the cynical and audacious tone in which he had hitherto seemed to tamper with the passions of his master; and in language simple and respectful, and which even approached to sympathy, informed him of the evil news which he had collected during his absence. It was indeed disastrous.

The refusal of the Lady Eveline Berenger to admit Monthermer and his forces into her castle, had of course given circulation and credence to all the calumnies which had been circulated to her prejudice, and that of Damian de Lacy; and there were many who, for various causes, were interested in spreading and supporting these slanders. A large force had been sent into the country to subdue the insurgent peasants; and the knights and nobles despatched for that purpose, failed not to avenge to the uttermost, upon the wretched plebeians, the noble blood which they had spilled during their temporary triumph.

The followers of the unfortunate Wenlock were infected with the same persuasion. Blamed by many for a hasty and cowardly surrender of a post which might have been defended, they endeavoured to vindicate themselves by alleging the hostile demonstrations of De Lacy's cavalry as the sole cause of their premature submission.

These rumours, supported by such interested testimony, spread wide and far through the land; and, joined to the undeniable fact that Damian had sought refuge in the strong castle of Garde Doloureuse, which was now defending itself against the royal arms, animated the numerous enemies of the house of De Lacy, and drove its vassals and friends almost to despair, as men reduced either to disown their feudal allegiance, or renounce that still more sacred fealty which they owed to their sovereign.

At this crisis they received intelligence that the wise and active monarch by whom the sceptre of England was then swayed, was moving towards that part of England, at the head of a large body of soldiers, for the purpose, at once of pressing the siege of the Garde Doloureuse, and, completing the suppression of the insurrection of the peasantry, which Guy Monthermer had nearly accomplished.

In this emergency, and when the friends and dependants of the House of Lacy scarcely knew which hand to turn to, Randal, the Constable's kinsman, and, after Damian, his heir, suddenly appeared amongst them, with a royal commission to raise and command such followers of the family as might not desire to be involved in the supposed treason of the Constable's delegate. In troublesome times, men's vices are forgotten, provided they display activity, courage, and prudence, the virtues then most required; and the appearance of Randal, who was by no means deficient in any of these attributes, was received as a good omen by the followers of his cousin. They quickly gathered around him, surrendered to the royal mandate such strong holds as they possessed, and, to vindicate themselves from any participation in the alleged crimes of Damian, they distinguished themselves, under Randal's command, against such scattered bodies of peasantry as still kept the field, or lurked in the mountains and passes; and conducted themselves with such severity after success, as made the troops even of Monthermer appear gentle and clement in comparison of those of De Lacy. Finally, with the banner of his ancient house displayed, and five hundred good men assembled under it, Randal appeared before the Garde Doloureuse, and joined Henry's camp there.

The castle was already hardly pressed, and the few defenders, disabled by wounds, watching, and privation, had now the additional discouragement to see displayed against their walls the only banner in England, under which they had hoped forces might be mustered for their aid.

The high-spirited entreaties of Eveline, unheeded by adversity and want, gradually lost effect on the defenders of the castle; and proposals for surrender were urged and discussed by a tumultuary council, in which not only the inferior officers, but many of the common men, had thrust themselves, as in a period of such general distress as unlocks all the bonds of discipline, and leaves each man at liberty to speak and act for himself. To their surprise, in the midst of their discussions, Damian de Lacy, arisen from the sick-bed to which he had been so long confined, appeared among them, pale and feeble, his cheek tinged with the ghastly look which is left by long illness—he leaned on his page Amelot. "Gentlemen," he said, "and soldiers—yet why should I call you either?—Gentlemen are ever ready to die in behalf of a lady—soldiers hold life in scorn compared to their honour."

"Out upon him! out upon him!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, interrupting him; "he would have us, who are innocent, die the death of traitors, and be hanged in our armour over the walls, rather than part with his leman."

"Peace, irreverent slave!" said Damian, in a voice like thunder, "or my last blow shall be a mean one, aimed against such a caittiff as thou art.—And yet," he continued, addressing the rest,—"you, who are shrinking from the toils of your profession, because if you persist in a course of honour, death may close them a few years sooner than it needs must—*you* who are scared like children at the sight of a death's head, do not suppose that Damian de Lacy would desire to shelter himself at the expense of those lives which you hold so dear. Make your bargain with King Henry. Deliver me up to his justice, or his severity; or, if you like it better, strike my head from my body, and hurl it, as a peace-offering, from the walls of the castle. To God, in his good time, will trust, for the clearance of mine honour. In a word, surrender me, dead or alive, or open the gates and permit me to surrender myself. Only, as ye are men, since I may not say better of ye, care at least for the safety of your mistress, and make such terms as may secure her safety, and save yourselves from the dishonour of being held cowardly and perjured caittifs in your graves."

"Methinks the youth speaks well and reasonably," said Wilkin Flammock. "Let us e'en make a game of surrendering his body up to the King, and accept thereby such terms as we can for ourselves and the lady, ere the last morsel of our provision is consumed."

"I would hardly have proposed this measure," said or rather mumbled, Father Aldrovand, who had recently lost four of his front teeth by a stone from a sling—"yet, being so generously offered by the party principally concerned, I hold with the learned scholast, *Volenti non fit injuria*."

"Priest and Fleming," said the old banner-man, Ralph Genvil, "I see how the wind stirreth you; but you deceive yourselves if you think to make our young master, Sir Damian, a scape-goat for your light lady Nay, never frown nor fume, Sir Damian; if you know not your safest course, we know it for you.—Followers of De Lacy, throw yourselves on your horses, and two men on one, if it be necessary—we will take the stubborn boy in the midst of us, and the dainty page Amelot shall be prisoner too, if he trouble us with his peevish opposition. Then let us make a fair play upon the siegers. Those who can cut their way through will shift well enough; those who fall, will be provided for."

A shout from the troopers of Lacy's band, approved this proposal. Whilst the followers of Berenger expostulated in loud and angry tone, Eveline, summoned by the tumult, in vain endeavoured to speak it; and the anger and entreaties of Damian were equally lost on his followers. To each and either his answer was the same.

"Have you no care of it—Because you love your amours, is it reasonable you should throw away your life and ours?" So exclaimed Genvil to De Lacy; and in softer language, but with equal obstinacy, the followers of Raymond Berenger refused on the present

occasion to listen to the commands or prayers of his daughter.

Wilkin Flammoek had retreated from the tumult, when he saw the turn which matters had taken. He left the castle by a sally-port, of which he had been intrusted with the key, and proceeded without observation or opposition to the royal camp, where he requested access to the Sovereign. This was easily obtained, and Wilkin speedily found himself in the presence of King Henry. The monarch was in his royal pavilion, attended by two of his sons, Richard and John, who afterwards swayed the sceptre of England with very different auspices.

"How now?—What art thou?" was the royal question.

"An honest man, from the castle of the Garde Doloureuse."

"Thou mayest be honest," replied the Sovereign, "but thou comest from a nest of traitors."

"Such as they are, my lord, it is my purpose to put them at your royal disposal; for they have no longer the wisdom to guide themselves, and lack alike prudence to hold out, and grace to submit. But I would first know of your grace to what terms you will admit the defenders of yonder garrison?"

"To such as kings give to traitors," said Henry, sternly—"sharp knives and tough cords."

"Nay, my gracious lord, you must be kinder than that amounts to, if the castle is to be rendered by my means; else will your cords and knives have only my poor body to work upon, and you will be as far as ever from the inside of the Garde Doloureuse."

The King looked at him fixedly. "Thou knowest," he said, "the law of arms. Here, provost-marshal, stands a traitor, and yonder stands a tree."

"And here is a throat," said the stout-hearted Fleming, unbuttoning the collar of his doublet.

"By mine honour," said Prince Richard, "a sturdy and faithful yeoman! It were better send such fellows their dinner, and then buffet it out with them for the castle, than to starve them as the beggarly Frenchmen furnish their hounds."

"Peace, Richard," said his father; "thy wit is over green, and thy blood over hot, to make thee my counsellor here.—And you, knave, speak your some reasonable terms, and we will not be over strict with thee."

"First, then," said the Fleming, "I stipulate full and free pardon for life, limb, body and goods, to me, Wilkin Flammoek, and my daughter Rose."

"A true Fleming," said Prince John; "he takes care of himself in the first instance."

"His request," said the King, "is reasonable.—What next?"

"Safety, in life, honour, and land, for the demoiselle Eveline Berenger."

"How, Sir Knave!" said the King, angrily, "is it for such as thou to dictate to our judgment or clemency in the case of a noble Norman lady? Confine thy mediation to such as thyself; or rather render us this castle without farther delay; and be assured thy doing so will be of more service to the traitors within, than weeks more of resistance, which must and shall be bootless."

The Fleming stood silent, unwilling to surrender without some specific terms, yet half convinced, from the situation in which he had left the garrison of the Garde Doloureuse, that his admitting the King's forces would be perhaps, the best he could do for Lady Eveline.

"I like thy fidelity, fellow," said the King, whose acute eye perceived the struggle in the Fleming's bosom; "but carry not thy stubbornness too far. Have we not said we will be gracious to yonder offenders, as far as our royal duty will permit?"

"And, royal father," said Prince John, interposing, "I pray you let me have the grace to take first possession of the Garde Doloureuse, and the wardship or forfeiture of the offending lady."

"I pray you also, my royal father, to grant John's boon," said his brother Richard, in a tone of mockery. "Consider, royal father, it is the first desire he hath shown to approach the barriers of the castle, though we have attacked them forty times at least. Marry,

crossbow and mangonel were busy on the former occasions, and it is like they will be silent now."

"Peace, Richard," said the King; "your words, aimed at thy brother's honour, pierce my heart!—John, thou hast thy boon as concerns the castle; for this unhappy young lady, we will take her in our own charge.—Fleming, how many men wilt thou undertake to admit?"

Ero Flammoek could answer, a squire approached Prince Richard, and whispered in his ear, yet so as to be heard by all present, "We have discovered that some internal disturbance, or other cause unknown, has withdrawn many of the warders from the castle walls, and that a sudden attack might!"

"Dost thou hear that, John?" exclaimed Richard. "Ladders, man—get ladders, and to the wall. How I should delight to see thee on the highest round—thy knees shaking—thy hands grasping convulsively, like those of one in an ague fit—all air around thee, save a baton or two of wood—the moat below—half-a-dozen pikes at thy throat!"

"Peace, Richard, for shame, if not for charity!" said his father, in a tone of anger, mingled with grief.

"And thou, John, get ready for the assault."

"As soon as I have put on my armour, father," answered the Prince; and withdrew slowly with a visage so blank as to promise no speed in his preparations.

His brother laughed as he retired, and said to his squire, "It were no bad jest, Alberick, to carry the place ere John can change his silk doublet for a steel one."

So saying, he hastily withdrew, and his father exclaimed in paternal distress, "Out, alas! as much too hot as his brother is too cold; but it is the manlier fault.—Gloucester," said he to that celebrated earl, "take sufficient strength, and follow Prince Richard to guard and sustain him. If any one can rule him, it must be a knight of thy established fame. Alas! alas! for what sin have I deserved the affliction of these cruel family feuds!"

"Be comforted, my lord," said the chancellor, who was also in attendance.

"Spoken out of comfort to a father, whose sons are at discord with each other, and agree only in their disobedience to him!"

Thus spoke Henry the Second, than whom no wiser, or, generally speaking, more fortunate monarch, ever sat upon the throne of England; yet whose life is a striking illustration, how family dissensions can tarnish the most brilliant lot to which Heaven permits humanity to aspire; and how little gratified ambition, extended power, and the highest reputation in war and in peace, can do towards curing the wounds of domestic affliction.

The sudden and fiery attack of Richard, who hastened to the escalade at the head of a score of followers, collected at random, had the complete effect of surprise; and having surmounted the walls with their ladders, before the contending parties within were almost aware of the assault, the assailants burst open the gates, and admitted Gloucester, who had hastily followed with a strong body of men-at-arms. The garrison, in their state of surprise, confusion, and disunion, offered but little resistance, and would have been put to the sword, and the place plundered, had not Henry himself entered it, and by his personal exertions and authority, restrained the excesses of the dissolute soldiery.

The King conducted himself, considering the times and the provocation, with laudable moderation. He contented himself with disarming and dismissing the common soldiers, giving them some trifle to carry them out of the country, lest want should lead them to form themselves into bands of robbers. The officers were more severely treated, being for the greater part thrown into dungeons, to abide the course of the law. In particular, imprisonment was the lot of Damian de Lacy, against whom, believing the various charges with which he was loaded, Henry was so highly incensed, that he purposed to make him an example to all false knights and disloyal subjects. To the Lady Eveline Berenger he assigned her own apartment as a prison, in which she was honourably

attended by Rose and Alice but guarded with the utmost strictness. It was generally reported that her demesnes would be declared a forfeiture to the crown, and bestowed, at least in part, upon Randal de Lacy, who had done good service during the siege. Her person, it was thought, was destined to the seclusion of some distant French nunnery, where she might at leisure repent her of her follies and her rashness.

Father Aldrovand was delivered up to the discipline of his convent, long experience having very effectually taught Henry the imprudence of infringing on the privileges of the church; although, when the King first beheld him with a rusty corslet clasped over his frock, he with difficulty repressed the desire to cause him to be hanged over the battlements, to preach to the ravens.

With Wilkin Flammock, Henry held much conference, particularly on the subject of manufactures and commerce; on which the sound-headed, though blunt-spoken Fleming, was well qualified to instruct an intelligent monarch. "Thy intentions," he said, "shall not be forgotten, good fellow, though they have been anticipated by the headlong valour of my son Richard, which has cost some poor caitiffs their lives—Richard loves not to sheathe a bloodless weapon. But thou and thy countrymen shall return to thy mills yonder, with a full pardon for past offences, so that you meddle no more with such treasonable matters."

"And our privileges and duties, my liege?" said Flammock. "Your Majesty knows well we are vassals to the lord of this castle, and must follow him in battle."

"It shall no longer be so," said Henry; "I will form a community of Flemings here, and thou, Flammock, shalt be Mayor, that thou mayest not plead feudal obedience for a relapse into treason."

"Treason, my liege!" said Flammock, longing yet scarce venturing, to interpose a word in behalf of Lady Eveline, for whom, despite the constitutional coolness of his temperament, he really felt much interest—"I would that your Grace but justly knew how many threads went to that woof."

"Peace, sirrah!—muddle with your loom," said Henry; "and if we deign to speak to thee concerning the mechanical arts which thou dost profess, take it for no warrant to intrude farther on our privacy."

The Fleming retired, rebuked, and in silence; and the fate of the unhappy prisoners remained in the King's bosom. He himself took up his lodging in the castle of the Garde Doloureuse, as a convenient station for sending abroad parties to suppress and extinguish all the embers of rebellion; and so active was Randal de Lacy on these occasions, that he appeared daily to rise in the King's grace, and was gratified with considerable grants out of the domains of Berenger and Lacy, which the King seemed already to treat as forfeited property. Most men considered this growing favour of Randal as a perilous omen, both for the life of young De Lacy, and for the fate of the unfortunate Eveline.

CHAPTER XXX.

A vow, a vow—I have a vow in Heaven.
Shall I bring perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.—*Mercutio* of Venice.

THE conclusion of the last chapter contains the tidings with which the minstrel greeted his unhappy master, Hugo de Lacy; not indeed with the same detail of circumstances with which we have been able to invest the narrative, but so as to infer the general and appalling facts, that his betrothed bride, and beloved and trusted kinsman, had leagued together for his dishonour—had raised the banner of rebellion against their lawful sovereign, and, failing in their audacious attempt, had brought the life of one of them, at least, into the most imminent danger, and the fortunes of the House of Lacy, unless some instant remedy could be found, to the very verge of ruin.

Vidal marked the countenance of his master as he spoke, with the same keen observation which the surgeon gives to the progress of his dissecting

knife. There was grief on the Constable's features—deep grief—but without the expression of abasement or prostration, which usually accompanies it; anger and shame were there—but they were both of a noble character, seemingly excited by his wife and nephew's transgressing the laws of allegiance, honour, and virtue, rather than by the disgrace and damage which he himself sustained thro' their crime.

The minstrel was so much astonished at this change of deportment, from the sensitive acuteness of agony which attended the beginning of his narrative, that he stepped back two paces, and gazing on the Constable with wonder mixed with admiration, exclaimed, "We have heard of martyrs in Palestine, but this exceeds them!"

"Wonder not so much, good friend," said the Constable, patiently; "it is the first blow of the lance's mace which pierces or stuns—those which follow are little felt!"

"Think, my lord," said Vidal, "all is lost—love, dominion, high office, and bright fame—so late a chief among nobles—now a poor palmer!"

"Wouldst thou make sport with my misery?" said Hugo, sternly; "but even that comes of course behind my back, and why should it not be endured when said to my face?—Know, then, minstrel, and put it in song if you list, that Hugo De Lacy, having lost all he carried to Palestine, and all which he let at home, is still lord of his own mind; and adversity can no more shake him, than the breeze which strips the oak of its leaves can tear up the trunk by the roots."

"Now, by the tomb of my father," said the minstrel, rapturously, "this man's nobleness is too much for my resolve!" and stepping hastily to the Constable, he knelt on one knee, and caught his hand more freely than the state maintained by men of De Lacy's rank usually permitted.

"Here," said Vidal, "on this hand—this noble hand—I renounce!"

But ere he could utter another word, Hugo de Lacy, who, perhaps, felt the freedom of the action as an intrusion on his fallen condition, pulled back his hand, and bid the minstrel, with a stern frown, and remember that misfortune made not De Lacy's fit personage for a mummy.

Renault Vidal rose rebuked. "I had forgot," he said, "the distance between an Armenian violer and a high Norman baron. I thought that the same depth of sorrow, the same burst of joy, levelled, for a moment at least, those artificial barriers by which men are divided. But it is well as it is. Live within the limits of your rank, as heretofore within your domain tower and your fosses, my lord, undisturbed by the sympathy of any mean man like me. I, too, have my duties to discharge."

"And now to the Garde Doloureuse," said the baron, turning to Philip Guarine—"God knoweth how well it deserveth the name!—there to learn, with our own eyes and ears, the truth of these woful tidings—Dismount, minstrel, and give me thy palfrey—I would, Guarine, that I had one for thee—as for Vidal, his attendance is less necessary. I will face my foes, and my misfortunes, like a man—that be assured of; and look not so sullen, knave—I will not forget old adherents."

"One of them, at least, will not forget you, my lord," replied the minstrel, with his usual dubious look of look and emphasis.

But just as the Constable was about to prick forwards, two persons appeared on the path, mounted on one horse, who, hidden by some dwarf-wood, had

* Such an expression is said to have been used by Hamlet the celebrated juggler, while in the act of being broken on the wheel. This dreadful punishment consisted in the executioner, with a bar of iron, breaking the shoulder-bone, arm, thigh-bones, and legs of the criminal, taking his arms and sides. The punishment is concluded by a blow across the breast, called the *coup de grace*, because it removes the sufferer from his agony. When Mandrin received the second blow over the left shoulder bone, he laughed. His confessor required the reason of demeanour so unbecoming his situation. "I only laugh at my own folly, my father," answered Mandrin, "who could suppose that sensibility of pain should come after the nervous system had been completely damaged by the first blow."

very near them without being perceived. They male and female; and the man, who rode foremost, was such a picture of famine, as the eyes of the men had scarce witnessed in all the wasted lands which they had travelled. His features, naturally sharp and thin, had disappeared almost entirely in the uncombed gray beard and hairs with which they were overshadowed; and it was but the tip of a long nose, that seemed as sharp as the point of a knife, and the twinkling sparkle of his gray which gave any intimation of his lineaments. Seated in the wide old boot which enclosed it, looked as if he had been left by chance in a pail—his legs were about the thickness of riding-rods—and parts of his person as were not concealed by the skin of a huntsman's cassock, seemed rather the ridges of a mummy than a live man.

A female who sat behind this spectre exhibited some symptoms of emaciation; but being a jolly dame naturally, famine had not been able to render her a spectacle so rueful as the anatomy beneath her rode. Dame Gillian's cheek (for it was the reader's old acquaintance) had indeed lost its hue of good cheer, and the smoothness of complexion which art and easy living had formerly bestowed for the more delicate bloom of youth; her cheeks were sunken, and had lost much of their bold rosy lustre; but she was still in some measure herself, and the remnants of former finery, together with the tight-drawn scarlet hose, though sorely worn, showed still a remnant of coquettish pretension.

As soon as she came within sight of the pilgrims, she began to punch Raoul with the end of her riding-whip.

"Try thy new trade, man, since thou art unfit for any other—to the good men—to them—crave their aid."

"Beg from beggars?"—muttered Raoul; "that hawking at sparrows, dame."

"I will bring our hand in use, though," said Gillian, and commenced, in a whining tone, "God love the good men, who have had the grace to go to the Land, and, what is more, have had the grace to come back again; I pray, bestow some of your alms on my poor old husband, who is a miserable object, as you see, and upon one who has the bad luck to be a sinner—Heaven help me!"

"Peace, woman, and hear what I have to say," said the Constable, laying his hand upon the bridle of the horse—"I have present occasion for that horse,

and the hunting-horn of St. Hubert, but thou art him not without blows," answered the old man. "A fine world it is, when palmerers turn thieves."

"Peace, fellow!" said the Constable, sternly—"I have occasion presently for the service of thy horse. Here be two gold bezants for a day's use of thee; it is well worth the fee-simple of him, he never returned."

"But the palfrey is an old acquaintance, master," said Raoul; "and if perchance?"

"But upon your *if* and *perchance* both," said the Constable, giving her husband so determined a thrust as nearly pushed him out of the saddle. "Off the horse, and thank God and this worthy man for the help he has sent us in extremity. What signifies the delay, when we have not enough to get food either for our brute or ourselves? not though we would pass and corn with him, like King Somebody, nor the good father used to read us to sleep."

"I'll truce with your prating, dame," said Raoul, giving his assistance to help her from the croupe; he preferred that of Guarine, who, though added in years, retained the advantage of his stoutly figure.

"Humbly thank your goodness," said she, as she first kissed her, the squire set her on the ground. "And, pray, sir, are ye come from the Holy Land?—Heard ye any tidings there of him that was table of Chester?"

Lacy, who was engaged in removing the pilgrim from behind the saddle, stopped short in his

task, and said, "Ha, dame! what would you with him?"

"A great deal, good palmer, and I could light on him; for his lands and offices are all to be given, it's like, to that false thief, his kinsman."

"What!—to Damian, his nephew?" exclaimed the Constable, in a harsh and hasty tone.

"Lord, how you startle me, sir!" said Gillian; then continued, turning to Philip Guarine, "Your friend is a hasty man, belike."

"It is the fault of the sun he has lived under so long," said the squire; "but look you answer his questions truly, and he will make it the better for you."

Gillian instantly took the hint. "Was it Damian de Lacy you asked after?—Alas! poor young gentleman! no offices or lands for him—more likely to have a gallows-cast, poor lad—and all for naught, as I am a true dame. Damian!—no, no, it is not Damian nor damson neither—but Randal Lacy, that must rule the roast, and have all the old man's lands, and livings, and lordships."

"What?" said the Constable—"before they know whether the old man is dead or no?—Methinks that were against law and reason both."

"Ay, but Randal Lacy has brought about less likely matters. Look you, he hath sworn to the King that they have true tidings of the Constable's death—ay, and let him alone to make them soothfast enough, if the Constable were once within his danger."

"Indeed!" said the Constable. "But you are forging tales on a noble gentleman. Come, come, dame, you say this because you like not Randal Lacy."

"Like him not?—And what reason have I to like him, I trow?" answered Gillian. "Is it because he seduced my simplicity to let him into the castle of the Garde Doloureuse—ay, oftener than once or twice either—when he was disguised as a pedlar, and told him all the secrets of the family, and how the boy Damian, and the girl Eveline, were dying of love with each other, but had not courage to say a word of it, for fear of the Constable, though he were a thousand miles off?—You seem concerned, worthy sir—may I offer your reverend worship a trifling sup from my bottle, which is sovereign for *tremor cordis* and fits of the spleen?"

"No, no," ejaculated De Lacy—"I was but grieved with the shooting of an old wound. But dame, I warrant me this Damian and Eveline, as you call them, became better, closer friends, in time?"

"They!—not they indeed, poor simpletons!" answered the dame; "they wanted some wise councillor to go between and advise them. For, look you, sir, if old Hugo be dead, as is most like, it were more natural that his bride and his nephew should inherit his lands, than this same Randal, who is but a distant kinsman, and forsworn traitor to boot.—Would you think it, reverend pilgrim, after the mountains of gold he promised me?—When the castle was taken, and he saw I could serve him no more, he called me old beldame, and spoke of the beadle and the cucking-stool.—Yes, reverend sir, old beldame and cucking-stool were his best words, when he knew I had no one to take my part, save old Raoul, who cannot take his own. But if grim old Hugh bring back his weather-beaten carcass from Palestine, and have but half the devil in him which he had when he was fool enough to go away, Saint Mary, but I will do his kinsman's office to him!"

There was a pause when she had done speaking.

"Thou say'st at length exclaimed the Constable, "that Damian de Lacy and Eveline love each other, yet are unconscious of guilt, or falsehood, or ingratitude to me—I would say, to their relative in Palestine?"

"Love, sir!—in troth and so it is—they do love each other," said Gillian; "but it is like angels—or like lambs—or like fools, if you will; for they would never so much as have spoken together, but for a prank of that same Randal Lacy's."

"How!" demanded the Constable—"a prank of Randal's?—What motive had he that these two should meet?"

"Nay, their meeting was none of his seeking; but

he had formed a plan to carry off the Lady Eveline himself, for he was a wild rover, this same Randal; and so he came disguised as a merchant of falcons, and trained out my old stupid Raoul, and the Lady Eveline, and all of us, as if to have an hour's mirth in hawking at the heron. But he had a band of Welsh kites in readiness to pounce upon us; and but for the sudden making in of Damian to our rescue, it is undesirable to think what might have come of us; and Damian being hurt in the onslaught, was carried to the Garde Douloureuse in mere necessity; and but to save his life, it is my belief my lady would never have asked him to cross the drawbridge, even if he had offered."

"Woman," said the Constable, "think what thou say'st! If thou hast done evil in these matters heretofore, as I suspect from thine own story, think not to put it right by a train of new falsehoods, merely from spite at missing thy reward."

"Palmer," said old Raoul, with his broken-toned voice, cracked by many a halloo, "I am wont to leave the business of tale-bearing to my wife Gillian, who will tongue-pad it with any shrew in Christendom. But thou speak'st like one having some interest in these matters, and therefore I will tell thee plainly, that although this woman has published her own shame in avowing her correspondence with that same Randal Lacy, yet what she has said is true as the gospel; and, were it my last word, I would say that Damian and the lady Eveline are innocent of all treason and all dishonesty, as is the babe unborn.—But what avails what the like of us say, who are even driven to the very begging for mere support, after having lived at a good house, and in a good lord's service—blessing be with him!"

"But hark you," continued the Constable, "are there left no ancient servants of the house, that could speak out as well as you?"

"Humph!" answered the huntsman—"men are not willing to babble when Randal Lacy is cracking his thigh above their heads. Many are slain, or starved to death—some disposed of—some spirited away. But there are the weaver Flammock and his daughter Rose, who know as much of the matter as we do."

"What!—Wilkin Flammock, the stout Netherlander?" said the Constable; "he and his blunt but true daughter Rose?—I will venture my life on their faith. Where dwell they?—What has been their lot amidst these changes?"

"And in God's name who are you that ask these questions?" said Dame Gillian. "Husband, husband—we have been too free; there is something in that look and that tone which I should remember."

"Yes, look at me more fixedly," said the Constable, throwing back the hood which had hitherto in a great degree obscured his features.

"On your knees—on your knees, Raoul!" exclaimed Gillian, dropping on her own at the same time; "it is the Constable himself, and he has heard me call him old Hugh!"

"It is all that is left of him who was the Constable, at least," replied De Lacy; "and old Hugh willingly forgives your freedom, in consideration of your good nows. Where are Flammock and his daughter?"

"Rose is with the Lady Eveline, said Dame Gillian; "her ladyship, belike, chose her for bower-woman in place of me, although Rose was never fit to attire so much as a Dutch doll."

"The faithful girl!" said the Constable. "And where is Flammock?"

"Oh, for him, he has pardon and favour from the King," said Raoul; "and is at his own house, with his rabble of weavers, close beside the Battle-bridge, as they now call the place where your lordship quelled the Welsh."

"Thither will I then," said the Constable; "and will then see what welcome King Henry of Anjou has for an old servant. You two must accompany me."

"My lord," said Gillian, with hesitation, "you know poor folk are little thanked for interference with great men's affairs. I trust your lordship will be able

to protect us if we speak the truth; and that you will not look back with displeasure on what I did, acting for the best."

"Peace, dame, with a wamion to ye!" said Raoul. "Will you think of your own old sinful career, when you should be saving your sweet young mistress from shame and oppression?—And for thy ill-tipsy and worse practices, his lordship knows they are laid in the bone of thee."

"Peace, good fellow!" said the Constable; "we will not look back on thy wife's errors, and your fidelity shall be rewarded.—For you, my faithful followers," he said, turning towards Guanine and Vidal, "when De Lacy shall receive his rights, of which I doubt nothing, his first wish shall be to reward your fidelity."

"Mine, such as it is, has been and shall be, its own reward," said Vidal. "I will not accept favours for him in prosperity, who, in adversity, refused me his hand—our account stands yet open."

"Go to, thou art a fool; but thy profession hath privilege to be humorous," said the Constable, whose weatherbeaten and homely features looked even braver, when animated by gratitude to Heaven and benevolence towards mankind. "We will meet," he said, "at Battle-bridge, an hour before vesper—I shall have much achieved before that time."

"The space is short," said his esquire.

"I have won a battle in yet shorter," replied the Constable.

"In which," said the minstrel, "many a man has died that thought himself well assured of life and victory."

"Even so shall my dangerous cousin Randal for his schemes of ambition blighted," answered the Constable; and rode forwards, accompanied by Raoul and his wife, who had remounted their palfrey, while the minstrel and esquire followed a-foot, and, of course, much more slowly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Oh, fear not, fear not, good Lord Johe.
That I would you betray.
Or sue requital for a debt,
Which nature cannot pay."

"Bear witness, all ye sacred powers—
Ye lights that 'gin to shine—
This night shall prove the sacred tie
That binds your faith and mine."

Ancient Scottish Ballad.

Left behind by their master, the two dependants of Hugh de Lacy marched on in sullen silence. He, who disliked and distrusted each other, though bound to one common service, and partners, therefore, in the same hopes and fears. The dislike, indeed, was chiefly upon Guanine's side; for nothing could be more indifferent to Renauld Vidal than was his companion, farther than as he was conscious that he loved him not, and was not unlikely, so far as lay in his power, to thwart some plans which he had next at heart. He took little notice of his companion, he hummed over to himself, as for the exercise of his memory, romances and songs, many of which were composed in languages which Guanine, who had an ear for his native Norman, did not understand.

They had proceeded together in this sullen manner for nearly two hours, when they were met by a groom on horseback, leading a saddled palfrey. "Pilgrims," said the man, after looking at them with some attention, "which of you is called Philip Guanine?"

"I, for fault of a better," said the esquire, "rightly that name."

"Thy lord, in that case, commends him to you, and bids the groom; and sends you this token, by which you shall know that I am his true messenger."

He showed the esquire a rosary, which Philip instantly recognised as that used by the Constable.

"I acknowledge the token," he said, "as your master's pleasure."

"He bids me say," replied the rider, "that he thrives as well as is possible, and that this very evening, by time that the sun sets, he will be possessed of his own. He desires, therefore, you will mount this palfrey

frey, and come with me to the Garde Doloureuse, as your presence will be wanted there."

"It is well, and I obey him," said the esquire, much pleased with the import of the message, and not dissatisfied at being separated from his travelling companion.

"And what charge for me?" said the minstrel, addressing the messenger.

"If you, as I guess, are the minstrel, Renault Vidal, you are to abide your master at the Battle-bridge, according to the charge formerly given."

"I will meet him, as in duty bound," was Vidal's answer; and scarce was it uttered, ere the two horsemen, turning their backs on him, rode briskly forward, and were speedily out of sight.

It was now four hours past noon, and the sun was declining, yet there was more than three hours' space to the time of rendezvous, and the distance from the place did not now exceed four miles. Vidal, therefore, either for the sake of rest or reflection, withdrew from the path into a thicket on the left hand, from which gushed the waters of a streamlet, fed by a small fountain that bubbled up amongst the trees. Here the traveller sat himself down, and with an air which seemed unconscious of what he was doing, bent his eye on the little sparkling font for more than half an hour, without change of posture; so that he might, in Pagan times, have represented the statue of a water-god bending over his urn, and attentive only to the supplies which it was pouring forth. At length, however, he seemed to recall himself from this state of deep abstraction, drew himself up, and took some coarse food from his pilgrim's scrip, as if suddenly reminded that life is not supported without means. But he had probably something at his heart which affected his throat or appetite. After a vain attempt to swallow a morsel, he threw it from him in disgust, and applied him to a small flask, in which he had some wine or other liquor. But seemingly this also turned distasteful, for he threw from him both scrip and bottle, and bending down to the spring, drank deeply of the pure element, bathed in it his hands and face, and arising from the fountain apparently refreshed, moved slowly on his way, singing as he went, but in a low and saddened tone, wild fragments of ancient poetry, in a tongue equally ancient.

Journeying on in this melancholy manner, he at length came in sight of the Battle-bridge; near to which arose, in proud and gloomy strength, the celebrated castle of the Garde Doloureuse. "Here, then," he said—"here, then, I am to await the proud De Lacy. Be it so, in God's name!—he shall know me better ere we part."

So saying, he strode, with long and resolved steps, across the bridge, and ascending a mound which arose on the opposite side at some distance, he gazed for a time upon the scene beneath—the beautiful river, rich with the reflected tints of the western sky—the trees, which were already brightened to the eye, and saddened to the fancy, with the hue of autumn—and the larksome walls and towers of the feudal castle, from which, at times, flashed a glimpse of splendour, as some sentinel's arms caught and gave back a transient ray of the setting sun.

The countenance of the minstrel which had hitherto been dark and troubled, seemed softened by the quiet of the scene. He threw loose his pilgrim's dress, yet offering part of its dark folds to hang around him mantle-wise; under which appeared his minstrel's abard. He took from his side a *rote*, and striking, from time to time, a Welsh descendant, sung at others a lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that xcurusive symbolical style of poetry, which Taliesin, Jewerch Hen, and other bards, had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.

"I asked of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords'
and she replied, 'The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.'"

A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
as they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood

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The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rageth the mountain;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,
'Wherefore glowest thou longer than the firebrand?'—
'I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.'
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"I asked the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag?
And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

More of the same wild images were thrown out, each bearing some analogy, however fanciful and remote, to the theme, which occurred like a chorus at the close of each stanza; so that the poetry resembled a piece of music, which, after repeated excursions through fanciful variations, returns ever and anon to the simple melody which is the subject of ornament.

As the minstrel sung, his eyes were fixed on the bridge and its vicinity; but when, near the close of his chant, he raised up his eyes towards the distant towers of the Garde Doloureuse, he saw that the gates were opened, and that there was a mustering of guards and attendants without the barriers, as if some expedition were about to set forth, or some person of importance to appear on the scene. At the same time, glancing his eyes around, he discovered that the landscape, so solitary when he first took his seat on the gray stone from which he overlooked it, was now becoming filled with figures.

During his reverie, several persons, solitary and in groups, men, women, and children, had begun to assemble themselves on both sides of the river, and were loitering there, as if expecting some spectacle. There was also much busting at the Fleming's mill, which, though at some distance, were also completely under his eye. A procession seemed to be arranging itself there, which soon began to move forward, with pipo and tabor, and various other instruments of music, and soon approached, in regular order, the place where Vidal was seated.

It appeared the business in hand was of a pacific character; for the gray-bearded old men of the little settlement, in their decent russet gowns, came first after the rustic band of music, walking in ranks of three and three, supported by their staves, and regulating the motion of the whole procession by their sober and staid pace. After these fathers of the settlement came Wilkin Flammock, mounted on his mighty war-horse, and in complete armour, save his head, like a vassal prepared to do military service for his lord. After him followed, and in battle rank, the flower of the little colony, consisting of thirty men, well armed and appointed, whose steady march, as well as their clean and glittering armour, showed steadiness and discipline, although they lacked alike the fiery glance of the French soldiery, or the look of dogged defiance which characterized the English, or the wild ecstatic impetuosity of eye which then distinguished the Welsh. The mothers and the maidens of the colony came next; then followed the children, with faces as chubby, and features as serious, and steps as grave, as their parents; and last, as a rear-guard, came the youths from fourteen to twenty, armed with light lances, bows, and similar weapons becoming their age.

This procession wheeled around the base of the mound or embankment on which the minstrel was seated; crossed the bridge with the same slow and regular pace, and formed themselves into a double line, facing inwards, as if to receive some person of consequence, or witness some ceremonial. Flammock remained at the extremity of the avenue thus formed by his countrymen, and quietly, yet earnestly engaged in making arrangements and preparations.

In the mean while, stragglers of different countries

began to draw together, apparently brought there by mere curiosity, and formed a motley assemblage at the farther end of the bridge, which was that nearest to the castle. Two English peasants passed very near the stone on which Vidal sat.—“Wilt thou sing us a song, minstrel,” said one of them, “and here is a tester for thee?” throwing into his hat a small silver coin.

“I am under a vow,” answered the minstrel, “and may not practise the gay science at present.”

“Or you are too proud to play to English churls,” said the elder peasant, “for thy tongue smacks of the Norman.”

“Keep the coin, nevertheless,” said the younger man. “Let the palmer have what the minstrel refuses to earn.”

“I pray you reserve your bounty, kind friend,” said Vidal, “I need it not;—and tell me of your kindness, instead, what matters are going forward here.”

“Why, know you not that we have got our Constable De Lacy again, and that he is to grant solemn investiture to the Flemish weavers of all these fine things Harry of Anjou has given?—Had Edward the Confessor been alive, to give the Netherland knaves their gerdon, it would have been a cast of the gallows-tree. But come, neighbour, we shall lose the show.”

So saying, they pressed down the hill.

Vidal fixed his eyes on the gates of the distant castle; and the remote waving of banners, and mustering of men on horseback, though imperfectly seen at such a distance, apprised him that one of note was about to set forth at the head of a considerable train of military attendants. Distant flourishes of trumpets, which came faintly yet distinctly on his ear, seemed to attest the same. Presently he perceived, by the dust which began to arise in columns betwixt the castle and the bridge, as well as by the nearer sound of the clarions, that the troop was advancing towards him in procession.

Vidal, on his own part, seemed as if irresolute whether to retain his present position, where he commanded a full but remote view of the whole scene, or to obtain a nearer but more partial one, by involving himself in the crowd which now closed around on either hand of the bridge, unless where the avenue was kept open by the armed and arrayed Flemings.

A monk next hurried past Vidal, and on his inquiring as formerly the cause of the assembly, answered in a muttering tone, from beneath his hood, that it was the Constable De Lacy, who, as the first act of his authority, was then and there to deliver to the Flemings a royal charter of their immunities.

“He is in haste to exercise his authority, methinks,” said the minstrel.

“He that has just gotten a sword is impatient to draw it,” replied the monk, who added more which the minstrel understood imperfectly; for Father Aldrovand had not recovered the injury which he had received during the siege.

Vidal, however, understood him to say, that he was to meet the Constable there, to beg his favourable intercession.

“I also will meet him,” said Renault-Vidal, rising suddenly from the stone which he occupied.

“Follow me then,” mumbled the priest; “the Flemings know me, and will let me forward.”

But Father Aldrovand being in disgrace, his influence was not so potent as he had flattered himself; and both he and the minstrel were jostled to and fro in the crowd, and separated from each other.

Vidal, however, was recognised by the English peasants who had before spoke to him. “Canst thou do any jugglers’ feats, minstrel?” said one. “Thou mayst earn a fair largess, for our Norman masters love *jonglerie*.”

“I know but one,” said Vidal, “and I will show it, if you will yield me some room.”

They crowded a little off from him, and gave him time to throw aside his bonnet, bare his legs and knees, by stripping off the leathern buskins which swathed them, and retaining only his sandals. He then tied a parti-coloured handkerchief around his swarthy and sunburnt hair, and casting off his upper

doublet, showed his brawny and nervous arms, naked to the shoulder.

But while he amused those immediately about him with these preparations, a commotion and rush among the crowd, together with the close sound of trumpets answered by all the Flemish instruments of music, as well as the shouts in Norman and English, of “Long live the gallant Constable!—Our Lady for the bat De Lacy!” announced that the Constable was close at hand.

Vidal made incredible exertions to approach the leader of the procession, whose morion, distinguished by its lofty plumes, and right hand holding his truncheon or leading-staff, was all he could see, on account of the crowd of officers and armed men around him. At length his exertions prevailed, and he came within three yards of the Constable, who was then in a small circle which had been with difficulty kept clear for the purpose of the ceremonial of the day. His back was towards the minstrel, and he was in the act of bending from his horse to deliver the royal charter to Wilkin Flammock, who had knelt on one knee to receive it the more reverentially. His discharge of this duty occasioned the Constable to stoop so low that his plume seemed in the act of mixing with the flowing mane of his noble charger.

At this moment, Vidal throw himself with singular agility, over the heads of the Flemings who guarded the circle; and, ere an eye could twinkle, his right knee was on the croupe of the Constable’s horse—the grasp of his left hand on the collar of De Lacy’s buff-coat; then, clinging to his prey like a tiger after its leap, he drew, in the same instant of time, a short sharp dagger—and buried it in the back of the neck just where the spine, which was severed by the stroke, serves to convey to the trunk of the human body the mysterious influences of the brain. The blow was struck with the utmost accuracy of aim and strength of arm. The unhappy horseman dropped from his saddle, without groan or struggle, like a bull in the amphitheatre, under the steel of the torridor; and in the same saddle sat his murderer brandishing the bloody poniard, and urging the horse to speed.

There was indeed a possibility of his having achieved his escape, so much were those around paralyzed for the moment by the suddenness and audacity of the enterprise; but Flammock’s presence of mind did not forsake him—he seized the horse by the bridle, and, aided by those who wanted but an example, made the rider prisoner, bound his arms and called aloud that he must be carried before King Henry. This proposal, uttered in Flammock’s strong and decided tone of voice, silenced a thousand whines of murder and treason which had arisen within the different and hostile natives, of which the crowd was composed, threw upon each other reciprocal charges of treachery.

All the streams, however, now assembled in a channel, and poured with unanimous assent towards the Garde Doloureuse, excepting a few of the numbered nobleman’s train, who remained to transport their master’s body, in decent solemnity of mourning from the spot which he had sought with so much pomp and triumph.

When Flammock reached the Garde Doloureuse he was readily admitted with his prisoner, and such witnesses as he had selected to prove the execution of the crime. To his request of an audience he was answered, that the King had commanded that he should be admitted to him for some time; yet “singular were the tidings of the Constable’s slayer; that the captain of the guard ventured to interfere Henry’s privacy, in order to communicate that evil and returned with orders that Flammock and the prisoner should be instantly admitted to the royal apartment. Here they found Henry attended by several persons, who stood respectfully behind the royal seat, in a darkened part of the room. When Flammock entered, his large bulk and massive limbs were strangely contrasted with cheeks pale with horror at what he had just witnessed, and with awe at finding himself in the royal presence-chamber. Beside him stood his prisoner, undaunted by the

situation in which he was placed. The blood of his victim, which had spirted from the wound, was visible on his bare limbs and his scanty garments; but particularly upon his brow, and the handkerchief with which it was bound.

Henry gazed on him with a stern look, which the other not only endured without dismay, but seemed to return with a frown of defiance.

"Does no one know this calf?" said Henry, looking around him.

There was no immediate answer until Philip Guarine, stepping from the group which stood behind the royal chair, said, though with hesitation, "So please you, my liege, but for the strange guise in which he is now arrayed, I should say there was a household minstrel of my master, by name Renault Vidal."

"Thou art deceived, Norman," replied the minstrel; "my menial place and base lineage were but assumed—I am Cadwallon the Briton—Cadwallon of the Nine Lays—Cadwallan the chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powys-land—and his avenger!"

As he uttered the last word, his looks encountered those of a palmer, who had gradually advanced from the recess in which the attendants were stationed, and now confronted him.

The Welshman's eyes looked so eagerly ghastly as if flying from their sockets, while he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, "Do the dead come before monarchs?—Or, if thou art alive, whom have I slain?—I dreamed not, surely, of that bound, and of that home blow?—yet thy victim stands before me! Have I not slain the Constable of Chester?"

"Thou hast indeed slain the Constable," answered the King; "but know, Welshmen, it was Randal de Lacy, on whom that charge was this morning conferred, by our belief of our loyal and faithful Hugh de Lacy's having been lost upon his return from the Holy Land, as the vessel in which he had taken passage was reported to have suffered shipwreck. Thou hast cut short Randal's brief elevation but by a few hours; for to-morrow's sun would have again seen him without land or lordship."

The prisoner dropped his head on his bosom in evident despair. "I thought," he murmured "that he had changed his slough, and come forth so glorious all too soon. May the eyes drop out that were cheated with those baubles, a plumed cap and a lacquered baton!"

"I will take care, Welshman, thine eyes cheat thee not again," said the King, sternly; "before the night is an hour older, they shall be closed on all that is earthly."

"May I request of your nobleness," said the Constable, "that you will permit me to ask the unhappy man a few questions?"

"When I have demanded of him myself," said the King, "why he has dipt his hand in the blood of a noble Norman."

"Because he at whom I aimed my blow," said the Briton, his eye glancing fiercely from the King to De Lacy, and back, "had spilled the blood of the descendant of a thousand kings; to which his own gore, or thine, proud Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the silver fountain."

Henry's eye menaced the audacious speaker; but the King rained in his wrath when he beheld the imploring look of his servant.—"What wouldst thou ask of him?" he said; "be brief, for his time is short."

"So please you my liege, I would but demand wherefore he has for years forborne to take the life he aimed at, when it was in his power—nay, when it must have been lost but for his seemingly faithful service?"

"Norman," said Cadwallon, "I will answer thee. When I first took upon me thy service, it was well my purpose to have slain thee that night. There stands the man," pointing to Philip Guarine, "to whose vigilance thou owedst thy safety."

"Indeed," said De Lacy, "I do remember some indications of such a purpose; but why didst thou forego it, when following opportunities put it in thy power?"

"When the slayer of my Sovereign became God's soldier," answered Cadwallon, "and served his cause in Palestine, he was safe from my earthly vengeance."

"A wonderful forbearance on the part of a Welsh assassin!" said the King, scornfully.

"Ay," answered Cadwallon; "and which certain Christian princes have scarce attained to, who have never neglected the chance of pillage or conquest afforded by the absence of a rival in the Holy Crusade."

"Now, by the Holy Rood!"—said Henry, on the point of bursting out, for the insult affected him peculiarly, but, suddenly stopping, he said, with an air of contempt, "To the gallows with the knave!"

"But one other question," said De Lacy, "Renault, or by whatever name thou art called. Ever since my return thou hast rendered me service inconsistent with thy stern resolution upon my life—thou didst aid me in my shipwreck—and didst guide me safely through Wales, where my name would have insured my death; and all this after the crusade was accomplished?"

"I could explain thy doubt," said the bard, "but that it might be thought I was pleading for my life."

"Hesitate not for that," said the King; "for were our Holy Father to intercede for thee, his prayer were in vain."

"Well then," said the bard, "know the truth—I was too proud to permit either woe or Welshman to share in my revenge. Know also, what is perhaps Cadwallon's weakness—use and habit had divided my feelings towards De Lacy, between aversion and admiration. I still contemplated my revenge, but as something which I might never complete, and which seemed rather an image in the clouds, than an object to which I must one day draw near.—And when I beheld thee," he said, turning to De Lacy, "this very day so determined, so sternly resolved, to bear thy impending fate like a man—that you seemed to me to resemble the last tower of a ruined palace, still holding its head to heaven, when its walls of splendour, and its bowers of delight, lay in desolation around—may I perish, I said to myself in secret, ere I perfect its ruin! Yes, De Lacy, then, even then—but some hours since—hadst thou accepted my proffered hand, I had served thee as never follower served master. You rejected it with scorn—and yet notwithstanding that insult, it required that I should have seen you, as I thought, trampling over the field in which you slew my master, in the full pride of Norman insolence, to animate my resolution to strike the blow, which, meant for you, has slain at least one of your usurping race.—I will answer no more questions—lead on to axe or gallows—it is indifferent to Cadwallon—my soul will soon be with my free and noble ancestry, and with my beloved and royal patron!"

"My liege and prince," said De Lacy, bending his knee to Henry, "can you hear this, and refuse your ancient servant one request?—Spare this man!—Extinguish not such a light, because it is devious and wild."

"Rise, rise, De Lacy, and shame thee of thy petition!" said the King. "Thy kinsman's blood—the blood of a noble Norman, is on the Welshman's hands and brow. As I am a crowned King, he shall die ere it is wiped off.—Here! have him to present execution!"

Cadwallon was instantly withdrawn under a guard. The Constable seemed, by action rather than words, to continue his intercession.

"Thou art mad, De Lacy—thou art mad, mine old and true friend, to urge me thus," said the King, compelling De Lacy to rise. "Seest thou not that my care in this matter is for thee?—This Randal, by largesses and promises, hath made many friends, who will not, perhaps, easily again be brought to your allegiance, returning, as thou dost, diminished in power and wealth. Had he lived, we might have had hard work to deprive him entirely of the power which he had acquired. We thank the Welsh assassin who hath rid us of him; but his adherents would cry foul play were the murderer spared. When blood is paid for blood, all will be forgotten, and their loyalty

will once more flow in its proper channel to thee, their lawful lord."

Hugo de Lacy arose from his knees, and endeavoured respectfully to combat the politic reasons of his wily sovereign, which he plainly saw were resorted to less for his sake than with the prudent purpose of effecting the change of feudal authority, with the least possible trouble to the country or Sovereign.

Henry listened to De Lacy's arguments patiently, and combated them with temper, until the death-drum began to beat, and the castle bell to toll. He then led De Lacy to the window; on which, for it was now dark, a strong ruddy light began to gleam from without. A body of men-at-arms, each holding in his hand a blazing torch, were returning along the terrace from the execution of the wild but high-souled Briton, with cries of "Long live King Henry! and so perish all enemies of the gentle Norman men!"

CONCLUSION.

A sun hath set—a star hath risen,
O, Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.

COLLIERIDGE.

POPULAR fame had erred in assigning to Eveline Berenger, after the capture of her castle, any confinement more severe than that of her aunt the Lady Abbess of the Cistercians' convent afforded. Yet that was severe enough; for maiden aunts, whether abbesses or no, are not tolerant of the species of errors of which Eveline was accused; and the innocent damsel was brought in many ways to eat her bread in shame of countenance and bitterness of heart.—Every day of her confinement was rendered less and less endurable by taunts, in the various forms of sympathy, consolation, and exhortation; but which, stript of their assumed forms, were undisguised anger and insult. The company of Rose was all which Eveline had to sustain her under these inflictions, and that was at length withdrawn on the very morning when so many important events took place at the Garde Doloureuse.

The unfortunate young lady inquired in vain of a grim-faced nun, who appeared in Rose's place to assist her to dress, why her companion and friend was debarred attendance. The nun observed on that score an obstinate silence, but threw out many hints on the importance attached to the vain ornaments of a frail child of clay, and on the hardship that even a spouse of Heaven was compelled to divert her thoughts from her higher duties, and condescend to fasten clasps and adjust veils.

The Lady Abbess, however, told her niece after matins, that her attendant had not been withdrawn from her for a space only, but was likely to be shut up in a house of the severest profession, for having afforded her mistress assistance in receiving Damian de Lacy into her sleeping apartment at the castle of Baldringham.

A soldier of De Lacy's band, who had hitherto kept what he had observed a secret, being off his post that night, had now in Damian's disgrace found he might benefit himself by telling the story. This new blow, so unexpected, so afflictive—this new charge, which it was so difficult to explain, and so impossible utterly to deny, seemed to Eveline to seal Damian's fate and her own; while the thought that she had involved in ruin her single-hearted and high-souled attendant, was all that had been wanting to produce a state which approached to the apathy of despair. "Think of me what you will," she said to her aunt, "I will no longer defend myself—say what you will. I will no longer reply—carry me where you will. I will no longer resist—God will, in his good time, clear my fame—may he forgive my persecutors!"

After this, and during several hours of that unhappy day, the Lady Eveline, pale, cold, silent, glided from chapel to refectory, from refectory to chapel again, at the slightest beck of the Abbess or her official sisters, and seemed to regard the various privations, penances, admonitions, and reprobations, of which she, in the course of that day, was subjected to an extraordinary share, no more than a marble statue minds the incle-

mency of the external air, or the rain-drops which fall upon it, though they must in time waste and consume it.

The Abbess, who loved her niece, although her affection showed itself often in a vexatious manner, became at length alarmed—countermanded her orders for removing Eveline to an inferior cell—attended herself to see her laid in bed, (in which, as in every thing else, the young lady seemed entirely passive) and, with something like reviving tenderness, kissed and blessed her on leaving the apartment. Slight is the mark of kindness was, it was unexpected, and like the rod of Moses, opened the hidden fountains of waters. Eveline wept, a resource which had been that day denied to her—she prayed—and, finally, sobbed herself to sleep, like an infant, with a mind somewhat tranquillized by having given way to this tide of natural emotion.

She awoke more than once in the night to recall mingled and gloomy dreams of cells and of castles, of funerals and of bridals, of coronets and of racks and gibbets; but towards morning she fell into sleep more sound than she had hitherto enjoyed, and her visions partook of its soothing character. The Lady of the Garde Doloureuse seemed to smile on her amid her dreams, and to promise her votaries protection. The shade of her father was there also; and with the boldness of a dreamer, she saw the paternal resemblance with awe, but without fear; his lips moved, and she heard words—their import she did not fully comprehend, save that they spoke of hope, consolation, and approaching happiness. There also glided in, with bright blue eyes fixed upon hers, dressed in a tunic of saffron-coloured silk, with a mantle of cerulean blue of antique fashion, the form of a female, replenished in that delicate species of beauty which attends the fairest complexion. It was, she thought, the Britons' Vanda; but her countenance was no longer resentful—her long yellow hair flew not loose on her shoulders, but was mysteriously braided with oak and mistletoe; above all, her right hand was gracefully disposed under her mantle; and it was an unmutated, unsoftened, and beautifully formed hand which crossed the brow of Eveline. Yet, under these assurances of favour, a thrill of fear passed over her as the vision seemed to repeat, or chant,

"Widow'd wife and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd,
All is done that has been said!
Vanda's wrong has been y-wroken—
Take her pardon by this token."

She bent down, as if to kiss Eveline, who started at that instant, and then awoke. Her hand was gently pressed, by one as pure and white as her own. The blue eyes and fair hair of a lovely female face, with half-veiled bosom and dishevelled locks, flung through her vision, and indeed its lips approached to those of the lovely sleeper at the moment of her awakening; but it was Rose in whose arms her mistress found herself pressed, and who moistened her face with tears, as in a passion of affection she covered it with kisses.

"What means this, Rose?" said Eveline; "thine God, you are restored to me!—But what mean these bursts of weeping?"

"Let me weep—let me weep," said Rose; "it is long since I have wept for joy, and long, I trust, will be ere I again weep for sorrow. News are come on the spur from the Garde Doloureuse—Amelot brought them—he is at liberty—so is his master, and in high favour with Henry. Hear yet more, but be not nettled it too hastily—You grow pale."

"No, no," said Eveline; "go on—go on—I think I understand you—I think I do."

"The villain Randal de Lacy, the master-mover of all our sorrows, will plague you no more; he was cast by an honest Welshman, and grieved and I that he have hanged the poor man for his good service. Above all, the stout old Constable is himself returned from Palestine, as worthy, and somewhat wiser, than he was; for it is thought he will renounce his contract with your ladyship."

"Silly girl," said Eveline, crimsoning as high as

she had been before pale, "jest not amidst such a tale.—But can this be reality?—Is Randal indeed slain?—and the Constable returned?"

These were hasty and hurried questions, answered as hastily and confusedly, and broken with ejaculations of surprise and thanks to Heaven, and to Our Lady, until the ecstasy of delight sobered down into a sort of tranquil wonder.

Mean while Damian Lacy also had his explanations to receive, and the mode in which they were conveyed had something remarkable. Damian had for some time been an inhabitant of what our age would have termed a dungeon, but which, in the ancient days, they called a prison. We are perhaps censurable in making the dwelling and the food of acknowledged and convicted guilt more comfortable and palatable than what the parties could have gained by any exertions when at large, and supporting themselves by honest labour; but this is a venial error compared to that of our ancestors, who, considering a charge and a conviction as synonymous, treated the accused before sentence in a manner which would have been of itself a severe punishment after he was found guilty. Damian, therefore, notwithstanding his high birth and distinguished rank, was confined after the manner of the most atrocious criminal, was heavily fettered, fed on the coarsest food, and experienced only this alleviation, that he was permitted to indulge his misery in a solitary and separate cell, the wretched furniture of which was a mean bedstead, and a broken table and chair. A coffin—and his own arms and initials were painted upon it—stood in one corner, to remind him of his approaching fate; and a crucifix was placed in another, to intimate to him that there was a world beyond that which must soon close upon him. No noise could penetrate into the iron silence of his prison—no rumour, either touching his own fate or that of his friends. Charged with being taken in open arms against the King, he was subject to military law, and to be put to death even without the formality of a hearing; and he foresaw no milder conclusion to his imprisonment.

This melancholy dwelling had been the abode of Damian for nearly a month, when strange as it may seem, his health, which had suffered much from his wounds, began gradually to improve, either benefited by the abstemious diet to which he was reduced, or that certainty, however melancholy, is an evil better endured by many constitutions than the feverish contrast betwixt passion and duty. But the term of his imprisonment seemed drawing speedily to a close; his jailer, a sullen Saxon of the lowest order, in more words than he had yet used to him, warned him to look to a speedy change of dwelling; and the tone in which he spoke convinced the prisoner there was no time to be lost. He demanded a confessor, and the jailer, though he withdrew without reply, seemed to intimate by his manner that the boon would be granted.

Next morning at an unusually early hour, the chains and bolts of the cell were heard to clash and groan, and Damian was startled from a broken sleep, which he had not enjoyed for above two hours. His eyes were bent on the slowly opening door, as if he had expected the headman and his assistants; but the jailer ushered in a stout man in a pilgrim's habit.

"Is it a priest whom you bring me, warden?" said the unhappy prisoner.

"He can best answer the question himself," said the surly official, and presently withdrew.

The pilgrim remained standing on the floor, with his back to the small window, or rather loophole, by which the cell was imperfectly lighted, and gazed intently upon Damian, who was seated on the side of his bed; his pale cheek and dishevelled hair bearing a melancholy correspondence to his heavy irons. He returned the pilgrim's gaze, but the imperfect light only showed him that his visitor was a stout old man, who wore the scallop-shell on his bonnet, as a token that he had passed the sea, and carried a palm branch in his hand, to show he had visited the Holy Land.

"Benedicite, reverend father," said the unhappy

young man; "are you a priest come to unburden my conscience?"

"I am not a priest," replied the Palmer, "but one who brings you news of discomfort."

"You bring them to one to whom comfort has been long a stranger, and to a place which perchance never knew it," replied Damian.

"I may be the bolder in my communication," said the Palmer; "those in sorrow will better hear ill news than those whom they surprise in the possession of content and happiness."

"Yet even the situation of the wretched," said Damian, "can be rendered more wretched by suspense. I pray you, reverend sir, to speak the worst at once—If you come to announce the doom of this poor frame, may God be gracious to the spirit which must be violently dismissed from it!"

"I have no such charge," said the Palmer.—"I come from the Holy Land, and have the more grief in finding you thus, because my message to you was one addressed to a free man, and a wealthy one."

"For my freedom," said Damian, "let these fetters speak, and this apartment for my wealth.—But speak out thy news—should my uncle, for I fear thy tale regards him, want either my arm or my fortune, this dungeon and my degradation have further pangs than I had yet supposed, as they render me unable to aid him."

"Your uncle, young man," said the Palmer, "is prisoner, I should rather say slave, to the great Soldan, taken in a battle in which he did his duty, though unable to avert the defeat of the Christians, with which it was concluded. He was made prisoner while covering the retreat, but not until he had slain with his own hand, for his misfortune as it has proved, Hassan Ali, a favourite of the Soldan. The cruel pagan has caused the worthy knight to be loaded with irons heavier than those you wear, and the dungeon to which he is confined would make this seem a palace. The infidel's first resolution was to put the valiant Constable to the most dreadful death which his tormentors could devise. But fame told him that Hugo de Lacy was a man of great power and wealth; and he has demanded a ransom of ten thousand bezants of gold. Your uncle replied that the payment would totally impoverish him, and oblige him to dispose of his whole estates; even then he pleaded, time must be allowed him to convert them into money. The Soldan replied, that it imported little to him whether a hound like the Constable were fat or lean, and that he therefore insisted upon the full amount of the ransom. But he so far relaxed as to make it payable in three portions, on condition that, along with the first portion of the price, the nearest of kin and heir of De Lacy must be placed in his hands as a hostage for what remained due. On these conditions he consented your uncle should be put at liberty so soon as you arrive in Palestine with the gold."

"Now may I indeed call myself unhappy," said Damian "that I cannot show my love and duty to my noble uncle, who hath ever been a father to me in my orphan state."

"It will be a heavy disappointment, doubtless, to the Constable," said the Palmer, "because he was eager to return to this happy country, to fulfil a contract of marriage which he had formed with a lady of great beauty and fortune."

Damian shrunk together in such sort that his fetters clashed, but he made no answer.

"Were he not your uncle," continued the Pilgrim, "and well known as a wise man, I should think he is not quite prudent in this matter. Whatever he was before he left England, two summers spent in the wars of Palestine, and another amid the tortures and restraints of a heathen prison, have made him a sorry bridegroom."

"Peace, pilgrim," said De Lacy, with a commanding tone. "It is not thy part to censure such a noble knight as my uncle, nor is it meet that I should listen to your strictures."

"I crave your pardon, young man," said the Palmer. "I spoke not without some view to your interest,

which, methinks, does not so well consort with thine uncle having an heir of his body."

"Peace, base man!" said Damian. "By Heaven, I think worse of my cell than I did before, since its doors opened to such a counsellor, and of my chains, since they restrain me from chastising him.—Depart, I pray thee."

"Not till I have your answer for your uncle," answered the Palmer. "My age scorns the anger of thy youth, as the rock despises the foam of the rivulet dashed against it."

"Then, say to my uncle," answered Damian, "I am a prisoner, or I would have come to him—I am a confiscated beggar, or I would have sent him my all."

"Such virtuous purposes are easily and boldly announced," said the Palmer, "when he who speaks them knows that he cannot be called upon to make good the boast of his tongue. But could I tell thee of thy restoration to freedom and wealth, I trow thou wouldst consider twice ere thy act confirmed the sacrifice thou hast in thy present state promised so glibly."

"Leave me, I prithee, old man," said Damian; "thy thought cannot comprehend the tenor of mine—go, and add not to my distress insults which I have not the means to avenge."

"But what if I had it in my power to place thee in the situation of a free and wealthy man, would it please thee *then* to be reminded of thy present boast? for if not, thou mayst rely on my discretion never to mention the difference of sentiment between Damian bound and Damian at liberty."

"How meanest thou?—or hast thou any meaning, save to torment me?" said the youth.

"Not so," replied the old Palmer, plucking from his bosom a parchment scroll to which a heavy seal was attached.—"Know that thy cousin Randal hath been strangely slain, and his treacheries towards the Constable and thee as strangely discovered. The King, in requital of thy sufferings, hath sent thee this full pardon, and endowed thee with a third part of those ample estates, which, by his death, revert to the crown."

"And hath the King also restored my freedom and my right of blood?" exclaimed Damian.

"From this moment, forthwith," said the Palmer—"look upon the parchment—behold the royal hand and seal."

"I must have better proof.—Here," he exclaimed, loudly clashing his irons at the same time, "Here, thou Dogget—warder, son of a Saxon wolf-hound!"

The Palmer, striking on the door, seconded the previous exertions for summoning the jailer, who entered accordingly.

"Warder," said Damian de Lacy, in a stern tone, "am I yet thy prisoner, or no?"

The sullen jailer consulted the Palmer by a look, and then answered to Damian that he was a free man.

"Then, death of thy heart, slave," said Damian, impatiently, "why hang these fetters on the free limbs of a Norman noble? each moment they confine him are worth a lifetime of bondage to such a serf as thou!"

"They are soon rid of, Sir Damian," said the man; "and I pray you to take some patience, when you remember that ten minutes since you had little right to think these bracelets would have been removed for any other purpose than your progress to the scaffold."

"Peace, ban-dog," said Damian, "and be speedy!—And thou, who hast brought me these good tidings, I forgive thy former bearing—thou thoughtest, doubtless, that it was prudent to extort from me professions during my bondage which might in honour decide my conduct when at large. The suspicion inferred in it somewhat offensive, but thy motive was to ensure my uncle's liberty."

"And is it really your purpose," said the Palmer, "to employ your newly-gained freedom in a voyage to Syria, and to exchange your English prison for the dungeon of the Soldan?"

"If thou thyself wilt act as my guide," answered the undaunted youth, "you shall not say I dally by the way."

"And the ransom," said the Palmer, "how is that to be provided?"

"How, but from the estates, which, nominally restored to me, remain in truth and justice my uncle's, and must be applied to his use in the first instance? If I mistake not greatly, there is not a Jew or Lombard who would not advance the necessary sums on such security.—Therefore, dog," he continued, addressing the jailer, "hasten thy unclenching and undoing of rivets, and be not dainty of giving me a little pain, so that thou break no limb, for I cannot afford to be stayed on my journey."

The Palmer looked on a little while, as if surprised at Damian's determination, then exclaimed, "I can keep the old man's secret no longer—such high-souled generosity must not be sacrificed.—Hark thee, brave Sir Damian, I have a mighty secret still to impart, and as this Saxon churl understands no French, this is no unfit opportunity to communicate it. Know that thine uncle is a changed man in mind, as he is debilitated and broken down in body. Peevishness and jealousy have possessed themselves of a heart which was once strong and generous; his life is now on the dregs, and I grieve to speak it, these dregs are foul and bitter."

"Is this thy mighty secret?" said Damian. "That men grow old, I know; and if with infirmity of body comes infirmity of temper and mind, their case is more strongly claims the dutiful observance of those who are bound to them in blood or affection."

"Ay," replied the Pilgrim, "but the Constable's mind has been poisoned against thee by rumours which have reached his ear from England, that thee have been thoughts of affection between thee and his betrothed bride, Eveline Berenger.—Ha! have I touched you now?"

"Not a whit," said Damian, putting on the strongest resolution with which his virtue could supply him—"it was but this fellow who struck my shin-bone somewhat sharply with his hammer. Proceed. My uncle heard such a report, and believed it?"

"He did," said the Palmer—"I can well aver it, since he concealed no thought from me. But he prayed me carefully to hide his suspicions from you; otherwise," said he, "the young wolf-cub will have thrust himself into the trap for the deliverance of the old he-wolf. Were he once in my prison-house, your uncle continued to speak of you, 'he should not and die ere I sent one penny of ransom to set at liberty the lover of my betrothed bride.'"

"Could this be my uncle's sincere purpose?" said Damian, all aghast. "Could he plan so much treachery towards me as to leave me in the captivity to which I threw myself for his redemption?—That I cannot be."

"Flatter not yourself with such a vain opinion," said the Palmer—"if you go to Syria, you go to eternal captivity, while your uncle returns to possession of wealth little diminished—and of Eveline Berenger."

"Ha!" ejaculated Damian; and, looking down for an instant, demanded of the Palmer, in a subdued voice, what he would have him to do in such an extremity.

"The case is plain, according to my poor judgment," replied the Palmer. "No one is bound to faith with those who mean to observe none with him. Anticipate this treachery of your uncle, and let his now short and infirm existence moulder out in the pestiferous cell to which he would condemn your youthful strength. The royal grant has assigned you lands enough for your honourable support; and whereas not unite with them those of the Garde Doloureuse.—Eveline Berenger, if I do not greatly mistake, will scarcely say nay. Ay, more—I vouch it on my oath that she will say yes, for I have sure information of her mind; and for her pre-contract, a word from Henry to his holiness, now that they are in the second day of their reconciliation, will obliterate the name Hugh from the parchment, and insert Damian in its stead."

"Now, by my faith," said Damian, arising and placing his foot upon the stool, that the warrior might more easily strike off the last ring by which he was encumbered,—"I have heard of such things as

ve heard of beings who, with seeming grand and aspect—with subtle counsels, arted to the frailties of human nature—have he cells of despairing men, and made them air promise, if they would but exchange for rays the paths of salvation. Such are the secret agents, and in such a guise hath the self been known to appear. In the name of nan, if human thou art, begone!—I like not ; or thy presence—I spit at thy counsels. k me," he added, with a menacing gesture, thine own safety—I shall presently be at

replied the Palmer, folding his arms consly in his cloak, "I scorn thy menaces—I ; not till we know each other better." said Damian, "would I knew whether : man or fiend; and now for the trial." As the last shackle fell from his leg, and clasp- pavement, and at the same moment he t the Palmer, caught him by the waist, and l, as he made three distinct and desperate to lift him up and dash him headlong to the t his for maligning a nobleman—this for the honour of a knight—and this (with a yet ent exertion) for belying a lady!" fort of Damian seemed equal to have rooted ; yet though they staggered the old man, threw him not; and while Damian panted last exertion, he replied, "And take thou so roughly entreating thy father's bro-

spoke, Damian de Lacy, the best youthful in Cheshire, received no soft fall on the e dungeon. He arose slowly and astounded; almer had now thrown back both hood and e, and the features, though bearing marks d climate, were those of his uncle the Con- so calmly observed, "I think, Damian, thou e stronger, or I weaker, since my breast was d against yours in our country's celebrated ou hadst nigh had me down in that last that I knew the old De Lacy's back-trip as u.—But wherefore kneel, man?" He raised much kindness, kissed his cheek, and pro- "Think not, my dearest nephew, that I my late disguise to try your faith, which I ver doubted. But evil tongues had been it was this which made me resolve on an t, the result of which has been, as I expect- ionable for you. And know, (for these e sometimes ears, even according to the re are ears and eyes not far distant which d and seen the whole. Marry, I wish, y last hug had not been so severe a one. ill feel the impression of thy knuckles." st and honoured uncle," said Damian, "ex-

is nothing to excuse," replied his uncle, ng him. "Have we not wrestled a turn w?—But there remains yet one trial for through—Get thee out of this hole speedily best array to accompany me to the church for, Damian, thou must be present at the of the Lady Eveline Berenger." oposal at once struck to the earth the ung- ng man. "For mercy's sake," he exclaim- me excused in this, my gracious uncle!— en of late severely wounded, and am very

bones can testify,"—said his uncle. "Why, hast the strength of a Norway bear." n," answered Damian, "might give me or a moment; but, dearest uncle, ask any e rather than this. Methinks, if I have , some other punishment might suffice." hee," said the Constable, "thy presence is

necessary—indispensably necessary. Strange reports have been abroad, which thy absence on this occasion would go far to confirm. Eveline's character and mine own are concerned in this."

"If so," said Damian, "if it be indeed so, no task will be too hard for me. But I trust, when the ceremony is over, you will not refuse me your consent to take the cross, unless you should prefer my joining the troops destined, as I heard, for the conquest of Ireland."

"Ay, ay," said the Constable; "if Eveline grant you permission, I will not withhold mine."

"Uncle," said Damian, somewhat sternly, "you do not know the feelings which you jest with."

"Nay," said the Constable, "I compel nothing; for if thou goest to the church, and likest not the match, thou may'st put a stop to it if thou wilt—the sacrament cannot proceed without the bridegroom's consent."

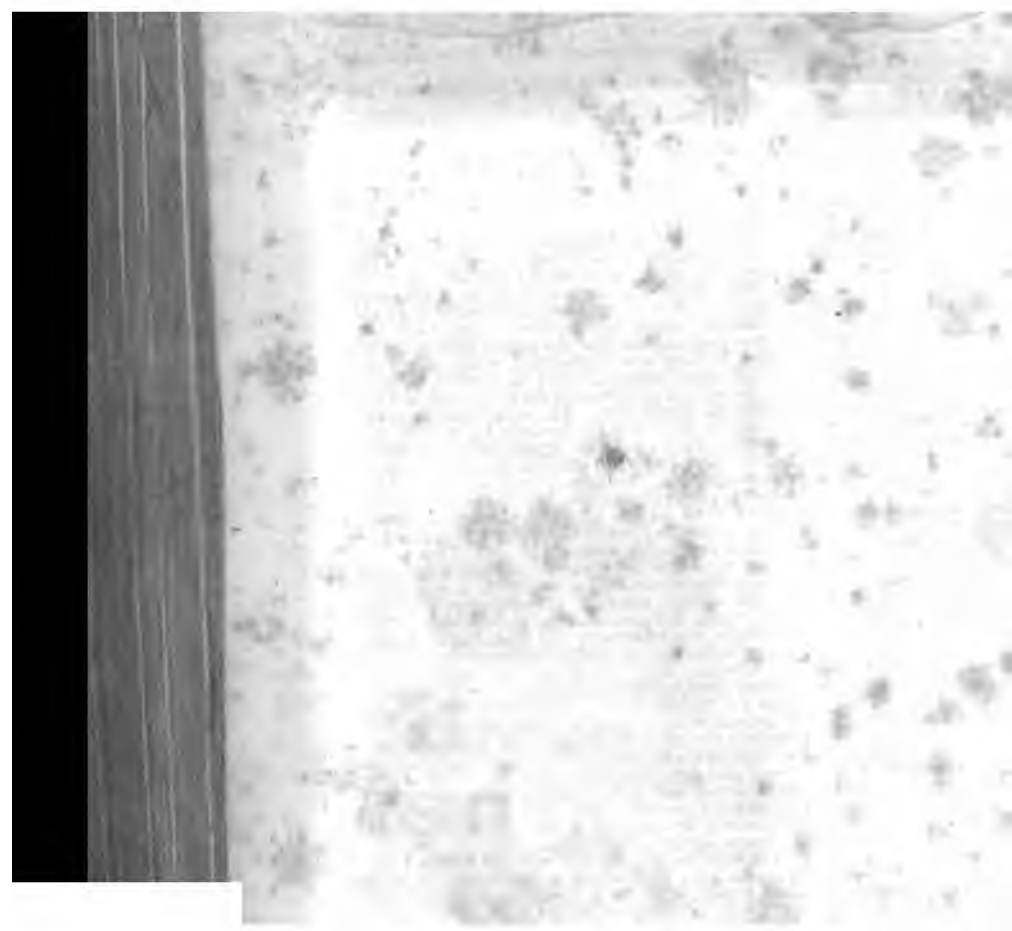
"I understand you not, uncle," said Damian; "you have already consented."

"Yes, Damian," he said, "I have—to withdraw my claim, and to relinquish it in thy favour; for if Eveline Berenger is wedded to-day, thou art her bridegroom! The Church has given her sanction—the King his approbation—the lady says not nay—and the question only now remains, whether the bridegroom will say yea."

The nature of the answer may be easily conceived; nor is it necessary to dwell upon the splendour of the ceremonial, which, to atone for his late unmerited severity, Henry honoured with his own presence. Amelot and Roe were shortly afterwards united, old Flammock having been previously created a gentleman of coat armour, that the gentle Norman blood might, without utter derogation, mingle with the meaner stream which coloured the cheek in crimson, and meandered in azure over the lovely neck and bosom of the fair Fleming. There was nothing in the manner of the Constable towards his nephew and his bride, which could infer a regret of the generous self-denial which he had exercised in favour of their youthful passion. But he soon after accepted a high command in the troops destined to invade Ireland; and his name is found among the highest in the roll of the chivalrous Normans who first united that fair island to the English crown.

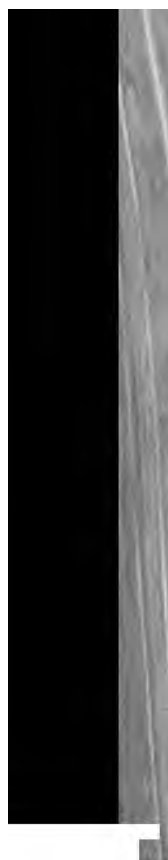
Eveline, restored to her own fair castle and domains, failed not to provide for her confessor, as well as for her old soldiers, servants, and retainers, forgetting their errors, and remembering their fidelity. The Confessor was restored to the flesh-pots of Egypt, more congenial to his habits than the meager fare of his convent. Even Gillian had the means of subsistence, since to punish her would have been to distress the faithful Raoul. They quarrelled for the future part of their lives in plenty, just as they had formerly quarrelled in poverty; for wrangling curs will fight over a banquet as fiercely as over a bare bone. Raoul died first, and Gillian having lost her whetstone, found that as her youthful looks decayed her wit turned somewhat blunt. She therefore prudently commenced devotee, and spent hours in long panyrics on her departed husband.

The only serious cause of vexation which I can trace the Lady Eveline having been tried with, arose from a visit of her Saxon relative, made with much form, but, unfortunately, at the very time which the Lady Abbess had selected for that same purpose. The discord which arose between these honoured personages was of a double character, for they were Norman and Saxon, and, moreover, differed in opinion concerning the time of holding Easter. This, however, was but a slight gale to disturb the general serenity of Eveline; for with her unhopd-for union with Damian, ended the trials and sorrows of THE BETROTHED.









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